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THE PARACLETE

For God the Holy Ghost is the Paraclete but what is a Paraclete? Often it is translated Comforter, but a Paraclete does more than comfort. The word is Greek; there is no one English word for it and no one Latin word, Comforter is not enough. A Paraclete is one who comforts, who cheers, who encourages, who persuades, who exhorts, who stirs up, who urges forward, who calls on; what the spur and word of command is to a horse, what clapping of hands is to a speaker, what a trumpet is to a soldier, that a Paraclete is to the soul: "One who calls us on," that is what it means, a Paraclete is one who calls us on to good. One sight is before the mind, it is homely but it comes home; you have seen at cricket how when one of the batsmen at the wicket has made a hit and wants to score a run, the other doubts, hangs back, or is ready to run in again, how eagerly the first will cry/Come on, come on!—a Paraclete is just that, something that cheers the spirit of man, with signals and with cries, all zealous that he should do something and full of assurance that if he will he can, calling him on, springing to meet him half way, crying to his ears or to his heart: This way to do God's will, this way to save your soul, come on, come on!

Gerald Manley Hopkins

THE STORY OF A LOST STRIKE

By ART GIBBONS

Recently I was engaged in a 13½-week strike at Blonder-Tongue Labs in Westfield, N. J. They make parts for TV sets.

There were 200 production workers, 90% women and mostly Negro. These two factors made this open shop more exploitable. A couple of times the company beat attempted unionization by firings, once ousting thirteen union activists.

When I started there early this year starting pay was 85 cents an hour and the added "incentive" pay was erratic and progressively diminishing. Health and safety conditions were horrible; inadequate rest rooms, coats had to be worn on cold days and fainting was common in hot spells. There was no seniority in transfers, promotions or layoffs.

These conditions and the speed-up, discriminatory policies of the production manager led to the workers' calling on the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America to organize them.

One night a company foreman was seen in the building where an organizational meeting was going on. Fearing the kind of reprisals that had beaten previous organizing, the 50 percent voted to stop work if one of them was fired. Next day one was fired and work stopped. The boss refused to discuss the workers' grievances or meet the union representative.

Faced with the prospect of mass firing, a strike was voted and mass picketing started next day. A union leader was promptly arrested but the expected confusion turned out to be greater unity.

The company refused to negotiate and rejected the services of

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The Fifth Anniversary of Peter Maurin's Death

By DOROTHY DAY

At Maryfarm, Newburgh, where Peter died, Father John Faley is this morning offering up an anniversary Mass for him, and the group of twenty or so at the farm will sing the Mass. At Peter Maurin Farm, Staten Island, the group will offer up the eight o'clock Mass tomorrow at St. Joseph's Church in Rossville, with Father Clarence Duffy. Here in New York, at St. Joseph's House on Chrystie Street, each in his isolated way, just as Peter used to do, ambled quietly off to Mass at one of the dozen or so Churches around us and offered up our Mass for him, in gratitude for him, and begged his prayers for us. And all around the country we are sure that is happening too; people who read the Catholic Worker are remembering Peter.

I can see him now, getting up late because so much of his work took place at night, talking, teaching, in Union Square, in coffee houses, at meetings, at the office of the CW. While one was alive, it was time to work, and since working people had no time during the day, Peter made himself available to them at night.

So he rose at ten thirty or so, and sauntered, he was always leisurely, down the street, his hands clasped behind his back, his head slightly bent, thinking as he walked, on his way to St. Andrew's church. He never missed daily Mass and Communion.

This morning, there was a requiem Mass at old St. Patrick's Cathedral on Mott Street, at ten o'clock, and since there was the usual meeting last night here at Chrystie Street, I chose to go to that Mass. There had been first Holy Communion at the nine o'clock, and little girls in white veils still thronged the streets. A man was cutting grass in the church yard cemetery that surrounds the old cathedral and it was a pleasant rural sound in the midst of city noises.

Inside the Church with all the light and joy of the children hover-

ing over it, the Mass was just starting. There were still flowers on the altar and an arch of green studded with carnations over the altar rail made the air fragrant. All around the enthroned white and gold statue of our Lady of

Fatima were salmon pink gladiolas with long green stalks not yet budded out; below the altar were banked azaleas. A hundred or more vigil lights blazed and sent forth the hot sweet smell of wax to mingle with the incense. There were red roses before St. Therese and flowers before St. Anne and a watery sun seeped through the stained glass windows and competed with the candles.

There was only a handful of mourners up near the front of the Church, but the organ boomed forth and the voices of three men thundered the Kyrie Eleison, Christe Eleison with glorious confidence, and three priests and four altar boys offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass with solemn dignity.

