

# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## Interview With Peter Maurin By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

Will you tell us something about the farming methods in your home in France? That was folk farming, the real peasant kind and should be enlightening to those who wish to know more about folk cultures and cultivation.

There were about 3,500 sheep in our village and a thousand of these belonged to the people of the village. The others belonged to others from some distance away who brought them to our sheep herders to care for at certain times of the year.

Did the sheep graze on the communal lands?

Yes, in the daytime. Of course, sometimes when fields were lying fallow, they would graze on private lands.

Why do you say daytime? The sheep were brought into the private lands at night by the sheep herders for purpose of manuring.

How was this arranged?

It depended upon the number of fields a farmer had. The sheep were brought into the fields of the particular farmer whose night it was to have the sheep. The farmer's family prepared the meals for the sheep herders for that day. At two in the morning the sheep herders would move the sheep from field to field, and in this way twice as much land was manured. The sheep were as close packed as possible. All the families had their sheep in this communal grazing. Our family had eighty sheep.

You had other fertilizer methods, didn't you?

Yes, we used the fertilizer of oxen and cows, but we weren't perhaps as scientific about using it as we should have been.

You used no commercial fertilizer?

No; we never even had heard of it.

In that book by Lord Howard you gave me, entitled "An Agricultural Testament," the author

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## DAY AFTER DAY

We last went to press June 23, and looking through my date book to find out what has been happening since then, I find I spoke on the 24th at the Yorkville Vocational High School, at their graduation exercises, and was happy to see a goodly crowd of colored and white girls, and colored and white families, gathered together amicably on this good occasion. I spoke about co-operatives and farming communes as expressions of our brotherhood in Christ, and in general tried to convey an idea of the philosophy of work which is Peter's pet subject.

July 1—Father Joseph Woods of Portsmouth Priory happened in, and since he is stationed for the

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## War Objectors Suffer Brutalities In Mo. Prison

We Advise Government to Follow God's Advice to Gideon

Both Stanley Murphy and Lewis Taylor, who were on hunger strike at Danbury prison (see April issue for details) have been transferred to the Federal mental prison at Springfield, Missouri, and for a week in August were confined in strip cells where they were held naked, with no furniture in the room and with nothing but a hole in the floor for toilet purposes. Later Lewis was transferred to the insane ward. According to the August issue of the Conscientious Objector, James V. Bennett, director of the Federal Bureau of Prisons, and other officers have repeatedly said that the men were not regarded as mental cases. Both had been examined and pronounced sane at the Danbury, Conn., prison.

### Inhuman Treatment

The discovery of their transfer, manacled and in a locked bus, on June 12, was told by Mrs. Murphy who is at present in Springfield where she is able to visit her son for half an hour once a month.

On Saturday, August 7, Mrs. Elizabeth Murphy telegraphed her friends, "Lou and Stanley have been in better quarters since Thursday." Previously, in a letter dated August 5, she had written in part, "I just received a letter from Dr. Evan Thomas saying that Mr. Ware, a Kansas

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## C.O.'s in Hospital For Feeble-Minded Work 12 Hrs. Daily

Rosewood Training School is an institution at Owings Mills, outside of Baltimore, where there are about 1,200 feeble minded "children" of all classes, and of all ages, from six up to sixty. The normal staff authorized to care for these patients of the State, is 195. Actually there are 120 employees. It is here that The Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors has sponsored Civilian Public Service Camp No. 102.

(Usually our fellow Americans do not know that Civilian Public Service camps are manned by conscientious objectors to this war. When James Rogan, formerly one of the heads of our Baltimore House of Hospitality and still connected with The Catholic Worker, though at present a conscientious objector, drafted for duty in CPS No. 26 at the Alexian Brothers Hospital in Chicago, had an article printed in *Orate Fratres* on Peace, the note identifying him was somewhat misleading. They said he was formerly connected with The Catholic Worker and that he was at present working for CPS. For all anybody knew, that might have meant the street cleaning

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## Blueprint For DEMORALIZATION

A Remarkable Analysis of Current Trouble in a Negro-edited Paper



A. de Bethune

ST. CLARE was born at Assisi at the end of the twelfth century. On a visit to St. Francis, she expressed a desire of giving herself completely to Christ. As he had not yet started an order for women, he sent the young virgin at first to the Benedictines. Then after her sister Agnes joined her, St. Francis placed them in a small house adjoining a church. Very soon their mother and others joined them. Their rule entailed severities unknown until then to monasteries of women. They walked barefoot, slept on the ground, observed perpetual abstinence and made poverty the basis of their lives, so that by detachment they might give themselves to God.

This picture of Ade's is to illustrate the following story. On the day when the Saracens who were besieging Assisi, tried to enter the convent of St. Damien where the nuns were, she held up the Ciborium with the Blessed Sacrament in it and put them to flight. Her feast day is August 12.

### The Thought of Force . . .

The very idea of force stifles and perverts the rule of law, offers the possibility and free opportunity to individuals and to social or political groups to violate the property and the rights of others and permits all the other destructive forces to upset and agitate the civil atmosphere until it becomes a raging tempest and you shall see the notions of good and evil, of right and injustice lose their well-defined outlines, become blunted and confused and finally threaten to disappear. Pius XII, Dec. 24, 1941. NCWC release

In the June 21st issue of the Los Angeles Tribune appeared so timely an article in consideration of the Detroit and New York riots which have occurred since, and in consideration of the plight of the Japanese in this country, that we consider it not out of place to reprint it entirely. We have long received the Los Angeles Tribune, a Negro-edited paper, as an exchange and have remarked on its excellence. We are happy to introduce our readers to it. Perhaps those who are interested in the interracial question will subscribe. Their offices are at 4215 Central Ave., Suite 3, Los Angeles, Calif.

The current issue of "Common Ground," a noteworthy publication of the Common Council for American Unity, and a magazine which expresses the views of that growing group of Americans who are concerned with welding the several racial cultures in the United States into one, has an article by a Japanese journalist, Eddie Shimano, entitled "Blueprint for a Slum," which is recommended—not as pleasant reading but for a detailed, comprehensive account of life in the Japanese evacuation centers.

### Not Pleasant Reading

Reading of the article—though absorbing and containing the fascination of truth-brought-to-light, is not apt to be pleasant because it will force upon the reader the final realization that we, in America, despite what we say to the contrary, can be just as cruel and oppressive as the people of any other land. Of course we had the Negro's situation before us as proof all along, but the newness and thoroughness of the American white's op-

pression of the Japanese are so startling as to jar us out of any acceptance of the Negro's traditional lot.

Main point of interest to this writer in reading Mr. Shimano's article, however, was not in the recital of the rape of an American community; we have friends in the camps and we have had letters from them, uncomplaining letters which had no need of complaint because of the awful realism of their reporting of routine life: "The baby has a cold because the wood stove does not sufficiently heat our room. . . . Dad has built some partitions which will give us some privacy from the children." That sort of thing we knew, but what interested us in Mr. Shimano's article were the conclusions he drew of the effect of the detention on the Japanese.

### A Mirror for the Negro

In the entire pattern, we saw the blueprint by which the American Negro became what he is today: a goodly percentage of the health problem, the crime problem, the economic problem that was, the morale problem.

Prior to the evacuation, the American Japanese bore no resemblance to the American Negro, as a mass, despite amiable relations existing between the two. The Japanese had the lowest delinquency rate of any group in the United States; the lowest mortality rate. You seldom heard of Japanese on relief. They were known far and near for their industry and for

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## "Put God First"—

By Father Clarence Duffy

A few weeks ago the writer was speaking with a worker in the ship building industry, a man who has given a lot of his spare time to union organization and improvement of living conditions of his fellow-workers. He is not a Catholic but he has a good knowledge of and a lot of respect for Catholic social teachings. He is an official of his Union. He is not holding office for the sake of the money he can get out of it or the power he can wield to make the workers see things his way and for his benefit.

### God Forgotten

This is one of the things he had to say: "We have forgotten God. There is little use in our talking about justice, or honesty, or cooperatives unless and until we go back to the Creator and realize why He created us and the world. If we do not put God first and try to live up to the laws made by Him for our welfare then we might as well forget about doing anything to change conditions."

Now if I had said something like that to him no one would be interested in hearing about it, and I am sure very few people would be impressed by it, but coming from a man of his type it impressed me, not the truth of it, which to me is self-evident, but the source of it. I am

sure there are many other workers thinking and perhaps saying the same sort of thing. Their thinking and saying it will mean much more than my, or any other priest, or Bishop, or even the Pope saying it.

### Hopeful Signs

The present Pope and his predecessors have said it often enough. It is time for the people to begin to say it. That some of them are saying it and that they are not all Catholics who are doing so are very hopeful signs for the future.

"We must remember God the Creator of all things and put him first." That was the gist of what this non-Catholic worker and union leader had to say a few weeks before Pius XII on June 13 spoke as follows to 20,000 Italian workers at Vatican City:

"In every circumstance and on every occasion, dear sons and daughters, uphold and defend your personal dignity. The material with which you work, created by God from the beginning of the world and in the laboratory of ages moulded by Him on the earth and deep beneath the surface of the earth by cataclysms, natural evolution, eruptions and transformations so as to prepare the best abode for man and

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## ON RETREAT

An account of a day in my life, first day of a retreat, July 18-25, spent in silence and in prayer. I should not sign my name to these retreat notes, since I was taking down what I heard. Yet the priest who gave the retreat would not claim them either. He would give credit to St. Paul, to St. Jerome, to St. John Chrysostom, St. John of the Cross, St. Francis de Sales, to any and all of the saints quoted. Or he would give credit to Fr. Lacouture, S.J., or Fr. Patifque Roy, S.S.J., or Fr. John J. Hugo, secular. They all give the same retreat, having made it with the first-named priest. The priest who happened to give this retreat this

time was Fr. Louis Farina, of the Pittsburgh diocese, head of St. Anthony's orphanage, at Oakmont, Pa. Oakmont is three-quarters of an hour from Pittsburgh. It costs twenty-five cents to get there by bus from the Greyhound terminal.

