**April 30, 1933**

Dear fellow countrymen and countrywomen, I greet you with the words: Praised be Jesus Christ!

Since last Sunday, I have received a few hundred letters asking me to speak at least once more about the agitators who sow ferment in the minds of workers, who under the guise of teaching and helping the masses of good and noble workmen, lead them astray by imbuing revolutionary rules in their hearts and minds; they expose people who are calm and innocent as lambs to the dangers of prison and deportation; to the loss of work and bread; often also to handicaps, and sometimes even to – death! Here I quote one of these letters:

Dear Father,

While I listened to your radio talk last Sunday, I felt as if I were once again living through what had happened in our town. In one of the factories, there worked a group of Poles, including me. Truth is, the pay was good, although the work was hard and the hours long. At least there was enough bread for me, my wife and our seven children. A few people grumbled and complained. One day, when we were leaving the factory, we were given pieces of paper with information about a workers’ meeting, which was to take place at a saloon. I went. There were all of two speakers, one an Italian, the other a Spaniard. They spoke with great violence. We were signed up for some sort of association. When the company found out that this meeting had taken place, that we had signed up and that we would be demanding more pay, the factory was closed. For twelve months we had no work. My family and I lived on charity, on bread we received from others. Finally, our committee reached an agreement with the company. The factory was opened, our pay was cut down. While we had once earned at least five dollars a day, we now received three and a half! For having listened to those two agitators, who had promised us higher pay, a shorter work week, etc. When their help was needed, they just took the money they had gathered and disappeared, and we were left behind. All of this came to my mind when I listened to your talk on Sunday!”

And now to my talk:

**The Victims of Wolves in Sheep’s Clothing**

I quote fragments of the novel by Józef Przewłocki: „When the rumor went around the village that Niewiarski had closed the factories, many of the workers became afraid. The poorer ones, whose only means of existence was the money earned in the factory, thought with despair about the future. However, they were consoled by agitators, who claimed that closing factories was just a capitalist trick which was supposed to make the workers scared, to rob them of their spirit and make them give in. At the end of the village where the inn stood, it was usually quiet. Today, however, all the windows were shining with lights. The inn was crowded and loud, because the elders of the strike movement were gathered there. Over the period of the last few days, there had arrived a group of mysterious individuals whose names and origin were unknown. These people were busy in the homes of those who were the poorest, the hungriest and the most depressed by poverty. They gave out money, bread, tobacco and cigarettes, but first and foremost they agitated, agitated vehemently against capitalists, against socialists, against the police, the authorities and the government of the Polish republic. As if off-hand, they let fall words tainted with poison, or else filled with promises of a better life, which was soon to come, if only the poor people would find the courage to do the great and powerful deed and shake off the yoke imposed by the bourgeoisie. Among the agitators there stood out a man of medium height, thin, sharp-featured, with small piercing eyes, which nervously but piercingly ran in all directions. He was the secret leader of the communists. At the meeting at the inn, apart from the socialist leaders, the communists also had gathered, so as to spy on the socialists and when the time was ripe, when the socialists would have agitated the mass of workers and would have started to lose control over them, to step in and use to their own profit the ground prepared by the socialists. The workers, exhausted by a three-month-long strike, were stricken with extreme poverty. Deathly-pale hunger sat at the threshold of every worker’s hut and snapped its jaws, like a banshee. The groups of workers were discouraged as to their leaders. The more spirited among them demanded a quick end of the strike, since there had been nothing gained up to that point. The fathers of large families thought with despair of the future. The elders remembered the times, not so long before, when peace and welfare had reigned in the village. Nobody was hungry and no one walked around in rags, and people were content with their destiny and their work. Łapka got up and in a long speech explained to the workers that the moment had come when it was necessary to come to a decision: „Comrades and brother workers! I see no other solution at this point than to gather all the workers with their wives and children to go to the factory and to the house of that exploiter Niewiarski. There we will show the world our poverty and the poverty of our children. We will call for the immediate opening of factories and a pay raise.” The people went back to their houses, and the head of the committee went to see a certain someone, who wanted to exploit both the workers and the employer. An agreement took place „in the following way”. The old man got up from his bench and went to a neighboring alcove for money. A moment later, he came back and counted out onto the table a thousand złotys for Mańka. The communist took the money, put it into his pocket, bowed to the innkeeper to bid him farewell and left the inn. After him, like a shadow, walked his kindred spirit: Józef Wyderka, a professional arsonist, who had already lent his services quite a few times to this type of ‘work’. Around five o’clock, all the roads were filled with groups of people. They went straight to the factory, and their song thundered with the threat of revenge:

Our oppressors have long shed our blood

The bitter tears of the people continue to flow

But the day of reckoning is close.

