

CATHOLIC WORKER

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EASY ESSAYS

by

Peter Maurin

Karl's Marxism

Versus

My Communism

I. A Communist Society

1. A Communist society is a society in which everyone works according to his ability and gets according to his needs.
2. Such a society is not found in Soviet Russia.
3. Such a society is found in Catholic monasteries.
4. That is why Fr. Vincent McNabb an English Dominican told John Strachey, "I am a Communist you are only an amateur."

II. I Agree

1. I agree with seven bishops that the criticism of bourgeois capitalism by the Communist Party is a sound criticism.
2. I agree with seven bishops that the main social aim of the Communist Party, which is "to create a society where everyone works according to his ability and gets according to his needs" is a sound social aim.
3. I agree with seven bishops that the means used by the Communist Party are not sound.
4. They are not right means they are wrong means.
5. The means used by the Communist Party are class struggle and proletarian dictatorship.

III. Means and Ends

1. It is not true that the end justifies the means.
2. Good ends require right means.
3. To use wrong means to achieve good ends is to forget the means for the sake of the ends.
4. Class struggle and proletarian dictatorship are not the means to bring about a communist society.
5. The means to bring about a communist society are Christian charity and voluntary poverty.
6. We can create a new society within the shell of the old with the philosophy of the new which is not a new philosophy; a philosophy so old that it looks like new.

IV. Curry Russian Favor

1. "Our motives were not based on principles.
2. "They were not concerned with the interests of the labor movement as a whole.

(Continued on page 2)



—Ade Bethune

Interview With Labor Broker On C. W. Story

The recent exposure by THE CATHOLIC WORKER of living conditions and wage policy in labor camps maintained by Valentine Kane, New York's Bowery labor lord, was met by Mr. Kane himself in a personal interview last week with representatives of the C.W. by countercharges that the C.W. was "a bunch of Communists, trying to wreck the Church"; that its support by public contributions was "a racket," and that the paper itself, although it "looks as though it was written by a priest," is actually disapproved by the Church "because it has no imprimatur."

These statements were made in the course of a two-hour-and-a-half interview with Mr. Kane at his camp in Rye, N. Y., together with four representatives of the C.W. and a Catholic priest, chaplain of the camp, who was present only as an auditor.

Certification

The priest, who is attached to the Church of the Resurrection, Rye, made his only contribution in any official capacity to the interview when he supported the contention of the C.W.'s representatives that the Church's imprimatur is required only upon literature dealing with questions of faith and morals, to certify that they contain no error. He bore out the further contention of the C.W.'s representatives that many Catholic publications universally recognized as such, bear no imprimatur, because the nature of their contents do not require it.

Mr. Kane, who contended that he had been affronted in his capacity as "a son of the Church, whose protection I have a right to expect," declared he would take his case "to Rome" if necessary, and have THE CATHOLIC WORKER "wiped off the face of the earth." He was reminded that his labor policy alone had been called into question by the C.W.'s article, in accordance with a recognized right of Catholic lay action, enunciated by the Popes, and that if he had indeed been subjected to any injustice

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Catholic Program of Interracial Justice

By John LaFarge, S.J.

There is no simpler way to get a correct idea of what the Catholic interracial program stands for than to take such documents as the *Rerum Novarum* of Leo XIII, the *Quadragesimo Anno* and the *Divini Redemptoris* of Pius XI, or the recent Statement of the American Bishops on "The Church and Social Order," and apply them paragraph by paragraph to the situation of the various racial groups in the United States.

Such a procedure demonstrates plainly that interracial justice is simply the applica-

Disgraceful Plight Of Migrant Workers On California Farms

This is being written from an auto camp outside Bakersfield. The hot weather has begun and a heat haze hangs over the valley so that you can barely see the mountains. I have just come down through the San Joaquin valley and now forests of oil wells loom on the horizon. It has been ninety-five in the shade for the past three days and already, early in the morning, there is promise of another broiling day.

For the first week I have been covering the government migrant camps from Yuba City, north of San Francisco, down the valley. There are thirteen of these and they house three thousand families. If you count five to an average family, that takes care of fifteen thousand people. But the estimate is that there are three hundred thousand migrant workers in the state. The season of peak labor, when 250,000 are used, lasts only five months, and the rest of the time only 50,000 are needed, according to the findings of the governor's reemployment commission.

From this it will be seen that the problem of the rural prole-

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C. W. Editor On W. Coast; Story of Lettuce Workers

March 13 was a fearful day for meetings. Up for the 6:30 Mass (I had been awake since 4:30, for some reason or other), and at 8 I was called for to go out to Reid College. There I spoke to a philosophy class which is studying religion from the time of St. Augustine to Thomas Aquinas, and at 10:15 spoke to the Assembly. At noon there was a luncheon of a churchmen's group, all denominations, and that, too, was very stimulating. Two young fellows who were in the contracting business wanted to know how they could continue work, since they could not, in their small business of home building, with small profits, use union labor. One of them was a Swede, and they hired Swedes to work for them. I told them about Ralph Borsodi's project, and urged them to write to him. Also about the cooperative housing at Nova Scotia.

Leaders Needed

The next meeting was to speak to the men at the Archbishop Blanchet Shelter, and they, too, were very responsive. Whenever I speak to a crowd like that, or at a Workers' Alliance, or a St. Vincent de Paul Shelter, I feel the intensity of interest in the idea of work and cooperation and ownership. If we had the leaders to carry on the work, start study groups, get the men together, I am sure we would have the land given us. But where are the leaders interested? I must remember the words of our Lord: "Pray ye, therefore, that there be laborers for the harvest." Certainly the harvest is great. I feel so ineffectual, so limited, able to do so little. When I think how few there are who are reaching these men, these unemployed, these destitute, the union meetings, to bring them Catholic social teaching, some idea of the correlation of the material and the spiritual, so that they can indeed begin to realize that they are creatures of body and soul. How great a need there is to build up many little centers where men gather together and discuss these things and get these ideas moving. Patience, contentment with the little way, hard work, obscurity and poverty, the knowledge of the poor which results in the love of the poor, these are what is needed.

Right now I am in San Francisco, stopping in a little hotel, the Boyd, right around the corner from the Franciscan Church, St. Boniface. It is a beautiful church, always crowded with worshippers, and reminds me of our Franciscan Church on 31st street, New York. Father Paul is our friend and adviser there, and has charge of the Young Christian Workers. He has been very ill the past six months, and is only now at home again. He had a frightful infection, which cost him his leg, and is preparing for another operation in a few weeks. The other day he gave his blood for a Jewish boy in Chicago who is suffering from the same disease. Since I was here last, two years ago he has been active in the labor movement, and during his illness he received letters of sympathy from many labor leaders and also from Com-

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Marxism vs. Communism

(Continued from page 1)

1. "We did not want to be found in opposition to the Russian leaders even if we believed that they were wrong, because the Russians never tolerated opposition."
4. "We had to curry favor with the Russians in order to maintain our leadership of the American Party."
5. "The Russian whip could drive us just as quickly as the Russian pat on the back had put us in."

—Benjamin Gitlow in "I Confess."

V. Victims of a False Theory

1. "Those men were victims of a theory according to which no matter what they did socialism would ultimately come."
2. "The result was a readiness to use any means at hand, an intellectual irresponsibility in situations where genuine alternatives were present."
3. "It was a deadening of moral sensibilities."
4. "The be-all and end-all of life was to stay on the locomotive of the revolution as it speeds towards Inferno."
5. "They were confident in the belief that a mystical, diabolical necessity was guiding it to a paradise on earth."

—Sidney Hook

in a review of "I Confess" in the New York Tribune.

VI. They Were Wrong

1. "If we liberals were right on certain single aspects of the Russian Revolution, we were wrong, disgracefully wrong on the question as a whole."
2. "We were wrong because in our enthusiasm over Russia's liberation from the Tsar, our hope for the further liberation of the Russian people from economic as well as political serfdom and our vision of a new world springing from the womb of the Russian experiment, we permitted ourselves to condone wrongs that we knew to be wrongs."
3. "We consented to violations of principle that we knew to be fatal"

CATHOLIC WORKERS

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on

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to the moral integrity of mankind."

—John Haynes Holmes.

VII. Christian Charity

1. At the beginning of Christianity the hungry were fed, the naked were clothed, the homeless were sheltered, the ignorant were instructed at a personal sacrifice.
2. And the Pagans used to say about the Christians: "See how they love one another."
3. Fr. Arthur Ryan used to call that period of history the period of Christian Communism.



—Ade Bethune

4. The Pagans do no longer say about the Christians, "See how they love one another," but say, "See how they pass the buck to social agencies."

VIII. On Selling Labor

1. When the laborers place their labor on the bargain counter they allow the capitalists or accumulators of labor to accumulate their labor.
2. And when the capitalists have accumulated so much of the laborers' labor that they do no longer find it profitable to buy the laborers' labor, then the laborers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists or accumulators of labor.
2. And when the laborers can no longer sell their labor to the capitalists, or accumulators of labor, they can no longer buy the products of their labor.
4. And that is what the laborers get for selling their labor to the capitalists, or accumulators of labor.

Cardinal Verdier

Jean Cardinal Verdier is dead. Since his elevation to the primacy of the Church the Cardinal-Archbishop of Paris has been internationally acclaimed for his love of the poor, his efforts for social reform and his filling of the need for churches. Since his administration 110 new churches and chapels have been built in the City of Paris and its environs. His merciful works towards refugees and now the soldiers of France will live long in the memory of his countrymen. We prayerfully mourn his loss.

Disgraceful Conditions Among Farm Workers and "Oakies" in California

(Continued from page 1)

tariat is most acute in this state, although it is present all through the country.

I must say that my first view of the government camps made me anything but happy. The pressed-steel structures, each costing \$195, quite aside from the concrete base, making one-room shelters for the entire family, are anything but adequate. They are hot in Summer and cold and draughty in Winter and the rain gets in. In one camp I saw how the campers used the yellow corn meal and flour to sprinkle around the edge of the room to take up the leak so that the water would not form pools under the beds. Mother, father and children all sleep in one room, and though statistics show that the average family is between four and five, there are many large families of six to eight children. Margaret Sanger has sent her agents around, and there are birth control clinics at every camp.

Cooperation

On the other hand, educational work is being done along cooperative lines and in one camp at Farmersville, there are hundreds of mimeographed accounts of what Fr. Coady and Fr. Tompkins have done at Nova Scotia which have been distributed to the campers, and study clubs on cooperation have been started with an attendance of sixty men. In another camp there is a camp cooperative store, which the campers have started themselves, using the ten cents a day rent-money they pay for the use of the cabins, a fund which is held by the camp to use as the council of the camp votes. This little store was started with \$150 and is now worth \$1,200.

Protection

But to me, the greatest thing the government camps have done is to give protection to the migrants from the hostility of their new neighbors, whether they are small townspeople or Associated Farmers. We have read about the terror that has existed in various areas, the violence that has been inflicted on the workers, and we have seen a factual account of these happenings in "The Grapes of Wrath," which was founded on real events. The protection of the government has done a great deal to change the attitudes of townspeople towards these struggling families. As for the attitude of the Associated Farmers, I don't believe they care two whoops about the government, and their hostility will only intensify, the more that is done for the migrants. They would rather have continued with their cheap Mexican labor, but various factors have deprived them of that. Not only the Mexican government has sought to repatriate these people, giving them tracts of land of their own in Mexico, but there has been a wholesale exodus from the state since the shooting of the Mexican vice-consul during a strike some years ago.

In Fresno the other night, I talked to two Associated Farmers one of whom sold agricultural implements, and the other the owner and renter of two thousand acres of land south of Fresno. They sat for two hours and told the most amazing tales of high wages—"up to seventy dollars a week, picking cotton, one man, not just the whole family." And of the waste, extravagance and dishonesty of the migrant.

"All the Associated Farmers talk as though someone had put on a phonograph record—it's always the same stuff," the Monsignor whom I afterwards talked

to assured me. "There is not a grain of truth in it, they have been told to say those things. The worst of it is that some of the Catholic owners are building little chapels on their farms for the Mexicans as a sop to the Church. They cost them only about five hundred dollars. They get huge subsidies from the government and their profits are enormous, and it is because these profits are endangered that there is a bitter fight on between the Associated Farmers and the worker."

An Effort

A doctor at St. Agnes Hospital told me of a battle at Madera last Fall. The men were meeting in a public park to discuss wages and a gang of vigilantes broke up the meeting with baseball bats.

The two Associated Farmers presented quite another picture. Whereas a few months before the migrants were dishonest, wasteful, dirty and illiterate, now they were loyal and willing workers, who are prevented from working by a gang of waterfront radicals who have come down from San Francisco to interrupt the peaceful agricultural pursuits of the valley.

What the government has done so far is to protect and provide for a very small fraction of these people who are living in ditch camps and small settlements all over the state. They are making an heroic effort to settle, many of them, buying small plots of land, sinking wells, living in incredible hardship in



Smile, please!

—Dan Kern.

trying to build up a new life. They are exploited by real estate people, they are sneered at and despised, they are treated with violence. There is an intensification of the class war spirit to an extreme degree.

The Future?

What the future holds for them it is hard to see. How much more the government will be permitted to help, for after all this is an election year, and the program may be interrupted?

There has been a criminal apathy on the part of private agencies which might have been formed to resettle these people without exploitation. Any liberal government, federal or state, is fought every inch of the way by the Bank of America, the Southern Pacific, the Pacific Gas and Electric, the big interests which make up the Associated Farmers.

Here there is room indeed for farming communes, for missions modelled on those the Franciscans started in the beginnings of California. As it is, there is nothing so beautiful that man

has made in the entire state as the remains of those very missions which non-Catholic as well as Catholic point out with pride.

Here there is room for personal responsibility, for the "Christ's room" in every house and on every ranch that the early Fathers talked of, instead of leaving everything to the government, which in spite of all they have done that is good, still think in terms of corporation farming and birth control clinics for the rural proletariat.

There is not room in this short article to talk of what I have seen in detail. I am trying to cover the ground more completely in an article in the *Commonweal*.

Restaurant Workers of N.Y. Ask Help

Shanty Restaurants in Manhattan does not want a union. Local 42, of The Chain Service Restaurant Employees' Union, a newly chartered A.F. of L. unit, has done admirable work in the labor field the last two years and has jurisdiction over all Chain Service Restaurants in New York City, is now endeavoring to organize the waitresses of this firm. All the officials of this local, who, incidentally, are Catholics, have been re-elected for the third successive year mainly because of the contract signed with the Childs Company, which is tops in the restaurant industry, bar none.

Conditions in the Shanty stores are really deplorable. Waitresses receive only \$8.00 a week from which they must tip some of their fellow workers. Part-time workers receive only a pitiful recompense. No pay for overtime or extra work. Favoritism runs rampant in respect to promotions, stations and layoffs. In general the security of your job depends on "how well you are in with the manager." In direct contrast Local 42 has been able to secure for Childs' workers the following: a minimum of \$10.00 a week for waitresses (no deductions), part-time workers and overtime workers receive time and one-half. Promotion is based on a strict seniority. No firing except for serious offenses. In addition, these members receive free medical care and legal advice, and many more advantages too numerous to mention here.