The cost of the retreat (there are four or five through the summer) is what you can pay. If you are just able to pay your fare, you pay nothing. Maybe you pay two dollars, maybe five, and then someone comes along and pays a hundred, so as to include his poorer brothers. Fr. Farina believes in sowing what he has—food, shelter, spiritual wealth. The Lord has to take care of things. If they get down to bread and water, well, then all the better retreat. As it is, we had very good meals three times a day—so good, so enjoyable, that it was a pleasure to fast on Friday to thank our Lord.

### "Come to the Waters"

My notes are incomplete! I am just taking bits of them here and there and using them. I had made the retreat twice before, and had made copious notes. I started making them as clear as I could for those at home who could not make the retreat, who were hindered by illness or family or job.

For inexactitude in quoting, for putting the emphasis here or there (where I needed it, probably), please excuse me. I realize that it is hard to print such fragments as this without doing a grave injustice to those priests who give the conferences. But I did want just to give a taste of my retreat, as though to say to others, "Come and see that the Lord is sweet." Learn of Him and find rest for your souls.

"Isaiah 41, 1-2: All ye that have thirst of desire, come to the waters, and all ye that have no silver of your own will and desires, make haste; buy from Me and eat; come and buy from Me, wine and milk (that is, spiritual sweetness and peace) without the silver of your own will, and without giving me any labor in exchange for it, as ye give for your desires. Wherefore do you give the silver of your will for that which is not bread—that is of the Divine Spirit—and set the labor of your desires upon that which cannot satisfy you? Come, harkening to Me, and ye shall eat the good ye desire, and your soul shall delight itself in fatness." *St. John of the Cross.*

For ten years, here on THE

CATHOLIC WORKER, in Houses of Hospitality and on farming communes, speaking and writing and working, I have been trying to change the social order. Now I realize that I must go further, go deeper, and work to make those means available for people to change themselves, so that they can change the social order. In order to have a Christian social order we must first have Christians. Fr. Lallemand talks about how dangerous active work is without a long preparation of prayer. Aldous Huxley quotes him at length in *Grey Eminence*. The *Catholic Digest* quoted this book at length recently.

The Desert Fathers had these same ideas. When times became so bad (when there was universal conscription, for instance) they retreated by the tens of thousands to the desert wastes to pray, to work, and God knows what the world would have been without them. St. Ephrem came out when there was need, and retired again to pray.

### First Conference

Christ is with us, though our eyes are blinded, just as He was with the disciples at Emmaus. Keep the attitude of listening. The retreat will be as successful as your silence. Silence of the whole being, all our senses, of all our powers. Keep only the power of loving. Control our eyes. The eyes let in much noise. Just as do the ears. We need solitude, silence of mind. The mind definitely makes a noise. Stay in the company of God. By not looking at others, as well as by not speaking to others we keep in solitude. Renew resolutions of silence every day.

Just before coming on this retreat, I was reading Newman's historical essays, on St. Basil and St. Gregory, their friendship, their differences. St. Gregory made resolutions of silence very often, for all of Lent for instance. Newman admired this great discipline, "at his age," too.

### "Speak Lord"

Our prayer should be, "Speak Lord, for thy servant heareth." We should ask God to teach us the secrets of His love. Insist on this love with importunity. No other love is happy unless it finds its roots in this. Loving God seems to be loving nothing? But there is a definite way. We must learn the rules. There is infinite happiness waiting. Also it will

free us from the slavery of other loves. God is nothing else but love. "Where love is, there God is." All other loves pale in comparison. Our nature is not built for so strong a love, so we must change our nature. "Enlarge thou my heart that thou mayest enter in. How can you tell if a person loves you? By their thoughts, words and deeds. Our love is made up of our actions. There is a conformity, a union of desires, tastes, deeds. Many people want to and do make sacrifices, but there is not much change in the temperature of their love for God. On this retreat we study ourselves first. Our Adam life. Everyone has that. Fr. Joseph calls it our Pharisee life. But there is our Christ life too. We are children of God. Grace is participation in the life of God. Human life is natural to us. Supernatural life is added unto us. We have new powers.

### Second Conference

Good actions may be human or divine. There is confusion in regard to these. The only actions which lead to God are divine actions. Supernatural action has God for its end. The natural has ourselves. Action has value according to whom the action is directed. The act of



Our Lady's feast of the Assumption is Sunday, Aug. 15, when she is taken up into Heaven to rejoin her glorified Son. We have no picture to commemorate but she is always refuge of sinners.

eating for instance. For our own pleasure, or to build our bodies to strengthen them to serve God. I. Cor. xiii. *Charity is to be preferred.* There is such great waste in our lives in just good actions. The whole burden of the retreat is to do all actions for the love of God. Divine love is as different from human love as human is from animal.

(For a week it has been boiling hot. In New York, in Baltimore, in Washington, the temperature was 95. The trains and buses were so crowded that it was doubly hot. The B. & O. from Washington to Pittsburgh was packed, as many standing as seated. At three o'clock two families got in with six babies. One woman was pregnant. No one got up to give them seats. I held one baby on my lap, a little girl sat on a suitcase at my feet, and a little boy sat in the corner ledge by the window and kept falling off as he tried to sleep. I soon began to smell of baby. The car smelled of cigars and ciga-

rettes. It was filled with men in uniform.)

### Love of God

Our greatest danger is not our sins, but our indifference. We must be in love with God. It is not so much to change what we are doing, but our intention, our motive. It is not sufficient that we refrain from insulting a person, we must love. This retreat is to increase our love for God. When we say that we love God with our whole heart, it means *whole*. We must love *only* God. And that sets up the triangle—God, the soul, the world. The wife wants the husband's whole love. Suppose a husband pays no attention to his wife, and we say: "Well, he does not beat you, does he? You should be satisfied that he does not kill you. What are you complaining about?" It is the same with God. He is not just content that we are not in a state of mortal sin. Mortal sin is the sin of the Pharisee, putting Christ to death in our hearts. Mortal sin, according to St. Thomas, is a turning from God to creatures. We must do more than avoid mortal sin. We must do more than just stay in a state of grace.

(I remember two years ago Fr. Hugo saying that if a mother had an imbecile child, and someone tried to comfort her by saying, "But he has life," she would not find much comfort in that. She wants her child to grow in mind and body. If we say, "but I can get away with this or that, I can do so much and have so much, and still stay in a state of grace," our souls are like the mind of that imbecile child, with no development and no growth.)

The question comes to your mind then, how can we love our husbands, our children, our mothers?

### Subordinating Creatures

All the other loves I have must be a sample of the love of God. All the world and everything in it must be samples of the love of God. We must love the world intensely, but not for *itself*. We are human beings; we do not cease to be human beings, but we are baptized human beings. At death we are going to join God with the amount of love we have gathered for Him. What we have when we die we will have for all eternity. "As the tree falleth."

(Outside the gymnasium where we are having the conferences the early morning mist has lifted. The hot sun shines through the haze. The birds sing, there is the hot sound of locusts in the trees.)

Two people who are deeply in love are thinking of each other all the time, and what they can do for each other. So we must be with God. The love of God is more intense than any human love. Keep asking for this love.

(Between conferences we walk in the fields back of St. Anthony's, or pace the wide lawn on the side, or sit among the flowers out in front. Surrounding the statue of St. Anthony is a delightful flower bed—zinnias, cannas, petunias, poppies, cosmos, roses, scabiosa. A spice bush moth hovers over, shimmering like a bit of sunlight. The boys are beginning to cut the lawn, and to offset the pain of the noise of the gasoline motor is the prospect of the sweet-smelling hay outside the windows of our dormitories, which during the ten months of the year are classrooms for the hundred children here.)

### Third Conference

Our heaven starts immediately on Baptism. God is most generous in increasing graces, in increasing this Heaven within us. Supernatural actions bring with them a reward, an increase. Natural actions bring a natural reward and end at the grave. We must try to amass more and more God in our hearts. "Our hearts

were made for Thee, O Lord, and find no rest until they rest in Thee." We have such a capacity for happiness that nothing here will satisfy it. "Enlarge Thou, my heart that Thou mayest enter in." If we had not heard of God, if we had not been baptized, we could go on looking for happiness here with no fault.

A farmer has a crab apple tree and engrafts a sweet apple tree on it. By Baptism we have engrafted in our human tree the divine. If other branches break out, these take nourishment away from the engrafted tree. The farmer keeps lopping them off. We are children of God because we have His own divine life in us by grace. Grace life goes on into eternity. The blood tie ends at the grave. We form part with God because He has given us of His life. We must cultivate Divine life, let it get all the nourishment. "Whether you eat or whether you drink, do all for the glory of God." This does not mean that we do not enjoy our spaghetti for lunch. God gives us natural happiness too, in order to help us to love Him. We do not give up spaghetti because we like it. We eat to nourish, to serve God because we Love Him.

### Natural Actions

There are good actions, supernatural and natural, divine and human. There are bad actions—sin. We turn from God, from good to evil, from light to darkness, from Heaven to hell. We are going to be saints in Heaven to the degree that we are on earth. Natural actions are imperfect actions and lead to venial sin, which leads to mortal sin. So we are separated from God. No one sins to offend God, but to gain pleasure. Natural actions mean a slight turning from God. Sin and purely natural actions show difference in degree. When we commit a mortal sin it is not a sudden thing. We started to move to that mortal sin a long time ago. The more we go in for purely natural actions, the more we have the tendency to sin. Fight mortal sin? Impossible. Fight venial sin? But natural actions feed tendencies which lead to venial sin, which leads to mortal sin.

### False Religion

(Remember Father Roy's comparison. A man who goes to spend an hour in church for a natural motive is on his way to hell as surely as the man who goes to a brothel. The only difference is the latter goes quickly, the former slowly. What a controversy that caused around the office for weeks. . . . But it seems so simple now. An ad in the New York Times a few weeks ago: "I took God into partnership, and after that there were no stoppages, no strikes." How to bring God into business and make it pay! All this and Heaven too! Tom Girdler, famous head of Republic Steel, endorses this book. It was in the Republic Steel strike in Chicago in 1937 that the Memorial Day massacre occurred where twelve were shot dead and a hundred wounded. Maybe it is since then that God is being taken into partnership by the author of this book and by Mr. Girdler. The natural motive, making the business pay. No wonder that religion is called the opiate of the people!)

