

# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## Conscription Must Go— Father O'Brien

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

Back in 1889, Pope Leo XIII pointed out the fallacy of seeking stable peace through increasing armament. "Numerous troops," he declared, "and an infinite development of military display can sometimes withstand hostile attacks, but they cannot procure sure and stable tranquility. The menacing increase of armies tends even more to excite than to suppress rivalry and suspicion." The Holy See has urged the reduction of arms not merely in general terms but she has specified her earnest desire for the international abolition of compulsory military service.

This was stated by Cardinal Gasparri in a letter to the Archbishop of Sens, Oct. 7, 1917. "For the Holy See," he writes, "the only system which is practical and which, further, could be applied easily with a little good will on both sides, would be the following: to suppress, by a common agreement, among civilized nations, compulsory military service."

### Menace to Peace

The system of universal conscription must be abolished by all the nations. It is one of the worst menaces to peace. It gives a warlike ruler or government the power of pulling a peace-loving people, without even consulting them, into the flames of war. The overwhelming masses of the people of every land hate war, with its horrors, agony and death, and crave peace as they crave life itself.

There would be no wars if

## EASY ESSAYS JOURNALISM By PETER MAURIN

### I. It Is Bad News

1. Mark Hanna used to say, "When a dog bites a man it is not news, but when a man bites a dog, it is news."
2. The fact that a man has bitten a dog is not good news, it is bad news.

### II. Good Journalism

1. To tell everybody that a man died leaving two million dollars may be journalism but it is not good journalism.
2. To tell everybody that the man died leaving two million dollars because he did not know how to take them with him by giving them to the poor for Christ's sake during his lifetime is good journalism.
3. Good journalism is to give the news and the right comment on the news.
4. The value of journalism

the common people of every land could express themselves and implement their will for peace through suitable machinery for the compulsory arbitration of all disputes. A single man, Adolph Hitler, gives an order and sets the world in flames. A government which was established ostensibly to serve its citizens, becomes their domineering master and herds them like sheep into the paths of destruction and death.

This power must be taken once and for all from all governments. It must be surrendered, at the insistence of the

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is the value of the comment given with the news.

### III. Public Opinion

1. To be a good journalist is to say interesting things

- about interesting news or interesting people.
2. The news of the occasion is the occasion for the good journalist to convey his thinking to unthinking people.

### IV. Recorded Thinking

1. A diary is a journal in which a thinking man records his thinking.
2. The "Journal Intime" of Frederik Amiel is the record of the thinking of Frederik Amiel.
3. The thinking journalist imparts his thinking through a newspaper by relating his thinking to the news of the day.
4. By relating his thinking to the news of the day the thinking journalist affects public opinion.

### V. Maker of History

1. By affecting public opinion the thinking journalist is a creative agent in the making of news that is "fit to print."
2. The thinking journalist is not satisfied to be just a recorder of modern history.
3. The thinking journalist aims to be a maker of that kind of history that is worth recording.

## House of Bread

If we had been counting the loaves of bread sliced and distributed these past twelve years, the figures would have reached astronomical proportions. And now, exercising the virtue of HOPE as well as faith and charity, we have decided to make a plunge and try to bake our own bread for the House of Hospitality and eventually for the breadline. We are not thinking in terms of economy so much as in terms of the loving service of good food.

"They knew Him in the breaking of bread." It is one of the most holy acts of our lives, this eating business. And when we eat, disregarding the hunger of the world, forgetting our brother, we are indeed eating to our damnation.

Bread is holy. But not the kind you get from bakeries, which is most blown-up, spongy, unsubstantial food, not fit for man or beast, and certainly not putting strength in a man to praise God. It takes strength of body as well as soul, speaking generally, to love and to serve.

So we have started a bakery. We rented a place at 125 Mott street, just down the street, in the basement of a huge tenement which has steam heat and hot water. So the basement is warm and snug. There are beautiful ovens made of brick, built in the back of it, and white tiled in

front. Jim Rogan and Joe Motkya know most about the ovens, since they crawled inside in order to clean them and put in a new grate. Mary Widman, from the Blessed Martin de Porres center in Chicago, arrived from the retreat in time to sow a little time with us—almost a week—and she worked at cleaning, and helped Carol Jackson and Irene Naughton get the work started. Carol Jackson is going to be in charge of the place, and has already baked bread there, though not in the big ovens yet. There is a gas stove and oven for small batches until a great baking can be gotten under way.

Fr. J. F. Coffey, of Immaculate

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## Where to Live? Negro Housing Grave Problem

The December paper told us about white people burning the house of a colored family in Chicago. It is much harder for colored people to find a home in Detroit than it is in Chicago, but the story made one point clear to my mind. The basic trouble in both cities and all over America is that whites refuse to live next door to colored. That is un-Christian, unjust and, we like to think, un-American; but it is the devil's truth among both Catholics and Protestants in this country.

I work in an office devoted to housing problems. After listening all day to stories of Negro evictions, broken-up families, babies whose health is endangered, and overcrowding to the point of impossibility, my hardest job is to be patient with some of the white applicants. They are project-housed in a hurry, but they ask you surreptitiously, "Is this in a colored neighborhood?"

The fact of the matter is that there is now war housing for all white workers in Detroit's industries. Negroes, while employed in industry, have had very little public housing built for them. And there is no help privately because they cannot make out temporarily by overflowing into store fronts, rooming houses, etc., as white workers did before the projects were built, simply because of the white prejudice against Negroes as next-door neighbors. It is a hard thing for an older woman evicted from a house she had rented for ten years to find houses for rent—for whites only.

The problem is one that public housing has had to face—trying to find a neighborhood that will accept a whole group of colored families. That is the reason for the delay in building colored projects. But it is basically the same problem as that of the whites who burn a house bought

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## Sojourn at Maryfarm

By Grace Elizabeth Gallagher

I CLIMBED the hill leading to Maryfarm two months ago and the Pennsylvania mountains were a blaze of last defiant fall colors—red, gold, orange and purple. Now fields and valleys are pure and immaculately white. The sun glints on the distant snow-capped hills and we leave behind us angels we made in the snow.

Catherine and I came to help in the building of a retreat house at Maryfarm. When I arrived, Catherine had already fixed the women's dormitory and the homelike atmosphere demanded that one unpack and stay for a good long visit. We plunged into work. Those who had been there before us had started and we carried on where they had left off. That is how the work progresses at Maryfarm. Each visitor comes and does his share. Like the cathedrals of medieval Europe, painstakingly built stone

on stone by unknown workmen, the retreat house at Easton will be built by those who come in from the "highways and byways." I think of a morning in December when we were up in the chapel taking our hour of meditation. Father Roy had gone downstairs to the kitchen to see who had come in and we could hear him welcome Mr. Sharkey, who introduced himself by saying: "I just got in from Chicago. I heard Miss Day speak there about the retreat house and I want to help Father Roy for a few days."

With one accord those of us in the chapel started to sing the Te Deum. We had been desperately praying and hoping for some workers who could help Father lay a wooden floor in the kitchen in time for the retreat. Mr. Sharkey faithfully stayed until he saw the coal stove moved

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## Long, Long Ago . . .

Long, long ago, before the four freedoms, thought one of them, freedom from religion, flourished even then, there lived a couple named Johnson whose skin was brown. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson thanks to the Emancipation Proclamation of an earlier day, were free, they were also twenty-one, could vote, but they were not white and that was not good, not in Cleveland, Ohio, where they lived, nor any place else in that benighted day. On the other hand, it was not so bad, for in those funny times a thing like being colored was almost enough in itself to keep one poor. But one has to know how to be poor, though it would seem to come naturally enough in most cases, and unfortunately the Johnsons never understood their poverty. They would not let it have its way with them and fought against it.

For the first few months of married life Mr. Johnson was on what we called WPA, which was later taken over and expanded

by industry and known as the war effort. One day Mr. Johnson came home from the project and found Mrs. Johnson crying. She handed him a pink slip of paper, which her tears had begun to dampen, and Mr. Johnson immediately recognized it for a 403. In those days, previous to freedom from fear, it was still possible to fear things you were afraid of. Mr. Johnson, like many of his neighbors, had always dreaded the day when the 403 would come. It meant you could start right away to cut down on eating, it meant you would soon be in the street, it meant you were out of a job, that Congress had voted to more economy.

Mrs. Johnson, who had the knack, like so many women, for tragedy, further saddened the day by telling Mr. Johnson that she thought she was going to have a baby. Mr. Johnson, a man of only average courage and nobility, hoped she was wrong, for he had no idea what they were

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## Not Lamentation

"The life of man on earth is a constant warfare," Job said. "The call of the moment is not lamentation, but action," —Pope Pius XII said in one of his Christmas messages. "Not lamentation over what has been, but reconstruction of what is to rise and must arise for the good of society."

Wars go on, but men are born, marry, beget children, die and live, if they have so prepared themselves, in life eternal.

The daily papers are full of what is happening in Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, Silesia, Poland, Leyte, Burma —the Atlantic, the Pacific, and each one of them thinks in terms of Jack and Tom here, and Dwight and Gerry there. At home, in prisons and in camps, in hospitals, as attendants and patients, there are others who are dear to many of us who are associated with this paper, whether by writing it or reading it.

So we do not have to talk about war but about peace, not about time, but eternity. Or rather we should see things always in the light of eternity.

All are caught up in this war, participating in one way or another, in fear and in suffering, in destroying or in rebuilding. We can only reiterate our stand,—that of Catholic pacifists, and state that we stand unalterably opposed to conscription in any form, not only the conscription that is, but the conscription that threatens. We wish to go on record again as being opposed to any national service law, any conscription of labor, of men or women.