The C.W. readers are urged to tell their friends to instruct the Shanty waitresses that it is not only their privilege but their duty to join a union. Local 42, when they have enough members enrolled, will ask only for decent working conditions and a salary compatible with the waitresses' position in life, who are human beings, not the chattel of any organization. The majority of them fear reprisals, so give them courage to secure for themselves what is rightfully theirs, by telling them that the public is with them. J. B.

"The wage paid to the workman must be sufficient for the support of himself and of his family."—Pope Pius XI (Forty Years After).

"Indeed the Church believes that it would be wrong for her to interfere without just cause in such earthly concerns; but she can never relinquish her God-given task of interposing her authority in all those matters that have a bearing on moral conduct."—Pope Pius XI (Forty Years After).

Labor Contractor Denies Charges Made By C. W.; Calls Us Communists

(Continued from page 1)

he had ample recourse to their correction in the civil courts, which is the accepted domain of such action.

To this the camp chaplain briefly nodded his approval, agreeing that Mr. Kane had been censured not as a Catholic, but only in his capacity as a civil citizen.

Mr. Kane was challenged to refute any of the C.W.'s specific allegations, which were as follows:

Unrefuted

That two men from THE CATHOLIC WORKER, hired as laborers for snow clearance work Feb. 14, had had deducted from their pay a fee not mentioned in the work contract, explained later as "a shipping fee." (The fee amounts to 10 percent of the total pay drawn.)

That deductions from the paycheck were also made at the rate of \$1.25 a day for food and lodging on the road, both described as sub-human.

That the pay-off, announced to take place at the completion of the work was evaded and deferred until the following day, making possible assessment of the \$1.25 fee for food and lodging.

That there were payroll computation discrepancies against which no protest was possible for lack of official time receipts.

That beds at the camp were infested; that some of the men chose rather to sleep on the floor, and that food furnished was unsubstantial and insufficient.

Belly Wash

Specific menus were cited regarding the food, which, according to information furnished the C.W., included: for the evening meal, two frankfurters, spoonful of sauerkraut, coffee without milk, bread without butter; breakfast, scrambled eggs (of doubtful quality), potatoes, coffee with powdered milk; lunch, two unbuttered sandwiches and a piece of cake.

Mr. Kane did not question the menus cited, but defended the absence of butter from the table and sandwiches by saying the law did not allow it, and contended that at other times during the year he often has "chicken and turkey on the menu."

He flatly denied the statement made by informants to the C.W. that in 1937 there were two food strikes at the Warehouse Point Camp, Windsor Lock, Conn., because of the poor quality of the meals, the first of which was arbitrated upon the promise of improvement in the meals, and a second, two weeks later, after failure of the promise to be fulfilled, during which nearly a hundred men walked out of the camp, while the remainder continued on strike. The C.W.'s informants add that following the strike turkey was served for a time at the camp every Thursday.

Answer Choleric

When asked if he operated his commissary on a cost basis or a profit basis Mr. Kane quibbled momentarily over the interpretation of the word "cost," and then snapped, "What do you think I'm in business for—my health? Sure, I run it for a profit."

When asked if he wished, in view of its central bearing on the question, to state approximately his percentage of profit, he rejected the question as "impertinent and insulting." He did admit, however that he also operated "for a profit" a store on the premises which dispenses work shoes, gloves, overalls, shirts, etc., which may be charged to expected pay.

At this juncture Mr. Kane was asked what a man working a

Retraction

Mr. Kane demands a full retraction of the charges in the last story.

We will make one retraction. The office of Kane's Industrial Service is located at 2nd St. and the Bowery—not at Chatham Square and the Bowery.

normal work week might be expected to draw in actual cash, after all deductions had been made from his pay. It figured, for a 40 to 48-hour week at 45 cents an hour, at \$18 to \$21.60, from which deductions were made at the rate of \$1.25 a day for bed and board, or \$8.75, plus a flat \$3 "shipping fee," total deductions, \$11.75, without any clothing items, leaving the workman in actual cash anywhere from \$6.25 to \$9.25 at the end of a week's work.

We'll Bite

Mr. Kane did not permit the figuring to reach its conclusion. In the midst of it he stopped short and blurted, "What's all this got to do with you people, anyway?"

It was explained to him that in view of the fact that he exercised a virtual monopoly on their purchasing power until the time the men left camp THE CATHOLIC WORKER was interested to learn the extent to which he could



—Ade Bethune

levy on it, and what money, if any, the men left camp with.

"Yes, that's all you're interested in," he shouted angrily, "because you want to get the men in New York and take the money away from them!"

An attempt was made to explain that the C.W. never accepts money in return for hospitality to its guests, since only the needy are sheltered, clothed or fed, and always without charge.

"Then where does the money come from?" he persisted.

It was explained, from sale of the paper and individual donations.

"That's it—donations! It's a racket. You're running a racket. All those missions along the Bowery are rackets."

Again an attempt was made to distinguish between the traditional Bowery mission, where acceptance of religion is commonly made the price for procuring aid, and a House of Hospitality, whose ministrations are freely offered to all without qualifications. It was pointed out, for instance, that the C.W. has no way of knowing the religious adher-

ence of the 800 to 1000 men who compose its daily coffee line.

"Coffee lines! Don't try to tell me about coffee lines," Mr. Kane interjected, "they're all rackets. I know. I ran one myself."

Just what was meant to be conveyed by this last statement was not learned, since it was not pursued further, other than to make clear that the C.W. operates its line at a very considerable expense and that the line is maintained at all costs, even though all other operations of the household may have to shut down.

Mr. Kane, early in the interview, had attempted to make a case to discredit the orthodoxy of the C.W. by statements that the leaders of the movement were Communists posing as converts, that their aim was to "wreck the Church," and that the paper, although it "looks as though it was written by a priest with religious articles, and the like," was actually disapproved by the Church "because it had no imprimatur."

Kane Kovers Kountry

At this point Mr. Kane launched into a lengthy dissertation on his own far-flung charities, which he said "covered the United States from New York to Florida," and that as "a loyal son of the Church, whose protection I have a right to expect," he proposed to carry the case "to Rome" and have the THE CATHOLIC WORKER "wiped off the face of the earth."

In substantiation of his intimate acquaintance with numerous local charities, Mr. Kane made three telephone calls to priests during the course of the interview, familiarly announcing himself as "Val" and asking in one instance for "the boss" but subsequently addressed as "Father." During one of these interviews he discussed at some length the formation of an employment bureau for parish unemployed, which he afterwards explained was a plan which would "put THE CATHOLIC WORKER out of business."

Deceitful Kane

He was told that any time he succeeded in setting up such a bureau THE CATHOLIC WORKER would be glad to give it the widest possible publicity, as an example to other parishes. Mr. Kane declined the offer on the grounds that he did not care to let "my right hand know what my left hand is doing."

The scene of the interview was the sumptuously appointed office of Mr. Kane, housed within the same sort of sombre exterior which marked the low-lying bunk-houses and other structures on the bleak camp grounds. Mr. Kane presided behind a huge desk in the expensively carpeted, oak-paneled room, amidst a scene almost theatrical, particularly at that point when witnesses were called from among his own men, together with a "camp cop," to testify that during the entire year just passed his offices had not received one complaint from the men on the score of food or other accommodations.

He was told that this did not exactly accord with the numerous statements to the contrary made by men who have worked for Mr. Kane in various of his camps throughout Connecticut, and who have imparted such statements to the C.W. and signified their willingness to back the statements up.

Mr. Kane was asked if he would, in demonstration of his sincerity, grant to THE CATHOLIC WORKER a blanket authorization for its representatives to visit any one of the other Kane camps which might not be apprised of the appearance of visitors, but he flatly denied the request.

Msgr. Ryan Discusses Anti-Alien "Dempsey Bill"

Msgr. John A. Ryan

The bill which is the subject of this discussion does not propose an entirely new law. It provides for an amendment to the act of October 16, 1918, as amended in 1934. The provisions of that Act I can accept wholeheartedly. No person has a moral right to advocate any action which he has no moral right to perform. I do not believe that any greater sacredness inheres in the exercise of

ELISABETH



—Ade Bethune

the vocal organs or of the muscles involved in writing or printing than in the actions of any other human faculty. Therefore I see no objection to the prohibition of advocacy of any of the overt acts described in the 1916 statute. Aliens who are anarchists and aliens who believe in overthrowing the government of the United States by force or violence or who advocate any of the other acts specified in section 1 of that statute may reasonably be deported and ought to be deported whenever that is a prudent and practicable course. In other words, it is conceivable that failure to deport aliens guilty of advocating these things may be for practical administrative reasons the lesser evil. When they are deported for this offense they do not suffer any violation of their moral rights.

Ambiguity

But I am opposed to the amendment provided in H. R. 4860. As introduced by Congressman Dempsey, the bill prohibited the advocacy by aliens "of the making of fundamental changes in the American form of government." The House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization substituted for the word "fundamental" the word "any." In its present form, therefore, the bill would require the deportation of any alien advocating any change whatever in the American form of government. Whether this substitution was made in the interest of clearness, since the word "fundamental" is somewhat elastic, I do not know. At any rate, the phraseology is still vitiated by ambiguity. What would constitute "a change in the American form of government?"

At varying intervals during the past sixteen years I have advocated the ratification of the Child Labor Amendment, which would bring the federal government into a sphere which has heretofore been reserved to the States,

at least so far as concerns intra-State employments. If this bill is enacted and I should continue to advocate the Child Labor Amendment I could not be deported, of course, because I am a citizen but some alien friend who might stand beside me on the same platform advocating the same change in the Constitution would be liable to deportation. About a year ago I listened to a lecture in Constitution Hall delivered by a widely known and very able authority on political science who a few years ago was a lecturer at Harvard University. But he is an alien, an Englishman, who teaches at the London University. His name is Harold J. Laski. In his lecture in Constitution Hall he recommended and advocated changes in our federal system which I should think would amount to changes in the American form of government. If this bill had at that time been on the federal statute books, Professor Laski could have been compelled to take the next boat back to London.

Deport Bishops?

Here is a similar instance, even more timely. A few weeks ago the Archbishops and Bishops constituting the Administrative Board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference issued a statement on "The Church and Social Order." In it they recommend the economic system set forth by Pope Pius XI almost nine years ago in his Encyclical on the "Reconstruction of the Social Order." One of the paragraphs on this topic in the Bishops' statement reads as follows:

"When we speak of the reform of the social order," says Pius XI, "it is principally the State we have in mind. The State cannot do all things, nor may we hope for salvation from its intervention alone. In fact, the State has been encumbered with all the burdens once borne by associations now extinct. The distinctive function of the State in consequence has become submerged and its authority overwhelmed by an infinity of affairs and duties."

Now, it happens that the ablest and most satisfactory books explaining and defending what is involved in this proposal for a modern guild system have been produced in Europe, mainly in France. If one of these authoritative and scholarly writers should come over here and defend this modern guild system he would be subject to deportation under the operation of H. R. 4860.

The late Pope Pius XI reasserted the Christian principle that all the peoples of the world belong to one great family of the living. Unhappily, this truth is rejected not merely in Nazi Germany and other countries which are afflicted with the cruel doctrine of racialism, but to some extent even in our own beloved America which was founded upon the equality of all men and the universality of human brotherhood. Whether their authors realize it or not, the bill that we are considering and many of the other anti-alien bills reflect some degree of denial of these great Christian and American doctrines.

A great mistake and a serious fault have been committed by breaking with the oldest traditions of the Church and by ceasing to carry the Gospel into the world where politics and sociology exercises their activities. For this reason the world has escaped us and present-day society has been profoundly secularized. It has become not only secular, but anti-Christian and atheist.—Leon Garriguet.

FURTHER CONDITIONS OF JUST WAR

Rt. Rev. G. BARRY O'TOOLE, Ph. D., S. T. D.

Professor of Philosophy in the Catholic University of America

St. Thomas, as we have seen, does not claim that his enumeration of the conditions required to justify aggressive war, is exhaustive. In point of fact, still other conditions are stipulated by later Christian moralists. These are principally the following: (1) right way; (2) right proportion; (3) no alternative solution.

(2) Right Proportion

To be a lawful means of restoring justice, a war must meet the requirement of *due proportion*. It is not enough that it should be an effective means of righting some wrong. The wrong that it rights must be a grave wrong, grave enough to warrant the death penalty for those guilty of it. Moreover, a just war may not exceed due proportion by overpunishing an enemy nation or by bringing disaster upon the warring nation itself or upon neutral nations. In a word, even a war fought for a just cause, is unlawful if, in restoring justice, it causes evils worse than the wrong it rectifies. "We must be careful," says Francis de Victoria, "that the war does not bring with it greater evils than the ones it is to cure."

Francis de Victoria (d. 1546), who wrote the treatises *De jure belli* ("On the Right of War") and *De Bello* ("On war"), goes on to say: "A war is not just, if it is evident that it will do the State more harm than good, even if there is 'just cause.' The State has the right to declare war only for self-protection, and the defense of itself and its property. If the war must result in its being weakened, then the war is unjust, no matter by what king or State it is declared."

From this it follows, as both de Victoria and Cajetan (1469-1534) point out, that no war may be begun unless the attacking side is morally certain of victory.

This corollary makes it clear that the condition of *due proportion* applies to aggressive rather than defensive war. In fact, the purpose of defensive war, which is to resist injustice, is not the same as that of aggressive war, whose sole lawful function is to restore justice (not at, but after the time of its violation).

Prospect of Success

Now if an aggressive war is foredoomed to failure, it is clear that, far from being a means to restore justice, it can only serve to make matters worse. Such being the case, the only ground upon which said aggressive war is justifiable has been removed.

On the other hand, neither the duty nor the right of resisting injustice is contingent on the prospect of success. Thus a sheriff has not only the right, but the duty to defend his prisoners against a mob of lynchmen, even if it means sure death for himself and his deputies. In cases of this sort all the responsibility for what happens rests with the unjust aggressors.

Again, to be a proportionate means of righting wrong, an aggressive war must not inflict upon the enemy greater punishment than their sin deserves. "Guilt and punishment," says F. Stratmann, O. P., "must be proportionate. Punishment exceeding the measure of guilt is unjust and not to be allowed." (*The Church and War*, p. 79.)

Finally, an aggressive war is unjust if it involves grave harm to the innocent without or within the belligerent countries, undue disturbance of the economic life of neutral nations, disaster to civilization and the world at large. "A Christian province," says de Victoria, "is part of a state, a state part of the whole world; so if a war benefits one province or State, but injures the whole world or Christendom, I consider such a war unjust."

Hence, de Victoria teaches that even when there is just ground for a war, it may nevertheless be un-

lawful by reason of the evil consequences it involves for the belligerents as well as for the world at large. Regarding the disastrous effects that the mechanized and chemical warfare of our day entails for the nations at war, I have already spoken in previous articles. But what of the principle that actions may become unlawful by reason of their gravely evil consequences?

Proportionate Reason

Catholic moralists teach that we are bound to refrain from an action productive of an evil consequence unless said evil consequence is offset by an excusing reason grave enough to outweigh the harm done by the action. In order that one may tolerate or permit (without approval) evil effects foreseen to be consequent upon otherwise good actions, it is required, Noldin tells us, "that there should be a proportionately grave reason for placing the cause and permitting the evil effect." (*Sum. Theol. Mor. I, Sec. 82. d.*) And he adds that "the excusing reason must be the greater, the more serious is the evil, which it is foreseen will result from the cause that has been placed." (*Op. cit., I, Sec. 83. a.*)

But in conceding that a war is lawful if the good it accomplishes outweighs in importance the evil consequences it causes, do we not by implication subscribe to the false principle that a good end justifies evil means? Not at all; for a consequence need not be either a means or an end, and besides three other conditions are required, in addition to "proportionate reason," to justify actions of evil consequence.

