**December 17, 1933**

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

 In the whole history of the world there hasn't been such disturbance and unhappiness as in this twentieth century. Up to our times, the people of a particular country has suffered and wept, at times the citizens of a few or even several countries had to suffer through what was difficult and hard; however, the world has never shown such a sad and terrifying image as it does today. A glance over the world shows it boiling and cooking; misery and poverty pervade all countries, unemployment and has thrown a pier over the heads of people; suspicion and mistrust has become nested in the minds of people; hatred and aversion have bitten into the hearts of people, and the souls of people are tossed and turned in all directions with the desire for a bloody revenge that is not worthy of a rational and free being!

At this time, before your eyes, a terrifying image is moving. A large, transatlantic ship moves smoothly and calmly over the waters of the Neapolitan bay. I am standing on the deck and am pensively looking at this wonderful sight. Slowly, I lift up my eyes and I direct my sight to the majestic Vesuvius. The sight terrifies me. Thick black clouds of smoke are heavily and lazily lifting themselves above the jaw of the historic criminal, who has destroyed so many lives and possessions. From time to time, the terrifying jaw expels flames which are followed by long and ill-boding underground quakes. I remind myself of the words of St. Francis De Sales who, while speaking to the lazy and indifferent Neapolitans, cried out, "One morning, the world will awaken and say; 'Naples was here yesterday'" Truly, the world today is a real Vesuvius. It boils and overflows in the minds of people. The people, having torn off God's chain, having tossed away faith in God, has discarded the principles and foundations without which it will does not and will never find happiness. Above the people then, the clouds of dark disappointments, one can often here the threats of revolt and bloody intentions. That is what numerous letters sent to us testify to, in which, as in a mirror, we see the activities and happenings of human souls. I will read you just one.

October 31, 1933

Dear Fr. Justin,

This upcoming Sunday please tell us what weapon the worker has to use against the repressing capitalist-millionaires to fight for bettering his condition? Up till now, neither prayer nor the rosary, nor local unions, nor the Workers Federation, nor the N.R.A. has done anything for the worker. In my opinion, would it not be best to organize all the workers into a worker's union, which already exists and rush on the enemy with the red banner as they have already done in Russia. There is not other way, and after the slaughter, we will take the rosary into our hands and thank God for the victory.

Rasputin from Detroit, Michigan

Dear Radio Listeners:

     This how many think today. However, what would be the result if there was a bloody change in the current social and economic conditions? Not only would the people who swim in excess goods, fortunes, and riches suffer but also the poor would fall into a definite and marginal poverty, the best example of today is the fortune of the Russian peasant; for as the European newspapers have written in this past year, four million people have starved to death there.

**Class Warfare**

The struggle between classes is nothing new. It took place already in the Old Testament as is described to us in the second Book of Ezra in chapter six: The Jews returned from the Babylonian exile. The homeland was destroyed. The nation took to rebuilding the country especially Jerusalem. Poverty and need at every step. Hard work and sacrifice was awaiting the Jews. Even though they initially took to work with great enthusiasm, with time a small minority rose to the top and took to itself the fortunes and economy and started to repress the masses and exploit the poor. The wealthy made themselves wealthier day by day while; in the meantime, the poorer became poorer! A revolt of brother against brother began! Some shouted: "Then there rose a great outcry of the common people and their wives against certain of their fellow Jews. Some said: "We are forced to pawn our sons and daughters in order to get grain to eat that we may live." Others said: "We are forced to pawn our fields, our vineyards, and our houses, that we may have grain during the famine." Still others said: "To pay the king's tax we have borrowed money on our fields and our vineyards. And though these are our own kinsmen and our children are as good as theirs, we have had to reduce our sons and daughters to slavery, and violence has been done to some of our daughters! Yet we can do nothing about it, for our fields and our vineyards belong to others." I was extremely angry when I heard the reasons they had for complaint.

After some deliberation, I called the nobles and magistrates to account, saying to them, "You are exacting interest from your own kinsmen!" I then rebuked them severely, saying to them: "As far as we were able, we bought back our fellow Jews who had been sold to Gentiles; you, however, are selling your own brothers, to have them bought back by us." They remained silent, for they could find no answer. I continued: "What you are doing is not good. Should you not walk in the fear of our God, and put an end to the derision of our Gentile enemies? I myself, my kinsmen, and my attendants have lent the people money and grain without charge. Let us put an end to this usury! I ask that you return to them this very day their fields, their vineyards, their olive groves, and their houses, together with the interest on the money, the grain, the wine, and the oil that you have lent them."They answered: "We will return everything and exact nothing further from them. We will do just what you ask." (Nehemiah 5: 1-12).