A great wave of gratitude to Holy Mother Church swept over me as I thought of the ministrations of these priests. At nine there had been the colorful and solemn and most happy occasion of all the little children of the parish making their first Holy Communion. And at ten this Mass for the dead!

All the great moments of life are here clothed with grandeur, recognition of man's dignity, his worth in the sight of God, who loved him so much as to die for him. First Communion coming to young ones at a time when the desires of the flesh begin to grow, opening up their hearts to a love strong as death, showing them what love really means. St. Therese called her first Holy Communion "a kiss of love, a fusion." And now a requiem Mass which brought comfort to the afflicted, a sense of triumph. Death is swallowed up in victory.

I felt somewhat abashed going up to the communion rail alone, in the midst of all the solemnity. I felt like a wayfarer, alone at the communion rail, having no immediate part as it were either with the feastings or mournings of those about me, like Lazarus at the gate, (Continued on page 4)



PRAYER TO OUR LADY OF MIGRANTS

Most Holy Virgin, Escort of exiles, who trudge the roads of all the world in search of work and bread, look with compassion on our situation and bless all who help us; you who have known exile yourself, be ever mindful, we implore, of us uprooted by want and of those, our brothers, who generously welcome us to share in their hard toil.

O Virgin Mary, Help of Christians and Consolation of the Afflicted, be a loving mother to us whom fate has forced to live far from our native lands, burdened with apprehensions as we work for ourselves and our families, with seldom a friend who can understand our problems fully and in our familiar native tongue. Invigorate our flagging spirit.

With your consoling kindness, with your strong motherly assistance, through your prayers of intercession, protect us in exile and our anxious families at home that, sustained as we all are by faith, hope and charity, we may walk in the fear of God, in submission to His Divine Will, faithful to Christ and His Church and thus may enjoy the fruits of redemption and merit thereby earthly peace and heavenly happiness. Amen.

Pius XII, Santissima Vergine

Farming Goes To Heart Of Reality

By Bishop Walsh of Aberdeen, Scotland

Mr. Jorian Jenks has said: "Only in a society in which personal and functional responsibilities have been replaced by impersonal and formal contacts would it be possible to uphold the thesis that socially desirable activities can nevertheless be uneconomic and socially undesirable activities can be economic." ("From the Ground Up," Hollis and Carter).

Unfortunately we are living in just such a society. It is my purpose to show that the family farm, besides being socially desirable, is also a safe business venture.

The cry: "Back to the land," has been heard before.

It has ceased to stir people. It suggests a retreat from reality rather than an escape to reality.

It suggests a colony of cranks, bearded of course, trying to look like something out of the Luttrell Psalter.

As an antidote to loose thinking and vague idealism, I offer a statement of facts.

During the last decade the National Farmers Union has published the accounts of various types and sizes of farms in England and Wales. (No corresponding figures are available for Scotland).

Highest Output

Anyone who studies the tables presented cannot fail to be impressed by this, that the small farm consistently shows the highest output and profit per acre.

The most recent figures available to me are for the year 1951-1952. (N.F.U. Information Service, Supplement No. 1, June, 1953).

Returns were submitted by more than 5,000 farms. In size they were

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SUPREME COURT'S DECISION-- BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

With the unanimous decision of the United States Supreme Court, a historical bastion of racism—the infamous doctrine of "separate but equal"—has fallen. Yet rejoicing must be tempered by the realization that the implementation of the decision presents a tremendous problem, and by knowledge that even today courageous Negroes are barricaded in their apartments in a housing project in Chicago.

Yet a great step forward has been taken.

Separate But Equal

A great deal of comment has already been forthcoming on the manner in which the Court made its historic decision. In columns by James Reston of the New York Times it was emphasized that this was a "sociological" decision. In the South, this was turned around, and the description sometimes read, a "political" decision.

What this description referred to was the absence of lengthy legal

argument in the decision and the fact that the Court took non-judicial factors into account—the fact that racially separate schools could never be "equal" in any broad sense of the term. And indeed, the Supreme Court's decision was extraordinarily "illegal" for so momentous a conclusion. It was as if the abstractions which had shackled the civil rights sections of the Constitution for decades had suddenly crumbled and left nothing but the simple statement of anti-racist truth.

Yet, in an important sense, this kind of comment was naive. For all Supreme Court decisions are "sociological." There is no abstract, self-interpreting Constitution free of social and political pressures. On the contrary, there is a great deal of truth in the aphorism that the Supreme Court sits in constant Constitutional Convention. The fact that the first Chief Justice was a Federalist has left its indelible

mark upon our law. The fact that the turn of the century court was composed of social Darwinists who appealed to Herbert Spencer as much as the constitutional fathers was terribly relevant to their upholding of anti-labor "yellow-dog" contracts.