We are allowed to perform an action from which a twofold effect proceeds, one good and the other bad, provided: (1) that the action itself is not inherently wicked; (2) that the good effect follows with at least equal immediacy from the act as the bad effect, for if the bad effect mediates between the action and the good effect in such wise that the good effect is due to the evil effect, that is to say if the evil effect precedes and produces the good effect, then, from the very nature of the case, the good effect cannot be intended as an end without the evil effect being willed as a means, and a good end never justifies an evil means; (3) that there exists a proportionately grave reason for tolerating the evil effect indirectly involved; (4) that the actual intention of the agent is good and that, far from approving of the evil effect, he does everything within reason to prevent it.

If a single one of these four conditions is lacking, then the performance of an action productive of evil consequences becomes unlawful, and we are bound in conscience to abstain from the action.

For example, in a war justified upon grave and unexceptionable grounds, a general may order the bombardment of a fortress, even though he foresees that this will result in the accidental death of one or the other innocent non-combatant. For the death of these non-combatants has no military value; it in no way serves the purpose the general has in view and, far from intending it, he would rather it did not happen at all and takes every precaution to avoid it. On the other hand, if the bombardment cannot be carried out without killing a considerable number of non-combatants, the general is bound in conscience to refrain from ordering it. Here the already-quoted words of Francis de Victoria apply: "If a decisive victory depends on the destruction of a fortress or garrison containing a number of innocent, defenseless people, it is not permissible to sacrifice them in order that a lesser number of guilty should be punished."

No Nation Wins

To sum up, an aggressive war is not a proportionate means of restoring justice if in righting one injustice it sets up a greater injustice or more injustices, by way of grave evil consequences, whether for the belligerent nations themselves, or for the neutral countries, or for the world at large.

It is said with truth that no nation ever wins a modern war, that the consequences thereof are literally disastrous for both belligerents, and that even the victorious nation is not compensated for its enormous human and economic losses by the paltry advantage it gains.

Now if it is unjust for belligerent States to embark upon a war productive of serious evil consequences for their own peoples, how much more so is it for them to wage a war that brings economic disaster upon neutral nations not party to their quarrel. Hence: "Avoidance of unnecessary upheaval of countries not immediately concerned and of the Christian community," is regarded by Stratmann as an indispensable condition of the justifiableness of aggressive war. (*Cf. The Church and War*, p. 79.)

It follows that the damage currently being done to neutral commerce by the British blockade as well as by the German tactics of reprisal in the form of floating mines renders the present European war utterly immoral and deserving of condemnation on the part of every Christian.

And, to take a wider view of things, the incalculable harm that this war is doing to the Mystical Body of Christ, to Christian culture and to world civilization in general makes it criminal in the extreme. Those responsible for its inception and continuation will have much to answer for before the judgment seat of God.

In a very real sense the contemporary European War is more inexcusable than the last; for though it has not reached as yet the gigantic proportions of the former War, nevertheless the belligerent governments continue in it, as they entered it, with their eyes wide open.

In the previous War the governments could plead that they knew not what they did in sending ten million men to gory death upon the so-called "Field of Glory." The plea of ignorance is not available today. Before God and man they stand accused and their sin is as scarlet.

Might and Right

But leaving out of consideration the enormity of the consequences entailed by modern war, we do well to ask ourselves whether any kind of war is adequate to the task of restoring justice. From the very nature of things, war must ever remain an irrational way of settling the question of right or wrong. There is nothing in the nature of armed force that necessitates its dedication to the side of truth and justice. Victory in war does not show that the victors are right, but only that they are stronger or more fortunate.

But if might and right are not necessarily on the same side, then of two things one: (1) if might is on the side of injustice, then war will defeat rather than serve the cause of justice; (2) if might is at the service of right, then right will so handicap might by imposing the conditions of right intention, right way and right proportion, that the weaker wicked side, being unhampered by such scruples, is likely to win.

Consequently, to resort to war as means of vindicating Divine justice is as irrational as to resort to a trial by ordeal for the same purpose. In other words, it comes close to being the sin of tempting God. All of which is summed up in these incisive words of Cardinal Verdier: "War is incapable of either proving or avenging the justice of a cause. It does not necessarily bring about the triumph of the innocent nor the defeat of the unjust. Rather victory goes to the more skillful, or the stronger, sometimes even to the side which chance favors."

"Like a duel, it is a stupid or senseless affair, because it cannot do what is expected of it—prove or avenge the justice of a cause."

On the whole, aggressive war is unjustifiable upon this count, being neither an apt nor an effective means of restoring justice.

(To be continued)

Rochester, C W

St. Joseph's House,
17 Almira St.,
Rochester, N. Y.

Just about a year ago at this time we wrote you to say that we were about to "hang out our shingle" here at St. Joseph's House in Rochester. You—our fellow workers in the other groups—must have come through with the prayers we asked for then, because this, our first year, has been a good one. We have not—to all outward appearances—grown very far beyond our small beginnings, but we

have managed to start doing what for four years we had only talked about. Anywhere from 100 to 200 men have come to us each night for supper and there has been a house crew of five or more living with us. This disproves the warning which we so frequently encountered that there was no need in Rochester for this work. Shortly after our opening in St. Joseph's month last year, the Most Reverend James E. Kearney, our Bishop, came to have supper with us and to bless the House. During

the year we have had visits from Dorothy, Peter, Ade and several other C.W.'s, to say nothing of our closest neighbors and good friends from the Buffalo House of Christ the Worker.

Just recently we were forced to move from the store we have been occupying and now we are enjoying the spaciousness of an abandoned Church hall, where we can seat more than twice as many ambassadors as before and have plenty of room left over to bring the men inside to wait their turn. The place is in need of all kinds of repairs but these will come and in the meantime we have the luxury of a big kitchen and separate sleeping quar-

ters (the stage at one end and a loft over the kitchen at the other). At the instigation of our Chaplain, Father George Vog, and several other members of the group, a Catholic Labor College was opened last fall with courses in Parliamentary Law, Labor History and Labor Ethics. The response has been good enough to call for another term. In Christ, the Worker,
THE ROCHESTER GROUP.

...There are certain conditions of work, of lodging and nourishment below which no sort of life for the spirit can be seen as possible.—Abbe Lugan.

Shoe Workers' Wages Raised

There is cause for rejoicing for some 60,000 employees of the shoe industry. Here's why:

Pursuant to the findings and recommendations of a committee headed by Msgr. Haas of Catholic University, the administrator of the Wage-Hour, Col. Fleming, signed an order setting the minimum wage in the industry at thirty-five cents an hour.

Father Le Farge On Interracial Question

(Continued from page 1)

of general social justice to a particular instance, why do we need a special Catholic interracial movement?"

The answer to this question is found not in the essential nature of interracial justice but in the circumstances under which it operates. These circumstances are such as to favor a special interracial program.

While logical enough, the application of these general principles to the particular situation of racial groups is all too easily forgotten or evaded. People are ready, for instance, to condemn racism in Europe and to warn against its coming to America; yet the same people will never think of criticizing the type of racism which has long since become a matter of second nature in this country. Yet the particular application of these general truths concerns directly the earthly lives and the eternal salvation of 13,000,000 of our fellow-citizens, to mention the Negroes alone.

Moreover, this hesitancy to hew to the line in applying social justice where race is concerned springs from such a complexity of misconceptions, such as a variety of allied ignorances, that it is both reasonable and practical to assist the general Catholic movement for social justice with a specialized movement, which will particularize on the cause and cure of these ignorances and misconceptions.

The priest who works with a minority racial group like the Negroes is confronted with a multitude of practical problems which greatly differ from other social matters: educational, cultural, political, etc., for which he needs a clear and ready solution.

A further consideration lends distinctiveness to interracial justice. The positive interracial ideal lays unique emphasis upon the unity of the human race, as coming from the Creator; the unity of all races and peoples in the Kingdom of God, as planned by the Redeemer. This two-fold unity, natural and supernatural, is splendidly stated in the Encyclical *Summi Pontificatus* of Pope Pius XII. The Catholic interracial program lays special stress upon this great doctrine. It encourages special practices which will exemplify it in our personal lives, and furthers our participation in those spiritual actions which are its highest manifestation, such as the Mass and the Liturgy.

Some day in God's Providence, there will be no need of a particular program to specify and emphasize the racial implications of social justice. They will be accepted by all and familiar to all, as they already are familiar to the Catholic Workers; as they are proclaimed by Adé Bethune's device at the head of this magazine. The better now that the interracial program is practiced and understood, the sooner will that phase of Christ's Holy Kingdom be realized.

Interracial Justice

... and all problems dealing with Negro-white relationships are best covered, from the Catholic viewpoint, in the *Interracial Review*—a monthly magazine edited by Catholic laymen and presenting a vivid realistic approach to this most important of our country's and at present the world's problem.

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Ben Joe Labray Out of Chain Gang; Experiences Mission Technique and Tells a Weird Story

Maybe it's a bit late, but it's the first chance I have had to get around to writing you my Easter greetings. I'm writing this in a little country schoolhouse where I will sleep tonight, and writing by the light of a tin wood-stove. You see, I've walked the highway all day and my feet are blistering. The nearest town of any size is thirteen miles off, and when dusk fell I spotted this little school. The key was over the door and there's plenty of wood for the night. There's some civil war history written on the blackboard, but it's a little biased. I'm in for a good sleep if someone doesn't spot the smoke from the chimney. There's no moon, and the little "knowledge box" is a bit back from the highway.

Did you get my letter from the chain gang? The "trusty" prisoner assured me he mailed it. I put in my time without losing the five days for good behavior. When they let me out they did it without giving me any fare, and I was seventeen miles from nowhere. My freedom was as worrisome as my imprisonment. If I took a chance on riding another freight train maybe I'd make the chain gang again. I was a vagrant when I was picked up—I'm still one, only more so. Seems so needless and brutal to lock vagrants up only to turn them loose in a worse predicament. At least I got to Mass Sunday and that was something.

Jungle

It took me two days on the highway to make Washington, D. C. When I got there it was too late to look for any free sleeping places. I didn't dare ask policemen about the police station as a flopping place. I didn't know but I might be subject to arrest again. After wandering about the streets for about two hours I found myself in a very squalid looking section and yet the nation's capital was in plain view. I spotted a fire and made for it. It was off a parking lot and around the fire were some poorly dressed men, and I joined them. One of them remarked he was too late for the missions, and another I learned was killing time till he was to head for the freight yards for a train. There were quite a few bay rum bottles laying around, and I noticed two of the men were drunk. I was fortunate in my hunger when two more men came back from a foraging expedition to a produce market where trucks roll in all during the night. Gosh, you should have seen the mess they cooked up, and there was plenty for all. One of the drunks mockingly made a sign of the cross and blessed the food. I was sorry for his state and inwardly thanked God that he, as well as myself, had the food.

In the morning I paired off with a fellow who took me for a long walk to a penny cafeteria. He had received some money the day before from some veterans' agency. We took trays and bought coffee for a penny, buns at two cents each and a bowl of oatmeal each. We stayed as long as we could in the warmth of the restaurant until a burly individual shouted, "Come on, you stew bums, beat it!" Our common need and problem was where to get some sleep. My new friend told me if the sun came up strong enough he knew a place where we could go and not be bothered. He laughed at me for tipping my hat to a priest and again when we passed a Catholic church. He told me: "I don't know what your church is like, but wait till you hit the mission tonight and get a belly full of that stuff they hand out." I found out he came from a section where you just "joined up" with a church whenever you felt like it, and the denomination made no difference. From the way he talked the people there only got "churchy" when a rip-roaring revivalist came around.

The sleeping place was the same lot where we shared the fire. Far in a corner away from the street was a low place where the sun was warmest. We spread newspapers picked up along the way, and both of us went into a sound sleep till late in the afternoon.

Mission Technique

I can appreciate my schoolhouse now when I look back upon the night in the mission. We lined up outside the place about 4:30 in the afternoon so we would be in time for the opening for supper at 6. The sun had gone down and everyone was shivering. There was such a scramble when the door opened we nearly missed out. It took three bouncers to finally straighten out the mess. We were made to sit crowded on backless benches until all the seats were filled and the doors again locked. Looking out we could see many were turned away. It was up to them now to hurry to another mission on C St. or another one much farther away. Someone started talking about the rules. What he said was something like this: "You guys get this. Anybody caught with a bottle gets right out. Nobody can smoke anywhere in the building. When you get your soup make it snappy and bring your dishes to the end of the table. Now those that got salvation last night move up front."

The "saved" ones filed into the dining room and we followed to stand up by long tables to partake of soup, bread and coffee. While

one of the staff said grace a fight started when one man tried to steal another's bread when all the heads were bowed. After supper we filed back into the meeting room to wait for the 8 o'clock services. It was a long wait on the hard benches and as men went to sleep they were awakened by the bouncers. A lady pianist came about 7:30 and broke the monotony by playing hymns. I didn't like the way she stared and sized us up. Visitors started to come in through a side door and head for the platform in back of the speaker's stand. You could see them pointing and looking and whispering. By this time the smell of the place was unbearable. Men could not leave for the bathroom or step outside for a smoke. If they did this they lost out for the night.

American Way

The superintendent started the meeting. He ordered a couple of windows open. The chill was easier than the smell. To wake the men up he had them all stand to sing "When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder." They stood, but didn't sing much. He gave a long sermon on the text "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." But the worst of it was he put in the idea that in addition to seeking the kingdom of God and His righteousness we must also live by the creed of "rugged individualism" and told the men they must learn to fight their shortcomings. "Yes," he said, "there's equal opportunity under our American system. All you have to do is try." He pointed to certain individuals in American life who started by selling newspapers. Just like an Alger story. (They told me the mission also served as a cheap labor market.)

At the time for testimonies, the visitors, one by one, got up and told how they received salvation. Then he called upon the men to testify. He begged and cajoled until finally one got up. The minute he did the rest started to grumble and swear at him. Seems men on the road despise those who try to curry favor from the missions by acknowledging salvation in this manner. One fellow near me remarked "That guy takes a dive in every mission he goes to." It's awful how this stuff is forced on them.

On My Way Again

The dormitory ran through a whole floor where partitions were removed. The beds were all sizes and colors, and there were a few two-high beds. The place was cold and smelly. Men coughed and snored. A bouncer came around periodically to check up on things. My, what a long night it was. Never did I think that going to bed for a night would be such an ordeal. I made up my mind then and there to steer clear of missions and when I got through the oatmeal and coffee the next day headed right out of the city.

I've been hearing talk about the chance to make some small money on the early berry crops in the south, and that's why I'm where I am now. Tomorrow after I reach the town I may catch a train and get into the berry country. I'll probably have to beg breakfast at some farmhouse along the way. The chain gang made me quite hardened up, and right now I'm ready for any kind of work. But if I have to bum around too long before getting it I'll get run down again.