### The Natural Motive

The only way to get rid of sin is to get rid of the roots of sin. Going to confession to get rid of the habit of mortal sin is like lopping off the top of the rank weed. The roots remain. Fighting sin is like bailing out a boat without bothering to stop up the leak.

What causes us to commit sin? Because we do not love God. It is not one drop of cold water poured into the barrel of hot water that chills it, but it is many drops. It isn't the one hundredth day of the fast which causes a man to die of starvation, but the



days of weakening. Every purely natural motive weakens us.

The battle against mortal sin is a hopeless one. We must attack roots; the natural motive. Then sin will be dried up. The Christian fights on this plane always. Our whole attitude towards the world must be changed. St. Paul: All things NEW. 2 Cor. 5:17. Like being in love.

#### Fourth Conference

Why this pull in us? This double attraction? Before the Fall all our powers were obedient. Now they are in rebellion. They are off balance; unruly, gotten out of hand. To lead a spiritual life we must bring back that obedience. Bring back pure nature. Now it is weakened. Rom., chap. 7. The law is spiritual, but I am flesh; sold under original sin. For that which I work, I understand not. For I do not that good which I will, but the evil which I hate, that I do. There is a law of the flesh. All people are essentially good. But there is that which is in them—the law of the members, fighting the law of the mind, captivating them in the law of sin against the law of the spirit. Unhappy man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? The grace of God by Jesus Christ our Lord. It is by denying satisfaction to the flesh that we strengthen the spirit. Rom. 8:13. Wisdom of the flesh is death. Our Adam life and Christ life, are like white and black threads all entangled. Gradually and slowly we must take out of our lives all that is of self. Gal., 5; 6, 17. There is a double attraction. Some lives are a turmoil because people are strengthening both Adam life and the Christ life at the same time.

#### Seed of Holiness

When we were baptized a seed was placed in us. It tries to grow into a full-blown tree of holiness. Everyone is given that seed at baptism. It is not too late to begin cultivating this seed of the degree of sanctity God intends for us. The burden of the retreat is to uncover that sanctity and let it grow, to start now. The only purpose for which we were made was to become saints. What is to be done, how is it to be done? Continue asking Mary that we be taught.

It is half-past five, just past benediction. I am sitting by the little statue of St. Anthony by the flower bed. There are two large fat robins and three smaller ones. There are two woodpeckers bigger still, with very long bills. There are three tiny birds so small the grass almost hides them. A chipmunk runs across the grass, and a little rabbit, scarcely bigger than the woodpecker, races across the lawn to stand posed under the flower bed. A typical St. Anthony scene.

Inside the big house there is the sound of setting tables and the happy sound of children's voices. They help in preparing vegetables, setting tables. You see little girls darning stockings and ironing clothes. They work hard and they play hard, and they make a meditation every day of fifteen minutes, and when they quarrel, Fr. Farina says happily, "See how they are sanctifying themselves." And the nuns could retort, "and everyone around them." (Too many mothers send the children off to the movies, to get them out of the way, thus preventing this sanctification.)

#### Fifth Conference

What did Christ say about this principle we have been talking about? He condemns our use of the things of the world. All the things we can love outside of God are three: the world goods, body goods, soul goods. Goods of soul are friendship, love, honor,

praises, glory. The goods of world and body are obvious. Every action has an end, a means and a result. He commends their use for God; He condemns their use for natural motives. St. Luke says, *Blessed are you poor, woe to you who are rich.* This is in regard to world goods.

*Blessed are you who hunger now; woe to you who are filled (body goods). Goods of soul: Blessed are you who weep, woe to you that now laugh. Blessed shall you be when men shall hate you. Woe to you when men shall bless you.* The world is the opposite of Christ. (St. Luke is more ascetic than St. Matthew.) Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you. They can only hate the natural. They cannot hate the grace in you. If we practice these things, then people say we are crazy. Fine. We are then fools for Christ. Then, perhaps, they will leave us alone. People in love wish to be alone, anyway. So God lets these things happen so that we can be alone. *If anyone takes thy goods, ask them not again. If you love them that love you—sinners also do this. Do good, hoping for nothing thereby.*

#### Good Actions Wasted

There are so few saints because they will not act like this. Matthew 6. Justice is good, but if we



Julia Porcelli

ST. ANNE, mother of the Blessed Virgin, feast day, July 26. According to popular tradition, those who are looking for wives or husbands, pray to St. Anne. Also mothers pray to her that their children find worthy mates.

are rewarded by men, we have then received our reward. The majority of Catholic lives are made up of good actions for natural motives. *"I did this or that for them, and they did not say thanks."* When this happens, be happy. God will give you thanks. If you are disturbed, it shows the natural motives. So many good actions wasted.

(Outside the sun has set, the trees are breathing coolness. Such quiet, only the locusts again.)

Results? Are we to be as perfect as St. Francis, as St. John, as St. Peter? No, we are expected to be perfect, "as our heavenly Father is perfect." Because God wants it. We must aim high because He says so. Lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven. What do you think about all day? Worldly things? There is your heart. Are you concerned about health, bodily goods? There your heart is. If one falls in love, all the habits of life are ruled by that love—letters, telephone calls, whatever we do.

#### All for God

Suppose, on getting married, a woman says: *"Are you sure you can supply me with clothes, with food?"* We are in love with God; we will have what we need. Behold the birds of the air: they neither sow, nor reap, nor gather into barns. (Fr. Bosch says: "Yes, but see how skinny their legs

are." He is making fun of the "extremism" of the retreat.)

God is a sensitive lover. God will not force you to choose Him. It is an insult to God to worry so about the things of the world.

(Right now, today, as I sit here at this conference, the five hundred dollar payment on the mortgage is due at Maryfarm. I haven't the slightest idea how it has been gotten together and paid. For I am sure that it has. If by any chance it is not paid, then that, too, is His will. And we will all take it, whatever happens. If the mortgage is foreclosed—the farm is all paid for but a thousand dollars—then we will live on a rented farm—that is all.

The conferences for the day are over. It is dusk and a most delightful coolness in the air. We have just finished singing the Salve Regina, and it is almost time to prepare for bed.

Out in front of the convent building, which adjoins the school building where we are, the nuns, seven of them, sit with their sewing baskets. These sisters are Zelatrice of the Sacred Heart, an Italian

## Day After Day

(Continued from page 1)

summer at Malvern, Long Island, we immediately asked him to give us weekly talks in the dining room of St. Joseph's House. The talks have been crowded, though the nights have been sweltering.

July 2—Jack Thornton, who has been in charge of the House of Hospitality for the past year, reported for his physical, since he is going into the army as an "objector" (1-a-o). Immediately after being accepted he went to Pittsburgh with Dwight Larrowe for his retreat.

July 4—Catherine Lahr was visiting from Philadelphia, and, both of us longing for the sight of the sea, we took a street car ride to Coney Island in the afternoon; walked along the ocean, had a supper of hot dogs and sweet corn and came home refreshed.

July 8—Mary Chesckette, who used to take care of the Day children when they were all under six and lived at Bath Beach, paid a visit. She informed me that

ence of the Association of Catholic Conscientious objectors was held in Washington, at Pilgrimage Hall, near the Franciscan Monastery. It is a lovely place to hold such a meeting. We had lunch there. It was quiet, and all around the heat shimmered and the birds were still, and the grass smelled fresh and sweet outside the windows.

The following week was the week of the retreat, one day's notes of which are contained on pages four and five.

Sunday, July 25—Was spent on a picnic thirty miles out of Kittanning, Pa., with Fr. Hugo and his genial pastor. Taking the All-American bus that night out of Pittsburgh, I arrived in New York at ten in the morning, somewhat dizzy from lack of sleep. We had had one of these jaunty bus drivers who react to pretty girls in the front seat. At each rest stop he treated her to Coco-Cola, and after each stop he leaped into his seat as into a saddle, and we galloped at a most alarming speed around turns, up and down hills, so that I clutched my rosary and held my breath. (A communist friend once said to me: "Here you believe in eternal life, and see how nervous you are



A. de Bethune

ST. LAWRENCE was the first of seven deacons attached to the service of the Church in the third century. He had charge of distributing the revenues of the Church and when arrested by the prefect of Rome and called upon to deliver them to the state, he showed him a crowd of poor people and said, "These are the real treasures of the Church, by the inestimable gift of their faith and because they convert our alms into imperish-

able treasures for us."

"Flames," said St. Leo, "were not able to conquer the charity of Christ; and the fire that burned without was weaker than that which within kindled in the heart of the martyr." He is said to have remarked to his torturers, "You may now turn my body over, it is roasted enough on that side," and later, "My flesh is now roasted, you can eat of it."

order, and from their bright serenity, their happy way with the children, and with us, one would never know that not only all Sicily is being invaded, but Rome being bombed by British and United States forces. This unhappy world! Thank God there are such oases as these where one can gather strength and fortitude for the combat, the strong conflict which goes on in one's own soul.

It gets dark as I sit here, and the fireflies add wonderful effects to the little round flower beds. The birds of the air, the flowers of the field, was ever Solomon in all his glory arrayed as one of these?)

P. S.—This is only one day of the six-day retreat, a fragment, though a long one. I could not resist using it for the paper, because all of us, at Mott street, and many Catholic Workers from around the country have spent their summer vacations making this retreat. It is the burden of our two pamphlets, *In the Vineyard* and *The Weapons of the Spirit*, and of the pamphlet *This Is the Will of God—your perfection*, all by Fr. John J. Hugo, the latter published by the Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind.

D. DAY.

she took me to a Catholic church once; and I pestered her by staring everywhere. No recollection.