## Day by Day

A warm foggy day and my first day in Mary's rooms, which at present is a very dirty, dingy apartment on the third floor of 115 Mott Street and which eventually will house women guests going to and from the retreats at Easton. It needs to be scrubbed and painted, to be made habitable, but it will have to house a few soon, regardless of whether we are ready. Ruth and Veronica from St. Joseph's College in Brooklyn helped start the work off by scrubbing and cleaning sink and tub and stove, not to speak of walls. And John Curran helped by tending to the stove and lights, and even as a special present to Mary, giving a scrubbing to the kitchen floor. I certainly was grateful.

Our first guest was sent us by a nurse at Bellevue, a woman who is an attendant on the psychopathic ward and herself just out of the hospital and needing a place to stay and company for a few days, until she gets back to work again. She has been helping us too.

Many visitors in these days. Peggy Stern, who is working for the Catholic Bureau in Hartford, Tma, Anne Battam, Mary Coismann Durnin, Mary Agnes Dougherty and a friend from Rochester, Grace Chippendale from Boston, and Sisters and students from St. Saviour high school and from St. Joseph's college.

Arthur Sheehan came home from Nova Scotia yesterday where he had been visiting his family.

Here are the things being done right now:

The retreats at Easton, which are like a foretaste of heaven.

The bakery. We are going to start girls making home made bread, pies, baked beans, pot pies, etc., not only to help feed the poor, but for their own instruction. "They knew Him in the breaking of bread."

Mary's rooms. A new guest flat for women.

A new kitchen. Up to this time we have served coffee and bread in the store where Ade's beautiful murals are hung, and lunch and supper upstairs one flight in the rear house. Now the kitchen has been moved altogether downstairs and a coal stove put in, so that though the kitchen is smaller, the dining room is bigger and there is a more companionable feeling all around.

Clothes room is being reorganized. Several girls have volunteered to come in each Saturday to sort out all the clothes that have come in during the week and to repair the disorder attendant on trying to take care of so many men together with so many other duties.

All the literature cleared out and put into circulation. Cellar cleaned.

It is good to make these inventories at the end of a year.

Outside it is slushy under foot. It is five o'clock and getting dark. It has been a quiet Sunday afternoon (some of the staff here are down on the farm making the retreat, so I am holding the fort) and the solitude has been wonderful, for a change.

I made a meditation today on the means and ends in the spiritual life. We have among us many examples of those who are ever pondering and working at the means and others who concentrate on the vision and keep holding it aloft by word and example and writing. Both are necessary. But often one calls the other a visionary and an anarchist, and the other talks of the heresy of good works and the narrowness of those who talk of spiritual methods. Often too there is a conflict of both elements in the same person.

It might help if those working

at perfecting the means which will enable others to love God and their neighbor, would be more silent about it. The trouble is, people do not work in peace and quiet. They bustle, like Martha. They give the impression of being impatient and fussy.

In my story, printed in August, "Once Upon a Time," there are some of the consequences of talking in a large general way of the liberty of Christ. St. Benedict illustrates both points of view.

Narrow is the way, but it certainly opens out to wide horizons. First steps always are hard, and it seems to me we are always beginning. For a long time we were laying burdens on people too heavy for them to bear when they did not have the means to lead the large, generous loving life of service they wished. We have to make an environment which will enable people to be good. Just as nuns have their convent, the child the home (when it is a good one), we have our retreat house now, from which apostles may go forth into all the earth.

Yes, there seem definitely to be two schools of thought in our very movement itself. Both saying the same thing in different ways.

1. Whatsoever you do in word or deed, whether you eat or drink, do all for the love of God.

2. Love God and do as you will. The first reflects St. Paul, and, of course, so does the second. The first gives a helping hand, step by step, a sure rule of life and instruction, and the other, unfortunately, has often led to anarchy. Nevertheless, we keep on quoting that marvelous line of St. Augustine's, and keep on holding the vision, in this personalist, and also communitarian, revolution.

A letter from Jim O'Gara comes, back after three years in the Pacific and now in a hospital at Miami Beach with malaria and to be transferred from infantry to air force on that account. He is one of the editors of the old Chicago Catholic Worker. Another letter from Jack English, who was in a prison camp in Romania, and now is in Crile General Hospital in Cleveland, Ward 40B.

There will be days of recollection every second Sunday at Our Lady of the Wayside Farm, Avon, Ohio. There is a telephone there, so our Cleveland readers can call up about these days.

We expect also to have days of recollection on the farm at Easton, but hate to set any particular days, since right now they are snowed in, and no taxis can make the hill. Father Roy will probably be away for a few Sundays in February, so we probably will not begin until March.

We are looking for a concordance to the Bible for our retreat house. Also for the lives of the Desert Fathers, and their sayings. Also for books written by Wm. Cobbett to add to our farm library and a set of Cardinal Newman's sermons. We also need cotton blankets (we have plenty of woolen, thank God!) and pillow slips, or remnants of cloth to make pillow slips with. The address of the farm is Maryfarm, Easton, Pa.

Everybody reads this "gossip column" as one seminarian teasingly called it, so we take the opportunity here in this January issue, and a very late issue at that, to beg pardon of all for our slowness in answering letters. We are deeply grateful for our friends' help, and beg God to bless them.

The happier souls are in doing the will of God, the holier they are.—ST. TERESA.

## LOOK WITHIN

By Claude McKay

Lord, let me not be silent while we fight

In Europe Germans, Asia Japanese

For setting up a Fascist way of might

While fifteen million Negroes on their knees

Pray for salvation from the Fascist yoke

Of these United States. Remove the beam

(Nearly two thousand years since Jesus spoke)

From your own eyes before the mote you deem

It proper from your neighbor's to extract!

We bathe our lies in vapors of sweet myrrh,

And close our eyes not to perceive the fact!

But Jesus said: You whitened sepulchre,

Pretending to be uncorrupt of sin,

While worm-infested, rotten through within!

## Negro Housing

(Continued from page 1)

by a colored family, as happened in Chicago. It is a personal problem.

In point of people, what do these generalities about the need for Negro housing mean? (I agree that housing is a bad word.) It means stories like these: An evicted family of six find shelter in a single room. The room is one of six in an old house in which four families live, sharing a single kitchen. A family with three children live in a garage so flimsy that in the morning their beds are covered with snow. Young couples with a child or two live with their respective parents, separated because they cannot find even a room to rent. A prospective mother loses her baby because she lives in an unheated attic and has to carry water from downstairs. A young Catholic family cannot find even a room near their church.

These are all "inhumanities to man" whose fundamental reason for existence in this blind and cankerous prejudice—a prejudice that has made soldiers doubt democracy; and, God help us, Christians doubt the Church. For even members of the clergy have been known to lament the influx of Negroes into a "white" neighborhood.

Pacifists have a wonderful argument against war in this terrific upheaval of thousands from their own homes to make munitions. Ruralists have an argument against the machine in this proof of the dependence of the worker on the factory, so that he has to huddle in a project nearby and orientate his whole life around a night shift. It is difficult to look for justice in a situation arising from such basic perversions of the truth. But if there is anyone not guilty of our common war, it is the simple-hearted immigrant worker, white and colored, who believes everything he hears and has a trusting faith in his country's leaders. (Most war workers don't belong in this class; I say to those who think I stigmatize where I mean to praise.)

The Common Council in Detroit has had this public housing problem tossed into its lap by the Housing Commission, which had previously made a ruling that colored projects would be allocated to colored neighborhoods. There are no more colored neighborhoods where there can be any expansion, so the commission is asking the Council to change this ruling. Councilman Edwards, ab-

sent on military leave, strongly advises this in a public letter. There are three Catholic councilmen among the remaining eight—Van Antwerp, Rogell, and Dorais. (Detroit is 42 per cent Catholic.) It will be interesting to note their stand. If they are pro Negro housing—nothing in their previous records indicates they will be—it will demonstrate the Church's teaching on racism. (But the opinion of ordinary Catholics is another thing.)

Catholics must be made to see that refusing to neighbor a colored family means that colored children sleep on the floor in an overcrowded "colored" neighborhood. They are actually denying life to a baby that has to be brought into a room which is home for a family of four. As an actual instance, one baby of two years died of pneumonia contracted from sleeping on the floor in an inadequately heated room.

What can we Catholics say to our colored friends who ask us the Church's position—when it is contradicted every day by "good" Catholics? Like the lady who, after confiding her feelings against waiting in line next to a colored applicant, stipulated that housing for her must be near a parochial school! Thousands of souls—dearly bought as our own—are being lost by Catholic indifference as the Negro continues to consider us a white man's Church.

It is very discouraging; and quite rightly, as Dorothy quotes, of ourselves we can do nothing. But all our small efforts bound together by the love of God and man might result eventually in Christian justice among brothers in Christ.

Since writing the above a Federal project outside the city limits has been turned over to the Housing Commission for leasing. This will relieve many of the most urgent of the emergencies mentioned, everyone of which is factual.





## ON WARD DUTY

Post Office Box 361,  
Middletown, Connecticut.  
Dear Friends:

During nights on the wards of Connecticut State Hospital I alternate between ward work requiring close attention and efforts to read or write. By contrast, when I was on day duty, I experienced the boredom of being "on duty but not at work" and of tasks which required the hands but left the mind to wander uncomfortably. At night there are less of the clever quips of which some patients are full; they do not point at one another and say, "He's in the right place," nor does anyone ask, "Who's crazy, you or I?" Always, the state hospital is merely a place for people whom other people have put out of the way because of exaggerated but very human reactions. Patients differ much, one from another, at least as much as any other group of men. They may be suggestible or stubborn, considerate or selfish, boastful or modest, bright or dumb, active or quiet, endearing or aggravating, colorful or dull. If they seem unpredictable, it is because we haven't learned their habits. If they appear illogical, it is because the logic of human emotion differs from that which is a branch of philosophy. If they are inconsistent, if they say no while they act yes, they are merely showing the conflicts which all of us feel inside ourselves.