“Stop!” cried the police. But the crowd paid no heed. Like madmen they pressed into the yard. The excited mob overflowed onto the porch of the manor house. They started to throw sticks and stones at the policemen. Before the factory entrance there was a commotion and the lengthy sound of the policemen’s whistle reached the ears of the chief constable. It was one of the two abandoned policemen who signaled for help. The chief constable looked in that direction, but he no longer saw his subordinates. They had been thrown to the ground, their rifles taken away, and the main entrance was quickly being taken. “In the name of the Republic!” shouted the constable, but his voice was lost in the general hubbub. “Fire!” he cried in a terrible voice and shot his rifle into the air. In reply he heard three shots fired by the policemen. His mouth was hit by a stone, he spit blood and like a madman he fired straight into the crowd. A few people were already writhing on the ground, lightly or badly wounded. The crowd stirred and cowardly started running away in panic. Almost at that very moment there was the terrible cry: „It’s on fire!” Billows of smoke burst from the huge basket factory, while the fiery tongues, which had shattered the windows, now began to lick the overhang of the roof and the walls. The fire spread with astonishing speed, and in a few minutes the whole basket factory stood in flames, burning like a torch. – After these events, a deep despondency, bordering on despair, reigned in the village. The people understood completely that they had been only the tools of clever agitators – that thanks to the strike, they had not gained anything, and in addition had lost the possibility of earning money. – The courtroom was filled with people today. On the bench of the accused sat: Icek Mendel, Józef Wyderka, Franciszek Mańka, Cianciara and Łapka. They were accused of having provoked bloody disturbances, of having opposed police authority and of having set the factory on fire. More than forty witnesses were called. The trial lasted five days. The bill of indictment, prepared by the attorney, showed in vivid words how the calm and hard-working village had become the preying ground of paid agitators, who had recklessly provoked the strike, who had brought the workers to the brink of poverty, so as to later lead them, hungry and desperate, to attack the factory, so causing the spilling of blood. Treated separately in the bill of indictment was the case of Icek Mendel, Wyderka and Mańka regarding setting fire to the factory in return for money. Icek Mendel testified that it was not he, but the deceased M.S. who had employed Wyderka and Mańka, paid them a thousand złotys in advance, and the other thousand was to come after the arson. Wyderka was told to set fire, so he did! „This is my profession, Your Honor.” he testified with a cynical smile playing on his lips, „They pay for my ‘work’, so I do what I am supposed to do!” The process ended with the instigators being sentenced to both a fine and a jail sentence! The third day after the verdict was announced, a delegation came to Niewiarski, asking him to come to a meeting which was to be held in the evening at the school. The delegation then declared that the workers wanted peace and harmonious cooperation, and that the agitators had been thrown out of the village, never to be allowed to return again. “You see, dear friends,” said Niewiarski, ‘Was all of this necessary? Would it not have been better to have come to me like you come today, if there was the need to speak to me? You sent foreign triflers, people without a conscience, common thugs. Listen to me. I am old and I have seen much in my life. I know the workers’ movements better than you do, and I know as well as you do that this movement is made use of by scoundrels and careerists of the worst kind. It is this way in all countries of the world, so it is no better with us, or even worse, because the masses are more ignorant here. I knew from the very start that our workers had been taken in hand by deceivers, so I had to defend the workers from the gangrene. I could defend them only in one way, by overcoming their attack on me. If I had given in, the workers would have fallen victim to communism.” Niewiarski called Sobkowiak to himself, and said to him, “You have a mission. Gather all the workers employed here into one educational organization. In the vicinity of the factory, we will build them a worker’s house. There you will create a reading-room and a library, and you will construct a stage for amateur performances. You have seen such associations in other countries and in Wielkopolska, so you know how to do this. My mission in this village will be to create industry; yours will be to spread truly Polish, national culture. We will work together, hand in glove!”

It is a fact, by now well-known, that between 1924 and 1926 a few hundred cunning agitators came to the United States, as well as to Canada! Why? To spread their unbridled and inhuman propaganda among our fellow countrymen. They started agitating in the following cities: Chicago, Detroit, Hamtramck, Buffalo, Pittsburgh, New York, Baltimore, Brooklyn, Erie, Syracuse, Passaic, Utica, Newark, Milwaukee, Providence, Cleveland, Wilkes-Barre, Philadelphia, Boston and St. Louis; and even in a dozen smaller towns. After having investigated the attitude of Polish workers, they started to organize Committees of the Unemployed! They started to bustle about in Pennsylvania among the striking miners; here and there they gave out certain financial aid; they convinced people to take out their deposits, etc. They agitated because of money, because each of them received from $10 to $50 a week. All of this, along with the surnames of agitators, was published by the Dziennik Związkowy1 at the end of last year. Anyway, they claim that here there is unemployment and hunger; destitution and poverty, while in the Soviet Union there is work, bread and prosperity! They promise to give the same to workers in the US. Fine words butter no parsnips! You don’t need to be told that here we have unemployment and poverty, but this is nothing compared with what is going on within the borders of their country. What is the situation of workers and farmers? The communist newspaper Truth” (“Pravda”) presented the official report of the Central Committee of Workers’ Unions regarding workers’ earnings in the Soviet Union. Listen:

Work building machinery, monthly pay..............................................136 r. 08 kop.