#### A Cleaning WAVE

July 10—A neat bit of propaganda for the WAVES was put over. A friend and reader of the paper, Miss Watson, came and helped us for the day, and her help took the shape of scrubbing the back two offices. Fr. Duffy, Charles O'Rourke and David Mason, who inhabit these quarters, were dispossessed for a good part of the day. Everyone went around saying, "It hasn't been cleaned in such fashion since Joe Zarrella was around." She was not in uniform, of course, and it was her day off. When she went, looking as sweet and clean as when she had started in, she carried with her a copy of *Raisa Maritain's We Were Friends Together*.

Sunday, July 11—C. Lahr and I visited the Cenacle for half a day of recollection, hearing several conferences from Fr. Moore, from St. Anselm's, Washington. Very good, indeed.

Monday, July 12—I spoke at Friendship House on Negro conditions in the South as I saw them last winter, and ended up by talking of retreats and the use of the weapons of the spirit.

Thursday, July 15—I started out for Rosewood Training School, outside of Baltimore, where the Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors has one of its two camps. The other is at the Alexian Brothers Hospital, in Chicago. After getting off the train in Baltimore one takes the Pimlico street car and then a bus which goes past a road which leads to the school. I am writing about the school on another page of the paper.

Saturday, July 17—A confer-

about cars! And I who believe that life ends at the grave—"At this point a passing car took the shoe off his foot, which startled him somewhat.)

August 1—Was the annual farm meeting at Upton, Massachusetts, so, after being a week in New York, off I went in another bus to Worcester and Upton, walking three and a half miles from the station to the hundred-acre farm, where Mary Paulson and her baby (Teresa was there helping and vacationing) and Frank O'Donnell and his wife and six boys are living. There was a goodly gathering, picnicking on the lawn, both lunch and supper, picking blueberries, and visiting. There was a multitude of children. Peter Maurin and Bob Sukoski, of the Alcuin Community, who had traveled all night to reach the farm, fell into bed by eight, as soon as the fireflies began dancing over the fields.

## Peace

A number of requests for "Principles of Peace," the peace pronouncements of the last five Popes have come to the Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors.

This book, a very comprehensive one, containing some four hundred and fifty papal documents is put out by the Bruce Publishing Company, 524 N. Milwaukee Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It retails for \$7.50.

If any of our readers should wish to obtain a copy of this book, they may obtain it from the publisher or if they so desire from our Association.





# CULTURE

## Writing



When individualism has gone so far that handwriting becomes a means of confusion instead of a means of communication, then it is time to go back to the roots of things and use a writing machine (if I have one) or try to form my letters as much as possible after their old Roman prototypes, so that they will be legible. Maybe in centuries to come people will go fancy on typewriters too, and each man





# CULTIVATION



talking and writing for years  
thesis of CULT, CULTURE and

RELIGION, the most important  
CULTURE must develop, in perfect  
CULTURE.

ism, which leads to war, we can  
God has given us by returning to

dedicated to the development  
of pertinent articles.

will have one that writes dif-  
ferently from everybody else's so  
as to show he is different from  
the rest of men. If that happens,  
then again it will be necessary  
to go to the roots of things and  
for everyone again to take the  
Roman capitals as the models  
for their letters.

### The Same Model

Just as all Christians have one  
model, Christ, so all of us writers  
have one model, the Roman  
alphabet. All saints are saints  
not because they are different  
from each other, but because  
they are like the same model,  
Christ. So also, although each  
person's handwriting is bound  
to be different from others', it is  
really good only insofar as it is,  
like the others, alike to the same  
model. We must all aim to have  
the same form, Christ, to our life,  
even though the shapes of our  
individual lives are all different.  
We should never for one moment  
try to copy the mere shape of  
Christ's life; we are not living  
in His time and place, for one  
thing, and it would be foolish  
for us to start speaking in  
Aramaic or to wear our hair long  
or sandals on our feet, just be-  
cause He happened to do these  
things. But we are bound to  
copy the form of Christ's life in  
whatever individual circum-  
stances the Providence of God  
has given to our individual life.  
So also, in its own small  
province, with writing. It is  
foolishness to try to copy the  
shapes of Roman capitals, but  
we must all faithfully copy their  
forms so that our handwritings  
will all have the same form (in  
a variety of shapes). I shall try  
to explain in a next article how  
this can be done.

### Books to Read

- If you are interested  
in *Cult*  
read:  
(a) "Christian Life and  
Worship," by Fr. Gerald  
Ellard, S.J.  
(b) "The Mystical Body of  
Christ," by Msgr. Fulton  
Sheen.  
(c) "Liturgy and Life," by  
Fr. Theodore Wesseling,  
O.S.B.
- If you are interested  
in *Culture*  
read:  
(a) "What Is Literature?"  
by Charles DuBos.  
(b) "Enquiries Into Religion  
and Culture," by Christopher  
Dawson.  
(c) "The Catholic Spirit in  
Modern English Literature,"  
by George N. Shuster.
- If you are interested  
in *Cultivation*  
read:  
(a) "Manifesto on Rural  
Life," by National Catholic  
Rural Life Conference.  
(b) "Bio-Dynamic Farming  
and Gardening," by Ehren-  
fried Pfeiffer.  
(c) "Work and Leisure," by  
Eric Gill.

## Peter Maurin

(Continued from page 1)

*makes an awful strong case  
against the use of commercial  
fertilizer. He says that it ruins  
the fungi and humus of the top  
soil and so makes for a weakened  
soil. Such a soil makes the  
plants weak and easily hurt by  
the bugs and insects.*

Yes, I know. At home we used  
to have big burrowing rats in the  
fields—taupes, we called them.  
They helped to work the soil. The  
commercial fertilizer would cer-  
tainly have killed them.

*Perhaps they were like our go-*

### St. JOHN Gualbert



*forgiving his enemy*

Ad de Bethune.  
ST. JOHN GUALBERT, whose  
feast day is July 12, was born  
at Florence 999 A.D. One Good  
Friday, escorted by his armed  
attendants, he met alone and un-  
attended, the murderer of his  
brother. He was about to pierce  
him with his lance when the  
murderer threw himself at his  
feet and craved pardon for the  
sake of Christ crucified. John  
remembered the loving words of  
the Gospel and embraced him  
as a brother. Later he became  
a monk, founding a new order  
to which he gave the rule of St.  
Benedict. His firmness banished  
simony from Italy and brought  
back to his country integrity of  
faith and manners. When he  
died in 1073, they inscribed on  
his tomb, To John Gualbert,  
citizen of Florence and libera-  
tor of Italy. (From the missal.)

*phers. But, anyway, Peter, if  
what Lord Howard says is true,  
and he gives a whole lifetime of  
study to back his ideas, then our  
methods of farming have been  
nothing short of criminal.*

Yes, our farmers too often  
aren't farmers at all. They are  
land miners. They just take stuff

out of the soil and don't replace  
it right.

The miner just takes things  
out of the earth and never  
returns anything. Look how  
different psychology that cre-  
ates from that of the farmer  
who tries to preserve the fertility  
of the land for coming genera-  
tions. It's really soil robbing, and  
practices of this kind don't make  
for good character. If we had  
folk schools, these ideas could be  
brought out. You can see the  
amount of miseducation that has  
gotten around.

*The other night I gave a talk  
on Catholic books, and the con-  
nection between reading poor  
books and soil conservation  
struck me vividly. The trees are  
torn down to make the cheap  
books. The land becomes eroded  
because the trees aren't replaced.  
The patriot would be then the  
person who read only the fewer  
good books, not the person who  
read the trash.*

We begin to see all the connec-  
tions when we think in this or-  
ganic way. A good farmer plants  
trees along the edges of his fields.  
That keeps the wind from erod-  
ing the soil.

Yes, and it also lessens the im-  
pact of the rain, which is apt to  
wash out plants and make the  
good top soil run off, especially  
on hills. When I think how banks  
lend money on mortgages to  
farmers who only "mine" their  
land, I wonder how stupid they  
are. The land may look the same,  
but the loss is in the soil. I don't  
think that many mortgages de-  
mand that the land be returned  
in the same good condition it  
was received.

Speaking about mortgages. My  
father had to borrow money from  
time to time. But he borrowed  
it on his honor as a farmer, and  
a good farmer. There was no  
mortgage. When the man who  
loaned the money wanted it back,  
my father paid it if he had it, or  
if he didn't he tried to find an-  
other person to lend him the  
money until he could pay it. He  
would then repay the first lender.  
It was all done on honor; no  
mortgages.

*Getting back to the sheep,  
Peter. How often were these  
sheared?*

Once a year—in June.

*Did you do your own carding  
and spinning?*

We did formerly, but got away  
from it.

*How about chickens? Did you  
have to buy grain?*

No, because we processed our  
own grain. We grew it ourselves.  
The chickens ate the gleanings,  
and there was a lot of undigested  
grain from the animals around,  
too. The wheat straw was mixed  
with the silage, and there was  
often some grain on it. The  
chickens scratched for the undi-  
gested grain. The chickens got  
the leftovers from the meals, too.  
We had no ice, and food wasn't  
kept from one meal to another.

*Did you make your own bread  
in the villages?*

Yes, the bread was made in the  
village oven, which was an out-  
door oven. It had a covering in  
front to protect the bakers from  
the rain. The people from the  
village used to gather around the  
oven when baking was going on.  
It was a great place for round-  
table discussions.

*The meat you ate, then, would  
be mostly chicken and mutton  
and lamb?*

No, we sold our chickens and  
sheep, and ate pork and sausages  
and the different pork meats.

*How about replanting of trees?  
When you cut trees for firewood,  
did you have a system of replac-  
ing them by replanting?*

Our trees weren't so many, and  
so we only cut the branches. This  
was in three-year periods. We  
tried to pick trees whose leaves  
the sheep would eat.

## A Farm in Ireland

By Father Clarence Duffy

My father and mother left Cali-  
fornia in 1901 for what they  
thought was a trip to Ireland and  
they took me with them. They  
never returned. My father pur-  
chased a farm of about fifteen  
acres, furnished very sparingly



Mary Katherine Finnegan  
the small farm house, bought a  
horse, some pigs, chickens and  
two cows, some agricultural im-  
plements and proceeded to the  
task of making a living for him-  
self and his family from the land.