### And We Too—

My patients have taught me much through their exaggeration of what is intensely human—of what is found in some measure in ourselves and in our friends and in the strangers we meet on the street. Some of them cannot control gross bodily movements, holding themselves rigid when being shifted for their own good; some of us cannot control our twitches or jerks. Some of them have a tendency to drink too much when outside the hospital; some of us cannot stay away from sweets. Some of them express fears in eccentric acts or in crying or laughing spells; some of us live in fear until we are "licked" or develop preferences that are somewhat less queer. Some of them have tempers which reach a fierce intensity; some of us cannot help scolding them sharply for repeated acts which they cannot avoid or remember. In this world we all love and we all dislike, we all choose vocations and hobbies and causes because of the relentless logic of our emotions, a logic built on a long but largely forgotten experience, and a logic modified only slightly, though significantly, by conscious self-control.

### Without Joy

One thing seems to me conspicuously true about my patients, and that is the absence of joy in their lives. Contagiously happy people are rare in every group, but I have seen none among those suffering from serious functional mental disease. Illogically, perhaps, this fact has stood out, for the year has forced me to reconsider the assertion, which we who have "Causes" so glibly make, that happiness rests on a feeling that our effort is effective "on the right side." Though there has been pleasure and reward in much of what I have done through various organizations, there has not been a consistent deep joy. While movements, and religious pacifism in particular, seem dotted with happy personalities, too many of my Cause-centered and even God-centered friends and fellow-workers confess to similar failure. The pleasure of working seems too often merely a relief from the dissatisfaction of thinking or hoping. Even our

# House of the Dead

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY

In the month of November of last year, in the company of a fellow-priest who devoted much of his time to visiting the sick, I visited one of the many State institutions on Long Island for the mentally ill.

I had some experience of institutions of this type in other countries, and I was prepared for a lot of things which might upset or shock the feelings of a person entering one of these places for the first time. As a matter of fact, I expected that the atmosphere prevailing in a mental hospital in the United States, and particularly in the State of New York, would be an improvement upon that of a similar institution in, let us say, Ireland or Great Britain.

I was speedily disillusioned, and before I left there was only one word I could think of to describe the place, and that word was "gruesome," something far worse and more weird than terrible.

On the other side of the Atlantic things were bad, but the patients, or most of them, laughed or talked. (Some of them talked too much.) Most of them still retained their sense of humor, and many of them said their prayers, not only night and morning, but several times during the day. I am speaking now of the vast majority.

On Long Island in this particular hospital the vast majority were glum and silent. They neither talked nor laughed. Seated in two rows facing each other in each ward that I entered, they just looked straight ahead and said nothing. I thought of mummies and statues in a museum, and I also thought of slaves in a Roman galley. The only difference was that these slaves did not have ears. They would have been much better off if they had. Many of them looked like corpses that one felt one would like to pinch to see if they were alive. If ever I want to conjure up to myself a personification or a picture of abysmal despair, I shall only have to recall some of the faces I saw in that hospital on Long Island.

It is one of many similar hospitals on that island. It has about 6,000 patients inside its walls and about 3,000 outside in its cemetery, or, rather, burial ground, which is next door to the garbage dump. It is divided into three sections—one for Catholics, one for Protestants, and one for Jews. In the Jewish section there are only about a dozen graves, as far

as I could see. The Jewish people evidently believe in taking care and burying their dead, even when they die in an insane asylum.

The Catholic and Protestant sections are well and closely filled. A number—not a name, but a number—marks the spot where their Christian relations, their husbands, wives, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers and their Christian friends permitted these "temples of the Holy Ghost" to be dumped so near to the institutional garbage heap.

There are about 20,000 mental



hospital patients on Long Island and about 100,000 in the whole State of New York. The number is increasing daily and will go on increasing the longer this war lasts, for mental illness follows, in most cases, upon physical illness caused mainly by malnutrition, and there is going to be plenty of that, with six red points out of a weekly ten going for one-quarter of a pound of butter, and with whole families living out of tin cans containing useless, and in some cases positively harmful embalmed food. The families, of course, are being urged by interested parties to make up for the deficiency of good food with vitamin pills

most auspicious efforts are often accompanied by a clenched jaw, or a firm grasp on the atmosphere, or a perch on the edge of a chair, or a squeaky voice. We feel an almost constant conflict between what we want to do and what we think we should. Every hour of convincing exposition costs two or more of hesitant preparation.

### The Happy Worker

If the undesirable consequences of being merely dutiful were confined to the strain on ourselves, or if they were necessary to our ends, the Cause would be worth the price. But far from bringing success to our efforts, tension always impedes, sometimes prevents. Service without joy is often barren, usually limited, seldom copied by others. The average devotee works alone, or with a small group, against a hostile world. But the happy worker multiplies his strength because his sense of desire and his sense of duty reinforce rather than hinder each other, and because he gains support and elicits aid from sources closed to the rest of us. His ef-

forts seem to flow smoothly from an all-powerful inner logic. He seems, like all good salesmen, wholly free and humbly confident. Happy giving is unhesitating and wholehearted, uninhibited and unregretted. It is backed by untold and unknown resources of self-renewing energy. It is contagious; and when its time has come, it will be epidemic.

The happy servant is not necessarily distinguished by his status among his fellows, nor by wisdom, nor by irrelevant satisfactions, nor by lack of misfortune, nor wholly by steadfastness. But he seems invariably to be effective, and to be marked by a dynamic relaxation which alone deserves the name "peace."

Service may or may not be the duty of all believers, but joy is certainly the duty of all servants. However, joy cannot be successfully counterfeited; it probably cannot be won; it may likely be discovered along various routes, all of which are difficult; but peace is never hasty, never attained by tense determination.

ABE GOLDSTEIN.

made of chemicals, or organic minerals, which presuppose a giz-zard in the animal which consumes such stuff.

The civil population will soon begin to show signs of ill-health as a result of lack of the proper kind and balance of food. Many of them will see the insides of these State institutions, where most of them will get worse instead of better. The civilian population will have only itself to blame, because, even with OPA regulations, one can still live well even in a city in the United States if one uses one's common sense and ignores the advertising matter, as well as a lot of the other matter, that comes over the radio.

The soldiers and sailors are in a different position. They have no choice as to what to eat and that applies particularly to men and women in combat areas, where many of them are restricted to K rations. What K means I don't know, but I have a good idea of what the dehydrated, denatured and devitalized rations consist of, and what they will do to the stomachs of their users, and especially to the stomachs of human beings who cannot break up or are allergic to chemicals and animals fats or grease.

During the past six months I have seen and spoken to many soldiers and sailors who have been in combat areas. A lot of these men are on Long Island. I saw many of them in the trains going to and coming from Patchogue, the railroad station for Camp Upton which is now a rehabilitation center.

Most of them were nervous wrecks not only because of their diet, which was largely cigarettes and beer, but because of the unnatural conditions of modern war, in which the generals and the admirals, the prime ministers, the presidents, and the dictators, not forgetting the arm-chair news commentators, take it for granted that soldiers and sailors are made nowadays of steel and concrete, and not of soft flesh and blood and delicate nerves.

God never intended the human being He created to stand up to the bombing, and blasting, and plastering (in which a lot of pagans are gloating) of this insane, mechanized war of destruction in which the world is engaged. Sensitive, highly strung men and women who have to take it will one day break under it all. They just can't stand it, and they will find their ways eventually, or rather they will be led and dumped, into those convenient banishing houses which a grateful people and government will give them as a reward for their patriotism. Every day that I go to Patchogue, or leave it, I see the poor victims being led off to the dumping grounds.

The soldiers, God help them, can't do much about it. They are under obedience and under orders, but you who read this can.

Apart from the fact that we still live within the framework of a democracy and still have the Bill of Rights, irrespective of what happened to the Atlantic Charter, we have rights and gifts given us by God Himself which no man or group of men on this earth can give, add to or take from us. Men may make it difficult for us to exercise them, but we can live as freeborn children of God and as followers of Christ, as Christians, in any part of the world and under any circumstances which men can devise. In fact, the more difficult the circumstances, the better opportunity we have to live as Christians.

If you are Christians, the dis-

tinguishing note of your Christianity, Charity, will go out to all peoples in the world, to foe as well as friend. It will find a response among the Christian people in enemy countries, the victims of modern paganism or worship of the State, who will find a voice and strength to assert their God-given Christian rights and to live, and if necessary, die as Christians. It will not be the first time that such things happened. Christianity took root, grew and waxed strong upon the blood of martyrs shed by people who tried to force them to worship at the altar of the deified State.

If you are Christians you will begin to think in terms of Christ as your Saviour and Leader, your Lord and Master. You will begin to trust in Him and not in men, to love Him and to fear no one on this earth, or the things that any human being can do or say to you, or about you. You will begin to think, too, in terms of the Mystical Body of Christ instead of in terms of narrow nationalism and false nationalistic pride, and if you and enough others do that we shall soon see something far greater than anything the internationalists of this world ever dreamt of. We shall see a free world united, or one, and at peace under the overall reign of Christ.

## A Chance to Help

Dear Miss Day:

The enclosed is from a poor Negro who for more than seven years has been virtually imprisoned in the State "hospital" at Brentwood, Long Island.

The group I cooperate with in trying to better the lot of these tens of thousands of unfortunates in these places miscalled hospitals, is not in a position to help him get located after getting out of the "hospital."

I am confident, *Deo volente*, that we can get him out, but once out he should have a job or some way of earning a living so he won't get in difficulties.

I thought you could help, possibly, or know some one who could, please God.

Perhaps you could publish something about him in the next issue of the paper. It struck me that we have a God-sent opportunity to practice real Christian charity, the spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

VERITAS.

c/o P. O. Box 152,  
Times Square Station,  
New York 18, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I have received your most God-sent letter Wed. 9th, afternoon. I have such an awful lot of work to do I could not get a chance to write until after 5 p.m. So just think that after going to Bellevue for help as a sick man and a colored man at that, after seven going on eight years, I have worked like a horse, a slave. Some broadly human association has at last said, give this unfortunate Negro one chance. Anyhow, not only give a chance but help him to get something to do.