The stove light is glaring too much now and I must cease writing for fear someone will detect me. Police cars may pass and I'd rather be spared another thirty days. Now I'm looking at the ears of corn that decorate the schoolroom and am becoming more hungry. What a life! Excuse this composition book paper, but it's all I can get around here. I'll remember to pray for the work and ask you to pray for the large number of people that I meet on the road. I'll write from the berry country—if I make it. God bless you.

BEN JOE LABRAY.

By Dorothy Day

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MONTH OF MARY

"O holy and immaculate Virgin, with what praises I shall extol thee I know not: for He whom the heavens could not contain rested in thy bosom."

In a time of strife and world war, living as we do in the misery of the slums and traveling through the country and seeing the blind hopelessness of many, it is hard to animate the soul to feel the joy one should even in so joyful a month as May at the end of a hideously hard winter.

Yet if we feel the misery of others more keenly than we do our own, if we have said to God in the words of Mary, "Be it done unto me according to Thy word," if we suffer for others so that we are driven to prayer for them, then that joy of love comes to us—a joy which is alive and vital and filled with hope even in the midst of sorrow. One cannot love without being warmed by that love. "Love is the measure by which we shall be judged," St. John of the Cross said, and to obtain that love, knowledge of God and knowledge of man is necessary. Love without such knowledge is but sentimentality and condescension. We know God more and more by living with Him, and we know the poor in whom He is with us today, by living with them. And that knowledge and that love comes also to us through our Mother who is the "mother of fair love, of fear and of knowledge and of holy hope."

Mary will give us humility so we will acknowledge the littleness of what we do. We can say, "Lord, my heart is not lifted up nor are mine eyes lofty. Neither have I walked in great matters nor in things too wonderful for me."

If we have this humility, we will depend more on prayer, recognizing the primacy of the spiritual. If this is our aim, we can remember with courage, "The saints through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought justice."

The miracle of the marriage feast at Cana is one of the happiest stories in the New Testament. Through urging our Lord to perform the miracle of supplying wine for this festivity some writers say that Our Lady started our Lord out in His public life. She gave Him to us in the first place, by her consenting, "Be it done unto me according to Thy word." The Flesh of Jesus became the flesh of Mary, as St. Augustine reminds us. And the first miracle He performed was at her instigation.

The meditation written by the Hungarian Bishop Prohaszka interprets this incident thus:

"The feast of our life is often very sad," he writes. "There is much heavy food which science and politics provide, but our wine is missing, which should refresh the soul and fill it with pure noble joy of life. Oh, our Mother, intercede on our behalf with thy divine Son. Show Him our need; tell Him with trust. They have no wine. He will provide for us..."

"Sweet wine, fiery wine, the Lord Jesus gives to our bridal soul; He warms and heats our hearts. Oh, sweet is the wine of the first fiery love, of the first elating zeal!" Let us ask our mother for this elating zeal, in this time of the world's sorrow.

A PARABLE By Leo Tolstoy

I see mankind as a herd of cattle inside a fence enclosure. Outside the fence are green pastures and plenty for the cattle to eat, while inside the fence there is not quite enough grass for the cattle.

Consequently, the cattle are trampling under foot what little grass there is and goring each other to death in their struggle for existence.

I saw the owner of the herd come to them and when he saw their pitiable condition, he was filled with compassion for them and thought of all he could do to improve their condition.

So he called his friends together and asked them to assist him in cutting grass from outside the fence and throwing it over the fence to the cattle.

AND THAT THEY CALLED CHARITY.

Then, because the calves were dying off and not growing up into serviceable cattle, he arranged that they should have each a pint of milk every morning for breakfast.

Because they were dying off in the cold nights, he put up well drained and beautiful sheds for the cattle.

Because they were goring each other in the struggle for existence he put corks on the horns of the cattle, so that the wounds they gave each other might not be serious.

Then, he reserved a park in the enclosure for the old bulls and the old cows over 65 years of age.

In fact he did everything he could think of to improve the condition of the cattle, and when I asked him why he did not do the obvious thing, break down the fence and let the cattle out, he answered:

"If I let the cattle out I should no longer be able to milk them."

Day After Day

(Continued from page 1)

munists whom he has met in the International bookstore, which is opposite the church.

There has also been started at the church a library and reading room, and there are clubrooms upstairs for the Y.C.W. and an auditorium downstairs, where I spoke to many of our old friends last Tuesday night. It was good, too, on Tuesday to go to the communal breakfast which is served down in a big dining-room under the library. This was a feature which I much enjoyed on my last trip here, this breakfast which everyone enjoys after the novena services every Tuesday morning.

The hotel is old and dingy, but a good cheap place to stay. My room is dark and on an airshaft, but there is fragrance of flowers from the bouquet on my dresser. On every street corner they are selling spring flowers, and out-



SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA

—Ade Bethune

side the sun pours down and during the day it is hot, until evening, when the fog rolls in like a curtain from the bay.

Monsignor Sheen

One of the Sunday afternoons in Portland I was able to listen to the Catholic Hour and Monsignor Fulton Sheen. The day before I had met a convert who had been drawn to the Church by listening to him. He lived in a tiny town in Montana, and when he began to take instructions he had to go forty miles in all kinds of weather, and then he was never sure of finding the priest, who was often called far off to some remote town in his vast parish on a sick call. He took instruction for two years and read many books. The day he was baptized it was so cold they had to melt the water for the baptismal, and the priest almost froze his hands.

Methodist Church

In Portland, too, among dozens of other meetings, I was asked to speak at the Mt. Tabor Methodist Church, and, since the Archbishop had told me to speak anywhere I pleased in his diocese, I took advantage of the offer and spoke there from the pulpit. It reminded me of the little Methodist churches in the South where I had attended meetings of the sharecroppers, where the walls had the marks of bullets and where the furniture had been broken up by bands of vigilantes. One of the churches was used to shelter four evicted families who lived in the four corners of the meeting room.

Benedictine Monastery

I spoke one afternoon at the Mount Angel Benedictine College and Seminary, and one of the young farmers who was a student was horrified at my story of how we had bought Rosie, our first

INTROIT FOR THE FEAST OF ST. JUSTIN

The wicked have told me fables, but not as thy law; but I spoke of thy testimonies before kings, and I was not ashamed. Ps. 118.

cow. He took it very seriously and didn't seem to see the humor in the story at all.

Father Alcuin, who is pastor of the little town of Mount Angel, is promoting the flax industry among the farmers. We went over the big sheds they had built, and they showed us the processes. There is plenty of rain out here for it. I got some specimens for Teresa's little museum down at the Easton Farming Community.

They have a creamery, a farmers' union, a gasoline station, all cooperative. They have a craft shop, where the women were weaving linen towels. This monastery is a good illustration of the influence of a monastery on the rural life around it. There was some government aid in building the sheds and offices for the flax, but most of the capital came from the farmers. The parish house is the center of charities, relief, community chest, and there is a big school and gymnasium.

The approach to the monastery is up a hill through a fairytale forest of great trees. There are stations of the cross up the hill. The monastery itself burned in 1926 and the story is that the monks, by the light of the fire, sang their office. They had been unable to save anything but their choir books.

Spokane

It was an all-day bus drive from Portland to Spokane, and it was an awe-inspiring trip through the mountains and along the Columbia River highway. Then through waste lands and later vast wheat country, which made me realize more than ever the industrial system of farming out here.

One woman I met here told of the farm she had lived on, of 3,800 acres. Her husband had \$140,000 in money, but he finally was ruined by his speculation in wheat. In addition to growing wheat (which at one time went down to 25 cents a bushel), they raised everything they needed for the table. Their trouble was in staking everything on one big crop. The vast size of the place meant taxes, machinery. They finally lost the place. They are now in the cities and the son is studying business administration.

Indian Cooperative

One afternoon I met a Sister of Providence who was working among the Indians at de Smet, Idaho, not far from Spokane. She and some of the college girls at Holy Names have built up a cooperative there. They make dolls, baskets, jackets and gloves. The handiwork of the gloves is so exquisite that a large Eastern manufacturer wished to get work done by them. The set-up now is infinitely superior, as the Indians tan their own hides and make the complete product themselves and have the pride of the artist in their work. Now they are co-creators, artists, but the factory would turn them into hands! They would no longer be men.

Unemployed Cooperative

Another day I visited Riverton club, an old house of 24 rooms, with five acres around it, which has been started under the sponsorship of the St. Vincent de Paul with the help of the County Welfare. Men who are classed as unemployable and who have not reached the pension age pool their resources and live together. They intend to keep rabbits, chickens, and go in for intensive gardening. The men were glad to show us around. One had mused for years in Alaska; another was a railroad man; an-

other a seaman; another a mechanic. This is the first State in which the St. Vincent de Paul has engaged in this work, and it is a splendid enterprise, holding in mind the idea of personal responsibility on the part of the men.

Lettuce Workers

Mrs. Robert McWilliams is assistant chairman of the State Central Committee of the Democratic party and has been for years interested in the condition of the migrant. Last week we drove down to Salinas which is about a hundred miles down the valley from San Francisco, and as we drove she told me about the Salinas lettuce strike. The Filipinos and Americans had a good union, A.F. of L., and had good wages and conditions. But the growers, packers and shippers were determined to break the union by not renewing the contract when it expired. A strike followed, scabs were imported, sheds were built for them inside "riot fences" near the sheds. The frames still remain; I saw them this afternoon, a threat and a warning to the workers.

It was a bloody strike; there were citizens' committees, vigilantes, everyone was deputized. Strangely enough, they were afraid, not of the Filipino and Mexican and American lettuce workers, but that Harry Bridges and his longshoremen were going to march down the valley and take over the fields and the town. They organized the shopkeepers not to sell to the thousands of workers living around the town. Even a little tobaccoist, when they tried to enlist him and failed, was assaulted. A tear gas shell lodged in his arm. Neither doctor nor nurse could be procured. They also had been enlisted.

Mrs. McWilliams told how she had witnessed this assault and had to dig out the shell herself. She told of treating the eyes of the workers with a paregoric solution to ease the pain of the tear gas attacks. Nauseating gas was used which resulted in diarrhea as well as vomiting, and the workers were humiliated and their spirit broken. Axe handles were imported and the boys at the manual training high school were given the job of weighting them with iron to be used as weapons against the strikers. Trucks loaded with lettuce were driven up and down the streets of the town to convey the impression that the strike was broken and to provoke violence.

It was a time of terror for three weeks, then an agreement was signed which left out of account the six thousand Filipino workers. Another strike occurred later and then the union was broken completely.

The Filipinos and Mexicans work in the fields, and the Americans in the sheds at cleaning and packing. The Filipinos live in camps the year around, get in debt to their employers and then have to work it out. There is a Chinatown and Filipino district which looks like all Chinatowns even in its architecture and the narrow streets. There is a red light district, which we drove through, wide open, generally accepted by the community as a necessity. No Filipino women are allowed according to immigration laws. Only the male are admitted. We presume they are supposed to remain celibate.

"Okies"

They say the great majority of the migrants are from Arkansas and Oklahoma and as we visited the camp on the outskirts of East (Continued on page 8)

Frisco C. W. Group Opens House Of Hospitality

The San Francisco House of Hospitality, named after Matt Talbot, opened April 5th. It is located at 943 Grove street, in an old mansion which rents for fifty dollars a month. It has been used before as a girls' shelter and was given up because of needed repairs. But the fact that it needs repairs, and that there is a garden around it, is an asset for us because it will mean work for the men who come to stay with us. There is even a shed in back which can be used as a work shop.

The first donation came from a Maltese painter on relief, who strangely enough, had a dollar left when his check came, so it was passed on to us. A few beds were donated by a lawyer friend, Dr. Hagerty brought in some bread and butter, Ted Infal had printed some large signs (some of Peter Maurin's easy essays), and these were hung around the large front meeting room.

There are as yet no chairs, so we took the drawers out of a cupboard and, turning them on end, sat on those for our first meeting in the kitchen. Robert Hull, who with Ted Infal is living in the house, has a huge sign with a drawing of Matt Talbot on it, and above it the caption, "Greater than Marx." He takes this out to Jefferson Park with him, where he speaks on Sunday afternoons, and it means a round table discussion of some length to explain why the worker, Matt Talbot was greater than Marx.

Monastic Idea

San Francisco is a city of workers, and Matt Talbot was a Third Order Franciscan and a worker. So it is fitting that the house should be under his patronage.

Robert Hull, who is a convert Campbellite minister from Oklahoma, has also given speeches on other occasions. Recently he spoke at a relief hearing before the Mayor and the Board of Supervisors of the county and city of San Francisco. He accused Senators and Assemblymen of Sacramento the State capital, of "gnawing away the heart of the people's loaf in the city of Sacramento."

He called attention to the monastic orders, which fed, clothed and sheltered people who were in need because of corrupt civil government, and taught them how to make a living and how to pray. He called attention to the work the early Franciscans did in California, when they built up their missions, which were models of beauty and usefulness and which cared for the Indian population. (The mission lands were confiscated by Mexico before California became a State, back in 1820, when the fight against the Church began, and only the churches and schools were restored by the American government. The arrangement had been that the communes were to be turned over to the people to own and administer and govern, all excepting the church and schools, but this program was interrupted by the confiscatory program of the government.)

He called attention also to St. Francis himself and what he would have done for the poor, and he suggested that the Mayor, the Senators, the Assemblymen and the members of the Board of Supervisors, turn over 40 percent of their income to the poor. (He was congratulated on his speech, but his advice was not taken.)

One of the cells of the Young Christian Workers, headed by Dick Bourret, is making the House of Hospitality their special project. Dick is in charge of THE CATHOLIC WORKER program in San Francisco. All communication regarding the work there should be addressed to him, care of Matt Talbot House, 943 Grove street, San Francisco.

Akron House

The St. Anthony House,
774 W. Bowery St.,
Akron, O.

It has been sometime since we have written about the progress being made here at the St. Anthony House in Akron. After over a year of existence St. Anthony House is able to report that there has been much accomplished in the various lines of activity.

We have formed the St. Anthony Craft Guild, which consists of some of the men working here at the House. To date we have been making rosary beads, wall niches for statues and statuettes, the latter being an original idea of one of the Guild's members. We are also going in for crib making and other craft work, which is still in the experimental stages. We are very glad to say that through the work group a phone has been installed. We are also receiving numerous voluntary contributions towards payment of the phone bill. These contributions being made by the men from the money they receive for the jobs which come through the phone. To date a large number of men have received odd jobs, and the phone is really proving its worth. Also the House benefits in numerous ways, such as getting calls for bread and vegetables from the various stores and bakeries here in Akron.

We perhaps have begun to deserve to have St. Anthony answer our prayers, as we are learning more and more how to begin to help ourselves — The Lord Helps Those Who Help Each Other.

New Haven House A Student Center

St. Catherine of Siena
House of Hospitality,
142 York St.,
New Haven, Conn.

The St. Catherine of Siena House is now feeding a hundred men a day. Friends in about New Haven have sent in articles of clothing which we have given out to the men on the line. Already the New Haven House is becoming a center for students and townspeople. There have been many discussions on peace, the social doctrine of the Church, etc. Peter Maurin was here for a few days, and did much indoctrinating. The House needs sheets, pillowcases, and blankets; also food and money. This is the first CATHOLIC WORKER House of Hospitality to be established in Connecticut. Will our friends in Connecticut help us? Our needs are many at the outset.

Yours in Christ,

Harold Sullivan.