The question which is raised is not that this decision was sociological and the others not, but rather, what is the particular sociological meaning of this banning of segregation.

Civil Rights

For the past two decades, the cause of civil rights has been steadily advancing. A court, like the one presided over by the late Chief Justice Fred Vinson, which handed down an unprecedented number of reactionary decisions on civil liberties was more or less liberal on the question of civil rights. Why?

The distinction lies, I think, in

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EDITORIAL

Saint Pius X

"I was born poor, I lived poor, and I am dying poor," were the famous words of Pope Pius X (Giuseppe Sarto) who was elevated to the altars of the Church May 29. We know him first of all for his work of the liturgy (we remember the Pius X school of Music at Manhattanville, and the Pio Decimo Press in Monsignor Hellriegel's parish in St. Louis). Like another poor man, Damien the Leper, he wished God to be worshipped with all the glory of the sung and chanted prayers of the Church. Feeling God's immanence, he emphasized His transcendence. We know him for his emphasis on early communion, his realization that God's little ones are more fit to receive Him in their souls and bodies at an early age than they may be later. He himself was a little one, close to children, close to the poor, the peasant, the villager. And the Pope in whose pontificate St. Pius X was canonized, has continued his work by modifying the eucharistic fast and permitting evening Masses so that the little ones, the women and children, the workers, can let no weakness restrain them from going to their supersubstantial bread, to nourish their souls.

St. Pius X was a great lover of the Cure of Ars, the patron of parish priests, and a statue of him was always before him on his desk. And who was more poor than the Cure of Ars, with his kettle full of potatoes on the back of his stove, on which he dined and supped, who multiplied bread for his poor, who lived in the confessional, and tramped the roads visiting his sick and wandering flock.

The hand book of spirituality of Pius X was "The Soul of the Apostolate" which was his bedside book.

Rev. Francis Syriani writes in the Register, "We have become accustomed to the scholarly librarian Pius XI, and the astute diplomat Pius XII, as worthy occupants of Peter's succession. It is stimulating to see the honor of public sainthood bestowed on one who served as an assistant in a small country parish for nine years, and was a pastor of an important city parish for 17 years, before being consecrated a Bishop."

He was born a poor peasant, son of a village tailor, who went to school barefoot, used to tramping the hard roads. As a curate and pastor, he visited the sick tirelessly, and his classes of religion were the forerunner of the Confraternity of Christian doctrine for which he was responsible. He never missed a chance to teach catechism to children and adults. As a parish priest he worked through a cholera epidemic, nursing the sick with his own hands.

Here was his four-point program: Holiness of the clergy; greater and more fruitful use of the sacramental sources of life, especially the Eucharist; catechetical work with children and adults; the development of a trained lay apostolate.

The story is told that once St. Pius asked a group of cardinals what was most necessary for the salvation of society. One said more schools, another more churches, and another more clergy. St. Pius said, "What is most needed is to have in each parish a group of laymen who are virtuous, well instructed and really apostolic."

Greatest of all the points to be remembered is that St. Pius X will be for us the patron saint of peace makers. He literally died of a broken heart at seeing the outbreak of the first world war. When the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador comes to ask his blessing for Catholic troops bound for the front, he refuses!

"My blessing cannot be for those who are going to war. My blessing is for those who fight for peace."

On his first feast, we begged him for peace in Indo-China.

PETER MAURIN FARM

By DOROTHY DAY

With the Bishop of Aberdeen's message on the need for the family-sized farm, we rejoice to report the progress of the Peter Maurin farm on Staten Island, within the limits of New York City, where Fr. Clarence Duffy is doing a job of restoring the soil and demonstrating his favorite thesis, that a family of normal Catholic size can live off the land on twenty acres or so, given a philosophy of work and the strength to carry it out.

As I write, Paul Yamamoto, a young fellow worker of six, is loading a home-made wheel barrow outside my window full of newly cut grass to feed the thirty or so rabbits that have been his and his mother's care all this past winter.

John Murray

Yesterday I visited our old friend John Murray who is undergoing an operation at Bellevue. His chart says he is seventy-six but one can scarcely believe it. When every-

one else was talking tractor and horses when we first took over PM farm he got out and dug up the early kitchen garden, and then in an exuberance of generosity went to my daughter's a mile away and dug up a big patch for her. He has cemented our kitchen floor, two floors in the barn at Maryfarm, put cement covers on wells and cess-pools, dug ditches, put in tubs and drainage and performed other Herculean labors in the last two years.