The doctors seem to forget broad humanity. Only the patient has faults.

The mistakes I have made in life I am very sorry for, I don't approve of them. I have made up my mind not make them anymore. I want to forget them, not to talk of them. Then I won't know anything of them and so I cannot recall them. I won't know I ever made them. I would like to go to work in a dairy farm outside the city. A farmer that will give a good home instead of good wages. I will give my work, my obedience and interest in my work for his good treatment. I will write again. Will close now. With the greatest of respect, I remain,

HENRY RANSOM,  
Bldg. 22, Ward 5.



## —CULT—

## —CULT—

## Meditation

By STANLEY VISHNEWSKI

O YOU of little faith, do you think that I, your God, would create you and leave you orphans?

Do you think that I would fill your heart with longings and aspirations and not give you the means whereby to fulfill your destiny.

O you of little faith, do you think that I became man; that I endured the fastings and scourgings; that I endured the bitter passion of my agony in order to leave you alone.

O you of little faith, I daily walk among you and you know me not.

Every day

you condemn me  
you calumniate me  
you starve me  
you degrade me  
you imprison me  
you turn away from me—

Every day my body suffers the

horrors of starvation  
the crying of children  
the despair of men  
the pain of uplifted faces  
the rain of death  
the thrust of bayonets  
the choking of gas—

Was it for this that I became man—was it for this that I endured the bitter passion?

I daily walk among you and you know me not—  
I am by your side

at the shop bench  
in the hospitals  
in the trenches  
with the mother baking bread  
with the children playing  
with the farmer sowing  
with the typist at her desk  
with the workers, with the poor,  
with the rich, with men of good  
will—

And you say you know me not—

Was it for this that I became man—was it for this that I endured the bitter passion?

I daily walk among you and daily you lead me to be crucified—(Father forgive them for they know not what they do.)

Judas betrayed me for thirty pieces of silver. But you, you readily betray me for a moment's pleasure.

I am led by you into the night clubs to be crucified.  
I am led by you into the advertising offices to be crucified.  
I am led by you into the movies to be crucified.  
I am led by you into family life to be crucified.  
I am led by you to your jobs to be crucified.  
I am led by you to your amusements to be crucified.  
I am led by you to your department stores to be crucified.  
I am led by you to your courts of justice to be crucified.

Was it for this that I became man—was it for this that I endured the bitter passion?

I created you for Heaven and not for this world  
I created you for happiness and not for pleasure  
I did not create you so that you could find your happiness upon this earth.

I did not create the world to be your plaything.  
I did not create the earth and the sun and the stars so that you would set your heart upon them and be at rest....

I have created you to be happy with me.  
I have created the world and it is good; it is holy and true.  
And what I have made is good....

And I made you—and you are good; and your work is good.  
I made you to be happy in Heaven with me; and not upon earth with man.

Do you think that I became man and suffered the bitter passion so that you would seek your happiness in the:

movies  
radio  
press  
job  
world.

O you foolish children!

Why waste your time with the means?

Use them (your Father knows what you need) to gain Heaven.

## 'THE PEOPLE PERISH'

By Irene Mary Naughton

THE whole system of Modern Industrialism is founded on a lie. And with the system of Industrialism must be included the mammoth cities which are its product, the way of life it has engendered, above all, the modern philosophy of work. There is no more philosophy of work; work is solely an economic necessity nowadays. The whole notion of loving one's work is forgotten.

Anyone entering the modern business world, or any place its influence reaches, anyone, that is, with any intuitive sense of truth, has the same continual sense of perplexity and conflict which a woman has in looking

at a dirty and disorderly house, or an artist in looking at a picture which violates the laws of perspective and proportion.

Sooner or later most people come to the conclusion, or at least make it a working rule of thumb, that there are two worlds, the world of religion (or where there is no orthodox faith, the world of beauty), and the world of everyday. As Wordsworth said of the "vision splendid," "at length the man doth see it dies away, and fade into the light of common day."

The filthy subways of foul odors and strewn newspapers, the suburban lots piled with junk, the smoky skies above Forty-second Street, are as much symptoms of a spiritual disease to the well-trained eye—nay, the man in the street even knows it deep in his soul—as are the blotched skin, or blood-shot eyes, or heavy walk, symptoms of disease to the doctor.

For, make no mistake about it, beauty does not belong to the museum or the planetarium; it belongs to every moment of your waking and sleeping life.

Any mode of life which dims the stars, as does our modern city, or changes the poetry of Synge's Irish peasants into the ugly slang of "Get in the groove" or "He's on the beam," which makes the beauty of women dependent on general falseness, is a lie, as the poem says, "all lies, lies, lies." It implies that God's creation is not of a breath-taking beauty and mystery and silver magic, as it is.

"For I will behold Thy heavens, the works of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast founded." (Truly have they named that modern song "Black Magic," for that's what it is, and all the magic of our impoverished world, a magic of the devil, with the same insinuating allure.)

THE ugliness of the modern world, both in the city and on the commercial farm, is only a symptom of the disease. The disease in economics is Liberalism, rugged individualism, the "competition is the root of progress" fallacy, call it what you will.

At heart it is the monstrous and blasphemous thought that the aim of work is to make money rather than to praise God.

"All well and good," I hear you say, "evidently she has an independent income." I know well that the body needs food and clothing and shelter. But these things should be obtained in the accomplishment of the task for which God has designed you. It is the emphasis in the modern mind that is wrong. "Get a civil service job. You're always sure of it. And a pension." "I don't know why you went to college anyway; girls with a grammar school education are making as much money as you." "You'd be a fool to stay where you are



Ade Bethune

when you can get \$35 a week at Sperry's." "Take typing and steno and you can get a job when you finish school."

Shall we listen to them or shall we listen to Christ? "Be not solicitous therefore, saying, what shall we eat, or what shall we drink, or wherewith shall we be clothed, for after all these things do the heathen seek. For your Father knoweth that you have need of all these things. Seek ye therefore first the Kingdom of God, and His justice; and all these things shall be added unto you."

A long time ago I read a book which began something like this: "Then there is no God."

"No."

"Are you sure? Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Then everything goes?"

"Yes. Everything goes."

But today we are faced with the mountainous contradiction of a world which professes to believe in a God, and still, everything goes; or, at least, many things go that are very questionable.

No, questionable is not the right word, for there is no question that these things are evil.

HAVE you ever heard somebody say: "A saloon isn't a church." "Don't be a fool, everybody's doing it." "Don't bring religion into business." "Your religion is your private affair." "Theories must give way to harsh realities," as one commentator said of Poland and the Four Freedoms.

You may be sure that every one of those remarks was covering up something very crooked, indeed. A saloon is a kind of church, for Christ is there; indeed, the saloon must be full of temples if it is full of people—temples of the Holy Ghost. You might say that the saloon isn't in a church; rather the Church is in the saloon, walking Churches, you and I. What of the Guardian Angel

at your side? Surely only beauty is enough for him and you, "O ye of little faith."

Quite often the only way to bring religion into business is to do away with the business. It must have been that fear which prompted business men to develop that slogan, "Don't bring religion into business." More often than not they are mutually exclusive. Nearly all modern business is the economic denial of Christ.

Did you every stop to think that, for almost all people, at least eight hours of their day is spent in work that is either boring, useless in any real sense to their fellow men, or at heart evil? Factories and offices which reduce man to a mere robot are evil. Just as the muscles grow stronger and more effective with use, so the mind and heart grow stronger with use, and there is absolutely no doubt that the whole of modern life—noise, distraction, commuting, specialization, newspapers, movies, radio—are decreasing the intelligence of the modern man.

Yet I have heard an employee of one of our big monopolistic concerns, an office worker, and a good and sincere person, say that you can offer up such work to Christ as an acceptable offering. How responsible she and most of us are is not for me to decide, but I'll say this:

As well tell the burglar to offer up his theft, the murderer his murder.

There is only so much of human effort in the world; there will always be only so much of human effort in the world.

Do you think for a moment that it was intended for turning out billions of bottles of "sparkling beverages," billions of tubes of lipstick, tires to transport people to and fro in the modern mad rush for "distant fields"?

G. K. Chesterton said that modern life, and especially the modern city, is full of distraction; hence it is natural enough that the modern mind is distraught.

One would like to say to the world: "Hush! Be still," in that silence, that, as someone has said, is a preparation for the Word, the Word made Flesh.

What is the answer? Cleaning up the language in the saloons? Making the employees of the chain store groceries very conscientious about being on time for work and not wasting a minute of the store's time while at work?

The saloon (I like better the old name, the public house) is a good thing and is worth reforming. But I see no reason in asking people to sell their souls a little bit more completely to some impersonal money-making concern.

I have a great ambition to fill the ranks of the unemployed in this country, to fill them with people now working for the insurance companies, for the great chain groceries, for the oil companies, for the rubber companies, for the five-and-ten-cent stores, on the assembly lines, and for the buses, and subways and banks. Yes, I have a great ambition to unemploy our American people, and make them employers.

To fulfill Thomas Jefferson's requisite for freedom—"a nation of small property owners."

Not a nation of proletarians dependent on a wage for a living, and knowing that rebellion against any subtle tyranny of their employer means unemployment.

Do you know how long statistics say the average wage-earner

(Continued on page 7)



## FUTURE

## CULTIVATION

THIS IS  
MATRIARCHY

By Eric Gill

(This "footnote" to the pamphlet, UNEMPLOYMENT, was arranged and phrased by Peter Maurin.)

## In Its Origin

1. Birth control has become definitely a woman's movement.
2. In its origin the instigation to birth control was chiefly a matter of economics.
3. People could not afford to have children.
4. Moreover women could not have children and work in factories, shops and offices as well.
5. Among the higher classes, fathers could not afford to keep unmarried daughters.
6. Hence the entry of women into the professions.
7. Further, there were about two million more women in the country than men.

