

CATHOLIC WORKER



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A Three Points Program

By
Peter Maurin

I. Clarification of Thought

- 1—Scholars must tell the workers why the things are what they are.
- 2—Scholars must tell the workers how the things would be if they were as they should be.
- 3—Scholars must tell the workers how a path can be made from the things as they are to the things as they should be.
- 4—Scholars must cooperate with the workers in the making of a path from the things as they are to the things as they should be.

II. Houses of Hospitality

- 1—We need Houses of Hospitality to give to the rich the opportunity to serve the poor.
- 2—We need Houses of Hospitality to show what Charity looks like when it is practiced.
- 3—We need Houses of Hospitality to give to the uneducated the opportunity to eat at the same table with the educated.
- 4—We need Houses of Hospitality

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Pope Pleads for Peace

Urges Rulers to End Slaughter of Masses by Negotiation

By Rev. John A. O'Brien,
Ph.D., LL.D.

The greatest need in the world today is for a negotiated peace which will bring to an immediate end, the strife destroying civilization and slaughtering millions of human beings like so many cattle.

That is the gist of the noble appeal addressed by Pope Pius XII, on May 13, 1942, to the nations of the world and to their rulers. His Holiness appeals to the rulers to conclude a peace "on principles of justice and moderation, even if it does not seem to correspond to aspirations."

His Holiness declares that he has labored both before the outbreak of war and during its course for peace. With all the force of his high office, he has striven to bring the rulers of the warring nations to the conference table that they might end the ghastly business of seeking to determine which side is right by the blind and irrational methods of mass destruction and of mass laughter.

"A Word of Peace"

"Now when the nations are living in the painful suspense of waiting for new engagements to begin," declares the Pontiff, "We take the opportunity offered by this occasion to speak once again a word of peace." In a previous address he had stated that every day he was both praying and working for peace.

Our nation is now spending a hundred million dollars a day for war. By next year, we are told, that sum will be doubled. Other nations are likewise burning up with incredible speed the wealth accumulated by centuries of labor.

The thought of such fright-

ful waste moves the Pontiff to declare: "There certainly exists a social solution so that wealth of nations can by public admin-



istration be distributed in such a way as to promote life and not death."

Blood and Tears

More disturbing than this unparalleled destruction of wealth, however, is the slaughter of human beings on a gigantic scale. "We cannot forget the dead and captured soldiers," observes His Holiness, "the mortal anxiety of the separation and breaking up of families and the economic penury in which the crime of this war is manifested."

Here is the human toll of

Grave Injustice Done Japanese On West Coast

First Victims of War Suffer Confinement and Idleness

I saw a bit of Germany on the west coast. I saw some of the concentration camps where the Japanese, men, women and children, are being held before they are resettled in the Owens Valley or some other place barren, windswept, inaccessible.

The strange part of this wholesale imprisonment of an innocent people is that many of them are native born citizens of this country. "But that means nothing in wartime."

Wholesale evacuation of areas in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and Seattle have already been carried out and as I stopped in each city, there were still groups being moved. Whole areas had been vacated, houses empty. According to friends in Portland, business, and property had to be sold at a loss and there were those who took advantage of this misfortune of the evacuees.

Saving Them from Others

Various attitudes are taken. Some say the move was for the safety of the Japanese. "If there were any great defeats, if lists of dead and

war—the sweat and blood and tears of which rulers and statesmen talk so glibly, but who seldom shed any of these.

One of the worst features of war is its destruction of the family life, against which the Pontiff lifts his voice in protest: "In family ties rest the strength and glory of the nation. A nation cannot exist without this spiritual value and with its families torn apart. We appeal to the heads of nations to secure a future for their nations, to purify their consciences before God and to restore the happiness of family life."

"War Settles Nothing"

The simple truths uttered by the Holy Father come like a breath of fresh air into the hectic atmosphere of war hysteria and chauvinistic cant. They are truths which no sensible man, while calm and unexcited by the raucous clamor of war, can deny. They should be shouted from the housetops and written in the skies for all to see and read.

On an afternoon in the latter part of August, 1939, in Paris, the writer read the notes exchanged between Hitler and Daladier. As veterans of the first World War, each pleaded with the other not to have recourse to arms to settle their dispute. Both acknowledged that the only victors would be destruction and death.

The previous spring, President Roosevelt, in a letter sent to Hitler and Mussolini, had declared that military victory was sterile, as the first World War had abundantly proven.

Pope Pius XII sounds the same note, declaring: "War

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DAY AFTER DAY

Spokane, Washington.

The rain pours down. I missed the tornadoes and the floods in Oklahoma and Texas, but the rain has followed me. It seems to me the few sunny days were those I spent on the buses, and they were hot indeed, with perspiring men and women, crying babies, crowded bus stations and lunch counters.

But this season of the year, Pentecost, is so beautiful, that rain and cold, however unseasonable, cannot dampen the joy of the heart. The magnificent country side shows forth the glories of God and following the office in the short breviary that the monks at St. John's, Collegeville, have gotten out, one can say with awe, "how wonderful are thy works, O Lord! In wisdom Thou has made all things, the earth is full of Thy handiwork."

It is impossible not to have the heart lifted up in joy and love, it is impossible to resist that peace of heart that descends upon one, in spite of a world at war.

The Holy Father's message, recalling one to the spirit of the early Christians, His plea for an early peace, contributed to the joy of the holy season. We print excerpts of it in this issue, because in many of the places I have passed through a great majority of our Catholics have seen it. In San Francisco there was a full page

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A WHOLE CHURCH

The following address was recently given by a Roman Catholic layman before a meeting of the Holy Trinity Guild presided over by the Reverend A. H. Hammond, rector of Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, England. It was not originally intended for written publication, and no attempt has been made to cast it into a form more suitable for reading by a wider public.

What I am going to say was suggested by a remark made to me the other day that, "This war has finished the idea of a universal Church." Of course I am quite used to hearing things like that, but coming from a sincere and convinced Catholic the statement was rather a shock. I have made it my task, then, to try and put before you a rather more optimistic view, for I think we all of us tend to be gloomier than we ought in our estimate of the effect of contemporary events on Christianity. Not that I want Christians to be labelled optimists—or pessimists: there is a Christian op-

timism that has its roots in Calvary and the Resurrection, and a Christian pessimism that arises from our knowledge that we are a fallen people, of the human imperfectibility of mankind; and there is a sense in which the revival of "Christian pessimism" in our time was overdue.

I am expressing throughout only my own personal ideas; but they are not, I hope, ideas unbecoming a Christian and a Catholic Christian.

The word "church" is derived from the Greek *kuriakon*, "the Lord's house," wherein we worship the Lord Christ, *Kurios Khristos*, and in its primary meaning it means a church building. But in English we use the same word, "church," for what in Greek is expressed by another word, *ekklesia*, meaning an assembly, that is, the gathering together of all God's people. This word *ekklesia* is ultimately derived from a verb meaning "to call

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IN THE VINEYARD

IX. The Fundamental Principle of Catholic Action

Rev. John J. Hugo,

We are now in a position to recapitulate and summarize, to gather all the ideas so far considered into unity under one dominant principle. So far we have seen the reason for the failure of our spiritual efforts; we have shown that it is supernatural life alone that can make Catholic organizations alive; we have studied the law that governs the increase of supernatural life. It remains to complete and unify all this. The primary and deliberate aim of any organization devoted to the work of Catholic Action—we may so frame the unifying principle—must be the spiritual perfection of its members; and its first work is to designate and dispose the means necessary to achieve that end.

Since in so many Catholic organizations the place of pri-

mary importance is given to ingenuity in the use of such "bait" as athletics, recreation, etc., there is need to justify and explain this doctrine.

The Common Law

The first and most obvious reason why those devoted to apostolic aims must seek perfection is that this is the common law binding all Christians. "Be ye therefore perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect," Our Lord said. Serious meditation on these words by all Catholics would itself do much towards increasing the vitality of the whole Christian body. Too many, having learned the difference between what is of precept and what is of counsel in the teaching of Jesus, consider the pursuit of perfection as a matter of counsel only; that is, they regard it as an optional course of con-

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Fundamental Principle of Catholic Action

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duct, praiseworthy no doubt, but not imposed upon them as a duty. In so doing they exempt themselves from any real obligation in the matter and relax their spiritual efforts, thereby falling into sluggishness and tepidity. No doubt a great deal of spiritual carelessness is due to this doctrinal error. —For it is an error; of the obligation to seek after perfection Pope Pius XI wrote: "Let no one think that this is addressed to a select few and that others are permitted to remain in an inferior degree of virtue. The law obliges, as is clear, absolutely everyone in the world without exception." (Encyclical on the third centenary of St. Francis de Sales.)

Love of God and of Neighbor

If the word perfection seems too vague, let us then speak of charity or love: the pursuit of perfection is nothing else than the effort to advance in the love of God and of neighbor. It is important to realize this, especially at a time when many who are concerned about the ideal of perfection have erroneous ideas as to its meaning. Perfection, in the Christian sense, is not refinement; it is not social gracefulness; it is not education; it does not consist in being much traveled or in the ability to move with ease and polish among the sophisticated. No doubt these things (at least some of them) are excellent; but they are goods of the natural order, whereas Christian perfection is a good of the supernatural order. This is why it could be possessed by St. Joseph, who was a carpenter, or by St. Benedict Labre, whom the world considered a vagabond.

In the Christian sense, perfection is the same as love; they are synonyms. It is charity that unites us to God; therefore, it is charity that perfects us. "Charity is the bond of perfection," wrote St. Paul (Col. 3, 14): a bond because it unites us to God; a bond of perfection because it completes us, brings fulfillment to the deepest aspirations of our souls, and unites us to our last end, which is God Himself.

The Fund—a Metal Law

Once we understand this identity between perfection and love, an important practical conclusion follows immediately. Since love is the "first and greatest commandment," then the obligation to pursue perfection must be the primary and essential obligation of the Christian. "Love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart"—this imposes on us at once the yoke of divine love and duty to seek after holiness. The precept of perfection, therefore, is not only one of the laws of Christianity; it is the fundamental law. He who does not obey it in the measure of grace that is given to him is not in the full-sense Christian. If an apostle is only imperfectly Christian, what presumption it is for him to think that he can bring Christianity to others! If an organization promotes nothing better than a routine, minimum Christianity, how foolish is the claim of its members that they are engaged in Catholic Action!