It is the opinion of some, which is caught by the masses, that the "social question" as they call it is merely "economic." The precise opposite is the truth, that is first of all moral and religious, and for that reason its solution is to be expected mainly from the moral law and the pronouncements of religion.—Lee XIII.

Another C. W. House To Open In Twin Cities

St. Benedict's House,
105 E. Hennepin Ave.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

The cold climate of the Northwest has not yet abated. We thought we were just about through spending money for coal, and lately there hasn't been much of the former when we got some near-zero weather. I hope the warm weather comes soon, our roof is badly in need of repairs. Several men had to move their beds during the thawing several weeks ago, and, again, when it rained last week.

Men continue to come and go, especially now; many of them are going out on railroad track gangs, farm jobs and other odd jobs. It is the same story every spring, and then the hard long winter to look forward to, with the few dollars they might have saved from their measly earnings. This is repeated year after year, work in the summer, skid row in the winter. It is insecurity such as this that breeds discontent, crime and many other things that go with an unjust social order. I hope we can get a farm soon, so that we can eliminate some of this insecurity. We can, at least, give a few men security on a farm. There are several prospects for a farm in sight, but nothing definite as yet. Your prayers will help, too.

To get back to the activities of the House. Things are running along quite smoothly again. I say again, because for several weeks lack of food, petty quarrels and misunderstandings broke the morale of the House. We expect those things occasionally and though they are discouraging they are inevitable with so many conflicting personalities living together.

New House in St. Paul

There is a fine spirit in the House, with the men cooperating in keeping it clean, making repairs and cooking meals for hundreds every day. Others are busy on our two sewing machines, repairing clothes. In fact, we have miniature tailor shops on the second and third floors. Several other men are busy washing bed linens every day. The washing machines are kept busy every day with the laundry for the House and the personal laundry of the men. We have a barber chair that is used every day; several men can cut hair. I think that I will have my hair cut today, and as much as I dislike sitting in a barber chair, I am badly in need of a hair cut. At this moment our carpenter is changing the doors on the front of the building, so that they swing out. This was demanded as a safety precaution by the Fire Department. Since our last letter we have managed to get the carpenter a set of tools.

In closing, I have some very good news. St. Paul is going to have a House by the first of May. I have been attending weekly meetings in St. Paul for the past month. They have a group of about twenty who are very interested and enthusiastic. At present they are looking for a building in downtown St. Paul. They have been promised much cooperation and support, so that very little stands in the way of the opening of the House.

Marty Paul.



Seattles C. W. House Has Many Activities

The first visitors to the new House of Hospitality at 1010 1/2 King street, in Seattle, were two Japanese who wished to learn jiu-jitsu, and thought we were running a school. The seminarians at St. Edwards are going to start a vegetable garden for the house, and we will send men out to work it after June, when they are on their vacation. It is a step towards the land. A carpenter from the St. Vincent de Paul Shelter came over and got the place started by connecting the stoves, fixing the lights, putting up partitions, making benches for the meeting. Such immediate cooperation! Also the boys from O'Dea high school, half

a dozen of them, came in and scrubbed the place. Also the Patzolds came down with their adopted family to scrub and clean and help prepare meals.

Sunday morning I visited the Ozanam home, which has been going for one year and is under the direction of the particular council of the St. Vincent de Paul. The twenty-eight men in the house are on relief and receive \$11.70 a month. They are all ages and are classed as unemployables. When men get on the pension list they leave and go to still another cooperative house. There are 25 rooms in this house, and the annex next door has seven rooms. They have done all the repairs themselves, and the house is paid for out of their pensions, the rest of the money going for food and little necessities. They are working in cooperation with the Self Help Bureau of the Welfare Department. The house was previously a Jewish hospital and cost only \$1,100.

Family

In the basement there is a manual training set-up, and the men do plaster casts of various figures; one man is doing leather work, etc. Of the men in the house there was one a logger, one a telegrapher, another who had been working on bridges, etc. The telegrapher was much interested in the cooperative movement and wished literature on the subject.

Mr. Patzold, who is a principal of a manual training school for boys, and his wife have a fourteen-room house which they rebuilt from a five-room cottage. They have three children of their own, but they have always taken in retarded children. At present their household numbers fourteen, and a better run place you could not find. It is under state supervision. Out in the country they have 2 1/2 acres, and last year they raised two pigs, 12 ducks, and vegetables and fruits. This year they are going to have three pigs, 200 roosters, 30 ducks, etc. In the city they have a cold storage locker, and they can keep their meat, vegetables and fruits all winter. The last night I was in Seattle, Mrs. Patzold prepared the farewell dinner, which was a joyful occasion, and we had clam chowder (they gathered their own clams) and fresh raspberry short cake, which was the best I ever tasted. Out on their country place which is only 15 miles out, they have built seven cabins, two bunks in each, for the boys.

Land

Coming down from our visit to Everett, one of the CATHOLIC WORKER group was talking to me about the land situation. He said that when this region was a territory anyone could come and take the land just for the taxes. For building a railroad they got every other section. He personally knew a man who had taken 250,000 acres, took all the timber from it, and now was speculating in real estate. The greatest land grabs in history took place out here.

"By these principles of social justice one class is forbidden to exclude the other from a share in the profits."—Pope Pius XI (Forty Years After).

Buffalo House Of Hospitality In Full Swing

House of Christ the Worker,
108 E. Tupper St.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

We wonder if all of you know there is a House of Hospitality in Buffalo. If not, this letter will announce it and invite you cordially to come and see. Mr. Flanagan of Philadelphia was with us for the Easter holidays, and it was fun as well as constructive to exchange ideas. He came in handy, too, when, on Easter, we had 360 brothers to serve with the feast—ham, eggs, coffee and potatoes. Of course, that was an occasion. Don't think if you come to Buffalo you will have to wait on that many men. On regular days we have about 120 for breakfast and 200 or so for lunch.

So you won't feel like strangers when you arrive, we shall try to describe our House: On one "side" you will see a long table around which everything evolves: if it's Thursday night, the men from the line will be listening to Father Bosch, a dynamic lover of Christ's poor, or Dr. Horace A. Frommelt editor of the diocesan paper and champion of credit unions, farming communes and reconstruction of the social order. If it's Tuesday evening, you will see the workers and Father Magee, our dearly beloved, overworked moderator, studying Rugged Individualism. Almost any time of any day you will find someone eating at this table. On the other "side" there is a small sitting-room, where Mrs. Hastings is apt to be seen trying to solve problems amidst requests for clothes and blasts of music. (Expect to hear the radio always, only the lover of unpopularity dares turn it off.) On this "side" also the "El-Tups," a once homeless boys' club, to whom we offered our humble shelter, have their meetings weekly. Then, behind a sagging pink curtain, the visitor will behold sixteen beds, our newly acquired dormitory!

Our House is much like every other House. We live poorly but in the faith that Christ will not withdraw His omnipotent hand while we strive to rehabilitate His brothers. Through His grace we have already helped two men find their way to the Catholic Church, and many more a way back to the Sacraments. These signs of His love encourage us when we feel we have failed.

After this invitation we hope to see many friends of THE CATHOLIC WORKER in Buffalo.

"Limitless free competition... permits the survival of those only who are the strongest, which often means those who fight most relentlessly, who pay least heed to the dictates of conscience."—Pope Pius XI (Forty Years After).

"Certain forms of property must be reserved to the State, since they carry with them an opportunity of domination too great to be left to private individuals without injury to the community at large."—Pope Pius XI.

Day After Day

(Continued from page 6)

Salinas a car drove up with an Oklahoma license. There was a rumble seat in the back and in addition to carrying two passengers, there was a double bed a spring, mattresses, bedding, two chairs and a table, somehow loaded on the back. There were three fellows and a girl, and the girl had clutched around her a bathrobe which was too small for her, instead of a coat. They were all young, perhaps were children when the migration started. I was reminded of Ma Joad in the movie, *The Grapes of Wrath*, and her determination that they would all stick together. Most of the families I have seen have many small children, but certainly this life is not conducive to sticking together.

Marysville

As I write this I am in a little cabin in a trailer camp outside Marysville. Down in the hollow, back of the road, there are forty families encamped. Down on either side of the highway, nestled down under the levee of the Feather River, there are more families. Many of the camps are surrounded by water and mud. The stars are reflected in the pools of water in the fields and the orchards. Last week there was a bad flood up here so that most of the roads were under water and many of the small farmers have taken to trailers and shacks along the roadside. There is the constant sound of frogs (remember the frogs in the movie *Grapes of Wrath*?) and of cars zooming by on the highway.

It is so sad to see this constant coming and going, hundreds of thousands of people on the move from place to place. In the Northwest there was the tragedy of greed in the cut-over ruined

lands. Here there is the tragedy of a landless people, homeless, meagerly fed, housed like animals rather than like creatures made to the image and likeness of God. Those in power have waxed fat and have forgotten the things of the spirit. Those in misery have forgotten that they are temples of the Holy Ghost. How could they remember?

More than ever am I convinced that the solution lies only in the Gospel and in such a leader as St. Francis. Peter Maurin has been talking these past two years of recruiting troubadours of Christ. More and more am I convinced that together with our purely material efforts of building up hospices and farming communes we need these fellow-travellers with the poor and dispossessed to share with them their poverty and insecurity and to bring them the reminder of the love of God.

It is the hardest work anyone could do, in the face of that saying of Kingsley when tracts were offered to a starving people "religion is the opiate of the people." It is a sad saying that has made cowards of many who are afraid to speak of God to those with empty stomachs. But they are not just mouths to be fed, bodies to be housed. They are creatures of body and soul. The Communist goes among them, lives with them in his zeal for "leaders who themselves are workers," in his zeal to build up a people who will fight oppression.

Where are our Catholic college youth who will make a vocation of their unemployment, and use it as an opportunity to tramp about the country like St. Francis and bring the Gospel to these forgotten ones?

Book Review

THE LANTERN BURNS, by Jessica Powers; Monastine Press, Woodside, L. I.; fifty-three poems; \$1.50.

Miss Powers has given us a delightful group of fifty-three poems, mostly of a religious nature. That the poetess is no provincial songster is testified to by the fact that the volume is composed of works published in such variegated journals as the *Chicago Tribune*, *The American Mercury* and *Commonweal*. Miss Powers' poems are all short, lyrical and, pleasantly enough, not affectedly abstruse. She can without abashment sing of Heaven in terms of a railroad terminal:

Some nights were meant for tears, and some for laughter;
And some to hold in trust, and some to spend;

But portents were astir that night we sighted

The terminal that stands at the worlds' end.

The book as well deserves mention, printed as it was by a craftsman in his own shop and fully responsible for all book-craft processes but the making of the paper. We had occasion recently to visit this shop and see Clifford Laube, the craftsman responsible for this fine book. Laube's typography is simple and direct. "The Lantern Burns" is not the arty looking book one comes to expect from private presses. His ornamentation is restrained and nothing detracts from making the book thoroughly readable and that is what all good book-makers live and work for.

RURAL ROADS TO SECURITY, Msgr. Luigi Ligutti & John C. Raue, S.J.; Bruce, Milwaukee. 387 pp., \$2.75.

The badge of failure is herein put upon the liberalistic school when one reads "Rural Roads" and sees a detailed and tragic

account of the effects on an American people in the throes of industrialism. Unlike many sociological books, this one presents findings in a way easy to read. Well presented and digestible, as well as startling, statistics aid greatly in showing the ill-effects caused by the abandonment of the farm home and ownership of productive property, mechanization and its ruination of both soil and people. The diminishing ownership and the increase of the propertyless proletarian class leaves us in a state not much unlike the totalitarian ones we condemn. The likeness of corporations to collectives is made vividly clear as is the likeness of corporationism's hold over the masses to a dictatorship over the proletariat. Positive solutions are presented so that in this "third struggle for liberty" people may see the proper approach to a return to the land, ownership of productive property and small enterprises as well as part-time farming. Chapters deal with the proper use of biological science and intelligent technology on the farm.

That the rural road is the sure road to security is proven ably in the factual account of the Granger Homesteads of which Msgr. Ligutti is the moving spirit.

The book is appended by accounts of other movements which include the School for Living, the Nova Scotia cooperatives and St. Teresa's village. Being also very practical, "Rural Roads" takes into account the existing system and its pages contain no dream about suddenly making a departure to Utopia. What this book advocates, man has done and can still do. Until very recent war events, as described, the Scandinavian peoples proved the worth of "Rural Roads to Security."

Cleveland C.W.'s Matt Talbot And Craft Guild

Blessed Martin House
2305 Franklin Ave.
Cleveland Ohio

I want to tell you about two things. The Craft Guild and the Matt Talbot Wagon Club. About the Blessed Martin Craft Guild. Everyone who works for the House with either his hands or his brains or as it should be, with both, is a member: Cooks, dishwashers, waiters, woodworkers, metal-casters, designers, painters, window washers, hewers of wood and drawers of water, and candle-stick makers (we have those, too); in short, everyone about the place and many of our friends from outside are Craft Guild members. There is Cleo and McGovern, masters of the range and soup-kettle; Frank Papenfus, Joe Adams and old Mr. Gaspario, carpenters and wood-joiners; Mike Ivan, worker in wrought-iron; Howard McConnell, who casts the figures for crucifixes and copper-plates them; Tom Naughton, master designer of furniture and liturgical art; John Hunter, our Scotty, majordomo, who takes care of scrap-metal, rags and paper, carrying a scale in one pocket and a magnet in another; Paul Haas and Felicia Cetkowski, who are teaching the neighborhood urchins art and manners respectively; Betty Smith, librarian, and Dorothy Schmitt, who does the painting of liturgical crucifixes and decorative work on the shrines (the last three are college girls who devote their spare time to the work); Russell Fuhrman, Don Cochrane, Dick Herbert, who take care of the letters, typing, mimeographing and paper-selling. Phil Reed, who daily sells *THE CATHOLIC WORKER* about town; Father Lauer, who suggests, encourages and inspires all of us. And the forty-odd others who wash dishes, wait on table, scrub the floors, wash the clothes, repair, clean and hustle.

The Matt Talbot Wagon Club continues to exert its sobering influence and despite your unbelief I may state that an intoxicate is a rarity. The club holds its meetings every Wednesday evening and receives Holy Communion in a body once a month. After being six months in existence it has proved its worth and stability. In spite of adverse criticism and much doubt, it has proved to be a genuine technique for licking alcoholism.

Besides the Matt Talbot Club meeting Father McQuistan holds an enquiry circle that draws a large crowd; on Tuesday evenings we have a group in for an adult education plan based on Adler's idea of reading a book, only we use Frank Sheed's booklist. On Friday afternoon there is a young group that meets under the name of Isaac Jogues Apostolate and is doing good work; and on Friday evenings there are a noisy number of philosophers who meet here to disagree on practically everything; and another more sober group which struggles with more practical questions, such as the proper raising of a pig, etc.

Bill Gauchat.



Police Persecute Men In Milwaukee C. W. House

There have been serious distractions and interruptions at Holy Family House. A police raid was made on the house and sixteen men were taken into custody. This was the boldest step yet taken by the Milwaukee police, who pursue a policy that violates the human dignity and rights of the unemployed worker.