Constant Work

Where else but on the land is there constant work for young and old, disabled as well as able bodied? There is always work to do, and work is as necessary to man as bread. Peter Maurin's slogan, "There is no unemployment on the land," is a true one, provided one can get that bit of land.

When we came to Peter Maurin farm three years ago this coming

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Maryfarm In The Spring

By JOHN STANLEY

In Paschal-time Maryfarm is a great shout of joy. We sang High Mass all Easter Week. There are lots of old fruit trees around which, while they bear little or no fruit, fill the place with fragrance and pink lace. And everywhere there are violets underfoot and the grass bright green in the sun and flecked with dandelions. John Filliger goes wheeling around high in the saddle of his John Deere tractor shouting, "Twenty years a cowboy and never rode a horse!" Young Pete, the year old bull has a sort of Cistercian gaiety in his black and white, and just this morning, Rogation Monday, Daisey Mae gave us another bull calf. He wasn't too quick to get on his feet, just lying there in the straw, all wet and shivering a little as his mother licked and licked and licked, making contented grunting sounds the while. She lay down to rest, looking rather uncomfortable with her huge bag of milk between her legs. The New One wasn't interested in food yet. And his mother has so much that there will be plenty for him and for us too. Now that she's come in "fresh" her milk will be especially rich and plentiful; Jane, Fr. Judges' sister, has even spoken of making a little butter. Graham Carey gave us Daisey Mae.

Part of the brightness of these days is the shiny plowed fields newly planted or with little green sprouts in neat rows, and part is the good rain. "Rainy May, a barn full of hay," John says. Our hay loft is almost bare now. And part of the brightness is the birds: robins and blue jays and red-winged blackbirds that race around the swamp and then touch home on a cat-tail that makes like a metronome without the "tick-toe." How a child would love to do this! Musk-rats live in the swamp; I've never seen one closeup, but they build little mounds out in the center; there must be a great number of them. Frogs and "peepers" live there too; the old frogs go "plunk-plunk," amidst all the racket of the tree-toads. St. Therese has a shrine overlooking the swamp, right at the foot of the alley where we have Hazen Ordway's Stations of the Cross. She has a flowering

hawthorne tree and some flowers planted by Fr. Barney and Dick Subedra. Near there is a fruitful stand of wild blackberries that most unfortunately was wiped out by a brush fire Easter Tuesday.

Joe Davin received Extreme Unction the other week and is much brighter for it. Louis Bouyer has some good things to say about that neglected Sacrament in *The Paschal Mystery*. Fr. Merton called that book the best book on the liturgy in 400 years; he didn't mention what its distinguished predecessor was, but no matter. Predecessors are important at

Maryfarm; they live on. Those who have been around for a while, like John Filliger—19 years—are always talking about what was planted when Jerry Griffin was here or Jack Thornton; or what Jane O'Donnell or Helen Adler did under certain circumstances. Not only human persons, but animals: how much milk Big Molly would give; or the splendors of the iron-grey team that had to be sold and the general superiority in many ways of horses to tractors. Even fields have histories: "The first year we were here I tried alfalfa in this field, but it didn't

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BISHOP AND CARDINAL FARM AND WEAVE

A Bishop makes towels, sells eggs to support himself, such is the headline in one of the diocesan papers. The Most Rev. Frederick A. Donaghy, Maryknoll Bishop still in South China, in order to avoid the charge of being an unproductive member of society, has turned the first floor of his home into a towel factory where a group of native sisters, and a few women spin, weave and dye towels. The Bishop is the last foreigner in South China's Kwangsi province and his movements are restricted so that he cannot do his usual work. Between his new project and his chickens, and selling eggs, he supports himself and others round him.

Earlier in the month a story came through that Cardinal Wyszynski, who was confined to the monastery on Solovetski Island, in the Arctic circle, was employing himself by weaving fish nets. (A later report has it that he now lives in a convent of nuns, awaiting an operation).

The stories that come from behind the iron curtain sound as though the priests who are imprisoned have returned to the life of the desert fathers.

In a recent book Father Charles Bourgeois, S.J. (Clonmore and Reynolds, Dublin, 6s., 6d.) a Jesuit of the Byzantine rite, has written what Donald Attwater has termed the best dozen chapters on religion in the USSR that he has seen, written from the point of view of one whose whole life is devoted to the cause of Christian unity in general and the Russians in particular. He tells of the little group of Catholics in Moscow (free) who live as though in the catacombs. He speaks of Russians as "a people who knew so well how to give itself to the unhappy, to the humiliated and the ill-treated."

I could not help but think as I read the news items and this book, how God Himself is directing the course of events in missionary work.