Basis of Catholic Action

Clearly then, in asserting that the earnest seeking after

holiness is the first principle of Catholic Action, we require no more of those engaged in the apostolate than Jesus expects of all Christians. Nevertheless, what is true for all is doubly true for those who wish to extend the reign of Christ. However talented a man may be, it is only as his powers reach maturity that he is able to perfect his resources and bring them to the service of others; while immature, he must concentrate on his own development. Now perfection is the maturity of the Christian life, and it is only as men approximate it that they can bring into play those supernatural powers and resources necessary for spreading a kingdom that is not of this world.

Still, there are particular reasons why those who work in the apostolate must in a special way strive for perfection.

To understand the first of these (I shall mention two), we must go back to an idea that was explained in one of the early articles of this series. In examining the cause for the failure of Catholic organizations, we saw that in the supernatural world life is the same as love. Indeed, life always shows itself in activity; in the plants through growth, in animal through movement, in men through thought and action. Supernatural life manifests itself in the activity of love, in loving God and our neighbor on account of God. A lack of spiritual vitality means simply a want of love; growth in spiritual life demands an increase of love.

To Bring Divine Life & Grace to Others

Consider this truth in relation to the matter that we are discussing here. If growth in supernatural life means that there must be an increase of love for God, it means also, since love and perfection are one and the same thing, that there must be progress in perfection. Only through such progress can any increase in supernatural life and love be obtained. Apostles can give to others only of their own superabundance. The work of the apostolate—it cannot be repeated too often—is simply to bring the divine life of grace and love to others. To succeed, Catholic Action requires, not that its agencies have luxurious headquarters or brilliant affairs, but that it bring into the world an increase of the divine life. The Son of God took our humanity that we might share His divinity. Therefore the apostolate must have as its aim, working through the humanity of Jesus, to bring to more men a greater share of divinity. Only by striving for Christian perfection can workers in the vineyard obtain for themselves that superabundance which, ever increasing as they get nearer that goal, will enable them to work for Christ with constantly increasing fruitfulness.

Individual Cells and Influence

One learns in biology that the individual cell, when it reaches maturity—that is, when it reaches the fullness of life that it can contain, and its vital powers nevertheless continue to function—divides itself into two parts, which again grow and divide themselves, thus increasing bodily life.

Growth in Christ's mystical body may be compared to this.

Each of us is a cell in that body, and when the supernatural life in us becomes superabundant, then it overflows and communicates itself to others. This is the law that governs the spiritual growth of Christian society; there is no other way of bringing it about. Only by becoming more and more intensely Christian ourselves can we hope to make others Christians. Alas, that those engaged in Catholic Action, when reading the papal encyclicals, almost universally pass over, as something "to be taken for granted," those sections where it is laid down that the first step in bringing about a reform in society at large is to set about our own moral and spiritual reform. When we consider how far we are away from the perfection that Our Lord sets before us, then we will understand that such



A. de Bethune

reform is not to be "taken for granted" even in those who consider themselves excellent Catholics. "We ought every day to renew our purpose in God and to stir our hearts to fervour and devotion, as though it were the first day of our conversion, and daily to pray and say thus: Help me, my Lord Jesus, that I may persevere in good purpose and in thy holy service unto my death; and that I may now, this present day, perfectly begin, for it is nothing that I have done in time past." Imitation: I, 19.)

Catholic Action Misinterpreted

The other reason why the pursuit of perfection is of special importance to those laboring in the Vineyard comes from the very nature of Catholic Action. To appreciate it there must be a clear understanding of what Catholic Action is. Since the meaning of this slogan is apparently so obvious, it may seem odd to assert that there are few who grasp it; yet such is the case.

In a Hurry Going Nowhere

The word action is one that is attractive to moderns, and especially to Americans. We consider action our forte, delighting in it for its own sake, and our hero-worship is for those whom we call men of action. For us action becomes an end, a thing apart which we love for its own excellence; we attach value to almost any kind of action, whether or not it helps us towards the great ends of human life. The important thing is to be active, and it matters little that activity happens to be trivial or aimless. We have a contempt for contemplation and repose,

a positive fear of solitude; we boast of the nervous tension and the rapid tempo of modern life. We are always in a hurry, even though we are going nowhere; we are always active, even though we are doing nothing. We admire only the active virtues, and among us scholarship and art have fallen into disrepute. It is not strange then that in the world that we have created athletic coaches get larger salaries than university presidents; or that the only art that is held in honor among us is dancing, which, however, before being admitted to popular favor, was reduced to a state of barbarism, where it also becomes a display of energy.

"Doing Something" and Effecting Nothing

We Catholics take in such notions with the air we breathe; it is from the world in which we live that we get the idea of action that we afterwards translate into the religious and spiritual order. When, therefore, the Holy Father urges us to engage in the work of Catholic Action, we take the word in our own meaning, and begin to kick up dust in every direction so that all will see that Catholics are "doing something." We organize societies, devise activities, appoint committees and sub-committees, then start them going around in circles with all their might. These things provide an opportunity for "doing something," i.e., for moving about, for displaying energy in a great variety of ingenious ways, for drawing up reports and making recommendations, for representing one society before other societies, for more meetings, luncheons, speeches, trips, and Heaven knows what. Everyone is breathless and excited and exhilarated. Perhaps this is why they fail to see that, in spite of such marvelous activity (rather, because of it), the world gets farther (if possible) from Christ every day.

Catholic Action the Expression of a Christian Life

Action, as Christian thinkers understand and define it, is something quite different from noise and bustle. It is the expression, or bringing into play of a thing's nature, and the nature of anything is that which is basic in it, the essential stuff that makes it up. Flying is the expression of the bird's special nature, thought is the bringing into play of the highest powers of human nature. Moreover, action is the perfection of a nature; flying is the perfection of the bird, thought is the perfection of man.

"No Men Gives What he has Not Got"

The point to be grasped is this: action presupposes something and proceeds from something. It is not a thing by itself, hanging in the air, as it were. It presupposes a nature and the development of that nature. A man cannot start into business without capital; similarly one cannot engage in the activities that are specially human without providing himself with spiritual resources. One cannot successfully exercise the activity of thinking unless one has something to think about. A bird cannot fly unless, first of all, there is a bird. We may state it this way: a man's primary concern should

be with the development of his own nature and personality—his action will flow from that. To aim at activity itself, or to attempt action without preparation for it, that is, without suitable development of spiritual resources, is responsible for the fact that, while the mechanical and practical achievements of our age are great, its intellectual and spiritual life is the lowest ever. The irony of the radio, Chesterton remarked, is that it was invented in an age in which men have nothing to say.

Personal Union with Christ

Catholic Action in the Catholic sense, is the bringing into play of the innermost powers and resources of Christianity. It presupposes, therefore, a deliberate cultivation of the Christian life and is indeed nothing else than a blossoming forth of that life. Accordingly, the apostle's first concern must be, not to increase his activity, but to develop his interior life. His first care must not be for others, but for himself; as a doctor helps others best by first perfecting his own skill, so the apostle helps others best by first perfecting his own spiritual resources. Though he strains to go through the world bringing Christ to others, he must first bring Christ more and more intimately to himself—or himself to Christ. In the measure that he refuses to concern himself directly with others and devotes himself to perfecting his own personal union with Christ, this is the measure in which he will be spiritually useful to others. "He that abideth in me, the same shall bear much fruit." (Jo. 15, 5). It is the knowledge of this truth that enables individual saints to do so much for Christ, while ignorance of it, or refusal to accept it, is responsible for the fact that whole organizations comprising vast numbers of Christians, nowadays fail to accomplish anything for Him.

Flowering of Christian Perfection

Catholic Action is the outpouring of what is deepest and richest in Christianity. It is the divine life of grace which, in a soul that is pruned by sacrifice and watered by prayer, rises, like the sap in a tree, to bring forth much fruit and a fruit that will remain.

In a word, Catholic Action is the expression of the essential nature of Christianity. But the essence of Christianity is love. Therefore, the fundamental principle of the apostolate can be only this: that all apostles pledge themselves to seek, as their primary object, the perfection of divine love; or, since love is the same as perfection, they must take as their deliberate goal the pursuit of Christian perfection.

Let us conclude with the words of a famous missionary Bishop, Cardinal Lavigerie, to his priests. Although they are terrifying, it will be clear now that they are based on doctrine and were not spoken merely to terrify. I quote them from Dom Chautard's *The Soul of the Apostolate* (III, 2): "You must be fully convinced of this, for an apostle there is no middle way between complete holiness, at least in desire, sought after with fidelity and courage, and absolute perversion."

Pope's Plea for End to Slaughter

The following are more quotes from the appeal for world peace made by Pope Pius in a world radio address from Vatican City:

The present moment in its onward rush asks and demands from the church that she use her authority to secure that the present terrible conflict may cease and the flood of tears and blood may issue forth into an equitable and lasting peace for all.

Now, when the nations are living in the painful suspense of waiting for new engagements to begin we take the opportunity to speak once again a word of peace and we speak that word in the full consciousness of our absolute impartiality towards all belligerents

and with equal affection for all peoples without exception.

Every time that one speaks a word of peace one runs the risk of offending one or other side.

The destruction brought by the war among the nations in the material and spiritual plane is all the time accumulating to such an extent that it calls for every effort to prevent its increase by bringing the conflict to a speedy end.

The cry that reaches us from the family front is unanimous — give us back our peacetime occupations.

Before the war some peoples now in arms could not even balance their deaths with

their births and now the war, so far from remedying this, threatens to send the new additions to the family to physical, economic and moral ruin.

If one has the future of mankind at heart, if your conscience before God ascribes some import to what the names "father" and "mother" mean to men and to what brothers and sisters of Christ, makes for the real happiness of your children, send back the family to its peacetime occupation.

"...To save and keep the honor and the name of Christian one must undergo struggles and face up to trials not unlike theirs." (the early Christians.)