It was on Holy Saturday that this flagrant attack on the rights of these many men was made by six officers. Every man in this house was subjected to questioning by these law enforcers turned outlaw, and sixteen were loaded into the Black Maria. These were the suspicious characters. The officers forced their way into the house without a warrant in the name of organized might. All of the men held were released within twenty-four hours when an attorney pressed the police and threatened legal action.

Burlington CW Acquires Farm

Blessed Martin House,
194 Battery St.,
Burlington, Vt.

Dear Bill:

We have been negotiating for a farm and only this afternoon signed the papers. It is a 75-acre place about eight miles out of Burlington in Colchester, Vt. There are four good buildings: a small brick house, a rather large barn, a horse stable and a hen house. A Protestant minister, the Rev. Gibson, opened the way for us, and the owner, who attends Mass daily, is quite interested in our plans for the place. Alice and Donald will move out as soon as possible. We are placing the farm also under the patronage of Bl. Martin.

Here in Vermont we are slowly emerging from a long, cold winter. The necessity of having good fires kept the men scouring the railroad yards for wood and coal. Their success and energy can be judged by the fact that we did not have to purchase any fuel all winter. The House has been filled to capacity nearly every night and we have managed to serve three meals a day.

You will understand that the farm presents a big problem and we are asking for the prayers of all the groups. Promising more news in the near future, we are,

Sincerely in Christ,
Donald and Norman Langlois.

Is not the pious individualism of so many worthy Catholics to be explained by this conception of the Gospel as containing only recipes for eternal life, by their idea that the natural and moral betterment of each and all should be recommended the famous advice of St. Ignatius Loyola that man should pray as though God did everything, but should act as though he did everything himself.—Abbe Lugan.

BOOK PLATES



The above design is the symbol of Saint Edward, King of England, who was martyred for the Faith while out hunting. Our other wood engravings are designed in a similar manner to illustrate a quality of, or an incident in, a saint's life.

Write for samples to:



Tradition Press

One Hundred & Fifteen
Mott Street
NEW YORK CITY

No Rights

The "bum" is a "bum" to the smug citizens of this fair city. The transient is another kind of being seemingly less than human. Liberty for the unemployed migratory worker is unthinkable — his fundamental rights are ignored. Hounded and herded, he feels that he is more of a beast than a man. The policy of the Milwaukee police department and that of other cities, called the "stick-up" system, is one of wholesale arrest and grilling of strangers on the streets and in the various missions and flop houses. It is rankly unjust and truly degrading.

Holy Family House has been the lone sanctuary in Milwaukee for destitute men and because it is a sanctuary the police accuse us of harboring criminals. Oh, yes, we were labelled "reds" by the police and raided for our supposed political and social philosophies. Shades of the Gestapo!

Crowded

During the winter we were terribly crowded, unavoidably so, as the transient relief is a miserly thing here, and there are no hospices or missions in town that will give hospitality to a man for any length of time. About seventy men slept here at Holy Family House throughout the winter.

Perhaps notice of the Matt Talbot Club here has reached you. We have been happy about the real spiritual and material progress of this group. There is a modest bit of Catholic activity being done by this group, and growth of this work is expected. Approximately twenty-five men, of whom many were "incorrigible" drunkards, have taken a pledge of total abstinence and are practicing their faith with new spirit. Three men are now taking instructions preparatory to entering the Church. One man was baptized on Holy Saturday.

Sincerely in Christ,
Larry Heeney.

Ramsey, Ill.

Nazareth House
Ramsey Illinois
R. R. No. 1

We have had so many calls for all kinds of clothing and we can't give them out, unless you and yours here and there remember us and you won't forget—if you can help in that way, will you?—especially children's clothing, and it is a miracle if we receive anything a man can use. If you have a musical instrument you don't use any more, write us about it as we are trying so hard to form a band among our young people, and any donations of used instruments would help much. The parish priest in town has offered to teach the music free, if we can get the instruments. Sincerely in Christ,

Carmen Delores Welch.

Labor Conditions On the Gulf Coast Told By Worker

R. J. Owen

There are approximately 250,000 workers engaged in the fishing industry on the Gulf Coast. It would require a volume to explain the miserable conditions under which this huge army of workers live and are exploited.

From Sabine, Texas, which bounds on the Louisiana border, to Port Isabel, Texas, which bounds on the border of Mexico, is a distance of 448 miles. Counting the bays and inlets with the Gulf Coast, we have approximately 5,000 miles of coast line. All along the coast line are fishing fleets. These fleets are collected mostly in the more favorable and protected harbors which are: Sabine, Galveston, Freeport, Palacios, Port LaVaca, Seadrift, Port O'Connor, Rockport, Aransas Pass, Ingleside, Corpus Christi and Port Isabel.

Politics

In practically all of the above-named ports the fish dealers control local politics. Their control of local politics naturally gives them a big voice in politics of the State. From this fact it is easy to see that political stooges of the local bosses of government are used in various unlawful ways to keep the workers in subjugation to the will of their bosses.

No matter how hard these people work or how much fish they catch they are never able to clear their indebtedness to the bosses. If large catches of fish are made the bosses lower the prices, cheat on the weights, or just pay for 40 or 50 percent of the catch, claiming that the rest can't be used for various reasons, then selling that percent which they received for nothing along with what they paid for. If objections are raised against these robbing tactics of the company, the boss just fires the man raising the objections, knowing that the workers are economically unable to leave.

In Palacios, the largest dealer controls the WPA. So, if any worker protests his starvation wages, or resents the insults the women workers are subjected to, that persons finds it very difficult to get on WPA. Incidentally, the people earn more on WPA than working for this company. Last year, while a strike was in progress in Palacios, these WPA workers were told by their bosses that if they didn't take a job in private industry when offered they would be kicked off the WPA and never get back on. Nothing was said about their right to refuse to be used as strikebreakers.

The sheriffs' departments and the Texas Rangers are freely used to intimidate or beat up any of the workers that attempt to use their constitutional rights to strike.

Intimidation

While a strike was in progress in Palacios I was called to a Negro's house to investigate the threats made by the Rangers against a Negro organizer. While I was in the house, the Ranger arrived and rushed in through the door, knocking aside a young Negro girl, exclaiming, "Get out of the way you black b—! There is not enough room in this yard for you and me." (It was only this girl's home.) Then he searched the house, looking under the bed and behind doors yelling, "Where is that damn nigger union man? I am going to kill him." Fortunately this union brother could not be found.

Later I was picked up by these Rangers and taken to the jail, where they beat me up and threatened to kill and bury me if I didn't leave the country to go back where I came from. (I am a third generation Texan.) They also raided our picket line and beat and kicked six of the pickets, throwing four of us in jail, charged with rioting.

At the trial before a District Judge, although fifteen workers

testified to the beatings, the judge in his summation stated that evidence showed that only one man had been struck by a peace officer; that the peace officer testified that he knew it was unlawful for a peace officer to strike a citizen, but that citizen had called him a liar (sic!), and it was an old Southern custom: "Gentlemen, I am here to state that it is an old Southern custom, and I believe it a grand old Southern custom—" Imagine! A District Judge from the bench in the United States!

Conditions

We could go on forever about beatings, threats, unlawful seizing of fishing nets by the law officers, refusal of the courts to



recognize the rights of the workers, etc. The State Attorney General's office being used by the fish companies as a strikebreaking agency, of the child labor law violations. Children of ten and twelve working in cold, damp fish houses all hours of the day and night. Of large families living in one-room ramshackle houses; of children dying of malnutrition and exposed to the diseases commonly found in such poverty.

It was even widely publicized that to belong to the union was ungodly and violated the principles of the Church! This misinformation was quickly dispelled, especially amongst the Mexican workers, who are mostly Catholics, by the use of Father Haas' booklet, "The Why and Whither of Labor Unions." Father Drolet, of St. Francis Rectory at Houma, La., sent us fifty copies of that swell pamphlet, as well as a large bundle of back issues of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, which were gladly received by these workers.

In spite of all obstacles, these workers have defied the rule of the bosses and are organizing into the union. With the assurance that Father Haas' pamphlet and THE CATHOLIC WORKER brings them that it does not violate the principles of the Church; with trade union papers and literature to educate these workers, we believe that ultimately we will attain our goal: a standard of wages to permit these workers, the right of all workers, to live a decent American and Christian life.

Activities At Detroit CW Hospitality House

THE CATHOLIC WORKER,
St. Francis House,
1432 Bagley Ave.,
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Fellow Workers:

It has been most difficult to write this, for I haven't had time to get things in line. I hope that I am not too late for the paper.

The most important news is the fact that "Ruth, the Holstein," is going to have a calf. We have been trying to find the Patron Saint of Cattle, but have failed so far. We want to be sure and get a heifer calf. Can you enlighten us? The other good news is that a business man is going to purchase all our seeds for us this year. This will make the second year that he has done this. The Newman Club of Wayne University helped contribute towards the seed fund. The Friars at Duns Scotus College gave us some tomato plants. The weather has been very bad here and we are hoping to get a break soon so that we can start work.

One of our benefactors hired the workers in the House to tear down one of the relics of the boom days, I mean a bank building, and then he gave us the material. As a result we have bullet proof glass, marble, grill work, etc. We have taken most of it to the farm and hope and pray that we will be able to get enough two-by-four's and six-inch flooring to erect a building out there.

On March 28th we opened a new House. It is known as the St. Anthony House and is located at 1323 Trumbull Ave. It is to be used entirely by the children in our Catechism Classes. We also have a woodcraft class on Saturday afternoons. We are opening a free lending library for the use of the people in the neighborhood. Sewing classes are being held every Wednesday at 1 p.m. On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays Jack Fletcher is conducting softball games for the young boys in the neighborhood. They use the St. Anthony House for their meetings, and Holy Trinity playground for their games. The women at the Martha House are assisting with the new House. Speaking of the Martha House Marie Conti is in charge of the House. She comes in each week-end from Nazareth College in Kalamazoo. She is teaching out there and will be unable to give her full time to the work until the end of the school year. The women at the Martha House are still distributing clothing every week. Lately that House has been filled to capacity.

I meant to mention how the new House came about. We were able to get out of debt, which is a most unhealthy state, for C.W.'ers, and then we got a call from the Chancery Building. We went down to see what was up, and Father John Donovan, the Archbishop's secretary, gave us \$50, which the Archbishop told him to give to us. We could think of nothing better to do with this money than to start a new House. The rent on the new House is \$25. I don't know how we will be able to continue maintaining this place, but we will trust in God, and if He doesn't want us to have this place, He will soon let us know. Besides, we are not afraid of failure.

All the above may sound as if we are rolling in dough, but I can assure you that it is far from true. The light bills, gas bills, the rents, the farm needs hay and feed, and we have the magnificent sum of \$3.55 to our name, that is, at 7 p.m., today. Hope Dorothy will be able to

Men and Machines

"Labor saving devices increase jobs." This is the testimony of Edsel Ford before the Monopoly Committee of the U. S. Senate (TNEC). Other representatives of big industries came before the committee with similar statements in behalf of high mechanization.

That labor saving machines make labor is an old story. It is just as old as the one that says new industries will solve the unemployment problem or make up for those displaced by the machine. We can look to any of the cities and towns whose life's blood flows only when the heart of the industrial plant beats. According to the theory about new industries creating the balance—what about the well-hailed solutions in the form of new industries such as television, aeronautics, air-conditioning, etc.?

The tragic news of the displacement of farmers and tenant-farmers by machinery is another side of this argument. One of the lowest brackets of the economically insecure are the share-croppers and machinery is putting them one more step down the ladder. Our breadlines are crowded with people who have skills they cannot apply.



We have heard more than one tale of the ill-effects of machine displacements.

Displacement

It is significant that about the same time champions of machine displacement were trying to say black was white, two announcements came and are worthy of noting here. First, there is the introduction of robots in agricultural fields to displace migratory workers whose little work kept them living at the lowest possible standard. The sugar beet industry, dependent much on transient labor now has evolved three machines which may take nearly all the work from the migrants. They are to be tried this year in Utah, Colorado, Idaho and California (as if things weren't bad enough in California). The instruments discussed were turned out by the University of California College of Agriculture.

In spite of what the steel magnates may say about the benefits of the machine, Philip Murray (Steel Workers Organ. Committee C.I.O.) saw enough of a displacement problem to appear before the same (TNEC) hearings and demand something be done about it. Contradicting Charles Hook, who spoke for the American Rolling Mills, Murray made the claim that 30,000 workers in the steel industry were displaced by technological advancements.

have a visit with us on her way back East. It has almost been a year since she visited us.

Please pray for us.

LOUIS MURPHY.

He claimed that present developments point to the danger of 40,000 more workers losing their jobs in the next few years and that one to two and one-half million jobs were lost to the machines in the last decade. From our worm's eye view of American industrial life—looking up from the bottom as we do—we are more inclined to agree with Mr. Murray.

There are many men rusting and falling apart, but machines and the plants that hold them seem to be taken care of alright. You must pay a tax on a building and maintenance on machines but men are cast aside.

Boston House Of Hospitality

Our Lady of Perpetual Help,
House of Hospitality,
328 Tremont St.,
Boston, Mass.

We are looking forward to having Peter Maurin visit Boston and spend a few weeks... the days are passing and no Peter yet. But we are still hoping.

The Boston Group are beginning to feel as though they are "migratory workers." Five years since we opened the C.W. discussion center on Harrison Ave., and we have had three different locations... and are now looking for a place to continue the House of Hospitality. We must leave here soon. A notice to vacate was received early in March, but Mr. Donnelly has granted us a reprieve. How long we can not know as the location will eventually become part of a parking space. So Harry, Mr. Duffy and other members of the Group are searching for a vacant house... where the rent will not be prohibitive. The House of Hospitality must go on. Our Lady of Perpetual Help will find a House for us, possibly where we may accomplish more good than we have so far.

I am sending two subscriptions. Stamps are doubtless as good as cash to the editors, and safer to send by mail.

Very sincerely yours,
BOSTON CATHOLIC
WORKER GROUP,
Jane A. Marra.

Civil Rights Decision By Supreme Court

Anti-picketing laws have been outlawed by a Supreme Court decision. Both the CIO and the AFL won victories in almost identical cases. The CIO case invalidates the anti-picketing law of Shasta, Shasta County, California. The AFL case did likewise to an Alabama law. Lee Pressman, arguing for the CIO, held that the Shasta County ordinance circumvented national laws on collective bargaining and sought a ruling assuring that "picketing is an exercise of civil liberties."

The test of the Alabama law was centered around a worker who picketed peacefully in a strike and the state argued that the mere presence of a picket was an "intimidating force."

Mr. Justice Murphy wrote both opinions, which held that the rights of labor on the picket line was comparable to the property rights of employers, and must be protected with equal vigilance.

"In the Catholic program, the two objectives are: the enfranchisement of the unpropertied, and their advancement to the state of ownership. These objectives are to be obtained 'through a wage of sufficient size' to warrant private ownership for all."—Mgr. Haas.