While the USSR is trying to keep out priests and suppress religion, at the same time they are bringing Roman priests and Bishops and Cardinals within their borders and in their own way peopling monasteries and providing chaplains for prison camps. Extraordinary workings of God's providence! Like St. Peter, the priests are bound and go not where they would, but where God leads them. As prisoners in Russian labor camps, they are setting up new monasteries, building up a new calendar of saints, being a tremendous leaven in the wheat which is Russia and China. They are accounted worthy to suffer and I have not a doubt but that they are rejoicing as giants to run their course. The prayers of the world are with them.

ON THE ROAD TO SANTA FE

By AMMON HENNACY

Jack Byrne, a student at St. John's College at Collegeville, had advertised a meeting for me and had placed the report of my appearance at Marquette University on the bulletin board so that those who attended knew they were getting straight out anarchism and pacifism. The room was full and back of me in the hall students gathered. In speaking, I generally seek out the most sleepy looking person and when I have succeeded in getting his or her attention I know that I am well on the way. Here the question period was especially lively. A reporter from the St. Cloud Times had driven me out and the next day the best account of my ideas written by one who was new to them appeared in this paper. There were a few mistakes as to time and place but I change gears so fast that I don't blame him for this. One expression that he used: "Hennacy's program is Christianity straight." I liked especially.

I spoke to a full house, or rather cellar where Fr. Fehrenbacher at Brocton, Minn. had me speak in his new parish house. One irate listener thought I was altogether a fake Irishman because my name was spelled differently and I was against Joe McCarthy and had just joined the Church recently. There must be something very wrong in this set up so he got up and walked out saying that I was in the class with Pat Crowe, a bad Irishman who had many years ago kid-

napped Cudahay's son. I suppose this is the guilt by association which McCarthy followers absorb.

In Minneapolis I was glad to meet Grace Carlson, former Trotskyite leader, who returned to the Catholic Church, but who refused to be a stool pigeon. She is still interested in radicalism and of course appreciates the CW.

A good visit with fellow tax resister Walter Gormly again in Mt. Vernon, Iowa, helped us both know that we were not entirely alone in our one-man-revolution. Near Monroe City, Mo. Harold and Olive Montgomery, old time Phoenix friends who had now moved to their childhood farm community, showed me over their farm of good fields, wooded bluffs with a stream winding through. Harold was grumbling about the regulations which farmers have today. There is too much corn, thousands of bins are scattered over the country with the surplus. Yet free lime is given to farmers to help the land grow more corn. Wheat production is also restricted.

St. Louis

In St. Louis I stayed at the home of Steve and Joyce Best, pacifists and CORE members who liked the CW. Dave and Mignon, and Joe and Tom Lakey of the Center made me welcome and a meeting here was well attended and provocative of many questions. Msgr. Hellriegel was not too busy with his Easter programs

to visit a few minutes with me, and Father Becker at St. Louis University helped me to understand some problems of theology as I visited with him for an afternoon. I had been reading the life of Lord Acton who was a Catholic rebel at the time the infallibility of the Pope was declared in 1871. He it was, who said, that "All power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely." Others were excommunicated but Acton felt that whatever differences he might have, his place was in the Church partaking of the Sacraments, that in the past issues that seemed very important at one time had in centuries assumed their rightful emphasis and he had faith that this would continue to be the plan. Father Becker reviewed much of this history with me.

CW Farms

Marty Paul met me in his new truck which he uses to haul eggs weekly to St. Louis, marketing not only those of the farm of himself and Ruth Ann but of Jack Woltjen's, and giving neighbors a few cents more in price and selling the eggs much cheaper in the city. Cute week old pigs cuddled and scattered around and sheep grazed over the fields. Marty has a hay baler with which he made money last summer. I got to know Ruth Ann's children better this time. When I left a copy of my Autobiography on the table the older girl said, "Sister would say that

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Catholic Conscientious Objectors Jailed

By Gordon Koller

Charlotte, my wife, and I never knew that the screens separating the free man from the caged were so dense. Reared on a rash of prison pictures we never stopped to think that the screens in the prison pictures were designed to be penetrated by the camera. We were therefore not prepared for the long rectangular room with its L shape cage.

The space assigned to us was No. 10 perhaps 30" wide. On our right a sergeant, his wife and three children talked with their inmate. Further in the room we saw among others a family, evidently Latin, with several small youngsters dressed in their frilly finest.

We talked with Art Duffy. We didn't see Art Duffy. With my nose against the nearest screen, I sensed rather than saw the stocky figure in the striped prison denim. We were allowed 20 minutes and Billy was getting pretty heavy by the end and I realized this was a daily chore for Charlotte and how really soft I am.

I brought some C.W.s for Art but was told you could only send literature direct from the publisher. Art has no stationery, or pipe tobacco—the commissary opens on Tuesday. His family had been down and were quite broken up seeing their son thus.