"Does not the great lesson

of their heroic life suffice to clear all mists from our minds, to put new life into our hearts, to raise aloft the heads of the Christians of today, making them conscious of their exalted dignity, eager to reach greater heights while they ponder the responsibility which their Christian profession stamps upon their souls?"

"In such an atmosphere of terror and danger, what remains, beloved sons, in our time, but the imperative need to refashion ourselves on the model of the early Church and on the magnificent example given by those Christians on their burning faith, on their dauntless spirit, on their conscious assurance of victory."

"But whence did the courage

ous faith of the first Christians derive its life and its enthusiasm? From the eucharistic union with Christ, who is the inspiration of moral conduct that is pure and pleasing to God.

"At the table of the bread of the strong they felt enkindled in their hearts a zeal which gave an increased energy and peace. They felt themselves brothers and sisters of Christ, nourished by the same food and the same drink, united in fraternal union by one same love, one same unfailing hope, welded together by a mystic bond that makes of thousands of hearts and thousands of souls and one great family with but one heart and one soul..."

Maryhouse News

Last month the paper was sent out on Friday; on Sunday we had the frigidaire which we had asked for Maryhouse, given by the Zschorna family in Forest Hills, L. I. It was such a big gift that we could not complain if we did not get the sewing machine and the wash machine which we had also put on our list! It means preserving food and saving on ice bills—and it makes for peace, too, which is always at a premium!

But there is no harm in "knocking again." We have been sweeping and cleaning and renovating — a belated spring cleaning after the work of the appeal is over—and old needs have made themselves more keenly felt, while new ones have cropped up. We do need that washing machine and that sewing machine!

One room is being fixed up as a recreation room. We haven't had one before, except the diningroom, which is so small that by the time the table is in, one can only sit stiffly in a straight and not too firm chair—not very conducive to relaxation after a day's work. By shifting beds and doubling up, we have managed to vacate one room which will serve as sewing and sitting room.

At the supper table the other evening it was decided to paint it buff, with a light ceiling and deeper color for the woodwork. Joe Clements has promised to mix the paints for us and get any shade we wish!

We did have a nice studio couch and a big chair we were saving, but last week a young couple came to us to see what we could do toward fitting up an apartment for them. They have had a run of hard luck, with two babies, one 27 months and one six months, and sickness, and had practically nothing left to go on. Then the "break" came: a chance for a janitor job which meant a three-room apartment, rent free, and with it a small job at \$15 a week for the husband. But they had to have the apartment furnished, and looking well enough so that prospective renters might be shown in.

So we bundled the couch, the chair, a few small rugs, and such other things as we could gather together, and

brought them to them. There was a lovely baby's crib, given by one of our Chinese neighbors over on Pell street. No mattress, but the woman said she used to be a seamstress and can make a mattress for the youngsters out of some cloth with rags for stuffing. They were so alert and energetic, and saw everything in the light of fixing it up and making it look nice—it was a joy to be able to give them something. We wished that it could have been more. We have promised to visit them and the children when they "get all fixed up."

Anyway, that was the furniture for our new room; but more will be in. It always happens that way. It would be wonderful if we could get a piece of linoleum for the floor — the room is about 10 x 12. The wood is so rough, it is difficult to even keep it mopped and clean; one must always use a broom.

One lovely thing has been given for the room: A beautiful reproduction of Raphael's "Madonna of the Chair," which our old friend, Miss Weise, picked up in some old store. The frame is chipped in several places, but Harry Shea, the one-legged painter, worked on it with plastic wood and bronze paint, and it will look fine over the mantelpiece. It is all of three-feet square, and the coloring is beautiful.

It will be another week or even two before everything is in order, but we are all working together for it and waiting to see what will come out!

When I had hens. I kept a jar of cornmeal near the sink and rubbed all my dirty plates and dishes with the cornmeal before washing. This added grease and gravy and bits of food to the cornmeal which was fed to the hens, and cleaned the dishes so they were easy to wash. As my pump was outside on the porch, it was a great way to save water. I did not invent it; a neighbor showed me.

M. L.

"Suffer Little Children To Come Unto Me"

"Amongst all sufferers, we point out the children, who in these days vividly recall the Infant of Bethlehem, friend of the little and innocent ones. He, who defends them from harm, rising severely against all forms of scandal, harming them, today, by our voice, is made their defense against earthly evils, outstretching His hand to them and for them, who are the first among His least brethren, repeating: 'For I was hungry, and you gave me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took me in; naked, and you covered me.'"

"Our heart trembles thinking over the misfortunes of these tender offspring who have barely entered life and are so soon condemned to taste only its bitterness and to experience such hard hearts of men, whose glory should be to procure their happiness."

"We embrace and bless these little ones with much greater affection, even if our possibilities of aiding them are inferior to their needs. And still again we have confidence powerful ones will do honor to the good traditions of real civilization by not permitting the children of belligerent nations, or those in any way tormented by war, to undergo unmerited sufferings in so many calamitous vicissitudes."

—Pius XII, Dec. 1940.

Our Victory

This is the victory which overcometh the world, our Faith.

—John v. 4.



Grave Injustice to Japanese

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wounded were printed, there would be wholesale slaughter." This is the opinion of one acquaintance in Los Angeles, which I heard voiced quite often since. Such a sentiment does not speak well for America. Have we then as a nation so little confidence in our police, in lawfully constituted authority or do we so lightly expect mob violence?

Some bitterness is expressed at the pampering of the Japanese. "They are living the life of Riley," an acquaintance in Portland said. As if to live without work and in imprisonment is something pleasurable to look forward. All who have ever been prisoners know that to live behind bars without occupation is torture.

"It is because it is impossible to tell the Chinese and Japanese apart that this move is taken," others say. And there are lurid tales of respected Japanese citizens who have been discovered to be spies.

Misery and Bewilderment

I have read a number of letters from Japanese girls to school mates, from mothers of families to friends of ours. All speak of bitter misery and bewilderment.

"There are flood lights turned on us at night," one letter said. (A friend of ours in New York, a woman doctor who had been put in a German concentration camp for a year, had complained of just such a light which kept anyone in the prison camp from sleeping.)

"There is no privacy," another letter read. "There are long rows of toilets, all facing each other, with no partitions in between, and rows of showers. It is very cold out here, because the building is full of knot-holes. There is no place for the children, we hear their crying all night and all day."

Degradation of Human Being

We drove around the detention camp for the Japanese at Portland, and it is a stockyard where cattle shows have been held which is being used to hold some thousands, until they are moved to a more permanent place. We could wave to some friends and neighbors of the people we were staying with but there was no chance to stop to talk. We drove past the race track outside of San Francisco also where we saw lines of people

waiting for their meal, others looking through the high wire fences which are topped with barbed wire.

Sentries parole these stockyards and race tracks and on some sides there are towers like those around prison walls where soldiers keep watch night and day.

Whole families are in little rooms which are built like cells and the partitions of which do not reach the ceiling in the camp outside Seattle. I read letters from this encampment as well as from the one outside Portland and the stories were substantially the same. The enforced idleness, the imprisonment, the lack of privacy, the enforced association with criminal types, in two letters insufficient food was commented on.

Some Alleviation

Maryknoll priests are permitted to go within the enclosure on Sundays to offer up Mass, and a few nuns have gained entrance with them to teach catechism. But the time they are allowed on Sunday morning is all too short.

There was some attempt to transfer students from coast colleges to other states, but in one case at least there were bad results. The students, some girls, were transferred to Moscow, Idaho, there was a threat from a few men of mob violence, the girls were taken to jail for a few nights, and then through the influence of friends transferred to another college, at Pullman, Washington, where a town meeting of citizens clarified public opinion and insured proper treatment of the young students.

Most of the prisoners are hoping to be released to go inland, to other cities and start life anew, away from the pacific coast area. They are urging their friends to try to affect this release. But in general the spirit of the Japanese, though they have submitted in dignified silence, is one of hopeless misery. They are the first victims of war in this country, and if we did not cry out against this injustice done them, if we did not try to protest it, we would be failing in two of the works of mercy, which are to visit the prisoner, and to ransom the captive.

We beg the prayers of our readers, for these potential members of the Mystical Body of Christ.

CATHOLIC WORKER

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THE CATHOLIC WORKER MOVEMENT

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IN SUNDRY TIMES AND PLACES

Glendive, Montana, May 29, 3:30 a.m.

All around stretch the sugar beet fields (for which is proposed Japanese labor). In the East the sky is apple green. A brisk wind blows down the main street as I wait for a bus to take me on to Minneapolis. It will get in at 10:30 tonight. It takes two days across this third largest state in the union.

Even in the smallest towns one does not get away from the war. Man power diminished, homes broken up. In every bus there are soldiers and sailors going home for, or returning from, leave.

My seat companion, a blonde Scandinavian girl from Minnesota, who has slept in the most relaxed way all day yesterday against me, offers me a magazine to read. It is the Cosmopolitan. I had just been reading Father Stedman's little edition of the New Testament—some beautiful lines from St. Paul's epistle to the Philippians.

One of the first articles in the magazine which struck my eye was on the training of the commandos over in England, teaching young men to be "hard-bitten, ferocious, tough, ruthless, learning to kill the way the enemy kills."

The new tactics in training introduced by Sir James Grigg, Minister of War, include turning God's beautiful countryside into a "modern hell." Animals entrails obtained from a local slaughter house, hung on barbed wire to simulate the sights and smells of modern battlefields.

"Loudspeakers blare out noises of modern battle. The roar of planes, the scream sirens make as dive-bombers roar down at you, shrieks of the wounded, moans of the dying. . . ." Men going into action without food, drink or sleep.

Instructors goading men on with insult and recriminations. "What's the matter? Are you afraid? Yellow, eh? Remember Dunkirk? Remember Crete where they killed your brother! Remember Hong King where they raped your sister! You're soft! You're yellow! They'll rape; your mother if you don't catch them. Why are you waiting. Hurry, you're late, you're soft, you're yellow!"

"The article goes on to describe the "mad frenzy of the men. . . . They got almost maniacal." Bayonets to be taken away because "battle-maddened students got too realistic and charged anyone in sight."

The article is entitled: "Every Man a Commando."

On all sides of me were scenes of beauty as I read. Snow-capped mountains, birds singing on fenceposts, herds of sheep, swollen streams, lush pastures, blue skies and a long road ahead.