Our times are a clear imitation of those Biblical times! Massive unemployment which causes clouding in the mind and bitterness and turmoil in the hearts! The unemployment, whose source is the faulty capitalist system, which was invented and maintained by a clique, which has packed into this system its minions, and has caused harm and damage to the workers, often to the widows and orphans. Insufficient payment and starving payments; frozen cents of the poor and the poorest; confiscated houses; the most exotic usury of the famous and superficially excellent and influential leaders in the area of finance, indicates two things: firstly, to an egotistic and selfish system, the fame of our civilization, has justly been named by Ernest Hello "The Edifice on Moving Sand". Secondly, it proclaims what was stated forty years ago, what was written by the immortal Leo XIII, justly named "the defender of the worker": "First we have to resurrect the Christian customs, since without them, the inventions of human ingenuity will not work."

It is good to talk here of the peace between classes in the times of affluence. I think here of two classes: the wealthy employers and the poor workers! I count the following to the working class: the farmer, the tradesman, the clerk, the manual laborer, and those so called professionals be it doctors, lawyers, dentists, pharmacists, etc.! We can compare the Christian understanding of society to a human organism, of which St. Paul writes so aptly: "Many members, but one body." Without the help and cooperation of other people, a person cannot live on his own. Cooperation and help excludes class conflict. The farmer cannot do without the worker, doctor, lawyer, or the judge. The worker cannot live without the farmer, seller, engineer, etc. The doctor would starve to death without the worker, and industrialists, etc.. What the head, hand, reason, and leg is to the body so too are the various professions to society. Do not think that by stating this I have some socialist sympathies, which in the nineteenth was proclaimed by the German-Jewish international activist Marx! His slogan was: With the help of violence, destroy the whole order and setup of the country and religion and on the ashes and rubble of the former system build up a new order! I claim that the current situation is flawed, unreasonable, and unjust which cause inappropriate earnings; for that reason the conditions of the working class are bad, not just bad but desperate; that the worker has a right, in a legal and calm manner to request those rights that justly belong to him.

One more time I return to Leo XIII who wrote: "Everyone agrees that the lowest levels has to receive immediate and effective help, since as a result of unhappy conditions, innumerable numbers of people live a life that is verily cramped and unworthy of a human. The way in which the public rules and regulations cut out the Christian spirit, the craftsmen went on the patronage of inhuman capitalists and cooperators who were uncontrollable in their desires. The situation was worsened by the unstated usury, which was condemned more than once by Church proclamations, always the same or appearing under a different figure carries unjust earnings to people lusting for profit. The production and trade have become the monopoly of a few, and in this way a handful of rich people set on an almost slavish yolk on the working class." This is how Leo XIII wrote in 1891, what would he have said if he lived in today's times. I understand that today certain conspirators and cheaters crawl amidst the masses that openly call others to an armed uprising playing on the strings of human hatred and passion. They are liars who promise everything but deliver nothing. They are vultures preying dishonestly on the working masses, on their pockets, often on their corpses! The further one stays away from such people the better, more peaceful, and healthier!