### These Are Memories

I was only four when my par-  
ents moved to the farm. Because  
of my new environment many  
things impressed themselves on  
my memory and I remember  
them still. The country I was in,  
the rural life, the land and its  
wonders were new to me. As  
time went on I was called upon  
to do work around the farm  
house and, later, until I went to a  
diocesan college, on the farm. I  
have been asked to put in writing  
all that I remember of those years  
on the farm in order that my ex-  
periences and the knowledge  
gained from them may, perhaps,  
help others when they, willy nilly,  
must return to the land. I hope  
these lines may help them.

As the reader already knows,  
the farm was a small one, but it  
was the average size of farms in  
the locality, a rural district in  
County Cavan and bordering  
County Monaghan, two counties  
of small, hardworking and indus-  
trious farmers who, at that time,  
had to pay rent for their farms  
to the descendants of Elizabethan,  
Jacobean and Cromwellian inter-  
lopers who, by force, had taken  
the land from the rightful own-  
ers and set themselves up as  
parasitic landlords. In addition  
to taxes, therefore, the farmers  
had also to pay an unjust rent to  
private persons who had no right  
to it. Incidentally, the rent still  
continues under the name of an-  
nuities but is paid to the native  
Government. The latter fact is  
supposed to make it just.

### Of a Little Town

The farm was about a mile and  
a half from the village where the  
farmers of the locality bought  
their "groceries," sold some of  
their surpluses on market and  
fair days, where they went to  
Mass or Church services on Sun-  
days, and where the children  
went to school. It was apparently  
so unimportant in the estimation

of map makers that it never ap-  
peared on a map of Ireland.  
To the people who lived in  
its vicinity it was the "town."  
It was built on ground  
that rose from the shores  
of three lakes. On the south  
stood the Protestant Church hid-  
den among trees. At the north of  
the town between two of the  
lakes and also surrounded by  
trees the Catholic Church was  
beautifully situated. From its  
belfry came three times each day  
the "sweet tones" of the "bell of  
the Angelus calling to prayer"  
and at the same time giving  
workers in the fields an indication  
of the hour of day. "There's the  
Angelus" was often a welcome  
sound for weary arms and backs  
at six o'clock of an evening.

### In That Lovely Land

The farm was about half a mile  
from the main road. A lane kept  
in repair by the three families  
who used it served our vehicular  
needs. We made "short-cuts" to  
the village when on foot. The  
farmhouse was on the crest of a  
terrain which rose gradually  
from the shores of one of the  
lakes, Lough Sillan, which  
stretched its silvery, and in times  
of storm its leaden, surface north  
and south for several wooded  
miles. It made a pretty picture  
at all times to one looking at it  
from our home. From its west-  
ern shore green hills rose sheer  
from the water edge, green hills  
capped in the spring and sum-  
mer with golden gorse and be-  
hind them more hills, green and  
gold, that met in an ever chang-  
ing sky in which, especially of an  
evening, purple, violet, golden  
clouds that reflected in the water  
of the lake contributed to make  
pictures that no artist could ever  
paint.

Our farmhouse dominated the  
lake and was itself dominated to  
the east by other hills crowned in  
many cases by "forts" or earthen  
fortifications of pre-Christian  
origin and supposed to be, in the  
popular imagination, the home of  
the "little people" and the last  
resting place of Druids and  
mighty warriors.

### Where Youth Could Dream

Many a time I lay on the soft  
green grass surrounded by daisies,  
dandelion blossoms, buttercups  
and bluebells and feasted my eyes  
on the riot of color in the water  
on the lake, in the hills, in the  
skies and in the hedgerows  
blooming white with hawthorn  
blossoms sending forth their fra-  
grant odor to mix with that of  
honeysuckle and wild pansies;  
and I saw or made visions and  
dreamed dreams about the people  
who trod that land before me and  
whose spirits still haunted every  
lonely, wooded "fort," every land-  
mark, every lake, and road and  
stream. I would always be  
awakened by a cry that brought  
me back to earth, the cry of my  
mother or father calling upon me  
to hurry up with the fresh spring  
water I had been sent for to the  
well or a demand to know if I  
was making the water or if I had  
fallen into the well.

When we went to the farm my  
father, after stocking the farm  
with bare essentials, had not  
much money left over, but he  
had enough to hire a young  
woman who was dispensed with  
as I grew old enough to help  
around the farm.

### And Life Was Good

At first I carried water from  
the well and did a lot of day-  
dreaming while doing it. Later I  
helped in other ways. Before go-  
ing to school in the morning I  
helped my father to feed the  
stock, to clean their houses, to  
milk the cows which grew in  
(Continued on page 6)



## God First

(Continued from page 1)

for his work—let that material be for you a continual reminder of the creative hand of God and let it lift up your soul to Him, the supreme law-giver whose precepts must be observed even in factory life."

"Let your thoughts and the feelings of your hearts quicken your faith, Christian working men and women. Renew your life of faith and strengthen it by daily prayer. Let prayer begin to sanctify and close your working day."

"Before the altar in the church let every Christian worker renew his resolution to labor in obedience to the divine command of work, whatsoever it may be, intellectual or manual, to gain by his toil and sacrifices the bread for his dear ones, to keep in mind the moral purpose of life here below and the happiness of eternal life, conforming his intentions to those of the Saviour and making his work a hymn of praise to God."

Isn't all this very much like what the American non-Catholic Union leader said? "We must remember God, the creator of all things, and put Him first."

When we have more labor leaders of that type we shall have the right kind of labor unions in which there will be no room for selfish, wealth and power seeking men who put themselves first and use unions which they control for purposes similar to and often worse than those of self seeking political bosses who have degraded the word "politics," just as some in the labor movement are degrading the word "union."

### Necessity of Unions

Workers have not only the right, they have the duty, to organize and form labor unions. The latter are in themselves not only good, they are necessary in the same way as co-operatives, or any other form of mutual help and protection, are good and necessary. That they have been and are being abused by individuals who have an unhealthy and unjust control of them is no argument against their goodness and necessity. The abuse of a thing is no proof that the thing is no good and no reason for its destruction. A lot of good things are abused. The good thing, in this case, the labor union, should be preserved and the abuses or the men responsible for them removed or controlled by the people interested in the development of, and benefits resulting from good labor unions.

### A New Yard Stick

In these days we hear a lot about "democratic" this and that, including "democratic unions." The trouble is few people are agreed upon what is meant by democracy. It too, is a word that has been degraded and is now used by any one who wants to put some sort of approval upon his or her particular brand of prejudice or selfishness. We should begin to measure things by a different yard stick, that of justice which springs from charity which comes from God. If we get that it won't matter very much what sort of a tag we put on it.

### Benedict XV

The Roman Pontiff must embrace all the combatants in one sentiment of charity; and as the Father of all Catholics he has among the belligerents large numbers of children for whose salvation he must be equally and without distinction solicitous. It is necessary, therefore, that in them he must consider not the special interests that divide them, but the common bond of faith which makes them brothers.

# A DAY IN THE COUNTY JAIL

By J. F. Powers

The shattering brightness of sunshine, it seemed to me, had been coming through the barred windows for hours before it happened. So I was only startled and not from sleep. There was a terrific ringing and grinding and grating of steel like the weary universe stripping its industrial gears. For one whole utopian moment I believed the blessed event was finally at hand. But then it was all too clear that the world of machines and steel and concrete was still dumbly intact. For it had been only the steel door of my cell, and the doors of all the other cells in that tier, sliding open simultaneously.

The day had begun. Across the corridor a prisoner was pushing a frayed broom around the floor of his cell. Another prisoner, I noticed with interest, was making his bed. I asked the man with the broom if I was supposed to make the bed and he thought that was pretty funny of me, just laughing at the idea of such a question, and I assumed I was supposed to make it. When I had it made, he called across to me, sure you got to make the bed.

### Sleeping Beauty

I went down the corridor then, because the traffic all drifted that way, until I came to a big common room with four picnic tables in it. Prisoners were washing up and standing around with tin spoons and dishes. All except one, who was lying on top of a table with a derby plopped on his face to keep out the daylight. He evidently sacrificed his stomach and morning toilet so that he might gain the, for him, higher pleasure of sleep. Because we were standing in line now and a trusty was filling the tin dishes with breakfast and the man on the table continued sleeping. I asked the prisoner behind me in line if the guy with the derby ever ate anything. He said, yes, he did, but not the stuff we were waiting in line for. And then it was my turn to hold out my dish. I wanted to ask what is this yellow stuff, but I let it go in the hope that I might be able to tell when I tasted it. I was wrong about that, however, for it tasted exactly like it looked, which was a good deal like nothing.

### Splendid Economy

What do you call this, I said to the prisoner next to me, and he said, we call it Golden Grain because it is so golden and grainy. It was that all right, and watery. The coffee had very little in common with the original idea of coffee except that it was rather brown and very hot and by substituting from memory the actual taste of coffee you could be thankful for it to the last drop.

After breakfast we washed our dishes under a faucet and a prisoner told me to be sure and hand in my spoon, which had my number on it, because they'd turn the place upside down if a spoon was missing. I thought that a subtle proof of the splendid economy with which our public institutions are run until the prisoner went on to say, yeah, some of the boys like to make knives and things to expedite their safe removal. We got some great old expeditors here.

### Afternoon of a Faun

I looked at the table on which the sleeping man still slept. Only now it was like the Afternoon of a Faun, because slowly and with the utmost languor he was beginning to stir. He removed his derby gently and a fattish red face shone out, haughty but hurt, upon the unkind world. His face made me think: here is antebellum gentility gone to seed, here is a Nero backed to the wall by the infinite vulgarity and commerce of the twentieth century, and with not even a violin to divert his mind from the hor-

ror it felt for the surroundings. And then he sat up on the table and spoke, as to an audience in a throne room:

### Der "Furrier"

Furrier, for the benefit of newcomers, for the edification of those of you who've been visited upon me during the night, Furrier, I will repeat means Leader. It is the German word for Leader, or one who leads. I am such here. I am your Leader, your Furrier. I have taken the liberty of pronouncing it so because, truth to tell, I find your outlandish tongues incapable of pronouncing it properly.