Think on These Things

And the passage that I had been reading in the New Testament, Phil. 4: 8-9, was:

"Whatever things are true, whatever honorable, whatever just, whatever holy, whatever lovable, whatever of good repute, if there be any virtue, if anything worthy of praise, think on these things. And what you have learned and received and heard and seen in me, these things practice. And the God of peace will be with you."

A far cry indeed!

Retreats . . . for Men and Women

RETREATS FOR MEN:—

Sunday, July 19th to Sunday, July 26th, inclusive.

Sunday, August 9th to Sunday, August 16th, inclusive.

RETREATS FOR WOMEN:—

Sunday, July 5th to Sunday, July 12th, inclusive.

Sunday, August 2nd to Sunday, August 9th, inclusive.

Retreats begin Sunday Evenings at 7:30 o'clock and close the following Sunday morning after Mass.

For further information, write or call

Father Farina, St. Anthony Village, Oakmont, Pa.—Oakmont 871

Oakmont may be reached by bus or train from Union Station, Pittsburgh, or Greyhound Bus Station, Pittsburgh.

Oakmont is 15 miles from Pittsburgh.

RETREATS

The more the activities of the Catholic Worker spread, the more the movement grows, the more we are convinced that a yearly retreat is absolutely necessary for all those interested in no matter how small a way in the apostolate. So we call attention to the above notice of retreats. Fathers Hugo and Farina, give the retreats, and it, was the

DAY AFTER DAY

(Continued from page 1)

given to it, the Northwest Progress, diocesan paper of Seattle, printed it entirely, but many of the diocesan papers contented themselves with a few paragraphs. The Pope is our leader, our general, he represents Christ on earth, he is the successor of Peter. If only we would hearken to him!

Reading

My reading has contributed to this peace of mind. "Hearken to the Voice," by Franz Werfel, is the story of Jeremiah, a long book of 800 pages, and I read it in Los Angeles and on the bus coming to San Francisco. Peter Maurin says the way to study history is through Bible history and the history of the Church. We will have then a philosophy of history, a perspective. Certainly a study of the Old Testament in these times helps



A. de Bethune

one to the long view, makes one think in the light of eternity.

My library, as I travel, is made up of missal, Bible, short breviary, the Life of Janet Erskine Stuart, her travels and letters, and the last number of Land and Home, Monsignor Ligutti's rural life journal. Whenever I read the Bible on the bus, someone asks me if I am a Seventh Day Adventist or a Jehovah's Witness!

Spokane

I am just resting in Spokane for a day between buses in order to write this column and catch up on some letters. I am the guest as usual of Marycliff where the Franciscan Sisters teach. I'm not trying to see any more schools as this is a bad time of the year, crowded with examinations and graduation. Tomorrow I leave for Butte, then Dickinson the next day, and the night of the third

former who gave the Catholic Worker group its retreat last August down on the farm at Easton, and whose articles on the spiritual life have been published ever since in the columns of this paper.

"Without me you can do nothing!"

We must put on Christ, and to do this we need this week of spiritual work, of study, of prayer. We need the full week, and that is hard for these priests to fit it into their schedule. They have suggested that the members of the Catholic Worker groups make their retreat at Oakmont, just outside of Pittsburgh, this year. If we have it there, it means that several priests can assist in giving the retreat, they are closer to their own duties, one of which is to lead in the evening street speaking of the Catholic Evidence Guild.

Of course Pittsburgh is centrally located for all our Eastern houses and yet on the other hand, one of the important considerations is that when we have it at Easton, all the farm, and many more from New York may attend.

So for the sake of all those in New York and the farm, who due to family reasons and work are not able to make the long retreat at Pittsburgh, we shall have a retreat at Easton as usual this year from August 24-31, the retreat master to be announced in the July-August issue of the paper,

day I'll be in Minneapolis to visit our house there. It is a long jump across country and that trip over the plains makes me think of Russia (which I have never visited) and the various accounts of travel in that land. Thinking of that vast land on the other side of the world, as I cross the plains of Montana and North Dakota, will somehow make me feel closer to home.

Rumors

But in Seattle one does not feel that Russia or Japan are far off. Rumor had it, while I was there, that a few aircraft carriers were lurking in waters between Seattle and Alaska, and that invasion, or attack, was imminent. Everyone is convinced that almost anything can happen in this war, and in spite of the optimism decried by the president, the expectation on the west coast is that our huge navy yards, ship yards, aviation plants will sooner or later be bombed. Not that there is any sense of hysteria. As the Italian saying has it, "everyone's misfortune is no one's misfortune. In general no one seems to realize the war except as a gigantic adventure and a great prosperity suddenly descending upon us. There is more money than anyone has seen for a long time and people are stocking up on clothes, electric iceboxes, stoves and other equipment that is still being sold, and the stores still seem to be pretty full. There are evidences of boondoggling on a large scale, at big salaries, and when I think of the men on WPA accused of leaning on their shovels (in the face of the tremendous public works they accomplished) and at the miserable salaries the public complained of I could weep.

Looking at the country and its people aside from the supernatural point of view, it is a discouraging sight. Practically every young man is effected, women are threatened with mobilization, and pagan attitudes prevail. There is a more determined turning to creatures and away from God. God help us all.

Seattle, Washington

For once a mild day, and as yet no rain, though it threatens. I am sitting on the top of a hill, in a lovely garden outside of Our Lady of Lourdes Church where we are having a "day," beginning with solemn high Mass at ten and ending with Benediction at three. The Church is a small wooden one holding about 500 people. It has been a rural

Italian parish but now one of the Boeing aircraft plants is down one valley and workers' homes dot the country side in the other. But it is still country, nevertheless, with cows grazing in an orchard, birds singing in the meadow. In the field on the other side of the church within 100 feet of me as I write these notes, a huge monster of a barrage balloon shaped like a fish, is tethered to the ground, and around it are tents and huts for soldiers.

On the other side, in a lovely little monastery garden, there is a machine gun nest and an anti-aircraft nest set up, all camouflaged, surrounded with sandbags, and covered with branches. This is within the precincts of the church garden itself and I thought of Spain and how the priests were accused of setting up machine guns in the turrets of their bell towers. I do not doubt but that if the army wanted the bell tower of any church in America, they would be moving right in.

In the prayers I was reading, "behold the works of the Lord and make his works resound!", but see the works of men.

When I arrived in Seattle there were a dozen of our fellow workers at the station and it was suggested that I have this little day of quiet out in West Seattle on this beautiful mount. But how hard it is to close the eyes to the works of men. Seattle is the most militarized section of the country I've seen yet. Encampments, navy yards, ship yards, airplane plants, lumber mills and everything guarded heavily so that even in the city the vacant lots have huts and tents. Over Bremerton, across the bay, the air is filled with barrage balloons, but hereabouts today they are all tethered in the fields looking like nothing else but grotesque idols, deities of the state, served by a uniformed priesthood who put their trust in all these works of their lands, to save them from the wrath of the Lord. Meanwhile "His eyes look searchingly upon the nations."

Practicing Murder

On the way over, one field was full of soldiers practicing bayonet drill. The crouching attitudes as of wild beasts, the lunges, the springs, the stabings, the grimaces, gave the heart a fearful wrench. And these are men, creatures of body and of soul, temples of the Holy Spirit.

However, Pere Yves of Paris writes, "to judge badly of human nature is to judge of the sun by its eclipse, of the flower when it is faded." In these attitudes we are seeing men as they have become perverted by the fall, not as they can be by virtue, of the resurrection and ascension of our Lord.

Augustus Bown

One of the best visits on this trip was to the home of Augustus Bown, longshoreman, union man, father of seven, the eldest of whom is an expert pianist and who has won a scholarship at Maryhurst College in Portland. Edith Mary accompanied Marion Anderson, the singer, when she visited here, and it looks as though she, too, was going to be a genius of whom her race and the rest of us can be proud. Mr. Bown told us of the struggles the union had to keep the gains that it had made, and the

(Continued on page 6)

"Vitamins" and Common Sense

Reprinted from April issue of The Christian Farmer.

(By Father Clarence Duffy)

A recent official announcement stated that 45 millions of the people of the United States are suffering from malnutrition. Considering what most city people use for food, that is not a very surprising announcement. High powered pseudoscientific sales talk intended to impress and persuade the buying public has made the city dwellers extremely "vitamin" conscious, to the great satisfaction of the makers and sellers of "vitamins" and denatured foods. If a preparation is advertised as containing "vitamins" countless thousands of overcredulous and unthinking people will rush to purchase it for themselves and their children.

Natural Food and Good Health

And why not? Do not the trust-inspiring and beguiling voices from their radio sets impress upon them every hour of the day and night the health giving and strength building nature of the "vitamin" charged wares of the purchasers of radio time, and do not a great many medical men affirm in public and private that without "vitamins" and drugs of various kinds modern men and women cannot live? Their forefathers never heard of "vitamins" or the high-fallutin supplementary drugs that often go with them. They did hear of and they ate a balanced diet of good, natural food and they thrived on it. They were pioneers, not drug store addicts. They were strong and healthy, not soft and sickly. Until the easily impressed and superficial city dweller hears of it, and eats it too, he will go on suffering from malnutrition, indigestion, weak heart, bad lungs, weak eyes and decaying teeth. All the "vitamins" and drugs in the world will not make him any better. They will, in fact, make him worse.

Farmers and Counterfeits

There is an excuse for the artificially living city dweller. He has got away from nature and simple things and, in many instances, because he allows others to do his thinking for him, he is too lazy to think for himself. Life has been deliberately complicated for him by "smart" men who grow rich on his credulity and on the complications invented and carefully fostered by themselves. But what is to be said for the farmer and his family who can produce the real thing, who should appreciate the difference between it and counterfeits, but who fall for the sales talk of the vendors of denatured and needled substitutes? What is to be said of the farmer who sells his own good food at a low price and pays double the price for inferior counterfeits? He deserves all the ill health and misfortune that his irrational conduct brings upon him.