## Was a Male Technique

1. The women refused to stay home waiting for husbands who could never possibly exist.
2. The technique of birth control was commonly a male technique at the beginning of the movement.
3. Abortion was dangerous and illegal.
4. The business of using contraceptives was the man's business.
5. It behooved the man to make his act of no consequence.

## It Is a Case

1. But with advent of the contraceptive appliances worn by the women the technique has become a female technique.
2. What was originally a movement having economic difficulty for its main or only cause has now changed its character.
3. It is no longer a case of the husband and wife saying: we won't have children because we can't afford them.
4. It is a case of the woman saying: we won't have children except when I, the woman choose to have them.

Responsibility Taken  
From Man

1. It sounds very high and grand to have children by "design" instead of "accident".
2. If it were simply that men learned to practice abstinence or restraint it would be indeed high and grand—though possibly too high and grand.
3. But it is not at all a case of male development.
4. Man is not even asked to do anything about it.



E. M. Catich

3. And not only has the responsibility for deciding if and when there shall be children become the woman's responsibility alone, but with the advent of the female technique of contraception, the tradition of female modesty and chastity is rapidly disintegrating.

## Modesty and Chastity

1. There is no escape from this, for whatever may have been their religious and Christian sanctions modesty and chastity were formerly absolutely necessary for the Christian conduct of society.
2. Modesty was necessary in order that men might not be inordinately provoked to lust.
3. Chastity was necessary in order that the integrity of the family might be maintained and illegitimacy reduced.
4. But there is no need for modesty if men are no longer dangerous.
5. And there is no need for chastity if children are no longer the more or less inevitable consequences of sexual intercourse.

## Weakening Traditions

1. The traditions of modesty and chastity are not yet wholly inoperative.
2. Too many centuries have gone to their building up.
3. But we may see, on all sides, evidences of their weakening.

ST. BERNADETTE  
PRAY  
FOR  
US



Julia Peracchi

4. In conversation and in books, in newspapers and advertisements, a nakedness that would have greatly shocked and disturbed our parents is now commonplace and unnoticed.

Transformation  
Of Manners

1. And manners show similar transformation.
2. Not only is the chaperone

## Book Review

THE best way to write a book review of Msgr. Knox's translation of the New Testament published by Sheed and Ward, 63 Fifth Avenue, is to quote whole passages from it. It has brought such light and joy to me that I carry around a copy with me and read aloud passages from it. Now I begin to understand better the epistles of St. Paul.

For those who are losing dear ones in this terrible war, and who face death and suffering every day, I should like to call attention to the following beautiful passages, from I Cor. 15, v. 35 to the end, and II Cor. v. 5-10.

"Perhaps someone will ask, How can the dead rise up? What kind of body will they be wearing when they appear? Poor fool, when thou sowest seed in the ground, it must die before it can be brought to life; and what thou sowest is not the full body that is one day to be; it is only bare grain, of wheat, it may be, or some other crop; it is for God to embody it according to his will, each grain in the body that belongs to it. Nature is not all one; men have one nature, beasts another, birds another, and fishes another; so too, there are bodies that belong to earth, bodies that belong to heaven; heavenly bodies have one kind of beauty, earthly bodies another. The sun has its own beauty, the moon has hers, the stars have theirs, one star even differs from another in its beauty.

So it is with the resurrection of the dead. What is sown corruptible rises incorruptible. What is sown unhonored, rises in glory. What is sown in weakness, is raised in power, what is sown a natural body, rises a spiritual body. If there is such a thing as a natural body there must be a spiritual body, too. Mankind begins with the Adam who became, as Scripture tells us, a living soul. It is fulfilled in the Adam who has become a life-giving spirit. It was not the principle of spiritual life which came first; natural life came first, then spiritual life; the man who came first, came from earth,

(Continued on page 7)

- no longer with us, but the most ordinary precautions against what formerly seemed and indeed often were dangerous intimacies are now considered both unnecessary and absurd.
3. We are not concerned to deny that Victorian prudery and constraint was greatly exaggerated.

## The Trouble Is

1. We agree that it was supported by a foolish puritanism.
2. It was a Philistine blindness to the beauty of the human body.
3. It was a sneaking conviction that the whole sexual business was essentially unworthy of human beings.
4. But the trouble is that the present state of things is not wholly due to spiritual enlightenment.
5. It is partly the result of the widespread technique of contraception.
6. Our rejoicing at the death of Mrs. Grundy cannot fail to be tempered by shame on account of the decay of male responsibility.

## The War in the Soil

BECAUSE we are interested in the land movement, it naturally follows that we are interested in agricultural methods and techniques. It is this interest which prompts the reprinting of a letter written by Sir Albert Howard, author of "An Agricultural Testament," to the London Daily Times. The date of publication is unknown, as we have only a clipping of this letter, found in an old book.

Sir:—

I should like very briefly to reply to Professor Robinson's comments on Lord Hankey's able presentation of the above subject. [The War in the Soil.]

The crux of this matter can be stated in a few words. Is the use of artificials [fertilizers] and poison sprays, with or without humus, harmful to the soil, to the crops and animals raised thereon and to the health of the human population consuming such produce? After a study of this question in four continents over a period of forty-five years, during which I have had exceptional facilities as an investigator, I am convinced that the answer is: Most emphatically yes. This conclusion is shared by the growing body of pioneers with whom I am associated. Confirmatory evidence is now coming forward in a torrent. The time has therefore come to test the two views set out in Lord Hankey's article. The verdict obviously can be given only by Mother Earth, not by the lawyers on either side. Further discussions will therefore lead us nowhere. To secure an impartial judgment the question at issue must be properly posed, and the reply of the soil itself be made the basis of our future policy in farming, in nutrition and in public health.

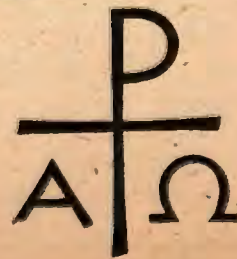
That poison sprays and artificial manures are harmful is proved by a great mass of evidence. Two examples may be quoted. Arsenical washes kill the bees which are essential for pollination, seed formation and the production of honey. Artificial sulphate of ammonia in particular, destroy earthworms wholesale. These creatures are the great conditioners of food material for healthy crops. Recent investigations have shown:

- (1) The casts of the earthworm are five times richer in available nitrogen, seven times richer in available phosphate, and eleven times richer in available potash than the upper six inches of soil.
- (2) Some 25 tons of fresh worm casts are produced every year on each acre of properly farmed land.
- (3) The roots of crops like the potato make the fullest use of these casts.

Once this important section of the potato grower's unpaid labor force is put out of action, the crop suffers from at least two new diseases—eelworm and virus—and the quality and keeping power of the produce deteriorate. A change-over to freshly prepared humus in place of artificials is soon followed by the rapid disappearance of these troubles and by healthy crops.

ALBERT HOWARD.

Blackheath.





# Why Don't You Work?

By DAVID MASON

The young Irishman who came in to ask for a shirt the other day told me he had just left a railroad laboring job over in New Jersey. "I stuck it out for two days," he explained, "but I couldn't take it any longer. A man can't work without sleep, and there was no sleep for me in that place. They bunk you in freight cars standing on a track right up against the main track, where there's trains keeping you awake all night. Then they expect you to carry rails all day long, in this weather. It's more nor a human man can do."

I would have believed him, I think, because of his frankness, even though I hadn't had similar experiences years ago, and hadn't observed the conditions under which men labor in modern industry in this so-called enlightened age. There is a great deal said and written about the improved conditions of labor, but the man at the bottom of the heap, the man who does the basically essential work, still finds unspeakably bad conditions wherever he turns. The inability of railroads to furnish decent living quarters is only one phase, though an extremely important one. Properly prepared food is another thing which employers of many thousands of laborers seem unable to supply.

The men who are the victims of these conditions are expected to perform work which is vitally necessary for the operation of industry. Not a wheel could turn without their cooperation, yet they are treated like criminals, bullied by foremen, exploited by employment offices, camp operators and employers. The express train on which you ride in comfort could not be operated if they were not on hand in any kind of weather to keep the tracks in condition; somewhere they must be shoveling coal, piling ties, carrying rails, digging ditches, moving tons of earth, to make your trip possible. The buildings in which you live and work would have remained drawings on the architect's board if they had not labored to supply materials and grade the building site. Yet, although we know that the family is the only possible basis of a true Christian life for most men, we ignore the crying injustice of the fact that any semblance of family life is totally impossible for the vast majority of them.

Movies and fiction have given us a picture of the laborer as a brawny stalwart who leaves his small but neat and comfortable cottage early in the morning with a full dinner pail, perhaps even riding in his own auto, sings lustily through the day as he swings a pick or wields a shovel, and returns at night to the bosom of his family, consisting of a happy, dutiful wife and a number of children who are all going to be sent to college so they may have a chance to be Vice-President some day.

Like many lovely pictures, that one is altogether false in relation to the lives of a vast army of laborers. Due to the shameful uprooting, proletarianizing effects of the industrial system, which totally ignores the right of man to be treated as a person, the social necessity of making family life possible for everyone

is forgotten. The army of laborers are social outcasts. No one can pretend that a family could be maintained where the laborer must live while he works, and he certainly does not earn enough to support a wife and children elsewhere. After he works for a week, a month or longer on a job, he has no place to go except the Bowery or one of the other "skid rows" of our cities. That expression, "skid row," is sickening, disheartening in its raw implication; it means simply a place where men "hit the skids," a place where escape is purchasable very cheaply. It is the escape offered by alcohol, and by its attendant evil, prostitution. That is the means by which men become physical wrecks, instead of the brawny laborers of fiction.