I gazed around. Nobody much paid any attention to him, only three or four novices like myself.

In any case, be that as it may, I am your Furrier. Try to act in holy accordance with that fact. Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere, nor can one England brook a double reign. And woe unto... but there, he smiled, you're all good boys or you wouldn't be here. Stooze, bring me a cigar.

### The Stooze

A toothy young man crossed the floor and gave the Furrier a cigar. The Furrier twirled it between chubby fingers, one end in his mouth, and got it slimy and wet to his taste. The Stooze lit it for him. I smoke, the Furrier said, my only vice. Now he had the derby back on his head and his eyes were roaming about the



room like a businessman's seeking the ruin of souls or a big deal. His eyes lingered momentarily on me, passed on, and returned dreamily.

You, he cried sharply, your name, sirrah! I told the Furrier my name. Ah, he said, a good name. I knew your father before you. We were at school together. Here, here, he said to nobody in particular, see that this young gentleman gets the best of everything. He looked his solicitude at me and said: did you break your fast?

I told him yes, I had done that in a manner of speaking, and he said, Good, I may call upon you later. Be ready. Then he seemed to forget all about me. His eyes began wandering around the room again. He sighed. Here, Stooze, he said, I need a shine. He pointed at his shoes. He did need a shine. But the Stooze said he didn't want to get all dirty giving the Furrier a shine. Why, the Furrier said, why, pray tell? Have you not heard of Maundy Thursday and of kings washing the feet of peasants?

The Stooze only looked the other way and I supposed he had not heard of that. Anyway, there was some commotion now at the door of the room. A Negro came in with some scissors and a comb, not in the room itself but in another little room

adjoining, which was likewise bounded by bars on all sides.

### Samson and Delilah

Who gets a haircut, the Negro asked, and right away the Furrier said he believed on his soul he'd get one. I am the new Samson, he said to the Negro, you be my Delilah. The Negro told him to stop batting his gums and sit down. The Stooze objected, saying he needed one more than the Furrier did, inasmuch as he was supposed to go to court today. The Furrier said, Nonsense, lad, your shagginess becomes you and moreover gives you an unaccountable look of honesty. The Judge will immediately see you for what, alas; perhaps you are, a victim of society and circumstances.

By this time the Furrier was climbing into the wooden chair with an inclining back designed for barbering and keeping down the overhead. Move the chair closer to the bars, the Furrier commanded. The Negro shoved it closer, and the Furrier stuck his feet through the bars and into the room he'd just left. Now, Stooze, he said, you may give me a shine.

The Stooze complained, repeating his appointment in court today, the fact that he didn't want to get mussed up and spoil his chances with public opinion. The Furrier only said, Hush, boy, and the Stooze ended up by taking out his handkerchief and shining the Furrier's shoes. A few minutes later the guards came for him and he went off to court.

### The Root of Evil

I was sitting at one of the tables watching a poker game more or less, mostly less, because games bore me, when the prisoner next to me, an old man whom everybody called Pop, said the reason the Furrier got so much service from the Stooze was on account of money. The Furrier evidently had friends outside who kept him supplied with largesse. The Stooze had no money and no way of getting any, and, Pop declared, being in this jail was hell unless you had some money. If you ate just the jail food you'd starve.

Pop seemed to be a worried old man. He kept humming "My Buddy," and pretty soon he started to tell me about his son. His voice, the way it got excited at the things his son had done, was frightening in its implications. It was good, of course, to see that he loved his son as he did, but it was, as I say, frightening to think Pop had his whole existence and personal meaning staked in one person. He was in the Philippines, my son, Pop said. He was there about six months flying a plane. Do you know it costs \$30,000 to make a pilot? No, I said, I did not know that.

### Excitement That Kills

Pop showed me a snapshot of his son standing by an airplane. Pop's faith in his son struck me as tragic. I wondered if there has ever been more than one son who deserves that kind of faith. He was home, Pop said, oh, about two weeks ago, right before I got in this trouble. And you know, Pop said in an uneasy tone, I worry about that boy. Then in a tone meant to be cheery he said, My, but he's had some wonderful experiences down there. But—and now it was the uneasy tone tending towards sadness—he can't sit still any more, my son just fidgets all the time, has to get up and walk around or go some place and then come home right away so he can go some place else when he gets there. He never used to be like that. I think sometimes now they're killing my boy and he doesn't even know it. They're killing him, but he just isn't quite dead yet. I think when he dies it'll be so close to the way he is now he won't even know it. Then Pop clammed up and I

# A Farm in Ireland

(Continued from page 5)

number from two at first to four or five. My greatest thrill came when I "combed" or "curried" the mare and took her for exercise or to the water. After school I helped again in much the same way and during vacation time, as I grew older, I became my father's helper in the fields and learned from him by doing what he expected or told me to do. I grew up on a farm and among farmers who worked hard, got up early, but not too early, in the morning—I was first up in my home—and went to bed tired at night, but conscious of the fact that, while the going was sometimes hard, the good earth would not fail them.

In the section or town land in which we lived there were about fifteen farmers. All of them were what was known as "comfortably off." They owed no one a penny. Most of them had money in the bank.

How, you will say, can or could a farmer with only fifteen acres manage to make ends meet, not to speak of making a profit. I shall try to tell you how it was done.

### The Family Wage

"In the first place, the wage paid to the workingman must be sufficient for the support of himself and his family. It is right indeed that the rest of the family contribute according to their power toward the common maintenance, as in the rural home or in the families of many artisans and small shopkeepers. But it is wrong to abuse the tender years of children or the weakness of women. Mothers will above all devote their work to the home and the things connected with it. Intolerable, and to be opposed with all our strength, is the abuse whereby mothers of families, because of the insufficiency of the father's salary are forced to engage in gainful occupation outside the domestic walls to the neglect of their own proper cares and duties, particularly the education of their children.

"Every effort must, therefore, be made that fathers of families receive a wage sufficient to meet adequately ordinary domestic needs. If in the present state of society this is not always feasible, social justice demands that reforms be introduced without delay which will guarantee every adult workingman just such a wage. In this connection we might utter a word of praise for various systems devised and attempted in practice, by which an increased wage is paid in view of increased family burdens, and a special provision is made for special needs." (Quadragesimo Anno.)

heard him humming "My Buddy" again.

### Mute Experience

Here, it seemed to me, was a man who'd looked all his life for the brotherhood of man and the closest so far he'd come to it was in the army, probably in the last war, and that's what "My Buddy" meant to him. Somehow I felt here was a man who knows and feels a lot. I considered asking him point blank what he thought of St. John of the Cross saying *That you may possess all things, seek to possess nothing*, but he'd probably not understand it that way or would say he didn't think much of it. And if he said that I had a feeling that if I argued with him it would soon be apparent to him, as it was to me now, that he knew more about what I wanted to say through his own mute experience than I knew from reading all about it and hearing it called a lot of different names by spiritual writers, but all of them meaning always the same thing. And Pop probably had his own name for it and if I said *seek to possess nothing*

### LIVE-WATERS





he'd think I meant something else.

Obviously Pop was unafraid of sacrifice, but the best means of it ever offered to him had been the army. "My Buddy," he was humming it again. The right thing for the wrong reason. Pop had been a missionary of a sort, but when they passed out the uniforms and suffering, they left out the mission. So Pop was still searching for something worthwhile to do with his life.

#### Speed That Boreds

Suddenly Pop said, My son says there's no limit to speed and power. But you know what I think? I think the world is just so big, there are just so many places to go in it, and if we were supposed to be in all of them the good Lord would've built us that way. It's getting so if a man wanted to take two weeks off and go around the world he'd have time hanging on his hands before the first week was up. Then he'd have to give up and go to the movies down the street the rest of the time and that's enough to wreck any vacation. How long, Pop inquired now, does it take them to go around the world nowadays? I told Pop I had no idea, being appallingly uninformed on the burning questions of the day since my subscription to *Time* magazine ran out. Pop laughed and said, I know what you mean by that and you're kidding. I told Pop then that I was and I was not. I know what you mean, Pop said.

About that time there was a surge of activity in the room. The "store" rolled up to the bars and the prisoners bought paper and stamps and envelopes—Dear Shorty, if you could send yours truly a fin or a deuce or, I guess, a buck, I could buy me some real food and be happy—candy bars, cigarettes, ice cream, etc. The attendant also took down any requests for "hot orders." A couple of prisoners ordered rolls and coffee and sticks of butter to eat on the jail bread, the only edible thing.

#### "It Don't Seem Right"

The Furrier called for the Warden's menu and finally, after lamenting over the sameness of the cuisine here, ordered a steak dinner. That'll be \$1.75 now, the attendant said, they've gone up. If they still serve steak on the steak dinner that's what I want, the Furrier said, and do not spare the horses and I do mean beefsteak. He gave the attendant a ten dollar bill.

The Negro stopped cutting the Furrier's hair and held his scissors thoughtfully and said to them, It don't seem right somehow, and returned to the fringe around the Furrier's bald spot. The Negro stopped work again and addressed the scissors the same way, Is this a jail or a gentlemen's club? Now that you mention it, the Furrier said, I must confess my presence here makes the question a moot one.

The next event was the changing of the library books. These books, stamped "Discard" inside, were the residue of the passing years and public libraries. An attendant handed a dozen or so through the bars and the prisoners scrambled for them. I was overwhelmed by the spectacle. If Dr. Eliot could have witnessed this stunning example of people thirsting after knowledge, he might well have been moved to give the world a ten-foot bookshelf, and who knows at what astronomical number the Harvard classics might have stopped?