Hospitality Page

Hospitality To Immigrants And Own Poor By Jews

An official Nazi organ, *Der Voelkische Beobachter*, on April 26, 1938, printed the following gruesome detail of the Nazi plan: "In 1942 the Jewish element in Vienna must be extinguished. . . . By that time no Jew shall have an opportunity to earn money in Austria. THEY DIE." So that this promise might not be fulfilled, the Hebrew Im-

could not help but overhear that her discussion with two men had to do with visas and passports for relatives who had been stranded in one country and then another. From what we heard it seemed a long round-about trek to America and freedom. Looking out from where we sat we could see signs pointing to the department through



REFUGEES from Hitler's wrath find safe haven and kind friends at HIAS

migrant Aid Society works feverishly and effectively. Most important of the means used to secure freedom for the persecuted, to effect a reunion of families scattered throughout the world, to send aid to hungry ones stranded abroad and to find a place under the sun for religious and political exiles, is hospitality. Before all the multiple operations of the society are set into action the immigrants are sheltered, clothed, fed and given a chance to worship free from the Nazi terror.

This organization is located but a few blocks from THE CATHOLIC WORKER. Those of us who often walk to Fourteenth street to sell papers pass the HIAS shelter and are touched by the sad looking men, women and children passing in and out of its doors. Some are refugees and some are Americans with their families scattered over the face of the earth, fleeing the areas of oppression.

We were right in our guess that the numerous men with little bundles, often not cleanly shaven, with worn shoes and other obvious signs, were Americans but also refugees of a sort. Like so many who come to our houses and breadlines, they are unemployed—transients, without home or friend. The HIAS does not discriminate and we admired them for this attitude. Strange that on the way to sell papers, during the height of the anti-Semitic issue in New York, we would pass this tragic group who were certainly, at least not to our minds communists or international bankers. They did not monopolize capital or trade but had a goodly share of poverty, the tragedy of slain and persecuted relatives, disunited families and the wrath of totalitarian madness.

Reception

Individuals here at Mott St. often expressed curiosity as to what this Immigrant shelter stood for. For two of us—and we pass it on—the curiosity was satisfied. We stopped in to see the work of this unit and were greatly impressed at this work so closely akin to our own. We were graciously received by a young Jewish girl who had us wait for our hostess, Miss Paley. We

which food parcels and money could be sent abroad to impoverished exiles. Now Miss Paley, finishing her business, greeted us cordially. We talked for a while about our respective activities and were invited to inspect the building, see the bureaus in operation and get a detailed outline of just what was done.

Our first stop was the transportation section. This office, according to an annual report, handled some 400,000 requests for information on passports and visas. Letters are translated, agencies contacted and correspondence handled to the necessary offices in Washington and abroad. Another department drew up 25,325 affidavits for immigration purposes and from the employment office we learned 1,376 persons were put at gainful employment in the last year.

Eating Facilities

There were two huge dining rooms, spotlessly clean and arranged to seat four at a table. One room was for refugees and the other for other needy ones. We saw spotless kitchens, three of them and were invited to look at the cooking food. It was wholesome and plentiful and cooked in separate kitchens in keeping with the Jewish dietary laws. Thousands have been fed here—some coming in from the highways and byways of America and others from perilous journeys through submarine and mine infested oceans. We then passed by the Synagogue on our way up the stairs to see the rooms and dormitories.

There were single and double rooms as well as dormitories. All the beds were spotless and the rooms light and airy (the building is the old Astor library). Rooms were plentiful and the grand tier on the top floor was lined all the way around with beds for transients who could stay on indefinitely or until they procured work. As we so often tell our own visitors, Miss Paley remarked that spring would reduce the number of transients, as they would find employment in the resort regions of New York State. It was good to see the clean beds as in contrast to those of municipal lodging houses and

Hospitality In Ireland

(From Pittsburgh Catholic)

Throughout Ireland every home was a House of Hospitality. The open door was not a metaphor but a reality. The worst insult an Irishman could receive was to be told he was inhospitable, or that he had let a stranger go by uncared for.

The natural development from private hospitality was public hospitality. Thus came into being the first Houses of Hospitality. As Seumas MacManus says: "In the early days, because in many districts people might be too poor, or travelers too many, for satisfactory private hospitality, there were, at various points throughout the land, public houses of hospitality called *bruideans* (breens). And the honored officials who were entrusted with these houses were called (brewys). A *bruidean* was always set at the junction of several roads, frequently the junction of six. It had open doors facing every road—and a man stationed on each road to make sure that no one passed unentertained. It had a light burning on the lawn all night. A full cauldron was always boiling on the fire. It was stocked with provisions of all kinds in plenty.

Autonomy

"The esteem in which was held the virtue of hospitality is exemplified by the fact that the public *brughaid* was, by law permitted the same number of attendants, and given the same protection, as the king of a territory. His hospice was endowed with land, and with other allowances. The *brughaid* had a magistrate's jurisdiction for arbitration of agrarian cases. His house, too, was the home of assembly for election of officers of the territory.

"The good *brughaid* was expected to have in his house three *maich* (sacks)—a *maich* of malt to make refreshment for wayfarers, a *maich* of wheat to give them food, and a *maich* of salt,

flapjacks and that each person had his own private locker.

Protection

Coming down the stairs on another side we stopped in the employment office and in various sitting and reading rooms. We could see shawled women and aged men. In other places there were younger men and children. Hundreds of people were about the place, some waiting anxiously for news from abroad, others for word of a job and others for the time when they will join relatives in other parts of the country. We heard of the HIAS work on Ellis Island, of its pier service and even the burial of the dead as we passed the mother whose child died en route to America.

The work described is supported by private contributions. Though HIAS may not call it such, it is what we know as the corporal works of mercy. All those we saw and those who have passed through the agency are benefiting through the charity of others. Refugees from many lands and victims of our own lopsided economy—anxious for freedom and security—are protected in this haven of mercy while waiting to become a part of the American fabric and to reach their attainment as creatures of God. Was not the Son of God the first refugee child borne on an ass into Egypt? We cannot praise too much the work that caused this writing and we ask you to think of them in prayer.

Catholic Worker Ideas On Hospitality

Many times we have borne the charge that Houses of Hospitality, this "new wrinkle," do more harm than good. It is said that they perpetuate chronic laziness and drunkenness. Communists ask us, "How can you say you're against capitalism when you keep it alive by feeding the poor the crumbs of the rich?" We are told to discriminate on the side of the "deserving poor."

The "new wrinkle" was old long before we appeared on the scene. Christ once told his disciples, "I was hungry and you gave me to eat," etc. Since that day, all over the world, pilgrims to holy places, weary travelers, the hungry and thirsty, saint and sinner have been succored in the name of Christ. Hospices, centuries ago, were under the supervision of the Bishops. They were set up in lonely and hostile regions. Lepers by the thousands were helped in the many hospices scattered all over France. The monks of St. Bernard are famous for their hospitality. The work of these monks was started back in 962.

The early monasteries founded by Benedict of Nursia designated monks as hospitaliers and almoners. The former welcomed guests while the latter fed, clothed and gave shelter to the needy.

"Chronics"

There is no record in the history of hospices and hospitality of discrimination. Those who disapprove feeding the "burdens on society" might look to the work of the nuns and priests la-

to improve the food's taste. Also the three cheers, the cheer of the strainers straining ale, the cheer of the servitors over the cauldron, and the cheer of the young men over the chessboard, winning games from one another.

Great Number

"Keating estimated the total number of such houses of hospitality in Ireland as being over four hundred. He says there were ninety in Connaught, ninety in Ulster, ninety-three in Leinster, and a hundred and thirty in Munster."

(Just think of it: In Ireland, smaller than the state of Pennsylvania there were over four hundred Houses of Hospitality.)

"The Irish monks and missionaries on the Continent carried with them to Europe the Irish idea of the House of Hospitality and established regular lines of these in France and through Germany, for entertaining the crowds of pilgrims who journeyed to Rome on the one hand, and to Jerusalem on the other, including, of course, the Crusaders."

The people of Ireland provided homes not only for the poor and the travelers but also for the very old and dependent. In each territory there was an officer called a *uaithne* whose sole duty was to take care of the old people who had no relatives or preferred not to live with them. There was no institutionalization either—each old person was given a separate house, and provided for with ample food, milk and attendance; if unable to take care of himself a personal attendant was assigned.

Is it any wonder that Ireland is called the Isle of Saints?

There is no reason, then, for critics to look askance at the

boring among the lepers. To bring it nearer, there is Father Dempsey of hallowed memory, who could see through a man's drunkenness and evaluate him, liken him to you and me, as another very precious entity, a creature of body and soul.

Christ exercised His good works among those who today would be lumped with "chronics." Hospitable in His heart, He took in the sinning woman and the thief beside Him on the Cross.

As for perpetuating the social order, we consider the spiritual and corporal Works of Mercy and the following of Christ to be the best revolutionary technique and a means of changing the social order rather than perpetuating it. Did not the thousands of monasteries, with their hospitality change the entire social pattern of their day? They did not wait for a paternal state to step in nor did they stand by to see destitution precipitate bloody revolt.

Louis B. Ward, in *BACK TO BENEDICT*, says, "The poor did not have to sit as they do today for endless hours on the benches of some welfare agency to be subjected to a third degree on their personal lives, treated as crooks and investigated to the point of criminal persecution." We have often deplored this treatment of our poor and advocated means grounded on the seven ways in which Christ was treated by His disciples. Not bound by vows and being weak in ourselves, we try, stumblingly, to do our little bit to express faith in the hospitable tradition.

Wash.D.C. House Of Hospitality

Blessed Martin de Porres House, 48 Eye St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Dear Friends and Fellow Workers:

I am very happy to say that our Blessed Martin de Porres House in Washington has at last found better quarters that it has been standing in need of for a long while.

Our expenses have jumped and we are in no better way of carrying on financially than we were before. But the same faith and zeal to keep going is still there; just strengthened by the experience of the last three years that the House has existed.

We are hoping for your continued prayers and help as before, and at any time that you are visiting at our city of Washington, D. C.

May Day will soon be at hand and will you kindly send me the papers and I will be very happy to distribute as I have done all the time before.

I am sincerely yours,
Llewellyn Scott.

work that is being done at the Houses of Hospitality throughout the country, and to refer to the sponsors of the movements as radicals, communists, or agitators. There is no foundation to the statements of those who say that the people encouraged in this work are lazy, and unwilling to obtain work, and willing to live off the bounty of the more industrious.

The precedent established by the early Christians of Ireland is sufficient in itself to refute these claims and to place the work in the true light.

Alan Kistler.

Peter Maurin

Impressions By One of His Fellow Workers

Peter Maurin, co-founder of THE CATHOLIC WORKER, has been described as an "Apostle on the Bum," the "Modern St. Francis" and "a Catholic making a noise like a communist." Peter is an unusual and lovable character and to know him is to love him. His ragged appearance obscures the little sixty-two-year-old French peasant who has exerted such great influence on workers, students and educators, Catholics and non-Catholics alike. His pungent Easy Essays, published in THE CATHOLIC WORKER and later put in book form, have won wide acclaim.

Essentially an agitator, Peter goes about among the unemployed on the Boweries, in flophouses and slums preaching his social message. Often he can be found among communists in Union Square or Columbus Circle. He is equally respected, and very much at home, in assembly halls and colleges.

Detachment

Not only does he preach ideas, Peter Maurin lives them. His program is based on voluntary poverty and personal sacrifice, and no one personifies the idea more than he. Peter is so wound up in his concern for others, in his Catholic faith and his simple philosophy that he is completely detached from material things. His last thought is money, and living with him in a house of hospitality is to see him happy in his frugal comfort, caring only for a bare minimum of possessions, and these are his books.

Everyone coming in contact with Peter warms to him whether he be black or white, communist or fascist, Jew or Gentile. His approach to everyone is one of extreme charity and he believes firmly in clarification of thought and setting personal example as the best means of changing people's point of view. To a communist he may pull such a quip as, "You are a follower of Marx. How, then can you call yourself a communist?" From this point on Peter will explain the communism of the early religious orders and monasteries. Talking on interracial justice he might say: "The Negro will get nowhere trying to live up to the standards of the white people. He should do what he wants the white people to do and then the white people will look up to him."

Back to the Land

Peter charges modern education with turning out "yes men" for business and stock brokers who "sell stocks to people until they are stuck." He claims the act of giving a degree should not be called commencement but rather the fatal end for modern graduates. To college professors he insists they only teach students to master subjects, and this is not enough. Students should be taught to master situations.

One must laugh at Peter's description of his attempt to start an "impression on the depression by starting a rumpus on the campus." He found "agitation was not rampant on the campus, while everyone was preparing for business and business is the bunk."

Peter's call for a back-to-the-land movement has resulted in six farming communes now operated by CATHOLIC WORKER groups. He believes that on the land man can be free, healthy and creative. On the land, a man can best put into living practice the proper concept of private ownership, agreeing with St. Thomas that a certain amount of private ownership is necessary to human life. He believes the solution for unemployment lies on the land and puts little faith in the fact that

the government or private industry can put all the idle back to work. By mutual aid, teaching each other, says Peter, and setting personal example, people can find a place for themselves on the land as functional individuals in a communal society rather than as competitive individuals in the competitive order.

It Works

Many social workers and teachers of sociology disagree violently with Peter's technique. He tells them "sociology is called a social science. To me it is not a science but an art, the art of creating order out of chaos." His call is for living sociologists, not those who merely have the training as a means of livelihood. Once, when vexed by a social worker Peter asked what she would do. The social worker gave him a long detailed plan about "surveying" the men who come for help and, by her "intelligent" approach would prove there was no need for the breadlines and that the men didn't really have to be there. Peter



SAINT JOAN
OF ARC

—Ade Bethune

pointed to piles of statistics on hand and all those that come pouring in the mails. Unfortunately, he said, they could not be eaten.

Nothing can deter Peter. What usually sound like material-pot ideas to many often materialize into realities because of Peter's consistent agitation. He was called crazy for advocating houses of hospitality and farming communes. Now there are houses in some thirty cities as well as six farm communes. In unplanned itineraries, Peter's ideas are carried all over the country. He has been heard by thousands of students and workers whose lives have been changed for having heard him.

Names

Often Peter is laughed at by people not knowing who he is. His old clothes make him look no better than those down-trodden ones he helps. Yes, he has been called "bum," "crack-pot" and "red." These rebukes he takes in his stride.

One of Peter's difficulties is his broken English. He never could understand why people shout at a person with an accent as though he was deaf. His difficulty was trying to put across his "points" against the good diction of others. For this reason Peter developed his speaking and writing style of terse, pungent sentences. It was his job to get the most said in the least amount of words and then get the idea across. His essays are all gems and have been aptly called, "capsules of dynamic social Catholicism." In a public hall Peter's voice is thunderous.

For years Peter has incessantly

shouted his message and all the while increased his knowledge. Constantly he pores over books and can answer almost any question on history. His mind is keen, analytical and retentive. It has been over twenty years since Peter came to the American continent. During his early years in Canada and the United States, Peter worked on all sorts of menial jobs. But wherever he was his index finger was waving wildly at some unseen point.

On Anti-Semitism

During the recent wave of anti-Semitism in New York, many Jews came to THE CATHOLIC WORKER. Some came for advice or assistance in forming groups to bring about tolerance between creeds, others came because of Peter's writings on Jews in the paper. Peter believes we should have more Jews than we do in this or any country. He calls them a bulwark against Nationalism since they are the non-conformist minority which refute this doctrine. Christians are followers of Christ. Because of this, says Peter, every time a Christian sees a Jew he should be reminded of Christ and love him for being of the race that Christ was part of.