Art is a convert and they saw this prison, this cage Catholicism had led him to. Art and George Lillis are bona fide criminals, officially so labelled by no less an authority

than the United States Government because they refused to take any part in taking life in the name of the State.

On the way up Skyline Drive, coming home—the gray ocean on our left—sending wispy billows of fog across the highway, I could see only the impenetrable gloom of a meshed steel screen, perhaps steel bars and still another screen, denser than the first. Behind this Arthur Duffy and George Lillis live, because they were brash enough to believe literally in the fifth commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

I met Art Duffy, two weeks ago, in the apartment he shared with George Lillis and Jim De Regan. The apartment is situated behind another that faces the street, accessible through a passageway called here in S. F. "The tradesmen's entrance." Between the two buildings there is a small court and on that bright Sunday a dark haired little Italian girl with enormous eyes played one of those solemn solitary games children invent to take the place of companionship. The front room serves as kitchen, dining room, and office. Three standard size filing cabinets and several card index files contain indexed literature on the Catholic pacifist position. From this definitive catalogue, I was given several mimeographed reports of ten to fifteen pages each which represented a very great deal of work on the part of these young men in preparation.

Briefly amplifying by understanding of the trial to date—the draft board was composed of two Protestants and one Catholic. The Catholic was adamant and extreme-

ly bellicose—you know the type. "I'm a veteran—my sons' a veteran—the Pope approves war, etc."

The trial was presided over by Federal Judge Hamlin (a Protestant). The attorney for Duffy and Lillis had no particular background in this type of case. He was simply hired by them because they did not know anyone else. The government's case rests on an unsigned document from the archdiocesan office, written we are told by one Father Leo Maker, and another unsigned document from the Christian Brothers. In defense of their position George and Art submitted literally hundreds of documents by Catholic priests and laymen—including signed documents from the Christian Brothers.

Bishop Hugh Donohoe was on hand to testify that the unsigned document of the archdiocese was not an official document nor doctrinal. He was, however, not allowed to so testify. Objections to all questions were sustained save one asking if the document did come from the archdiocese office. The fact that the F.B.I. took the document to the archdiocesan office and no one would sign it was also left purposely unsaid. Both the defendants were offered a non-combatant rather than a C.O. rating and given two weeks to "think it over." The defendants stated they would serve in the army, train with weapons, etc., if the government would give them guarantees they would not be asked to support any war which included civilian bomb-

ing, use of atomic weapons, etc.

Bishop Donohoe later spoke to these boys and told them in substance to follow their convictions. He was very compassionate. Immediately before the trial they were given a private talk (evidently by the Judge) telling them in the strongest possible way to take the non-combatant deal and be inducted. After the lecture Art told me today he fully expected to get the maximum five years. They were then sentenced to 9 months.

Now I don't want to introduce my own person into this letter but I am of a generation nurtured on Hemingway and grew up in an era of regret that the last war had been fought, and thought my generation would never have the chance to wallow in the glories of battle. With this background of high esteem for the pagan virtue of physical courage and embittered by the depression I was full of violence. I enlisted, with a family, in World War II, and got in the Spanish War prior to that (ever quick with the hands for violence), so today I find myself still frustrated at injustice but no longer able to use the only weapon I know—pure violence. Art and George, however, have found that prior peace—have fought the big war of self and won. An act of injustice has been done to their persons—here no one particularly cares. If this case could only get to the Supreme Court we may once and for all destroy the myth that Catholics must surrender their conscience to the State.



MARY MEDIATRIX

Employment Dependent On War Production

By EILEEN FANTINO

The number of workers unemployed in the United States is estimated to be over 5,000,000. In a country conditioned to expect a boom-depression economy that rises and falls in relation to the degree of war in which we are involved, it was clear to everyone interested in facing the truth that we could expect the same economic conditions that existed during the period after the previous war—a lack of jobs and a ripe depression. Despite the Springtime enthusiasm of the administration and their bright hopes for the future the employment picture is black and getting blacker.

With the end of the last World War and the expiration of war plant contracts workers were assimilated to some extent by the industries which produced things unobtainable during war years. When the consumer demand was exhausted—Korea, and back to war production and "defense" preparations. Civilian production continued. Increased productivity due to speed-ups and greater mechanization flooded the markets with a superabundance of goods that the working man could not afford to buy, a good part of them luxuries. The ratio between amounts produced and the consuming power of the workers became more and more unbalanced. Because the drive behind our economy is the profit motive, the employing class, not fully understanding the relations between productivity and consumption (or not wanting to) continued to produce more goods for more profit without giving the workers the money with which to buy them.