I repeat in today's talk that I have in mind only two classes: the rich and the poor! While the worker still had work, he went to work every day, pleased with life and with what life had to give him, under the impression that such conditions would always endure! Suddenly, four years ago, he was told: "Sit at home, there is no work!" That is what the factory owner told him! After a short while, the bank in which he had his long-held and well earned money closed its doors with a bang and the banker told him: "Boy, you have no reason to come here; your savings are gone!" Finally, the mortgagor comes, who sings the man a sad and sorrowful march: "Boy, get out of the house; you cannot pay the percentages and sums!" And so the poor man has no work, no savings, no roof over his ad, and often- no daily bread! This boy looked through his tearful eyes at the figure of his beloved wife, who is getting thin; he saw his children hungry and disheveled, often the baby is slowly dying from the lack of milk and proper nutrition. Anyone lucky enough to escape this misfortune read about numerous cases in the newspaper. I will allow myself to portray one of these sad images, according to the Detroit press. Residents from the Trenton street and the surrounding neighborhood are furious at the fortune that met Zofia Bura. Her husband Wincenty was staying for a few years in the Eloise hospital because he was incurably sick. Four children remained at home: Stanislaw 18, Czesław 13. Wanda 10, and Florentyn 4. The Buras had purchased a two-story house in 1928 for $13,000. They managed to pay off $8,056 during this time. As a result of the husband and father's illness and of the depression as well, the family was not able to regularly pay off the debt that was weighing the house down. This debt with interest was calculated to be $6.209. The repossesor of one of the closed Detroit banks insisted on paying off the debt and took the matter to court. Mrs. Bura, not seeing any other solution, went to the office of the municipal corporation, which gave loans to the owners of endangered houses. This office accepted and validated and the officials of the government office, on October 23 of last year, informed the repossesor of the bank demanding the payment of the debt, that the corporation "Home Owners Loan" would purchase the whole lot, Unfortunately, this letter did not work as the next day a constable came with his helpers, took the house away from the poor family that represented their entire life's earnings, threw the furniture out of the house and forced the mother and children to move out on the streets! One wants to cry when reading about similar situations!

This boy started to think and wonder about his and general misfortune! Those to whom God has given much more, who should be the guardians and caretakers of the poor and unhappy, shrugged their shoulders and said: "What do I care about others?" Their sons and daughters, inheriting fortunes of millions took them abroad and wasted them there! Extravagant lifestyles, rich palaces, imperial parties, kingly banquets! It is an abuse of those gifts of God for the lack of which others die! There was enough for horses, dogs, and even for cats, but there was not enough for the bread of others. From one side vodka, wine, and champagne flows, and from the other run warm and bitter tears of those dying from starvation! These people think that they will avoid God's severe punishment!

 Allow me, dear radio listeners, to tell you one of our Polish legends: Years ago, a rich but very miserly and bad miller lived below Koscian in the peaceful, quiet area of Szczodrów. No one ever heard a good word out of his mouth, he did not assist anyone in need, he was friends with no one, and he only dealt with people insofar as he needed to for business. The area peasants were afraid of him and they avoided talking to him. He lived alone just as his mill stood alone along the field road, separating the fields of Świaków and Szczodrów. One time, an old lady came to him in the evening, greatly fatigued by a full day of walking and she begged him for some place to sleep, even if it was in the pigsty on a bundle of hay. But the miller was filled with anger and chased her out of the yard with his dogs. The poor lady carried on and tears rolled down her yellow cheeks like peas. "Dear Jesus! I have lived so long, endured so many pains, sorrows, impoverishments, but no one has treated her as poorly as the miller! So she pitied herself over her orphaned state, stumbling slowly over sticks when from the village a young and beautiful woman approached. And this was the very Mother of God, looking under the thatched roofs of the village people and supporting them in the time of need as a terrible poverty ruled over the whole country at that time.

During these travels she met the old lady and started to speak with her. The lady told of the inhospitable miller. "His greediness is known to all," replied the Virgin Mary, not revealing who she was. "Oh, how many tears did he squeeze out of people. But a measure will come. If he does not improve, he will suffer a just reward. You go to that village which is called Szczodrów and in every house they will treat you as Christians." With these words, the beautiful woman stood all in rays and a golden halo shone above her head. She smiled to the old lady and drifted through the fields to Kiełczew to sow angelic comforts and the joy of life there. The old lady, kissing the prints of her feet on the ground praised her who surpasses all clouds and the whole world and unites herself with the wounded poor.

 That very night, an unknown hand wrote these swords on the door of the miserly miller: "Have a heart for the poor." He wiped it off! Every following night, someone unnoticed came by and placed the same sign in the same place. Not seeing anything supernatural in this, the miller waited the whole night behind the coal pile with a shotgun in hand so as to severely punish the troublemaker, but no one appeared. The miller returned home, but then he stops, amazed, he can’t believe his own eyes. What is this? No one came to the house at night yet the mysterious words appear again! But he only waved his hand and went to his everyday activities in the mill. He did not even think of changing. If anyone dared to cross his corners, he would be filled, as in the past, with rage and chase them out with his bare hands, not sparing even a bat! This is how the days and months passed.