#### Masses Lost to Christ

I managed to get a copy of Wasserman's *Caspar Hauser*, a book I'd tried to read once before with little success. I thought I might do it here, however, where so many of the diversions of freedom were spared me. And that reminded me of something Arthur Koestler says in his terribly true *Dialogue With Death*, roughly that it is a commentary on the age that prisons no longer protect society from

the prisoner, but, rather, they protect the prisoner from society. And Thoreau, about this time in the last century of Progress, said the same thing in effect in his *Essay on Civil Disobedience*. Pius XI said the masses are lost to the Church. If they were then, what now? The decline of civilization is on the rise, and what has that word meant in the western world but Christ?

Pop has a copy of *Romola*. I asked him, all kidding aside, if he really intended to read it; it was millions and millions of atrociously printed pages faded yellow at the edges, which is what *Romola* in an edition seems like to me. Sure, Pop said, I read his other book, what do you call it, *The Mill on the Floss*. Oh, I said, I thought you meant *The Ancient Mariner*, which is another killer. Killer? Pop said. Diller, I said. I mean *Silas Marner*, I said, I get them mixed. Say, I read that, Pop said, is that by him too? By the old boy himself, I said, George Eliot, who else?

#### Boredom

The next thing to brighten our day was the Salvation Army. A tired-but firm-looking lady in a blue bonnet appeared at the end of the room and began to speak through the bars. At this point I noticed there was a considerable



wave of ennui circulating among the prisoners, as though this had happened too many times to some of them to be even faintly diverting. Dauntlessly the card games continued. But the nervous prisoners, the ones who spend the day walking back and forth like jungle beasts, stopped operations and retired to the urinals. The lady had the floor. First of all, she wanted us all to have a copy of their magazine (pleasantly titled *The War Cry*), and one prisoner actually did get up and go over and take one from her. She said he'd find it chock full of good reading. He was the prisoner who since breakfast had been reading one page, the financial, of an old newspaper. The lady said now she knew all of us boys had transgressed the law but...

The Furrier cried out, That's what I keep telling them, General!

Then the lady said, We all make mistakes, else why would they have erasers on pencils, and...

Now I know why there's a rubber shortage, the Furrier said. Quiet, boys, the guard said.

#### Bitter Parody

And, the lady said, that's why she was up here in the jail working among us. Then she used the name Jesus many times in vain, the old mouldy phrases, all the magic words turned to ashes in her mouth, conveying nothing to the men—nothing but a kind of bitter parody, for they'd all heard what she said, in precisely the same lurid sideshow-barker way she said it, too many times before.

And then, like a puff of smoke, the lady's nose vanished from between the bars and she was gone from our midst. The nervous pacers came back from their refuge, the walking back and forth started up again, the card games took another hold on the

men's affections, and I knew that the gospel of Christ, the divine word, had been delivered feebly once more and had gone worse than unheard still once more.

I asked Pop if Catholics got a chance to hear Mass on Sunday, and he said, Yes, but nobody bothered very much, or maybe there weren't any Catholics in this jail.

#### Sanctity the Only Way

I thought of all the shepherds who bewail their inability to galvanize the flock into religious action. I think there are enough such shepherds to assure the smashing success of a book which would do no more or less than do what all these clergymen desire. It would be called *Pastoral Sizzlemanism* (a catchy title—sell a million on that alone) and it would do the job after one careful reading, if accompanied by a first-class miracle. Then I dismissed the book from my mind and concentrated on two truths of a different but related order. (a), A straight line is the shortest distance between two points and (b), sanctity alone attracts and wins souls.

The time for the noon meal came. It may not have been anything like noon when we had it, however. You cannot find out the time from the guards, and the prisoners leave their watches,

what Judge Kelly said. He said... he said: I'll tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna let the guy that wants to go into the army go into the army, if the draft board'll have him. And I'm gonna give this Jehovah's Witness guy five years. And that, the Stooze concluded, is why I'm gonna go in the army.

Somebody yelled across the room at a Jehovah's Witness, Did you hear that, five years in the pen! Man, you ought to join up like Stooze.

#### Stooze, the Self-Righteous

The Stooze turned on the Jehovah's Witness, a little freckled man. That guy got five years and I hope you get the same amount. You guys make me tired. The country's at war and what are you guys doin' to save it? I hope they hang everything in the book on you guys!

The little freckled Witness blushed and said: Jehovah God has told us Thou Shalt Not Kill. We listen to God. We will not listen to Judge Kelly. And I will not listen to you. And then the little freckled Witness said something about Armageddon and got himself in a lot of trouble, because the Stooze had never heard of it, and if anything was coming, even Armageddon, he wanted to know about it. But he worked himself up into another fit of patriotic indignation and wished all the Jehovah's Witnesses in the world would get the book thrown at them, especially this one, because the country needed men and he, the Stooze, was going to do his bit.

Well, the Furrier said, I must say your patriotism comes as a surprise to me, Stooze. Will somebody please cut Stooze's throat so we can watch the fine red blood in his veins—coursing. Maybe it's blue.

A prisoner asked the Stooze heatedly why he didn't join up before they slapped him in jail. I would of, the Stooze said.

Now, now, the Furrier said, better late than never. For myself, let it be said, this turn of events comes as a distinct and mortal blow. I am consternated. I am also upset. Stooze, I'm surprised you didn't wait till the war is over to join up.

The Stooze, his finer feelings hurt, went over and sat down by himself.

But who am I to judge you, Stooze, the Furrier said. He paused and hung his head in shame. Then he proceeded in a noble but halting voice. Who am I? I am a cad. Yes, fellows—here the Furrier simpered at us sweetly—in truth I am a cad, in very truth. Throwing stones at the glasshouse that is Stooze and residing all the while myself in one. It is I, your old Furrier, who say it. None other. Stooze, bring me a cigar.

## They Can't Wear Coupons

We must ask everyone to make a special plea to St. Crispin, patron of cobblers, to help the men who try to repair their shoes in our yard. The equipment we have for this extremely important work is woefully inadequate, and most of the shoes are falling apart, but still they struggle with hammer and last and nails to make them wearable. Most of them would be better off barefoot than wearing the footgear they have, but men just can't walk barefoot on city pavements. So they cut bits and patches from one old shoe, or from some discarded piece of luggage, and try to fit them to their own soles and heels. Sewing is out of the question, though there is occasionally one who has a heavy needle and is able to do it somehow.

There is never an hour of the day that someone is not working at the last. Their patience, and often their native skill, is amazing. But hours of labor are required for patches that can serve for only a few days at longest,

## Riot or Revolution Unless We Live As Christ's Own

Says John Fleming, Who Is Helping Negro Youth in Camp and Slum

There is a little interracial group, St. Anthony's Center, located at 105 E. 119th Street, headed by John Fleming, with whom we have been working these last three years. We have sent on help in the way of clothes for women and children, and helped out with the rent now and again. Also, our little camp at Princess Bay, Staten Island, built by Vic Smith, Bill Evans and Louis Christopher, has been occupied for these last two summers by the boys, colored and white, from St. Anthony's center.

John Fleming is asking our readers for help. The bread and milk bill piles up. Mothers and children come down there and bring some of their own food. John is working and goes down weekends with additional help. Some of the mothers take turns caring for the children.

John Fleming wrote us a little note asking for help for the camp and adding the following about the reasons for the trouble in Harlem last month:

"I was asked to write some of the causes of the riot which took place last Sunday night in Harlem.

"Someone told me of a factory that once engaged whites to produce their work, but had to let them go so as to hire Negroes, and pay them just half as much as they paid the white. This factory is a defense factory. Could that be the cause of the riot?

"Yes, it could be that the Negroes are paying drastic rents for the rat-infested apartments, and resent that.

"But I will say we are all the children of Christ the Child, and until we live as such, a riot will turn into a revolution. As Christ the Child is more powerful than anybody's Army, and the weak, the rich and the poor will have to suffer alike.

"Let us help our brother and see Christ in the good and the bad.

"Sincerely yours in Christ,  
"J. L. FLEMING."



## C.O.'s Work In Hospital

(Continued from page 1)

department. Certainly no *Orate Fratres* reader would know he was a C.O.)

### Cold and Bleak

At present there are 15 CPS attendants at Rosewood and they are spread out through the cottages, working with all types of afflicted. When I visited there last month, I was taken through the wards by the head doctor's wife. The wife of the superintendent, George A. Johns is a Catholic as are Dr. Medahey and his wife. They showed me much hospitality and consideration, and showed me through all the cottages, which are large brick buildings made up of play rooms, dining rooms and dormitories. In contrast with the beauty of the surroundings, the buildings seemed bleak. Not that they were not well cared for and well built, but since we are used to the warmth of Catholic surroundings, with statues of saints, pictures, flowers and vigil lights, the wards and the dormitories seemed cold and most unhome-like.

The place, of course, for such patients, is in the home, if there is proper home surroundings. I have heard a priest tell of the tender care of a feeble-minded child, who was also a monstrosity, received from all the children of a large family and how they grieved when it died. It is a tragic sight to see them gathered together by the hundreds, children with abnormal bodies and minds, misshapen heads, distorted arms and legs, put out on the floor of the playroom, or out on the grass lawn to rest them from the confines of their beds. Some are complete idiots, some are on the way to being so what with constantly recurring and increasing fits of epilepsy. There are mongolian idiots, there are little creatures lying in cribs so small, so child-like that one is surprised at hearing they are thirty or forty years old.

### Cooperation

It is amazing to see how much some of these afflicted try to help, by feeding each other, by assisting each other to dress. No matter that the intelligence is lacking. The instincts of love and compassion remain. They respond to love, to affection, and like to be petted. They rush to each other's assistance in trouble. If one is having some kind of fit, they will rush to hold his head and support him, to try to keep him from injuring himself.

I thought to myself sadly, "Here is all the rest of the world at arms, afflicting the most frightful torments on each other, fire, famine and bloodshed, bombardment of cities, babies and their mothers, the old and the young, the sick and the well, all are being afflicted, and by the young and strong, the most gifted and intelligent, at the service of a so-called civilized rulers of states.