Wages are kept at a minimum so as not to cut into the huge profits. The Eisenhower administration, using the Taft-Hartley law and legal maneuverings, keeps labor in a cage and allows big business to roar around in complete freedom swallowing power along with all the natural resources of the country. (Classic example—The Tideland Oil Bill legislation is passed in favor of profit-making corporations. Tax relief is given to stockholders instead of to the working man).

This policy of government for business interests is covered by a smoke screen of phoney anti-communism, backed by Texas oil men and their well-heeled associates in other industries, with McCarthy as Chief Arsonist. What this smoke screen is hiding is the most vicious flame of leaping fascism seen in the modern world since Hitler. Liberal thought and the concept of the common good as a goal for enterprise and government are being consumed rapidly.

While well-paying brassy advertising is employed to convince us that we ought to buy the flood of profit-making goods on the market, the unemployed ranks grow. Economically the country is falling apart at the seams while McCarthy chases his rainbow all over the front pages and television screens. Communism, and the terrible inequality of wealth throughout the world that makes it possible, are not real issues here. There does not seem to be very much concern with anything except protecting ourselves from the "red hordes." There are unbelievable slums in this country; where there are schools, they are bulging with excess students; millions go hungry; and millions sit idle with no jobs. Not to mention the infinitely worse conditions in the rest of the world. These are the real issues which are not being faced.

Throughout the nation there are 350,000 workers who have exhausted their rights to unemployment compensation and are no longer receiving benefits, according to Labor Dept. statistics. In the state of Kentucky alone 11½% of those covered by unemployment insurance are out of work and over 147,000 persons are receiving surplus food from the government. Those without work include 70,000 covered by unemployment insurance and 30,000 to 35,000 not eligible for benefits. Private sources are providing school children with lunches so that they will have a meal every day. Government food allotments are ridiculously small, consisting mainly of potatoes. With all of this going on the Bureau of Employment Security in Washington is beginning a large scale investigation of "wholesale frauds" by workers collecting unemployment insurance benefits. Congress is expected to appropriate

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Chrystie Street

By TOM SULLIVAN

A sweet young Chinese girl of seventeen visited us at noon today. She was a neighbor of ours when we lived on Mott street and we knew her when she was a small child. She is taller than we are now and she displayed great pride in crowing, "see how I have grown."

Annabelle, our reliable dispenser of women and children's clothing, brought the young lady down to our dining room just as the noon day line was being served soup and bread. Our young visitor volunteered to help with this work of serving the poor who look to us for their midday lunch. She immediately plunged into the onerous job of slicing the numerous loaves of bread that came in from our bakery at Peter Maurin Farm on Staten Island.

This young lady commented on the fact that she didn't think our cook Chin Chu smiled enough and that she intended to do something about the matter. She wasn't in the kitchen ten minutes when she had Chu grinning and Chu remarked, "She is a great help."

Bill

Yesterday afternoon Charlie McCormick drove Bill, our invaluable night watchman, to Bellevue hospital. Bill's nose had begun to bleed during the middle of the afternoon—nothing would stop it. The doctors in Bellevue appeared to do nothing for Bill. However, he did return in our station wagon holding a thick piece of gauze to his nose, still bleeding. Within a half hour Charlie returned Bill to the same doctors. The identical treatment was accorded to Bill and he was driven back once more to the house with the comforting advice from the doctors that the bleeding would stop in due time.

The blood continued to flow upon Bill's return to our house. Thus he sat in our backyard trying to down a cup of coffee while holding the gauze to his nose. Aside from the cup of coffee Bill felt in no condition to eat his supper. We took a long hard look at Bill as he sat there on a broken chair. Bill offered no complaints but fear was written plainly in his face. In

(Continued on page 6)

SEABROOK FARMS— 20 YEARS LATER

By HISAYE YAMAMOTO

Twenty years ago, in July, 1934, Seabrook Farms in Cumberland County, New Jersey, was the scene of the state's worst agricultural strike.

It was then an enormous hot-house, farming and canning enterprise totalling about 4,000 acres, which Mr. Seabrook had accumulated by gobbling up mortgaged and tax-burdened small farms, in and around Bridgeton, Millville and Vineland. At that time, season workers were mainly Italians recruited from the nearest big cities under the padrone system (the padrone received a flat fee from the grower for hiring, transporting, feeding and lodging the worker) and Negroes brought up from the south.