Though Peter believes in trade-unions as a means in attaining the vocational group system advocated by the labor encyclicals, he deplores the philosophy, or lack of it, of most modern labor leaders. He maintains unions will accomplish nothing as long as workers themselves are capitalist-minded. Peter always points to the fact that Christ was a worker and therefore dignified labor for all time. This noble feature is degraded when labor is regarded as a commodity. Peter advocates that workers become scholars and scholars become workers.

Peter Maurin is not young in years but young in spirit. Probably he and his ideas may not become widely known to this generation. But history shows us there were others of Peter's type who were regarded as eccentric and appeared foolish to those around them. Yet these people, typified by St. Francis of Assisi, seem destined to fill the needs of their day and their real influence is felt, and moves the lives of thousands, in later years. They were "crazy in their own crazy way" and Peter, the bum, the red, the crazy one, ill-clad and making a noise like a communist will go down in history with them.

Msgr. Ligutti On C. W. Forum

Msgr. Luigi Ligutti honored us with his presence on our regular weekly Forum. Well-armed with facts and charts, Msgr. Ligutti spoke for two hours backing all his contentions with pictures and slides.

After the description of Granger Homesteads, of which Msgr. Ligutti is head, we were shown numerous slides which recorded the Msgr.'s observations in Europe and Scandinavia. "Ahs" and "Ohs" were registered at the descriptions of the great folklore of the Scandinavian people, their cooperative farms, beautiful homes of workers and the methods of housing. We urgently advocate reading of "Rural Roads to Security," edited by Msgr. Ligutti and Father Rawe, S.J.

St. Thomas Aquinas declared that, for the practice of virtue a certain amount of goods were indispensable... Cardinal Manning said that God's Commandments could not be preached to men with empty stomachs.—Abbe Lugan.

On Suddenly Seeing the Light Liberals Take to Red-Baiting

Since September—and the signing of the Russian-German non-aggression pact—there has been an exodus of liberals from the camp of Marxism and a scurry to the side roads by those who were traveling on the fringe. Red-baiting became the new band-wagon. The logical wedding of Nazism and Marxism brought strange sounds from its impact as did the Finnish invasion.

There suddenly came the collapse of such units as the Friends of the Soviet Union and the League for Peace and Democracy. This was natural enough. But from many other sources came surprise announcements and actions that made one stop and wonder. Prominent liberals, including ministers, politicians and educators, traveling the road, took advantage of their rear-guard status and started to stab from the rear. Of a sudden, Communists were purged from political and social organizations—notably the American Labor Party. Raids, arrests and legislation detrimental to our civil liberties became popular and accepted.

An administration greatly assisted by the propaganda value of left-wingers and its "smear Landon" campaign turned its searchlight on Communists, Loyalist Spanish war veterans. Strange the sudden awareness of their presence in politics, organizations and education. Strange the sudden ability to dig up charges of years standing to use against the menacing "Reds". Yet when the Communist movement reached a certain level of prestige in its "pressed pants" era no one was aware of their presence until they were suddenly discredited. Until such a late day—the day of the pact—unseeing eyes were blind to the presence of a certain influence. Charges of "Red" directed at the guilty forces caused not the slightest ripple. It was such an accepted fact.

But what are we getting at? No, we are not changing to a defense of Communism. Our attitude towards Communists and Communism as defined in the September, 1938, CATHOLIC WORKER still holds good. We could well reprint the same letter and change the salutation, addressing it to the liberals. If we are opposed to Communism on philosophical and religious grounds, we are opposed, by the same reasoning, to what the Liberals stand for.

We often talk and write against the materialism of Marxism. Marxism for a long time was the rallying banner for materialists. The shortsighted could not see the similarity in Nazism and Marxism and refused to be the step-children of the like-thinking parents. Or, have they refused? The ease with which they vacillate indicates an almost common unity of thought. This unity was well borne out by the nationwide rally to the defense of Bertrand Russell—the now famous battle for Russell's "civil rights" and for the cause of "academic freedom". There is no involvement of civil rights in Russell's case. As for academic freedom, we regard it as much a farce as the attitude of such "champions" of civil liberties as the Marxists, Bundists and Manufacturers' Associations.

Liberals did not run out on what Marxists stand for but merely bolted an organized machine suffering adverse public opinion. They would do well to follow the example of the nation's No. 1 Liberal, the late Heywood Broun. Broun rejected the Liberal thought (and its totalitarian consequences) for the acceptance of a new concept of man and his spiritual values as against the cheap appraisal of man as an economic, scientific being.

—TIM O'BRIEN.

St. Helen



THE LAND

There Is No Unemployment on the Land

Philly CW Reports Opening of Farm

By DAVID F. A. MASON

We have a farm.

It is a great privilege to be able to write that simple statement, and it is written with a strong realization of the serious responsibility involved in taking this first step "forward to the land." With deep thankfulness, too, because our prayers have been so generously answered, even far beyond our expectations. We searched for a farm, but the place we have found is more than a farm. It is an ideal site for an agrarian community.

Farm hunting, we have learned, is no easy task. We began our search last Fall, because we were anxious to have a place on which we could get started this Spring. We were not content to remain agrarians in theory only, so Paul, Dick and myself started a trek from realtor to realtor and from farm to farm. It soon began to seem inevitable that bad weather and motor trouble should harass our efforts. There were beautiful days, but those were days when other tasks had to be attended to; the truck usually behaved well on its accustomed rounds about town, but just let us head farmward, and—well, here we draw the curtain to denote the passage of several months.

Came January, and the search was still on. It was lengthened, of course, by the fact that we were looking for a property which we could rent with an option to purchase. If we had been in a position to buy it would have been a different story. However, late in January we did at last find the right place.

It is a farm of 206 acres, located three miles from Oxford, Chester County, Pa. The parish Church of the Sacred Heart is in Oxford, and the Rev. Daniel J. Dunne is the pastor. Oxford is on the Baltimore Pike, forty-seven miles from Philadelphia, in a fine agricultural section.

Description

The house is built of stone, slate roofed, and it is surrounded by beautiful old shade trees, mostly walnut. There are seven rooms and a large attic. It was remodeled in 1928, so there is a tile bath and electricity. There are three big fireplaces, one of them in a fine, large room that is already, in our mind's eye, transformed into a chapel beautified by the hand of Adé de Bethune. Spring water flows by gravity into a cellar tank, whence it is distributed through the house by an electric pump.

There is a well-built bungalow a short distance from the house, close to one of the brooks which tumbles in a happy cascade quite near its porch. This has a living room with a huge fireplace, two bedrooms, kitchen and pantry on the first floor, and a twenty-foot-long attic bedroom. The bungalow needs only insulation to make it a comfortable year-round dwelling.

The barn is quite large. It can accommodate about twenty cows and has an enormous hayloft. Then there's a pig-pen, several sheds and a big corn crib.

Families

Our aim, of course, the organization of a community of families, but we are unable to accept family groups for immediate settlement on the farm because we are not in a position to support them at present. However, families will be taken there just as quickly as we are able to take care of them, because we believe, with the authors of the National Catholic

Rural Life Conference's "Manifesto on Rural Life," that "... the time is opportune for an extensive program to re-establish families on the land... Among the multitudes living in the city on insufficient incomes, and even on relief rolls, there are large numbers with farm experience who are anxious today for an opportunity to go back to the country. In this grouping, there are many who would make good use of an opportunity to return to the land. It is in their interest and in the interest of society that such an opportunity be given them."

We are going to do our part in the work of furnishing that opportunity.

We have not yet decided upon a name for the farm. If you have any ideas on the subject, or anything else pertaining to the farm, we will be glad to hear from you. Address us in care of the Philadelphia house, at 522 South Front Street.

St. Benedict's Farm

St. Benedict's Farm, Upton, Mass.

St. Benedict's Farm will start its third year this coming May. Needless to say, we are glad that spring has come. So far to date, besides eggs, of the past few weeks I now write, we have been been harvesting maple sap and parsnips. The sap when boiled down gave us over five gallons of maple syrup. We are pulling the parsnips out, and it looks as though we should get about eight or ten bushels.

Rhubarb is poking its head above the surface, and I imagine that it will come up tall and ready to eat very quickly upon seeing the sunshine we have today, the 10th of April. Tonight I'll throw some chicken manure around it, because rhubarb calls for nitrogen.

Strawberry plants are in the ground from last year. They don't amount to much. However, they are a start and should bear us a few boxes at least.

Some of the apple trees had to be painted where, through our neglect, Murtle, the goat, did a job on them. (Humiliating experience to say the least, to admit this to others.)

Besides about thirty-eight chickens, including two roosters, and Murtle, there are two sheep, three lambs and six healthy-looking pigs to help enliven our farm now, later to help enliven us from within after the pork and lamb chops have sizzled over the fire.

Today there are only seven out of ten who are residing here. John, his wife, Margaret, and Joe are in Worcester. John is work-

ing on the census. Dr. Margaret has office hours daily and works at the Worcester City Hospital out-patient department. Joe is on some personal business.

If Father Furfey were here I'm sure he would easily see how there is no unemployment on the land; or, at least how there need not be any. I add the last just in case the Father might have arrived at a time of rest.

John and the doctor's house is on the way toward occupancy. The pigs' new home in the woods and brush land is nearly ready. M. is working on a ditch for the kitchen drain pipe. J. is getting bedding for the pigs. P. was fixing our community house this morning, while E. was doing the cooking. J. and J. went to town this morning, and I was pulling parsnips.

The Ghost still serves us for transportation. The Ghost is an old army ambulance, painted white, but now mostly rust color.

Hazen L. Ordway.

Easton Farm

The dandelions have finally appeared and Dan Irwin collected three messes for the group on the hill. Everyone is reluctant to say whether the Spring weather has definitely arrived or not. Sometime back on a nice day Arthur Durrenberger claimed he had sighted a robin. The following day he reported through chattering teeth that the bird must have been a crow with a frost-bitten chest. There were pretty bad floods in certain parts of Pennsylvania during the early part of April but Easton escaped any great damage. The Delaware and the Lehigh went over their banks at various spots and we took a couple of snapshots of the water on the Philadelphia highway.

Bees and Building

Winter was too much for the bees and they were all frozen to death. Eddie Priest, the keeper of the bees, will now have to get some more. The coal industry should have plenty of thanks to offer up as this was our worst winter out here. When it got cold out here we used the same system that was used in many other places. We just let it go ahead and get cold.

A new house is going up on the farm and will be finished before we know it if the weather will give Mr. O'Connell a break. April showers may bring May flowers but too many sure do slow up building operations.

Whenever we are fortunate enough to have money to buy groceries the people of Easton and those along the way from Easton are greeted by an unusual sight as four or five men plod towards the C. W. Farm with bags of groceries on their backs. Burlap bags and sugar bags are the most popular and useful sacks we have found so far. Wonder what Santa Claus uses? The Ford has been out of use since the license plates expired on February 1st.

Fifth Year

On April 15th we began our fifth year on the farm here outside of Easton. In 1936 we moved on our original farm of twenty-eight acres. Today we have an additional forty-four acres. Our first livestock consisted of three ducks and a couple of second-hand hoes. Today we don't have any ducks but we do have an assortment of livestock. A team of horses, a few pigs, some chickens, George the goat, three dogs, some cats and, last but not least some cows. Rosie, our first

Ohio CW Farm Group Moves To New Home

Please note the change of address of the farm. We moved farm, stock and tools from Novelty to Avon towards the end of February. The fifty acres we occupied in Novelty were merely leased to us whereas some kind and true Christians gave us seventy-six acres in Avon. The donors are Mr. Charles Heiland, his wife and two sisters; joint owners of the farm. We were overwhelmed with this gift, and are daily offering our thanksgiving.

The land has been cultivated and well fertilized and the soil is in good condition. It is level, well-drained acreage, forty acres were tilled last year.

fifteen acres are pasture and twenty-six acres are vineyard. The latter has been sadly neglected, and needs cleaning and pruning badly. There is a large barn with sturdy timbers but the siding has been torn off in spots by vandals and the weather. A two-story granary is the only other building, and this we have repaired and are using as the dwelling. It is a lot roomier than the bunk-house we had at Novelty, although until we had a chance to plug up the cracks it was draughty and uncomfortable in the March gales. Being broke, the only thing I could promise Rudy and his fellow farmers was a sincere hope for warmer weather.

It was quite an adventure moving, which we did on February 24th, a Saturday. Avon is forty-eight miles from Novelty. A heavy, wet snow had fallen during the night and continued falling all day, making the roads treacherous. We helped Bill load the pigs (two), rabbits (fifty-five), and chickens (twenty), on the trailer, and then filled the back of the Buick (Model 1927), with all manner of household goods, mattresses, blankets, frying pans, food of all kinds, lanterns, lamps, pots and pans, etc. When loaded fore and aft, bumper to bumper, with the rough-clad men standing about, the pigs squealing and snorting indignantly in their crates, it made a picture that reminded one of the Joads leaving the old homestead.

Getting Settled

Everywhere about were spread lumber, beds, stoves, crates, etc., and in among it our Leghorns walked unconcernedly. Great philosophers, these chickens. We lost only one small rabbit in moving, and part of a rooster's tail, which the pigs nibbled while

cow, is no longer with us. However, Bessie and Molly are still with us. Rita is almost a year old now and Billy, the bull, is a year old. The milk situation is kind of strained now, but in June both Bessie and Molly will come in fresh.

Since we have been here other farms have been started by groups in various parts of the country. The latest news concerning farms comes from the Philadelphia group. They have recently taken a farm on a rental basis, but intend buying it if they are able later on. We at the farm here in Easton certainly wish them luck. Paul Toner, Dave Mason, Dick Ahern and Hugh Byrne have been considered as being of our group. Mr. Mason and Arthur Durrenberger canned tomatoes and beets last Summer which we have been and still are enjoying. Paul Toner certainly left his mark here. We will miss them all but hope to see them occasionally anyway.

James Montague.

riding. The men must be given credit for courage and patience; the place even now is unfit for habitation, but these intrepid men of the soil are suffering it well.

Rudy Maller, our master farmer, came into town with us last night, it being the first time in seven months that he left the farm, and from his talk he was anxious to get back early the next morning. Rudy is pretty close to being our most important asset. He had just passed two cold, sleepless nights and three days of hard work, but he took it well. The only answer he gave to my remorseful inquiries was an unusually guttural grunt. It expressed infinite patience, a shade of doubt on my sanity and the greetings of the day.

We had the water tested, and the report stated that it was polluted and contained intestinal type bacteria. Therefore, we must needs boil all the water we use for drinking until we find means to clean the well and cistern. Solon, our horse, being temperamental by nature, refused to drink for a week, until we fed him a great quantity of salt. He had us worried as we have become quite attached to him all aside from the practical aspect. He eats and drinks heartily now, and next week we intend to have him before the plow.

At the time of writing there are seven men living and working there now. There is much cleaning to do, and as soon as the frost is out of the ground, plowing is to be done. We hope to put in some early potatoes; if and when we get the wherewith to buy the seed.

We are only a mile from St. Mary's Catholic Church: while at Novelty we were eleven miles from the nearest church. The farmers are able to walk to church and daily mass is not an impossibility.

INVITATION

We Invite:

**Jews
Protestants
Catholics**

**to attend our informal
conversations at the
DISCUSSION CENTER
ON
CATHOLIC DOCTRINE**

Sun., Mon., Wed., Fri.
Afternoons, 2-5
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Rev. John Krimm, C.S.S.R.