Many of them come to St. Joseph's House after they have been released from hospitals. One after another comes in with a cast on his arm or leg, often the result of injuries received on a job. Compensation? Oh, yes, months from now; next year, maybe, after all the red tape has



been unwound, all the hearings held in cozy bureaucratic offices, all the forms 14689 K-Z to 458374 O-D-8 filled out. Perhaps he may receive something—but what is he to do meanwhile? No shirt on his back, his trousers worn and torn, and there isn't a shoe made that will fit that plaster cast from which his toes protrude. Primo Carnera used to have shoes that big, specially made for him, but he was engaged in the essential industry of boxing. The man is ashamed to go to a doctor's office for a necessary examination because he has no underwear. He may be entitled to hundreds, even thousands, of dollars in compensation, and heaven knows he will need it, for he may be crippled for life, yet he does not have carfare to get to a hearing; he has no means of support to take care of him while the machinery of the law grinds in its agonizingly deliberate fashion. Yet the officeholders and lawyers who are supported by the machinery that was set up to take care of the interests of the injured man live comfortably, even luxuriously!

Is it any wonder that such men drift to the Bowery, the only place they are welcome, and accept the means to escape offered in its tawdry, noisome bars? And that is how the human wrecks are made, the wrecks that seem to be as hopeless as a train that has been derailed and fallen from a high trestle. The wrecks of whom people ask, "Why don't they work?" The answer is that they have worked, worked for corporations that don't have the least interest in what happens

# Through Adler to Pius XII

By JOHN DOEBELE

"The infuriate tragedy of the events through which we are passing summons us not to joy but rather to penance and amendment, urges us on to self-examination and purification, warns us to reset the course and change the path of our thoughts, our aims and our conduct."

Because Pius XII sees the present war as the breakdown of the social order, he has repeatedly pleaded for a re-thinking of the whole social structure, and has himself substantially broadened and deepened the foundations of Catholic social theory. Yet, since he writes so often in terms of the most general principles, with little attempt at "writing down" to the man in the street, his work has remained almost unknown or, at any rate, ignored. We have simply not been prepared to receive him.

This is why Mortimer Adler's new book, "How to Think of Peace and War," is of importance to Catholics. Taken by itself, it is not a book of lasting value, for

makes it possible for men to live and work together in order, and the lack of a common law which makes disorder inevitable.

In this he echoes the words of the Popes; as Pius XII, for example, put it:

"... from the exact maintenance of these ('basic, unchanging') laws and not merely by the effort of noble and courageous wills, depends in the last analysis the solidity of any national and international order..."

Allowing himself 300 pages, Adler demonstrates his thesis by many varied and convincing arguments and examples. This much is all to the good. But he takes occasion to mention the Peace Program of the Popes, and dismisses it as inadequate; it will, therefore, not be unfair to discuss his work in the light of this Peace Program.

We can say at once that there is very much more to peace than simply living together under a common law. An obvious example: Negroes and whites live under the same laws in the United States; but who will say that they live in peace with each other?

Peace is the tranquillity of order; for men to live together in peace it is necessary that they coordinate their activities in societies. To operate as a going concern every society needs rules and a government; yet rules and government presuppose a society. It is the society which is fundamental, and it is to society or—to make himself clearer—to social life that Pius directs our attention.

Where Adler sees something that is a characteristic of social life, Pius sees this life as it is in itself, and he sees this war as a result of the collapse of our social life.

"... What is this world war, with all its attendant circumstances, whether they be remote or proximate causes, ... but the crumbling process ... of a social order which, behind a deceptive exterior or the mask of conventional shibboleths, hid its mortal weakness and its unbridled lust for gain and power?" (Christmas, 1942.)

In the Christmas address of 1941, Pius XII pictured in some detail the state of social life in the western world, where men have largely turned from seeking God to striving for wealth and power.

"... we witnessed, in the political sphere, the prevalence of an unrestrained impulse towards expansion, and mere political advantage to the disregard of moral principle; in the field of economics, the domination of great, gigantic enterprises and trusts; in social life, the uprooting and crowding of masses of the people in distressing and excessive concentration in the great cities and centers of industry and commerce, with all the uncertainty which is an inevitable consequence when men in large numbers change their homes and res-

idences, their countries and trades, their attachments and friendships.

"It followed from this, then, that the contact and relationship between men in their social life took on a character that was purely physical and mechanical, with a contemptuous disregard for every reasonable moderation and consideration. The rule of external compulsion, mere possession of power, overruled the norms of right and order governing human association and community life, which, emanating from God, determine the natural and supernatural relationship that should prevail in the co-existence of law and love as applied to the individual and society. The majesty and dignity of the human personality and of the particular social groups became a dead letter, degraded and suppressed by the idea that might makes right..."

Most of us, because we have known nothing else, look on these things as perfectly natural. But to Pius they represent a breakdown, a perversion of society.

If this represents collapse, what does a vigorous, healthy social life look like? Pius outlined this picture for us in the Christmas address of the following year, 1942.

"... As an image, albeit imperfect, of its Exemplar, the One and Triune God ... life in society, in its ideals and in its end, possesses by the light of reason and of revelation a moral authority and an absoluteness which transcend every temporal change ... the scope of every social life remains identical, sacred, obligatory; it is the development of the personal values of man as the image of God..."

What a concept for loving thought! A human society coming to be like that Society which is the Trinity!

But to a mind not already preoccupied with this problem of social life, the address makes little impression. Our minds must be prepared; and I believe Adler's book will find its real function in contributing toward this preparation.

## Aldous Huxley On Silence

Llano, California.

Dear Miss Day:

I am enclosing a small contribution towards the work on behalf of which you wrote in the October issue of the Catholic Worker.

In this Age of Organized Noise—noise on the ear-drums, noise in the mind, intellect, feelings and imagination, noise in the clamorous and constantly stimulated desire—anybody who does something for Silence, as you are doing, is performing a real act of charity.

Yours sincerely,  
ALDOUS HUXLEY.

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Write to THE SAINT LEO SHOP

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to men without whose labor not a wheel could turn.

Somewhere an entering wedge of Christian doctrine must be inserted to awaken that interest.



## 'The People Perish'

(Continued from page 4)

could live if his wages stopped? Three weeks.

**B**UT what is the answer? Deeper than we think. What sensible man, finding poison-ivy in his garden, prunes the leaves in order that fewer people may contract the disease? He uproots the accursed thing. So it is with modern life.

There is only one answer, although indeed wise planning must alleviate the change. The answer is in the great garden that God gave the world, the green fields and the peaceful kine, the white ducks on the pools and the white sheep on the hillside, the blue skies and the yellow tulips, the peace of the countryside, quiet enough for bees and many-hued songsters, and ghosts.

Indeed my great complaint against Times Square is that it has no ghosts, as in Ireland there was a spirit of the glens; that the children growing up are not told, as I was told by an Irish father, that if you didn't believe in the fairies they put thorns in your bed. If the ghosts and the impudent jay birds, the humming birds and the banshees choose the silences and the mists of the hills and the valleys where the moonlight touches with silver the sleeping houses, and the only sound is the stirring of the horses' hoofs in the field, or the splash of a frog in the marshes, then I choose them too.

If there had been nothing wrong about Times Square but that the ghosts forsook it, that would have been enough, just as if there had been nothing wrong about modern work but that song forsook it, and the worker cannot sing at his work, that would have been enough. Indeed I would make it the measure of a free man that he can sing at his work.

But indeed it is the tragedy of our age that it has produced little poetry and almost as little love of it, that there are very few people who believe what happens to be true, that the education by the hearth by the mother telling tales of ghosts and battles and epic loves is far more important than education in the science laboratory, that beauty forms souls in the image of God far more skillfully than lectures, that the incongruity between dirty city skies and dirty city business, and the beauty that is Christ and the Liturgy, is tearing man's soul asunder.

**T**HE whole of Modern Industrialism is founded on a lie, denial that the unseen world should influence the trend of economics, denial that every human being is by nature creative.

There is a shape of beauty in every soul which he must be free to impress on the outside world, whether it is the housewife shaping a home that is unlike any other home in the world, or the farmer reassembling his patchwork of fields, or deciding that a Rhode Island Red hen is better for him than a Plymouth Rock, or predicting rain, or the girl arranging the blue dish and the radishes and the butter, and cutting the lilac, or the young man choosing a wife, or the man of the house shaping a hedge, or making a fire, or naming a cow.

I remember that when I worked for a big industrial concern and ate my lunch in the Automat, I was continually tortured by a sense of guilt because I hated those whole eight hours of dreary employment and dreary eating, as though it were my own irresponsibility that made me so lacking in sense of duty.

Now I am only angry that I blamed myself for what was so

healthy a distaste. But it is for most people a fact that they must separate themselves from the system in order to see its evil, stay away from the Automat at twelve for a year before one can see how horrible a lunch hour there really is.

As a further matter of fact one must see something of how true and beautiful a meal can be, for indeed it is a prefiguration of the Divine Banquet, before one can know how horrible it is for nearly all workers. Until I tasted homemade whole wheat bread, I didn't think store bread was half-bad.

Until I did an Irish four-hand reel, I even liked the modern dance; and we'll never know how truly ugly the devil is, until we see God. So today we must somehow get the vision, before we know how far we have lost it. "Where there is no vision the people perish."

**S**O IT is with the great adventure of restoring people to the land, and that perfection of human modes of living, the small village, a unit of small hamlet and encircling farms, of craftsmen, who still think that any home needs a cow, and chickens, and fields, of farmers, who still think farming is not a business, but a way of life: a unit that did not feast or fast as Wall Street maneuvered it, but where everything that the village might need was grown or fashioned skillfully save perhaps Belleek china, or tea of course, or a great book fashioned by another freeman. But we must know that we are slaves before we can be free, for indeed it is the last degradation of the slave to deny that there can be such a thing as freedom.

Do you remember the story of the little girl who lived in a house that was dirty and untidy and sat in a yard that was dirty and untidy? One day a lovely flower grew up in the yard, and the child asked her mother to clean a spot on the window that she might look through it at the flower. The sunlight came in through the cleared place, and in that revealing light the woman suddenly saw and could no longer endure the dirt of the house. Herein lies the terrible responsibility of Catholics. They have the piercing vision of Christ in the Mass, and if they really looked at Him, they could suddenly no longer endure the lying reflection of the world.