In the mines, monthly pay...................................................................122 r. 50 kop.

In oil-wells, monthly pay.....................................................................118 r. 90 kop.

In shoe factories, monthly pay.............................................................103 r. 88 kop.

In paper-mills, monthly pay...................................................................88 r. 92 kop.

At a tailor’s, monthly pay......................................................................88 r. 60 kop.

And so on. 136 rubles, that means, $4.50 per month. Not surprising that Soviet workers look daggers at the system which demands extreme efforts and offers minimal payment, which does not even cover the most basic food! Today, workers scorn and curse such privileges, such mean liberty. And anyway, who really rules in the Soviet Union? The so-called proletariat? The proletariat, those are the workers and farmers; two and a half to three million factory workers; craftsmen have either died of hunger, or moved out into the country, so that 77 of 100 of farms are in their hands. We must remember that Russia’s population is about 130 million; out of these, 4 million belong to the communist party. In the party, those who rule are called „Responsible Activists.” There are eight thousand of them! This handful rules the nation. The beautiful and delicious rule of the proletariat. Eight thousand thugs and butchers who blinded the poor nation, who stupefied minds, poisoned hearts and keep on stretching out their blood-tainted hands for new victims. Let us go further. Paid agents claim that in Russia there is no unemployment, this is as true as everything else. Didn’t the government’s own report at the end of last year show that within the country’s borders there exists an 8-million strong army of the unemployed? The communists fight with capitalism and capitalists. So why do they introduce capitalist systems? Why do they invite capitalist magnates to advise and aid them through loans? Why are billions wasted on propaganda while farmers, their wives and children starve to death? Really, it is heaven. What more, their emissaries encourage strikes and sow ferment, while they regard such demonstrations at home as rebellions against the government, and farmers are hanged or shot? And what is the moral side of this sad and mournful story? To tear God out of human hearts, to uproot and eliminate even the thought of God? An atheist man – an unbelieving woman – a godless child. Really, it is heaven on earth; as a certain American reporter said: „The Bolsheviks when creating a new system had promised that their rule would create paradise for all citizens within a short period of time, and they created in Russia an atmosphere of sadness and depression that is unparalleled in the world.” – The bare and awful truth! When I read the reports of those who escaped from this devilish mire, it seems to me as if we were returning to the times of the Roman Neroes. How long will God permit the Soviet baseness, pride and cruelty to harass the Russian giant, I cannot say! It will fall, it must fall. Because it is built on the flimsy foundation of atheism and human hatred; because it is built on the puddles of blood of the innocent and defenseless! The fatal Mene – Tekel – Peres have already appeared over the immense country, which could have become the angel of true learning, culture and civilization, and instead has become and still is the insolent Judas of everything that is holy and noble. These are the reasons which make me speak to you, fellow citizens, so as to open your eyes, so that you see the real side of this supposedly gold Soviet coin; so that you do not listen to those so-called champions, advocates and spokesmen; so that you do not let yourselves become misled and cheated! I repeat once more, your profits would be below zero and your losses great, because the slavery would be voluntary. The present crisis is nearing its end. Better times are coming; there will be work and everything that goes along with work. That is, prosperity and peace. Believe in God’s goodness, trust in God’s aid, and love God and your neighbor. Then you will be model citizens of the country where you live.

 To finish up, I will read to you, dear radio listeners, a letter from Toronto:

 “Most Reverend Father Justin:

 Having had the possibility of listening to the Rosary Hour program during the last few Sundays, as well as in answer to the questions raised, I think it suitable to use this way to thank you for your very appropriate answer given to our immature Polish communists of Toronto, this social plague of the emigrants. They are few in number here, but under cover they attempt to sully the name of Poland and Poles on this continent. I beg you, in my own name at least, if similar questions come pouring in, to send them packing, and I am sure that the words of Most Reverend Father will meet with the respect and approval of the clear-headed Polonia in Toronto and in all of Canada. Wishing you much health and a long life, I remain with all due respect,

 J. C. from Toronto

 Today in the USA is called Presidents’ Day, that is citizens should pray for President Roosevelt. Who else, if not we Catholics, should not only today but always remember in our prayers him who leads our country in these crucial times and who on his shoulders carries the weight of the highest and most responsible post in the country. Here is the prayer:

 Let us pray.

 O Wise, Powerful and Just Lord, today we humbly beg you to support and enlighten the President of the United States by the graces of the Holy Spirit. Give him the graces of wisdom, courage and endurance. Let his rule be based on the principles of honesty and justice, so that his subjects gain both spiritually and materially; so that virtue and religion be respected; so that justice and mercy direct his actions. Let the light of Your Godly Wisdom shine on his way in leading citizens to a better, more peaceful and happier future; so that under his rule unemployment disappears, sobriety becomes the norm, and true education develops; so that our country becomes the model of peace and order for the whole world. O Wise, Powerful and Just Lord, we ask you this not only today, but always. Amen!