Well, here are a dozen or so of our conscientious objectors, and there are 956 more in mental hospitals throughout the country. They get about \$10 a month. There would be more if they could get cleared through Selective Service. There are other hospital projects, as well as the camp projects, fire fighting and farms.

At Rosewood they work in twelve-hour shifts from seven to seven.

Next week there will be a news sheet published of interest to the conscientious objectors listed on our files. This will come out occasionally and will try to deal at greater length with the problems of the Catholic conscientious objector. Those who are interested, should write to Arthur Sheehan, to obtain copies.

# DEMORALIZATION

(Continued from page 1)

the pride which made them good citizens.

That could be contrasted to the Negro's record: one of the highest delinquency records, one of the highest mortality rates, one of the heaviest loads on relief. Whether deserved or not, we were just as famed as the Japanese, but for laziness and irresponsibility.

But how did we get that way? Intelligence recognizes that no people is born delinquent, or subject to disease, or irresponsible or lazy. For the blueprint as to how and why a people may come to these, turn to Mr. Shimano's "Blueprint for a Slum."

### Evils of "Made Work"

Mr. Shimano reports that "all of the work is solely for center maintenance and seems like 'made work,' without meaning or significance. Working rules are contradicted daily; sloppy work habits develop. Initiative among individuals is stifled. There is no training for any constructive future 'outside' work.

"No evacuee, regardless of competence or experience, is allowed to head a department or division, a policy which not only frustrates any desire on his part to work at his highest skill, but makes him lethargic and allows his skill to deteriorate. In addition, this system makes him so dependent on the 'white superior' that a two-faced subservience becomes synonymous with survival."

That is the Japanese Mr. Shimano is writing of, but it might just as well have been written of the Negro during any period of his American history, excepting only the present.

Enforced labor, without reward or personal benefit, stifled initiative among the Negro early in his American culture. Little or no chance for advancement in slavery or out of it made him lethargic. And what is the Japanese's discovery that to survive he must develop a "two-faced subservience" to the "white superior," but the Negro's traditional "talking at the big gate" . . . "giving that white man?"

### Reality Belies Textbooks

"The educational system is sterile and emasculated . . . The studies are far removed from realities. In a civics class, the instructor, following the text book, attempted to teach that the U. S. Government is a democratic institution based on the principle that 'all men are created equal.' The pupils, uprooted from their homes without due process of law, guilty of no crime except being born of Japanese parents, American citizens with no right of appeal, laughed uproariously."

In the Japanese, the American public school's best student, you have sighted here the beginning of an indifference and cynicism, against which the Negro individual has had to struggle, whether consciously or no, to excel at his books.

"The most obvious symptom . . . of the spiritual crack-up that becomes more and more evident in the centers . . . is the growth of adolescent delinquency and a perverted 'slum' attitude on the part of the youngsters, a distorted sense of values.

### Paternalism Begets Delinquency

"Delinquency in city slums rises out of the loosening of the family tie. In the newly created government slums, dependency on the government is an added impetus to family disintegration. I heard one 14-year-old boy taken to task by his father for staying out late one night, say, 'Aw, the hell with you. The government is taking care of me now. You don't have to pay for my room and board and clothes.

I don't have to do anything you say.'

"This in a people formerly famed for filial piety," comments Mr. Shimano.

The Negro, you may argue, in the light of that last sentence, has never had any particular reputation for "family piety." Tradition within the race says "the Negro man is a bad father" . . . "the Negro family, such as it is, is matriarchal." Yes, but how did it get that way? By the same route the Japanese are now traveling.

Dependency on slave owners added impetus to Negro family disintegration. It robbed the father of any sense of responsibility toward the children he begot because he was not expected to function as the bread winner.

### Signs of Change

"Last Christmas, when evacuees were allowed to go shopping in small towns . . . a few of the boys openly bragged about the articles they had lifted from the stores. Perhaps a few cases might have been



**St. RAYMOND gives himself in ransom for the captives —**

A. de Bethune

ST. RAYMOND, renouncing worldly riches, determined only to use them to help his neighbor, was sent to Africa with the mission to ransom Christians who had fallen into the hands of the Mohammedans. He delivered a great many and gave himself up as hostage so as not to expose to apostasy those who remained behind unransomed. His mouth was closed with a padlock which cruelly pierced his lips and he was thrown into a narrow cell. He died in 1240.

expected, but not the shocking general acceptance of shoplifting by those who heard about it. These people, before evacuation, had the lowest delinquency rate in the United States. Yet now there was no voice lifted loudly in condemnation. Somewhere in the evacuation, they had lost their pride."

Who does not recall advice given sometime in his life by someone in his acquaintance, "If you have got to steal, steal from a white man." . . . "Stealing ain't stealing if it's from a white man. That's taking what you should have if he didn't keep you down." Somewhere, in or out of slavery, we lost our pride.

"Resentment against Nisei Uncle Toms flares up in the centers with an over-intensification of racial hyper-sensitivity . . . Any sign of friendliness, over and above common courtesy, shown by an individual evacuee to an administrator is immediately labeled bootlicking" . . . In other words this is the Negro's fierce resentment of his own

"Uncle Toms," of "white folks' niggers," of "handkerchief heads."

### Where Churches Have Failed

"While the churches have played an important part in student relocation and individual resettlement, within the centers they have not exerted much influence on morale building and leadership. The vision of the Japanese preachers has been circumscribed not only by the dogma of their church but by the complexes of a discriminated-against race. The churches on the 'outside' have too frequently sent one-time missionaries to the centers to preach to the evacuees. Too often these missionaries have gone to Japan to bring enlightenment to the 'heathen' and they have gone into the centers still imbued with the 'white man's burden.' Condescension or tolerance, when it is acceptance evacuees hunger for, only whips up further antagonism and defiance. And a mere 'let us pray' resignation has no answer to evacuees who face demoralization and disintegration in the centers."

Though it must of necessity, in the length of its operation, have done more good than that, that fundamentally is a statement of the weakness of the Negro church, "circumscribed by the dogma of their church . . . by all the complexes of a discriminated-against race." And that is exactly the contribution the white church has made to the American Negro Christian, condescension and tolerance "outside" the "white" conference, the "white" church. And the "let us pray" attitude of the church as a whole has been a weak wail in the face of the Negro's frustration and demoralization.

### Evacuees Turn to Racism

"Faced with a growing bitterness, a drab, dreary future, wanting to assert his status, the evacuee in his involution and need of a scapegoat had turned to Jew-baiting.

"Unhampered by the fact that there are no individual Jews in the centers, the race-baiters indulge in long-range sniping at the WRA as a Jewish-dominated government organization. They point to Milton Eisenhower, first director of the WRA (War Relocation Act) and label the Eisenhower name as Jewish.

"Negroes, Mexicans, Filipinos, Hindus . . . are disparaged. Especially baited are Koreans—far more so than the Chinese, who, strangely enough, are disliked only for being such 'smooth, slick propagandists' while Korean becomes synonymous with 'inform-er' or 'stooge'."

That, added to resentment against the Jew for the economic sway he holds over the Negro community, explains capably race-baiting, other than that directed at Gentile white Americans, in the Negro.

### Unfortunate Condonement

And Shimano, the writer, himself, we are forced to conclude, has an unhappy counterpart in the American Negro. Having hit with all the force of logic and truth at the evil which is robbing his people of their birthright, he reveals the confused and wavering leadership of many minorities when he condones the initial step of evacuation because "any sober discussion of our lot in the first year when the American people were confused in the direction of the war would have tended only to weaken democracy's fight against fascism."

Reminiscent of the complaints of Negro leaders for generations, who betrayed their people by playing to the white man's sense of expediency, i.e. "the Negro was not ready" for freedom once, but he is now—

## C.O.'s Suffer In Prison

(Continued from page 1)

City lawyer, has been retained to help Stanley and Lou by getting out a writ of habeas corpus."

Here is what the Old Testament has to say about the numbers of men required to win a war (and this story has great bearing on the case of the conscientious objectors): We join with the Lord God in recommending that all C.O.'s be released at once and sent home.

"The Lord said to Gedeon: The people that are with thee are many and Madian shall not be delivered into their hands; lest Israel should glory against me, saying: I was delivered by my own strength.

"Speak to the people and proclaim in the hearing of all, who-soever is fearful and timorous let him return. So two and twenty thousand men went away from Mt. Galaad and returned home and only ten thousand remained.

### Not By Ten Million

"And the Lord said to Gedeon: The people are still too many; bring them to the waters and I will try them; and of whom I shall say to thee, this shall go with thee, let him go; whom I shall forbid, let him return.

"And when the people were come down to the waters, the Lord said to Gedeon: They that shall lap the water with their tongues as dogs are wont to lap, thou shalt set apart by themselves, but they that shall drink, bowing down their knees, shall be on the other side.

"And the number of them that had lapped water, casting it with the hand to the mouth, was three hundred men. And all the rest of the multitude had drunk kneeling.

"And the Lord said to Gedeon: by the three hundred men that lapped water, I shall save you, and deliver Madian into thy hand. But let all the rest of the people return to their homes."

—Judges 7; 2-7.

Needless to say we are not comparing C.O.'s to the two and twenty thousand fearful. Let it be noted that there were also nine thousand, seven hundred sent home and there is no account of their insisting on remaining and fighting.

Let the farmer forevermore be honored in his calling; for they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God.

—Thomas Jefferson.

now in my day—Shimano wrote:

"But now a year and a half has gone by since Pearl Harbor. A year and a half should be sufficient time for hysteria to dissipate itself, for a nation to examine without emotional heat its actions under the first impact of war. There comes a time when to keep silent longer means capitulation to defeat in the battle for democracy. It is time to air the plight of the evacuees for the sake of the internal health of the country as a whole."

### Leaders Must Not Waver

That paragraph weakened Shimano's entire article and robbed his plea of authenticity, rendered its rightness contestable. We, who are Negroes, having grown three centuries old in oppression, know that where human right is concerned, the shadow of expediency must not be permitted to fall. We know that the will to be free must be exerted in the face of any condition, that we must never let our jailers forget that. In time, the Japanese will know this too.