## LUNATICS

Recognizing its duty, in Christian charity, to relieve mentally deficient persons of the burden of an undeserved opprobrious epithet, the Irish Government will no longer refer to them as "lunatics." Under the provisions of a bill to be introduced by the Government, the term "persons of unsound mind" will be used in stead of the word which, in accordance with ancient pagan superstition, designated them as unfortunates who were under some mysterious malign influence of the moon. The general purpose of the bill is the codification of laws relating to persons who are mentally afflicted.

The bill will repeal eighteen statutes, beginning with those of George IV of England and ending with an act of the Government of 1942.

Persons requiring only short periods of treatment will be segregated from chronic cases or be taken care of in a special institution. Certain patients who are not dangerous may be boarded out in private—a provision completely new in Eire.

## SAINT RAPHAEL



## PRAYER TO ST. RAPHAEL

**O** RAPHAEL, lead us towards those we are waiting for, those who are waiting for us: Raphael, Angel of happy meetings, lead us by the hand towards those we are looking for. May all our movements be guided by your light and transfigured by your joy. Angel, guide of Tobias, lay the request we now address to you at the feet of Him on whose unveiled face you are privileged to gaze. Lonely and tired, crushed by the separations and sorrows of life, we feel the need of calling on you and of pleading for the protection of your wings, so that we may not be as strangers in the province of joy, all ignorant of the concerns of our country. Remember the weak, you who are strong, you whose home lies beyond the region of thunder in a land that is always peaceful, always serene and bright with the resplendent glory of God.

## So We Moved The Kitchen

Because we decided to get a coal range for our kitchen, Shorty Smith's domain has been moved, after all these years, from the second floor of the rear tenement to the coffee room on the street floor of the front house, and John and Cecelia Curran are now installed where the dining room used to be.

It all started with our dissatisfaction with the two gas ranges which were used for cooking all meals and heating the kitchen. Neither had a serviceable oven, and they were expensive to operate, so it was decided some time ago that we should have a coal range.

Easier said than done, like many other things. We wanted the range to be one of the heavy-duty hotel type, but when prices were asked for and quoted—the plan expired of shock. Second-hand dealers wanted \$150 and \$200 for old things that belonged to the scrap pile, so I turned my eyes in the direction of domestic ranges. Even these come high, but after a long search I found one that we could afford.

All the time I had been hunting the range there was the problem of getting it up the narrow, winding stairway, and of fitting it into the close quarters of the kitchen. Consideration of that problem led to a solution which seemed attractive: Why not install the range in the coffee room and bring the kitchen down to it? That would involve moving the dining room down also. But why not? The coffee room would make a more attractive refectory than the cramped space upstairs. Yes, that was the solution, and we started to put it into effect. There was considerable plumbing work to be done, and John Curran agreed to do it. He moved the laundry tubs up from the cellar and connected them, which gives us a fine sink. He ripped an ugly nest of old pipes and an old sink out of one corner and opened a small door into the hallway which had been nailed shut for years, so the big kitchen door wouldn't have to be opened much in cold weather.

Moving the big refrigerator was the most difficult job, and we had to get two moving men to do it for us. Now it stands in a corner of the coffee room, just outside the kitchen partition.

While the moving job was in progress we learned that John and Cecelia needed an apartment, as the one they were living in was only temporary quarters. We had intended using the old dining room for a bedroom, but it was just what the Currans needed, so they moved in, thereby becoming the first married couple

to live in St. Joseph's House. John has installed plumbing in the apartment, and moved one of the gas stoves in from the kitchen. Today they are painting the place, and already it begins to look homey.

So Shorty and Chu are now installed in their new kitchen, and everyone agrees that the change is a big improvement. Mr. Birmingham has been ill for the past week and has not been able to assist them in the job of getting settled. George Luckhardt, who used to live with us and has been a neighborhood handyman for several years, is helping out in the kitchen, and doing very well on the job.

Frank Born is still major domo of the coffee line, assisted now by Bill Duffy, since Hans moved out to Maryfarm. Now, Frank has a kitchen range to heat his coffee, and the place is kept warmer for his early morning guests.

So many changes have come about through the decision to get a coal range for the kitchen! Not the least of them is that our refectory is now the room adorned with Ade de Bethune's murals. And, by a strange coincidence, the very first person to walk into our dining room after the moving was completed, and the first guest to receive a cup of coffee, was Ade herself, who dropped in from Newport on a visit. I can't think of a more appropriate choice for a first guest.

D. M.

## Book Review

(Continued from page 5)

fashioned of dust, the man who came afterwards came from Heaven, and his fashion is heavenly. The nature of the earth-born man is shared by his earthly sons, the nature of the heaven-born man, by his heavenly sons; and it remains for us, who once bore the stamp of earth, to bear the stamp of heaven. What I mean, brethren, is this: the kingdom of God cannot be enjoyed by flesh and blood; the principle of corruption cannot share a life which is incorruptible.

"Here is a secret I will make

known to you: we shall all rise again, but not all of us will undergo the change I speak of. It will happen in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, when the last trumpet sounds; the trumpet will sound, and the dead will rise again, free from corruption and we shall find ourselves changed; this corruptible nature of ours must be clothed with incorruptible life, this mortal nature immortalized. Then, when this corruptible nature wears its incorruptible garment, this mortal nature its immortality, the saying of Scripture will come true. Death is swallowed up in victory. Where then, death, is thy victory; where, death, is thy sting? It is sin that gives death its sting, just as it is the law that gives sin its power; thanks be to God, then, who gives us victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Stand firm, then, my beloved brethren, immovable in your resolve, doing your full share continually in the task, the Lord has given you, since you know that your labor in the Lord's service cannot be spent in vain.

"Once this earthly tent dwelling of ours has come to an end, God, we are sure, has a solid building waiting for us, a dwelling not made with hands, that will last eternally in heaven. And indeed, it is for this that we sigh, longing for the shelter of that home which heaven will give us, if death, when it comes, is to find us sheltered, not defenseless against the winds. Yes, if we tent-dwellers here go sighing and heavy-hearted, it is not because we would be stripped of something; rather, we would clothe ourselves afresh; our mortal nature must be swallowed up in life. For this, nothing else, God was preparing us, when he gave us the foretaste of His spirit. We take heart, then, continually, since we recognize that our spirits are exiled from the Lord's presence so long as they are at home in the body, with faith, instead of a clear view, to guide our steps. We take heart, I say, and have a mind rather to be exiled from the body, and at home with the Lord; to that end, at home or in exile, our ambition is to win his favor."

## BOOKS FOR THE TIMES

THIS WAY OUT ..... 20c  
A FARM IN IRELAND ..... 35c  
IT HAPPENED IN IRELAND ..... 35c

(All Three by Fr. Clarence Duffy)

PARISH CREDIT UNIONS ..... 10c

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

The Christian Press

115 Mott Street

New York 13, N. Y.



# SOJOURN AT MARYFARM

(Continued from page 1)

from the center of the room to the corner and the wooden platform in place. In time to spend Christmas with his family, we sent him on his way with Christ's blessing and an invitation to come back in the summer to make one of the retreats.

Always the purpose of the retreat house was an inspiration for us. Here would be a place dedicated to "holy silence." A refuge from the noise-crazed world. Not a place of escape, however, but a spiritual powerhouse for Christians where they would be refilled with the inner peace and joy which comes from the sureness of a Christian's vocation—a redeemed people, sons of God and heirs of Heaven. Strengthened with the weapons of the spirit, prayer and penance, they will return to their homes, offices and factories carrying the message of Christ's love to their fellowmen. They will carry too the message of Maryfarm to come to the retreat house and during eight days spent in silence, prayer and recollection they will thrive on the spiritual food so lavishly given by God, our Bountiful Father.

All are invited to come—colored and white; married and single; rich and poor; grown-ups and children; (during the summer there will be special days of recollection for children). There should be no hesitation about finances. Those who have money will help those who feel they cannot afford to make a retreat. One thinks of Isai's message:

"All ye that thirst come to the waters and you that have no money, make haste, buy and eat, come ye, buy wine and milk without money and without any price."

"Why do you spend money for that which is not bread and your labor for that which doth not satisfy you? Harken diligently to me and eat that which is good and your soul shall be delighted in fatness."

THE Advent retreat was given by Father Roy and was our first opportunity to welcome a group of retreatants. Helen Montague was able to come up from Easton leaving her six young ones in charge of Jane, who stayed there and mothered them for three days.

Mrs. Ellis, apostle from Cleveland's Negro section, came on about a week before the retreat just to "help out." She gave us some lessons in baking, and the milk bottle we had to use in place of a rolling pin only added to the excitement. The kitchen, you see, is still in the growing stage, and if you can't find necessary equipment like potato mashers, rolling pins, egg beaters, etc., you scout about father's tool table and develop your inventive talents. (A hatchet, delicately used, will open a tin can.) During Mrs. Ellis' stay we added to our daily serving of home-made whole wheat bread, crackling bread, biscuits and apple pie. As Dorothy Day has said: "Poverty is doing without luxuries in order to have the essentials." And when I went into the city for a brief visit, I marveled at its undernourished state, yet withal its attitude of smug superiority toward its country brothers. Its inhabitants daily lamented their lack of butter, cream, fresh vegetables. And I returned in spirit to Maryfarm, where I knew the morning's program included churning of golden rich butter from bossie's daily quota of milk; the making of whole-wheat buttermilk biscuits, baking bread. Afternoons spent in our good neighbor's orchard, gathering the windfall apples and gleaning the field for a bountiful harvest of turnips and cabbages.