Greed and Sloth

Thinking in terms of money and often acting because of sloth—he and his wife and family want the short, easy way—he sells the good things which he raises for the sake of satisfying a craving for contact with money. Often he has to purchase commodities similar to those he sells or could

A Whole Church in a Broken World

(Continued from page 1)

out (from)", and that points to an aspect of the Church that is too easily lost sight of: we are a people called out by God, set apart—yet among—our fellows for his purposes.

Roman and Orthodox

With the word Church we commonly associate the adjective Catholic, and that again is of Greek origin, *katholikos*, universal. Historically this word has been variously interpreted. On the extreme "right" (so to speak) its connotation among Roman Catholics is commonly that of world-wide distribution, teaching all religious truth, the one ark of salvation for all people; whereas on the "left" the Russian Orthodox (and for that matter Russians and Ukrainians in communion with the Holy See) translate *katholikos* in the Nicene Creed by a word having no etymological affinity with the Greek. And that word, *soborny*, defies definition in English: it has been rendered "wholeness," "symphony," "togetherness," and so forth, and puts in the first place that idea of *integralness* which is certainly included in the Western concept of "Catholic" but among us is too much obscured by more external considerations.

Uncatholic or Bad

I could say a lot about the use of this word Catholic, but can refer to only one point now. We in the West properly attach much importance to the word (words are symbols of things); but remember that in the East its place is taken by "Orthodox", and in other historical circumstances we Catholics might have specified ourselves as "right-believing" or "one" or "apostolic", all equally with catholicity characters of the church. (Incidentally how often we degrade this noble epithet Catholic to the level of a party-label, a slogan, a shibboleth. We speak, for example, of this or that being "uncatholic", presumably meaning thereby "false" or "bad". Then why not say so? Otherwise it may seem we recognize two sorts of truth or goodness, Catholic and another sort—which is exactly what some of our opponents say we do! At the lowest we sink to saying that for girls to wear trousers, or

produce and keep. He pays double and treble the selling price of these things and then, while supplementing his diet with substitutes akin to the Biblical "husks of swine," he wonders "why farming does not pay."

Bees and Honey

Granulated, chemically-processed denatured white sugar is now being rationed. Tea is getting scarcer. Coffee may also be rationed. The elimination or curtailment of these items may be a hardship on many people who have used them to excess and to the exclusion of nutritive food, but the true natural foods they will be forced to use in their stead will make up for the "hardship" by the bestowing of good health. It is time for farmers to think of bees and honey. If they have the latter they will not have to worry about the scarcity of inferior and denatured white sugar, nor will some of them be bothered so much with diabetes or other deficiency diseases.

the celebration of the Holy Mysteries in English—or Latin—or a married priest, or the advocacy of common ownership, is "uncatholic". Is it any wonder that religion is called dope and that exasperation with us drives revolutionaries to the wildest crimes, e.g., clergy and nuns in Spain?). The fact is the Church of Christ has no official and universally recognized name—the fathers of the Vatican Council spent a long time discussing what she should for convenience be called in their decisions. She is simply The Church.

The Visible Church

The composition of this One Church has two principal aspects. The commoner and more familiar one among Catholics is the external, visible aspect, as a more or less clearly delimited organization of living persons, united under a pope or patriarchs and other bishops, assisted by lower clergy of various grades: the whole with the laity organized in a strict hierarchy of order and jurisdiction, and subject to a system of canon or ecclesiastical law, rules of worship and conduct, and custom.

How does one become a visible member of this visible Church?

By baptism. Baptism admits to the Church: that is common ground to Episcopalians, Roman Catholics and Orthodox. Simplicity itself.

But is it? Roman Catholics who know anything at all about the Episcopalian Church must admit that most, perhaps all, of her members are validly baptized—but they deny that Episcopalians are Catholics, they refer to them as "outside the Church". Episcopalians in their turn regard Nonconformists in the same way, though many Nonconformists are certainly baptized.

Or again, we speak of excommunication as "turning a man out of the Church". Were it so the man would have to be rebaptized upon his repentance—but he is not, for nobody can be baptized twice. In fact, excommunication cuts off the offender from the fellowship of his fellow Christians—a very different thing.

Demarcation Line?

To show how far from simple the matter is, I give you an extract from an article in a recent issue of *Blackfriars* by Father Victor White, O.P., who puts what I want to say far better than I could myself.

"We assume that the whole of mankind can be simply divided into Catholics and non-Catholics, with a very clear line of demarcation between them. Do we not know perfectly well that Mr. A. is a Catholic and that Mrs. B. is not? Do not the statisticians of our directories and year-books tell us down to the last unit just how many Catholics and non-Catholics there are in each locality?—in the whole world? Our own experience should tell us that those statistics should not be swallowed without many grains of salt. For besides Mr. A. and Mrs. B. there is Mr. X. All that is known of Mr. X is that his mother was a Catholic, that he was presumably baptized by a Catholic priest, that he never goes inside a church, that he married in a registry office,

that he tells his friends he has 'no religion,' but on joining the army was heard to say that if he had to have a religion he 'supposed he was R. C.' Mrs. Y., on the other hand, has never had any dealings with Catholicism at all, but she is the most saintly, Christlike person you have ever met. She seems to 'live the Mass,' though she has never attended Mass in her life. Will you assert categorically that she is in no sense a 'member of the Church'? Perhaps; but then there is Miss Z., who has 'lapsed' gradually and imperceptibly. At her convent school she was the pride of the Children of Mary; now she calls herself an agnostic. Who will say at what split second she ceased to be a Catholic and became a non-Catholic? Who will say she is in no sense a Catholic even now? Then, there is the Comte de Quelquechose, who is certainly not *pratiquant*, but is *tres catholique* at the elections. And Mexican peons adorned with scapulars and holy medals who burn down churches and shoot up priests. Visibility of membership, in other words, can be very variable indeed. The last available *Wer ist's* (the German *Who's Who*) still listed as *katholisch* a certain Hitler, Adolf—and Goebbels, Dr. Paul Joseph."

This was written by a Roman Catholic for Roman Catholics, but it applies *mutatis mutandis* to Episcopalians and others.

Complexity

Clearly we are standing at the edge of a field of very complex theology, and this is not the time and place to explore it even were I qualified to do so—which I am not. But ponder this statement of a solid and talented theologian, the late Cardinal Billot (quoted by Father Victor White):

"The visibility of the Church belongs to the body in general: not to each of its members taken singly . . . Hence this visibility does not require that there should be no doubt whether any individual belongs to the Church or not, but it suffices that there should be certainty regarding many of its members."

"Evidently, then," Father Victor goes on,

Something Wrong

"There is something wrong with the facile assumption that the distinction of Catholics from non-Catholics, of members of the Church from non-members of the Church, is always a manifest one. Certainly there are those who clearly are such, and those who pretty clearly are not. But we do not need any theology to tell us that we should be rid of the idea that the Church is a highly exclusive club in the sense that one is either wholly inside it or wholly outside it. Certainly the Church is visible, and visible by reason of the visibility of her members and her organization. But the edges are very blurred.

Appearances Are Deceiving

"If then we are to find a satisfactory answer to the question, 'Who are members of the Church?' we cannot rely wholly on appearances. Not only are appearances sometimes very uncertain, they may sometimes be wholly deceptive. It is not impossible for a man to practise and profess the Catholic religion externally and yet to be a complete atheist in his heart."

So we came to the other great aspect of the Church,

The Voice Of Trappist Silence

By FRED L. HOLMES,

Longmans, Green & Co., \$2.50

In 114 pages Mr. Holmes describes the Trappist way of life, their poverty, their silence, their work in the choir, in the fields, very simply and briefly. He has dozens of beautiful pictures of the three monasteries in this country, of Trappists at work, at prayer, their rooms and these pictures account for the brevity of the story, for each of them, tell a "thousand words." Mr. Holmes believes with Franklin that "he who will introduce into public affairs the principles of primitive Christianity will revolutionize the world." And if "the voice" of simple Christian living is spread through this book, as I think it will be to anyone who reads it, it will be well worth all the effort and thought and work, it took to complete this book.

Most of us have heard a lot of the Trappist but few knew much actually about them in detail. Mr. Holmes was given permission to question many of them, visit them on Holy Thursday (the only layman ever to witness their ceremonies on that day) and make many retreats with them. We always think of Trappists keeping holy silence but the author points out that they spend six hours each day in giving glory and in thanksgiving to God. They only give up unnecessary talking—the kind most of us indulge in. The Chapter on Poverty should be required reading for all Catholic Workers, and those who can't understand why anyone should want to be poor.

It is impossible to adequately review this book without quoting most of it. Our American way of life could do with the practicing of this "primitive Christianity."

Julia Purcelli.

sometimes called "The Invisible Church." This is a bad expression (as bad as "the soul of the Church." Cf., Father Victor's article). There is only ONE Church: and some of her members are certain, visibly members, externally (and internally) members; but others of them are members invisibly, internally, only.

You and I, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, may differ as to who are visibly members of the Church: but we are in agreement that all men and women of good will, who want to do God's will (even though their idea of God may be woefully inadequate, and their knowledge of Christ non-existent), that all such are members of Christ's Church—invisibly.

We Can't Judge

We all think, very rashly, that we can recognize who constitute the Church visibly. But in her widest extension, her truest and "most Catholic" sense the Church consists of those whom GOD recognizes to be his members.

I am not trying to minimize the importance of the external organized aspect of the Church, the horrors of disunity, the urgent necessity of us all to work for better understanding as one preliminary to a future far-off reunion. I am trying to restore (if it be necessary) a balance in your minds.

Invisible membership is as

(Continued on page 7)

CIVILIAN PUBLIC SERVICE CAMPS

This letter has been delayed a month and so there is much news to catch up on. Frank Bates is back after reconsideration of his decision. We are glad that he has done what he thought best.

Mrs. Hower has left us. She has gone to her farm in Vermont, adjoining Saint Francis Farm in Cuttingsville. She hopes that some of the fellows from the camp will join her after the war and, with their wives, become a part of the Christian community there.

Mrs. Hower was with us for some eight months, in the hardest part of the year. She worked for nothing, at times hardly even thanks. She was our nurse, dietitian and cook—but she was more than that. She taught us much of Christian life—a life of simplicity, of charity, of prayer. Her efforts and her real love for each of us gave the camp a tone, an inspiring atmosphere, that we hope will last.