One certain, scorching afternoon, a ragged and impoverished beggar knocked on the door of the miser, asking for a cup of water. The miller, with his old habit, showed him the door and ordered him to leave. The beggar did not move from his place but with burnt lips further asked for at least a drop of water. "Miller, moisten my lips with water" he whispered in a quiet voice. When words did not help, the miser called his pack of dogs. The dogs were ready to jump on their master's command to bury their fangs in the beggar's body when that one suddenly lifted his hand in the air and immobilized the dogs. The eyes of the beggar shed tears. "Have a heart for the poor!" He said. The miser opened his eyes wide. Yes, these are the same words that the unknown hand wrote out on the door. He stuck his wild gaze at the speaker and yelled: "So it was you! Ha, I have you! Tell me who you are and how you came to me, unnoticed!"

The beggar straightened himself up, he lifted his hands in the air and showing him his pierced hands, said in a loud voice: "I am your God" and a great brightness filled the room. Somewhere in the distance, through the clear air, the quiet and moving song of young voices accompanied with a lyre. Somewhere beyond this world, with miraculous power, a huge wooden cross slowly went across the room and rested on the shoulders of the great beggar, as it once did on the road to Golgotha. Blood stained His face, which was contorted in great pain, and his head bled from the sharp crown of thorns, driven deep into his flesh. He showed the shoulders, back, and breasts that had been pierced by the spearman. And falling with a cry under the crucifix, he cried: "Miller! Here is your God! Here is the God who took this cross on his shoulder and allowed himself to be crucified, for you, for your sins, for your selfishness, the love of gold, the harm which you cause the poor. Will you give me, for everything that I have done for you, at least a drop of water? Will you love the brothers who ask you for help with tears? Love? I ask!" The brightness blinded the miller. He fell on the ground!

When he lifted himself up, feeling the touch of some had, the Golgotha apparition had already disappeared! Instead of Christ with a crucifix on his shoulders, this impoverished beggar stood before him. "Will you give me at least one drop of water? Will you love your brothers?" the beggar repeated. "Leave my house, you apparition, cheater!" the miller shouted! "I am your God" "I serve the devil" "I suffered death for you!" "Leave!" The would-be beggar immediately went out on the road and, looking at the mill, wept bitterly. "I made you, I gave you a soul, a heart to love, and all that you have, and you scorn me and throw me away as you do all my brothers, you ingrate! Heartless miller, I do not want your death, but you will do penance in this place for all time, until the end of the world! The heavens opened; a group of angels came down to earth and lifted the Lord of Lords into the heavens, who had come down into this vale of tears to save the life of the miller! At that moment the earth burst with a bang, the mill collapsed, and was covered with water. Today, one can still see around the Szczodrów village a deep pond, on the bottom of which the ruins of the flooded mill appear, and next to it the mill wheel spins and screeches horridly in mercy of the merciless miller. As by the judgment of the Lord, he will do penance up to the moment when the archangelic horns sound and call up all the people to the final judgment!

Dear Radio Listeners:

I repeat that this is only a legend. How much teaching does it contain in itself? For the poor and oppressed, consolation, the rich and unmerciful, it carries threats and fear. Today, in our country, the riches rest in the hands of tens of thousands, and millions live from day to day, from the hand to the mouth. Millions of peaceful and virtuous are anxious to do any honest work. This drab mass of people does not want alms, they only seek employment and an honest wage. Under the leadership of the far-sighted and honest president, who in spite of the obstinacy and even insolence of barons, he does not come merely from the point of righteousness, our country is already starting to lift itself out of chaos and depression.

This work is intense and lengthy. We cannot expect that in a few months the wounds of many years will heal. Cooperation and the good will of all, without the smallest exception is not only desired, but also demanded. We will refrain even from temporary criticism, since in criticizing we get too agitated. Let us forget for now about classes! The government with time will lead everything to order. There is no doubt that it is trying to find the fairest way of dealing with workers! The workers should also remember not to make excessive demands, because there are also limits on these. They have a right to organize for self-defense and the right to collective agreements with employers. May they use this right, behaving calmly and soberly, without any conflicts. Then, and only then, can they expect that their just requests will come to pass.

One also has to remember that bloody class conflicts will not be a benefit to anyone. They only introduce long-lasting confusion and defeats, from which the working class always suffers the most. Keep far away from violence and conflict. The best weapon of workers is calm and persevering aspiring to the goal through organizing their strengths, with the leadership and direction of reasonable and conscientious directors.