THE days at Maryfarm flew by. Our lives were filled with

peace and quiet of soul and mind. The retreat house could not be more ideally situated. High up in the Pennsylvania hills, one could and did overlook the smoky city below. God was so evident in His splendor that we said in astonishment a hundred times a day, "The earth is filled with the glory of God."

The days were increasingly busy. The huge stone and concrete barn which is now the retreat house holds the chapel and conference room; below are the spacious farm kitchen and Father Roy's workshop. The dormitories are also here, though this arrangement may change.

Our first concern was to make the chapel warm and to shut out the wintry winds. Michael, who spent some days with us, helped Father put weather stripping along the topmost beams to cover the biggest holes, and I still remember perching on the top step of a fifteen-foot ladder and stuffing long cracks in the stone wall with rags, making sure the rags blended with the general color scheme. Only the day before I had filled a jagged opening with green rags—thought attractive only by the Irish members of the family but protested by the French and Polish.

Sealing up the holes in the beams and the wide cracks in the wall meant that all of us would have to start singing the Mass. Does that sound strange? Well, let me explain. Our brothers, the birds, had come into the chapel each morning and had sung during Mass. We were convinced they had been personally sent by St. Francis, for they always were silent during the Canon, and, in fact, behaved more reverently than many a church choir I have heard. After the birds' entrance had been boarded up, it seemed there would be no more Missa Cantatas. But two hardy pioneers still found their way in. They carried on as a choir and then would fly downstairs and have breakfast with us each morning. We named the wee one Bennie and the round fat one Thomas. Catherine and I were soundly scolded by Father Roy one morning for shooing them away from the food. He had a great love for them, and soon our admiration for their cleverness overcame our housewifely prudence, for without fail they would immediately light upon a freshly baked loaf of whole-wheat bread and take their breakfast. They disdained less substantial foods.

AFTER the big pot-bellied stove was installed in the chapel and the floor covering laid, it was warm enough to withstand the coldest winter. The Christmas retreat began in a blizzard, but we were, during the next five days, as snug as could be.

Father Harvey Egan, of Minneapolis, was the retreat master. I would just like to tell about the beautiful ceremony we had together New Year's Eve.

At 11:30 we gathered in the chapel and there by candlelight we prayed the Liturgy of our Slain Brethren, which appeared in last month's issue of the paper. We spent the next ten minutes in silence, praying for our own sins committed during the past year and for all those throughout the world this night who would not be giving glory and honor to God. Exactly at 12 o'clock, Father prayed the Gloria In Excelsis Deo, which is the great hymn of praise and adoration. After some more minutes of silence we began an individual renewing of our Baptismal vows. The burning light of the candle which we carried with us from the altar would be a daily reminder during the year to keep alight the flame of faith.

There we were—colored and white; young and old; from all walks of life gathered together

## House of Bread

(Continued from page 1)

Conception Seminary, Huntington, Long Island, blessed the place on the feast of the Epiphany, and blessed the fire, the tools with which we will work, the huge-wooden bread troughs, the peels (if that is the way you spell it) which are used like shovels to put the bread into and take it out of the oven.

It was a beautiful feast day and a wonderful joy for us all (and there must have been fifty or so young women from colleges and offices in Brooklyn and New York) to bring gifts to the Infant Saviour, joining the three kings on this most holy day. Many girls brought flour, yeast, sugar, milk, honey. "He fed them with the fat of wheat, and brought them into a land flowing with milk and honey."

We sang the Magnificat, and the Ubi caritas, and we partook of refreshments, Carol's home-made bread, cheese and coffee. The two big rooms were decorated with Christmas trees, contributed nobly by the small boys of the neighborhood, who claimed them afterward for burning. There is a shrine to our Blessed Mother in one of the windows, and the crucifix was a gift of Miss Delahanty, of Sheepfold, Bethlehem, Conn. The bakery will be called *The House of Bread*.



in His name and more closely united despite differences of color, age and temperament than a human family because we were members of Christ's Mystical Body. Hans, a Norwegian seaman and a non-Catholic, who had come out to help Duncan with the cooking for the retreat, also went up to the altar and renounced the devil, his works and his pomps and asked faith of the Church.

OUR stay at Maryfarm has come to an end but we shall always be united in spirit with the family at Easton. Already I can see the many who will climb the hill to the retreat house. During the summer it will be a pilgrimage for people from all parts of the country.

Catherine and I have a favorite mountain at Maryfarm. Looking toward the west we watched the sun go down behind the hills and the sky was filled with a radiance of color. The fire-rose clouds were each evening in such startling formation that we christened our mountain—"the mountain of the Holy Spirit" and we pray that He "who broods over the bent world with warm breast and ah—bright wings" will fill the retreatants with the fire of His divine love and the desire to go forth and renew the face of the earth.

## LONG, LONG AGO...

(Continued from page 1)

going to do. But Mrs. Johnson was right about the baby. It was on the way.

In the miserable months before the baby came, Mr. Johnson was intermittently frantic and despondent. He finally got into the dreary habit of listening to the radio. Tuning in one night, he heard how if you really wanted a job you could certainly have one—if you were a trained man. It was up to you. Diesel engines, air conditioning, time study, those were the magic words of the day. Mr. Johnson borrowed some money and took courses. In a few short months, just as the explanatory literature had said, he mastered them, he received huge diplomas with ribbons, his wife was proud of him, but in the end there were no jobs. Well, there were two or three maybe in the world at the time, but not open to a man like Mr. Johnson, though trained now, colored still. No courses were advertised on how to become a white man. Mr. Johnson despaired.

The time came for Mrs. Johnson to have their baby. It was a few days before Christmas.

Mr. Johnson got put on extra at the post office. He was one of the last to get put on, however, and it meant only about a week's pay—and later. They were no longer living in the kitchenette they began their married life in, nor in one of the series of little rooms, each one cheaper, that lead to the present. They were living in a store which was filled with Christmas trees and still smelled faintly in the corners of the grocery it had been.

Mr. Johnson knew the fellow, Garfield, who had the trees. Garfield was a bum, more or less, a good old bum who only ran the tree business for a couple of enterprising merchants that knew how to make a good thing out of Christmas, and Garfield probably took some risk in letting the Johnsons stay there. There was a vacant lot next door, which was also stocked with trees, and here Garfield kept fires going all night to keep away the poor thieves and children. When Garfield had to go somewhere Mr. Johnson would watch the trees.

At the last minute Mr. Johnson called on some friends he thought he had. Sorry. The agencies faltered. The municipal this and that were full. The way it turned out, Mrs. Johnson had to have the baby in the store, away in the back, on a bed made of broken Christmas trees. Mr. Johnson and Garfield heated water over their fires in the vacant lot. They had a kerosene lantern to see by. Garfield knew something about being a midwife, he said, and Mr. Johnson guessed he did from the sure way he used his hands. Mrs. Johnson came through fine. Garfield said it was an easy delivery. The baby was a boy, born on Christmas eve, a brown baby, not a squaller.

Mrs. Johnson suffered little pain, she said. God has a long memory, Garfield said. Funny, Mr. Johnson said, I never thought of that. I did, Mrs. Johnson said, I can think of nothing else, do you think it's a sin? No, Garfield said, not in your case, you are poor enough. Now let us thank God and His Blessed Mother for this honor in our hearts.

They were all three silent for a minute and then the men built a small fire near the door where she could see it, along with the snow, coming down fine from the moon.

The next day, Christmas, Mrs. Johnson wanted to call the baby Garfield, after Garfield. But Garfield objected. Call him John, he said, after John the Baptist, for he'll be black all his life and have to suffer much. So they called him John. John Johnson. Some benevolent photogra-

phers from the phoney newspapers came around to make a rotogravure feature of the birth. The managing editor had told them it was Christmas. They tried to pass off some bad cigars and hollow references to the spirit of the Day. Garfield told them to go peddle their newspapers and they left in a huff, after telling Mr. and Mrs. Johnson they were missing some good publicity, a chance for prosperity. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson only smiled and said, Yes, we know.

Where they never understood before, they now understood with Garfield how it was, for it was... a merry Christmas in poverty, the poverty of the Holy Family.

(Maryhouse News, Minneapolis.)

## Conscription

(Continued from page 1)

citizens and of the community of nations, by every government. It must be suppressed, as the Holy See points out, "by a common agreement among civilized nations." Until the system of universal conscription is abolished, all hope of enduring peace must remain an illusion.

This truth is likewise emphasized by Alfred Noyes. Pointing out that the State was made for man, not man for the State, he says that if not kept under control, it may become the individual's worst enemy. "There is something appallingly wrong," he declares, "something tragically wrong, with a world in which hundreds of millions of those individuals whom Christ died to save, are hurled helplessly into bloodshed by half a dozen men whose plans and motives have been completely hidden from all but perhaps another half dozen; so that entire nations, which in their general level of individual character and intelligence—not to speak of their outstanding individuals, a Beethoven, a Pasteur, a Shakespeare, a Galileo—have far surpassed the level of the half-dozen manipulators of the political machinery, suddenly find themselves helplessly slaughtering one another."

## From Hazen Ordway

The Aleutians.

We have, of course, the beautiful sky and, perhaps, an extra amount of clouds, as we have never had a day, I think, when we did not have a squall or some rain. Trees don't grow here. The extent of vegetation is tundra, which is sooty, brown earth, which extends down about three feet, and on top is a combination of moss and a coarse grass. There are mountains to be seen, which are beautiful in the sunlight, shining all white with snow and, of course, gray with shadow, too. There is much ocean to be seen—gray, blue and green at times, with white caps and, on strong, windy days, rolling breakers. Our huts are half-barrel-looking affairs, and are set down in the ground, with the earth and tundra piled around them, which affords protection from the wind and some from attack.

Nine of us live in a hut. It is quite cozy. We burn oil, and it's very comfortable. It's usually too hot rather than too cold. I was thinking the huts might work out well at the farms. I've wondered about the advisability of the type of electric plants used here for electricity for the farms.

HAZEN ORDWAY.