Self-Sacrifice

Many of us have rebelled against the demands that that atmosphere has made upon us. We have hated that call to self-sacrifice. Yet it is self-sacrifice that has given the camp what spirit it has. It has made life under very trying conditions not only livable but valuable. It has brought us just a little nearer to our goal.

And Mrs. Hower left us something of her heritage of rugged New England independence. She taught us to make use of the things at hand. To thank God for his gifts and to use them. Even now she is growing food for us.

Self-Maintenance

We are almost entirely self-maintained as far as direction is concerned. Mr. Wilson, the Forest supervisor, myself, and the Doctor in Keene are the only outsiders.

Danny Ford, ex-Boston fireman, is our cook—and good. He bakes bread from flour we grind ourselves. He makes soups of every known—and some unknown—combinations of vegetables and left-overs. He keeps us satisfied—or almost so—at a cost of about 12c a meal. And besides all the cooking he has been spending afternoons rolling rocks out of our typically rocky New England garden.

Farming

We are getting about two acres worked into shape and hope to raise our own potatoes, dry beans, some onions, and as many other vegetables as we can. It is during the summer that food is plentiful. We can eat fresh fruits and vegetables and store up their energies and vitamins for the long winter.

Our chickens, under the care of Bill Strube who hardly knew what chickens looked like before he came here, are growing tremendously. We will have many a chicken dinner this fall—and eggs this winter. And we are learning to do without the advertising of the feed stores. We grind our own feed and give the chicks skim milk and scraps for the balance. It is cheaper and better than the prepared feeds.

Several of the men are becoming more or less experienced farmers. They will be better prepared when they lead the way to independence.

and a simple Christian life... the life on the land. They will be able to build for peace from the ground up.

Hospital Work

Three more men have left for the hospital in Chicago. There are now 14 men there from Stoddard. One has been deferred since arriving in Chicago. Nine are preparing to start the nurses course in September. The other five are doing maintenance work around the hospital. There are about 18 men from other camps also taking the nurses' course.

Four men have arrived here since April. One man has been discharged for physical disability. Another boy, member of Father Divine's group was assigned but refused to report. Another man, Melvil Baxter, who came to Stoddard from a Quaker camp, has asked for reclassification as 1-A-O. He wants to do non-combat work in the Army because he feels that his desire for an Allied victory requires more of him than he can do in a CO camp.

We have had our share of troubles this month. Bill MacArthur, who also came from a Quaker camp, had an operation on his knee. He is up now and as active as ever, thanks to expert medical care. George LeHay has just recovered from a case of measles. The doctor was very pleased with our amateur nurses. He said that George received better care than most. And a friend has already paid the bills. A check for \$200 came just as we were down to our last dollar.

But our expenses are mounting. Prices are rising, more men are arriving—it is costing more to maintain the camp. We ask you to help us if you can—and in any case to pray for us.

C. P. S. Camp 25
Alexian Brothers Hospital
1200 Belden Ave.
Chicago, Ill.
Vigil of Pentecost

Dear Fellow Workers:

Father O'Brien writes a superb article in the May 24th issue of Our Sunday Visitor. It is one of his series on the building of character and is called "Life's Supreme Achievement." He shows the power of love over hatred. The supreme achievement is forgiveness of one's enemies. This is surely the folly of the Cross. "To love those who hate us is the distinctive mark of the true Christian, the unfailing test of nobility of character. . . . The highest courage and the greatest heroism are found not in the deeds of carnage and slaughter but in a refusal to strike back, in forgiveness." What a relief it is to read this article after the daily menu of cries for vengeance and vindictiveness which are not limited to the secular papers. It is very difficult to see how justice and charity, for example, can make aggressiveness and vindication mandatory. "The Lord is the God to whom revenge belongeth. . . . And vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

The jubilee sermon of our Holy Father finds a welcome echo in our hearts. We, too, can say: "Give us back our peace-time occupations." Those of us who tried to find love of God in love of His poor desire peace, especially. Our experience at the hospital will better

prepare us for relieving pain and suffering. We are grateful for that. But most of our patients can afford to pay for their care or part of it.

Sacrifice & Suffering

We have not really been touched by the war. Sugar is rationed, but the rations are more than we were accustomed to have in the house of hospitality. I do not feel that we have the "serene and unlimited readiness for sacrifice and suffering" of which Pope Pius spoke. The peacemaker must be ready, however, to give up more for his cause than the soldier will sacrifice in war. Sacrifice is the essence of love. Without it there is no love. It is disturbing to find that for some people, pacifism is becoming a new religion, instead of being an integral part of the Christian life. Worldliness, the desire for material comforts, are our greatest enemies.

The Gospel of Peace

Peace is the fruit of justice. It is one of the gifts of the Holy Spirit, the Light of all who live. Tomorrow we celebrate His coming upon the apostles. He gave them the courage to preach Christ crucified everywhere, to count as joy the blows which they received for doing good. May He give us the courage to preach the gospel of peace and the strength to love those who will not hear it.

Nine more men have been transferred to our unit from other C. P. S. camps. Three more are still to come from Stoddard. We have learned that other hospitals are requesting help and are happy that other C. O.'s will have this same opportunity to serve the sick. The Works of Mercy will always be a short cut to love of God if done for the right motive.

In Christ,
Jim Rogan.



PROTEST REDUCED DRAFT AGE NOW

Boys of 18 and 19 must register on June 30, but so far are not liable for military service after registration. Mr. Roosevelt and General Hershey (Director, Selective Service System) expect to confer on this in a day or two. Sentiment in Congress, however, is not favorable to drafting such young boys. Write at once five short personal letters to the President, to your Senators, to your Congressmen and Congressmen-at-large, urging that boys under 20 are still physically immature and that it is vital to the future of the country for them to finish their education. In China students are not drafted to the armed forces.

DAY AFTER DAY

(Continued from page 4)

threat of administration representatives to bring in a "labor battalion" to take the place of union men.

The high wages the men are getting at present are for dangerous and onerous work, and Mr. Bown himself is just paying off his debts after lean years, and at that is having a hard time getting all his children clothed and educated, even on the salary which now insures what the Holy Father calls modest comfort for the working man. They are buying their own home (sixteen dollars a month payments) and Mrs. Bown pointed with pride to the great living room where it is possible to have meetings. Last time I was in Seattle we had a meeting in her home and we were bulging out the windows, there were so many there.

Thanks to the efforts of this valiant woman, a center for Negro work has been set up in the neighborhood, named after Catherine de Hueck's *Friendship House*, and its patron is the Blessed Martin de Porres. Sister Bernard, of the Sisters of Providence, is in charge of the work, and she and Miss Egan have done a noble job of cleaning and painting and gardening around the roomy house that Bishop Shaughnessy bought for them.

Bishops

During this trip I have seen Bishop Kelley, Bishop McGucken, Arch-Bishop Cantwell and Bishop Shaughnessy of Seattle and all have been very cordial and friendly.

Archbishop Cantwell, in speaking of the apostolate of the laity, called attention to Fr. William O'Connor's recent book on the lay apostolate which has just been published by Bruce. He also mentioned that he enjoyed Carleton Hayes' book "A Generation of Materialism."

With Bishop Shaughnessy's permission I spoke at the seminary at Seattle. I also spoke at Friendship House and twice at the House of Hospitality, which continues though, of course, the need right now is much less.

Of all the Seattle group, Norman Hawkins, Tommy Scanlon, Ford Tuohy and Phil Hargreaves are now in the army, the latter classified as IAO, for non-combatant work.

Of those that remain H. K. Kendall, who lived at the House for a while as its leader, is interested in a paper of his own, *Social Action*, and in a group at present called the Resurgents, made up of Bob Campbell, Buck Williams who are also interested and are officers of the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists.

West Coast Houses

So the House of Hospitality is being managed by Isabel MacRae and those who remain of the group will work under her leadership. She cannot, of course, live at the house, but an old fellow worker, Robert Keith, still strong and active, is running things with the help of a former truck driver and some half dozen others. A bread line is kept going and about a hundred and fifty are fed a day. Only about ten are put up right now, but the house will hold about twenty.

The House in Sacramento, which was bought by the Bishop for the work still goes on, though the night I was there, there were only half a dozen in the house. There was Arthur Ronz, a young fellow, part Bohemian and part

Mexican by blood, but pure United States by upbringing, who started the house under the Bishop, and is in charge. Two priests, Father Lyons and Father McHugh, have helped constantly. Dick Davis was cooking while I was there his job had been cooking for railroad gangs and he was just resting up between jobs. There were two migrants, on their way to the asparagus beds around Reno, and a sick ship yard worker who was going to a clinic for some excruciating sinus pains in his head that kept him from working.

All around the house are Mexicans who work thinning beets and that morning as I awoke to go to a six-thirty mass a truck from the valley was loading up outside the window with a dozen women aged anywhere from 16 to 70. A grueling day of hard work ahead of them from dawn till dark, and then we complain of fatigue!

Arthur's work has been so good that rumor has it a larger building will be taken for the future, and then the Sacramento bishopric will indeed have a hospice.

Los Angeles

The Los Angeles House of Hospitality, under John Wagner and Jeanette, his wife, continues steadily, cheerfully on. It is in one of the poorest neighborhoods of the city surrounded by Negroes and Mexicans, all of whom John tries to help. The house has a truck and picks up sufficient food, not only for the line, but also for the desert camp where always a few men are recovering from some sickness or other, and even for neighbors who come in to get assistance. Jeanette takes care of the desert camp, which is a piece of property which belongs to her son and which they have built up not only for themselves, but for those in need. She is a woman of wide experience and knowledge with a tremendous vitality. We drove out to visit the camp with her and with some Los Angeles friends, and Jeanette introduced us to desert tea, which she can pick from a shrub growing around the house, to her turkeys, rabbits, and to a very good meal which she had on the table in a scant half hour after we got there. It is incalculable, the amount of good a house of this kind does in the "little ways" of the works of mercy. Jack has a benign spirit, and a steady watchful eye. If he sees a man sick on the line, he plucks him out and takes care of him out in the camp for a while.

That camp is one of the most beautiful places I have seen for a long time, set out as it is in the very heart of the desert which slopes steadily up to the mountains which loom on every side. Such beauty rejoices the heart.

It is hard to do justice to the work of such men as Jack Wanger, Arthur Ronz, H. K. Kendall, Ford Tuohy, Norman Hawkins and others who have lived in and helped these West Coast Houses of Hospitality at one time or another, and have kept the movement alive. War, family, other vocations have taken many from us and scattered them over the face of the world, but some will always remain, and we feel sure will be continuing the work when we return another year.

A Whole Church in a Broken World

(Continued from page 5)

much a part of Catholic teaching about the Church as is visible membership. But for historical reasons it has become obscured, as a result of heresies and schisms and all man's sinfulness. All "denominations" are on the defensive, retired behind Maginotlines; we are exclusive and sectarian.

Schism and Sectarianism

Schism is a fearful rending of the mystical body of Christ. But so also is sectarianism among the orthodox, among those who "profess and call themselves Catholics." In the name of the unity and catholicity of the Church we perpetuate the most awful crimes against Christian charity—and we invoke "the rights of truth" to justify ourselves. Truth has no rights. Rights pertain only to persons, and truth is not a person—except in one sense. "I am the way, the truth and the life." But Christ has no rights, God has no rights—he is above and apart from all such concepts: He is the Most High. We talk of charity—and act as if bounds could be set to God's love: we canonize the faults of our "denomination", and magnify those of our neighbour's; worst of all, we decry and minimize his love and virtues and achievements—because he is "not a Catholic."

Father Victor White reminds us of what St. Thomas Aquinas said of those who are in error, heresy and schism, unknowingly: "They are not heretics; they are only mistaken."

Divided

To return to the remark that started this somewhat disjointed train of thought, a remark prompted by the state of the world today. Certainly it is ghastly enough to see, for the second time in twenty-five years, most of the civilized peoples of the world at one another's throats—and Christians in the vanguard. It is particularly shocking to see how many Christian clergy, bishops, priests and curates, can apparently find no greater inspiration in their faith than to take attitudes and pursue policies almost, or quite, indistinguishable from those of men who make no Christian profession, so that in general the Christians of each warring nation follow uncritically the national party-line of their earthly country.

Not New

But don't worry!—this kind of world-wide hideous mess of sin and silliness is nothing new.

Cast your minds back to within three hundred years of the Crucifixion. The Church was then so in the grip of the devastating heresy called Arianism (nothing to do with Hitler's foolish Aryanism!) that it was said that the whole world was contaminated by it, and an heretical Roman emperor could ask Pope Liberius who he thought he was to stand up for the great upholder of orthodoxy, St. Athanasius, "contra mundum"—against the world. Think of the middle ages—"the ages of faith" and all that—with Christians of East and West slowly drifting apart, and the West convulsed by the so-called Great Schism, when there were two (and at one time three) men each claiming to be the true pope: and the truth so uncertain that there were subsequently canonized saints to be found on either side. Think of

the French Cardinal Richelieu, backing for reasons of power-politics the German and Swedish Protestant states against the Catholic ones, deliberately prolonging the horrors of the Thirty Years War, and the fanatical and "totalitarian" King Lewis XIV sowing the seeds—as Aldous Huxley has recently reminded us—of August, 1914, and September, 1939. Think of your own Church of England in the depths of the eighteenth century—and then, heralded by John Wesley, came the new dawn of the Oxford Movement.

It is sad indeed if bishops and other clergy, shepherds of the flock (*shepherds*, guides, overseers, not leaders—leading is not normally their job), are carried away by nationalist passions, by fear of Caesar, by human error.

But it is sadder and worse if for that reason ordinary people break, or even suffer themselves to be tempted to break, communion with them, or with others of their Christian fellows. Love suffers all things.

It is beyond words sad and discouraging that we should feel (as many do) that we are deprived in our earthly struggle of the support of a visibly united worldwide Church—but our Lord was at one moment, and that the most critical, deserted by all the apostles.

No Earthly Might

At best the Church properly understood is a *pusillus grex*, a little flock, nay, a feeble flock. We have no right or reason to expect the Church to be visibly all-embracing and powerful. Christ likened us to a bit of yeast, not to the world's wheat supply.

And he said, "Fear not, little flock." All deliberate Christians are one in Jesus Christ, whatever the external worldly appearances—and we must behave accordingly, in hearts and minds as well as outwardly. Not minimizing our serious disagreements or compromising what we believe to be the faith once delivered to the saints (God forbid!), but emphasizing in the first place that mystical unity and our great common ground of belief and conduct—and remembering always that God alone judges souls.

Sursum corda!—Let us then lift up our hearts.

The one undivided Church of Christ may be difficult to see outwardly; then, until it pleases God to enlighten us, here or hereafter, we have to be content to see as in a glass, darkly, bathing our souls in the certainty of the existence of that one undivided Church and our oneness therewith in love and faithfulness.

Transition

Hitler and Mussolini, Stalin and Franco, Roosevelt and Churchill—the things they represent are not the matter of divine revelation. *Sub specie aeternitatis*, seen in the light of timelessness, they are of no consequence, they will pass—as Alexander and the Roman Empire and the dark ages and the renaissance popes and the Spanish Inquisition and the Manchester-school industrialists have passed.

Stat Crux dum volvitur orbis: This world goes on its way, but the Cross stands steady.

Our first concern, yours and mine, is this, now and always: "We believe in God.... and in Jesus Christ.... and in the Holy Ghost.... and in the Church."

White and Colored Christians in Harlem

On Friday, June 12th, the eve of the feast of St. Anthony, Nick Kenny of the Daily Mirror will bring his Radio Gang of entertainers (whom you may have heard Saturday mornings over the ether waves) to St. Paul's Parish Hall, East 117th street, between Lexington and Park avenues, New York, to give a benefit performance for St. Anthony's Center, which is already known to readers of The Catholic Worker.

To Foster a Christian Life

The Center is situated on the fringes of Harlem and is intended to cater to the spiritual, educational, recreational and cultural needs of the people of the district many of whom are Puerto Ricans, some of whom are colored people and all, of whom are actual or potential members of the Mystical Body of Christ. Its primary object is not to make boys and girls, men and women, better and more prosperous Americans but to enable them to live as Christians who put God first at all times, who look upon themselves and all their fellow men as His children and act accordingly. The right kind of prosperity and Americanism will naturally result.

Your Help Needed

It is as yet in its infancy and has recently been taken over by the pastor of St. Paul's parish which, incidentally, is a very poor one. Funds are needed to enlarge and equip the Center, pay the rent for the first few months at any rate, and provide some of the many other material things necessary for its development. Nick Kenny's troupe of entertainers who are giving their services free will provide an opportunity for the people to come together. That is important. You who read this can also help in a small way by purchasing tickets for the evening. They can be secured from Father Clarence Duffy, The Catholic Worker, 115 Mott street, New York, or from Father Mendiola, St. Paul's Church, East 117th street, New York. Reserved seats are 55 cents; unreserved seats are 40 cents.

Plea for Peace

(Continued from page 1)

settles nothing... Nothing is gained by war that cannot be achieved by peace; in war all is lost.

"Blessed are the Peacemakers"

What, then, does elementary common sense dictate? Simply this: Bring the madness of war and its tragic futility to settle any problem to an immediate end by launching negotiations for peace at once. Stop the destruction of civilization. Stop the slaughter of the masses of mankind as though they were cattle. Bring the rulers to the conference table where alone can be worked out the conditions for a just and lasting peace. Eventually there must be a peace table. Why not before additional millions are killed, instead of afterwards?

Such is the plea of the Vicar of Christ, Pope Pius XII. Such is the inarticulate prayer and inner pleading of the masses of mankind the world over. Such is the plea implicit in the deathless words of Christ: "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

Letters From Readers

Los Angeles

Fellow Worker:

I am sending a few dollars to help the cause. Please mail a year's subscription to me; the balance consider as my small bit to help you in your noble work.

It is useless for me to try and express my appreciation for your work. My only regret is that I cannot assist more worthily. I feel that the common people (workers) need Christ more than any other class, as there are more of them, and I am in accord with your way of doing the job. The clergy is necessary, but they are not able to go on the job and teach the worker by example that Christ is a help and a benefit to the worker as well as the minimum wage law or other beneficial working condition.

Of course, I am just an ordinary worker (carpenter), and am



St. Thomas the Apostle

A. de Bethune

not able to express myself as clearly as I should. So my policy is to endeavor to live the teachings of Christ myself, so my fellow workers can choose between my way of living and that of the fellow who does not care to try and follow Christ. I do not think one must live in the Church all his spare moments or to be constantly chanting prayers, in order to follow the teachings of Christ. And my observation has been that those who do are generally the ones who have no thought or care for the poor and needy.

I trust I have not proven a bore to you with my ideas. You can know that I am for you in your work and that I always hand "The Worker" on when I have read it.

T. L.

St. Louis

Dear Brothers in Christ:

In your appealing letter one thing seems to stand out, and that is your complete trust in God's Providence. I am trying to develop that same spirit, for this reason I am enclosing a small offering, since it is only through God's Providence that I have this to give. For on the very day I received your letter, I received also a remembrance from an unexpected source.

Speculation

During history class some weeks ago we were speculating as to how the world would get back to God. We had seen that history seemed to be just one "up and down" after another as regards the relation of the world to God. And strange as it seems, each time the

worldly standards dropped to a very low level, then it was that some form of monasticism was inaugurated which would raise those standards and return the world to God.

Need for Ascetics

Needless to say, we are "down" now. After all our speculating, we concluded that again the reform would be some form of monasticism, but we never decided just what this form would be. However, I've been thinking and I personally think it will take on the form of the "ascetics," those early Christians who lived in their own homes, leading a normal life, yet practicing acts of prayer and mortification, performing works of charity; in other words, externally leading a normal life, yet internally leading a religious life. I may be wrong, more than likely I will be, but right now this seems to be the best and only way out. Just think, the world must be won for Christ; therefore, if each Christian would win his own little world, first himself, then his family, then all those he has regular contacts with, those he works with, those he recreates with, then the whole world is being won for Christ. And how else can it be won? And this seems to me will be direct result of Catholic Action, if and when, it is carried out as the past few Holy Fathers have stated it should be. These are merely a few ideas that were "burning" to be put on paper; if they seem sound to you, very well and good; if not, please accept them in the spirit they were given—anything to help the furtherance of Christ in the world today.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
J. P. C.

St. Dymphna

Editors,

The CATHOLIC WORKER:

Since many of your readers have inquired about St. Dymphna, and the Christian way of treating and caring for the nervously and mentally afflicted, which she inaugurated at Gheel, Belgium, the following from the Encyclopaedia Britannica should interest.

"Gheel, Belgium, is remarkable on account of the colony of insane persons which has existed there for many centuries. Legend reads that in the year 600 Dymphna, an Irish princess, was executed there by her father, and in consequence of certain miracles she had effected she was canonized and made the patron saint of the insane.

"The old Gothic church is dedicated to her, and in the choir is a shrine enclosing relics, with fine panel paintings representing incidents in her life by, probably, a contemporary of Memling.

"The colony of the insane is established in homes of the townspeople and farmers in and around Gheel, within a circumference of 30 miles, and is said to have existed since the 13th century.

"The Gheel system is regarded as the most humane method of dealing with the insane who have no homicidal tendencies, as it keeps up, as long as possible, their interest in life."

(Signed) Veritas.

THE LAND

HERBS OF THE FIELD

Milkweed and Pokeweed

"AND GOD SAID: Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed upon the earth, and all trees that have in themselves seed of their own kind, to be your meat." Genesis: I, 29.

A pamphlet published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, called "Food Plants of the North American Indians," lists 1,112 species which the original inhabitants of this country used for food. These plants are still growing in our fields, forests and waste places, but we no longer know their uses. The selective force of commercialization has sifted out practically all the kinds except those which it is financially profitable for someone to sell to someone else. Those that are merely good for direct use are overlooked. But the number 1,112 remains, a witness to the richness with which Nature has furnished man with sustenance.

Poisons

But as soon as one becomes aware of this great generosity of Nature one is apt to jump joyfully from one extreme to another, and imagine that probably almost any plant is edible. Such enthusiasm must be sobered by the fact that there are over 400 plants in the U. S. (not counting the mushrooms) that are more or less poisonous. Too many of these poisonous plants are deadly to make it wise to eat anything unless you know just what you are eating. Mistakes are easy to make.

For example, the plant from which the ancient Athenians prepared the drug with which they executed criminals, the poison hemlock, is not rare in our American pastures. Its roots have been eaten, mistaking them for parsnips, its seeds for anise, and its leaves for parsley. Any one of these mistakes may easily knock the eater as dead as Socrates.

But while it is wise to be certain of the identity of the plants we select for food, we must not, on the other hand, be alarmed if certain food plants have poisonous principles, or are poisonous under certain conditions. Many of our commonest commercial food plants are among the poisonous varieties. The leaves and stems of the Potato are poisonous, and the Tomato plant belongs to the same poisonous family, as do also the Tobacco and the Deadly Nightshade. The Cassava, from which tapioca is prepared, contains prussic acid, one of the deadliest of poisons, which is driven off by cooking. The leaves of Rhubarb are very poisonous indeed. It is all a matter of knowledge, of knowing what we are in touch with, and of how to deal with it. Here, as elsewhere, it is the truth that makes us free.

Milkweed

The common Milkweed, ASCLEPIAS SYRIACA, needs no description. The straight stems, the large simple leaves, the heavily perfumed flowers, and the pods which burst open to release clouds of down-sup-

ported seeds to drift in the wind, are familiar to town as well as country people.

The poisonous principle is in the milky juice of the stems. It is removed by boiling, with one or two changes of the cooking water. Gather only the young shoots which are tender enough to snap off when bent. Washed and boiled they are eaten like asparagus. If they are too tough to snap off, they will both be too fibrous and the bitter juice will be too



A. de Bethune

much developed. The Iroquois Indians used to eat not only the young sprouts, but the buds and the young green seed pods. These last were often eaten with buffalo meat, or dried for winter use.

The flowers were stewed by the Chippewa Indians. Several authors recount that sugar was made from them, the product being variously described as "a sort of sugar," "a good brown sugar" and "a kind of honey which is reduced to sugar by boiling." The flowers should be picked early in the morning before the dew is off them, in order to get the best results.

But the Indians did not know how to keep bees. Not having the "white man's flies" to gather the nectar for them, they had to make shift to gather it themselves. For us the art of bee keeping has simplified the problem. In many parts of the country, but especially in northern Michigan, the milkweed is an important honey crop, yielding a honey light in color, of good quality and of a fruity flavor. In some localities an average yield of milkweed honey, year after year, of fifty pounds per colony is reported. There are exceptional reports of a hundred pound average production per colony from this source.

The fibers of the developed stems have been used as a substitute for flax and hemp. As we all know there is talk today of using the juice of the milkweed as a source of rubber, though it is hard to see how this could easily be developed on a scale in proportion to the shortage. The silky parachutes on which the ripened seeds float through the air are used in India to make a kind of muslin, and also for the making of paper. This down is also used for the making of felt for hats, and for the stuffing of beds and pillows. The Pokeweed, PHYTO-

LACCA DECANDRA, is a similarly useful plant, requiring similarly careful treatment. Pokeweed grows to twelve feet high, has a strong smell, alternate oval pointed leaves, white flowers, and deep purple berries with a crimson juice, covering the stem in clusters.

It is especially abundant in the southern states, where the colored people eat the shoots. These should be boiled, changing the water two or three times, which dissolves and removes the strongly laxative acid they contain. In Paris pokeweed used to be on the restaurant menus from January to March, and although it cannot be bought in American markets today, it was a popular vegetable in Philadelphia in the early 19th century, and could be bought in the markets then. In Louisiana, at about the same period, it is reported that the leaves were boiled in soup.

Up to the time that cochineal was introduced into Europe, French pastry cooks used the crimson juice poke berries for the coloring of sweets, sauces and jellies. In Portugal it was used at one time for the reddening of wine. Poultry are very fond of the berries, and do well on them, but if they are fed in too large quantities the taste of the meat is impaired by the strong characteristic flavor of the pokeweed.

The root is used as a medicinal drug with a variety of special applications, which this is not the place to describe.

We mention these two plants in order to emphasize the need of caution in attacking the problem of edible plants, and to show how easily, in certain cases, noxious properties may be avoided, and wholesome food, growing around us for the picking up, may be made use of. The plants are there. Our need for them is there. All that is lacking is the knowledge that will make it possible to bring need and satisfaction together.

Graham Carey.

Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)

to give to the ill-mannered the opportunity to observe the manners of the well-mannered.

III. Farming Communes

- 1-Workers do not work for wages on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.
- 2-Workers do not look for a bank account on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.
- 3-Workers do not look for an insurance policy on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.
- 4-Workers do not look for an old age pension on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.
- 5-Workers do not look for economic security on a Farming Commune; they leave that to the Farming Commune.



FARMING COMMUNE

The Time of Blossoms

The war is far away yet, and the hillsides are veiled with white and yellow blossoms and tender green and red leaves. The first green rows of vegetables show out of the dry earth. You see horses plough up and down the hilly fields and tractors buzzing along much faster than the horses, and here and there an old man spading a garden for flowers and kitchen-greens. There was little rain last fall and very few snow-falls this winter, and already now the cistern on the upper farm runs dry. Man has cut down the woods, tractored huge fields, and disturbed God's harmony. There will be drought, hunger, and war, to make him humble.

When the first blossoms opened another little Christian was added to the treasury of God. Jim Montague, Jr., was carried on a two-mile walk to church for his baptism.

The next community event will be a farewell-party. And a hard farewell it will be. Larry Heany, Ruth-Ann and Baby Mary will go to the C.O. Camp in Stoddard. In the year and a half they have been here they have changed the face of the farm, and we will miss them very much. More than ever will we have to pray, that the Lord might send la-

during the winter. They did not have quite enough bees to carry them through. When we opened the hives we found a hand full of old workers clustered around a queen that did not dare to lay eggs, as there were not enough bees to take care of them. We had to give them a package with 3 pounds of young bees to start them off. How welcome their honey will be.

Vegetables and Herbs

The hope for new fruit that the blossoms bring is badly needed, as the winter-stores are nearing rapidly their end and the new crops are not expected before a month or more. Though Lent is over and we had a few feasts, having slaughtered a ram, a buck-kid, and some rabbits, we now have to get along on potatoes and onions, sauerkraut, carrots and tomato-paste. But the dandelions in the fields make good salad and soon other herbs can be eaten. The last days' heat brought up the asparagus, and there is some goats-milk as a precious-addition.

Working Men and Women

We surely need every bit for energy. John is marching up and down behind the plough and the harrow with the faithful horses; Dan and Young Ray are fixing the washedout road and the strawberry-patch; Larry is planting a large garden for horse-cultivation; Vic and Dave are building a rabbit-house, and carrying stones off the lower garden; Tamar is planting; and we mothers have to nurse our babies besides much other work. It is wonderful to watch Helen with her three little girls and the baby-boy. They are always neat, cheerful, and happy and in spite of washing and caring for all of them, Helen finds time to can asparagus and whatever ripens.

Little Children & Christian Families

There is nothing more wonderful than a healthy baby. All day long and every day I thank God for my little Catherine. She smiles at me now and reaches with her little hands. When she lies beside me, looking up with those warm confident eyes, I cannot help thinking of Our Blessed Mother. Just like that, the Jesus-Child must have looked at her. And she knew, He was God. From her He sucked in all the strength that He needed as a man in the Garden of Olives and on His way to Calvary. How close to the happy Family in Nazareth we often feel ourselves; and we wish Hazen and Joan, who are on their honeymoon, and all young couples, this same happiness.

Eva Smith.



A. de Bethune

borers into His vineyard. For that is what we want this farm to be: a vineyard of the Lord.

Milk, Meat and Honey

This is the time of blossoms and young things. The stable is full of lively goat-kids; the cows heavily climb up the hillsides, eager for the new grass, expecting their calves soon; the hens are hatching chicks; Buley's have two young pigs; and the rabbit-house is full of black and white spotted balls of fur with long ears. The bees are carrying pollen to feed their brood and to make up for the losses they suffered