The trouble began when the Agricultural and Cannery Workers Union, an affiliate of the Trade Union Unity League of the Communist party, decided to start its southern New Jersey organizing with the several hundred workers at Seabrook Farms, Inc. The first strike, just at cabbage-transplanting time in April, of about 250 organized workers resulted almost immediately in union recognition, raises to the basic pay of 30c an hour for men and 25c for women, plus time-and-a-half for overtime. Late in June, however, Mr. Seabrook, who had had to resort to federal aid as a result of the 1933 "bank holiday," announced he would have to follow federal advice to lay off workers and reduce wages until farm prices improved. The union, dubious, called a second strike which lasted 15 turbulent days and included, at its height, a free-for-all between pickets and police with a tear-gas ending.

The whole countryside was involved. The union, anticipating conflict, had appealed to small farmers through the affiliated United Farmers League, organized the jobless in surrounding communities into unemployment councils, and such groups as the International Labor Defense had worked for sympathy among small businessmen and professional people. Mr. Seabrook, on his side, through full-page newspaper advertise-

ments, sought support from other large-scale farmers and big businessmen, whom he organized into a vigilante committee.

The union emphasized the "fascist" character of the opposition; Mr. Seabrook, of course, pointed up the "red menace" behind the strikers; each side accused the other of "terrorism." In the end, with the government mediating, Seabrook workers not only won back pre-strike conditions for themselves, but, by threat of their example, were responsible for the bettering of cannery wages throughout the state.

However, repercussions of the strike continued for months. In connection with strikes at other farms and in other industries and in the pressure of the specific and vague pro-unions vs. anti-Communist emotions aroused by the Seabrook disorders, 54 Seabrook workers were arrested (only two were ever jailed) and public meetings were banned in Bridgeton: the atmosphere was perfect for an infant labor group; the union and interest in it grew. So much so, that in 1934, a state legislative committee appointed to have a "sweeping" look into "Communist activities in New Jersey," particularly in relation to the Seabrook disturbances, not only confirmed the left-wing leadership in the union but brought to light the labor abuses at Seabrook in the form of low wages and the use of child labor.

In 1935, the Trade Union League was dissolved at Seabrook, to be replaced by the Agricultural Workers Union (AF of L), which spread throughout the state but remained strongest in Cumberland county. In 1936, when other counties reported field wages of 10c to 15c an hour, Cumberland county farmers were paying as much as 30c. In 1940, the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America (AF of L), signed a closed-shop contract with Seabrook Farms, Inc., covering 500 year-around and several thousand seasonal workers, with a minimum wage of 35c an hour.

Seabrook Farms today is still quite a story, even more formidable

(Continued on page 6)

From the Mail Bag

Break with the City

Conception, Mo.

Dear Miss Day,

As you can see from the letter head I was formerly in the insurance business, I say formerly because I am now working in the boiler room of the Benedictine Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Clyde, Mo.

Some of your readers, who want to get away from the city, may benefit by our experiences; at least, that is the purpose of this letter.

Ever since our marriage thirteen years ago my wife and I had toyed with the idea of moving out to the country, but being city born and bred we hesitated to make the move. Farm land in Illinois was priced too high (we were living in Peoria then) and I knew nothing about farming, so nothing was done about our dream.

In 1951 we drove out to Conception Abbey for a week-end family retreat little realizing how it would alter our lives. After returning to Peoria I corresponded with Father Dominic, the retreat master, and in one of my letters mentioned our idea about moving away from the city. Well, to make a long story short, just about a year later we had sold our home in Peoria, bought one in Conception (close to the monastery) and I started working on the farm at the convent, which is only two miles away.

After working on the farm five months, Sister asked me to help in the boiler room during winter months. That was over a year ago, but I liked the work even better than farming, so here I am.

What has all this to do with your readers? Well, if they want to get out into the country without investing in a farm of their own, it might pay them to enquire about working at a convent (or even a monastery). There must be other religious houses, similar to the one here at Clyde, in need of men on the farm and to do maintenance work. Then if they find farm life is not for them they can return to the city without having lost their shirt.

While the wages here are not as high as in the city, our expenses are also less. In addition we receive a gallon of milk daily, a pound of butter and a large loaf of bread weekly and once a year a pig or equivalent weight in beef.

My wife and I and our five children are living comfortably on about half the salary I used to make; even more important is the boost our spiritual life has received from being in contact with the monks and sisters. Our three boys are already planning to enter the monastery, something that never would have entered their minds if we remained in the city.

If you ever visit the Abbey (you should) please call on us.

Pierce Witte

Prayer and Fasting

The following letter reveals the convictions of the writer regarding the real weapons to be used in combatting Communism. The writer is a Catholic lady who suffered much at the hands of the Chinese Communists.

Her husband was brutally murdered on the usual trumped-up charges of being a foreign spy. She was compelled to leave China which had been her home for many years. Her letter breathes a spirit of true Christian charity and forgiveness towards those who all but wrecked her life.

* * *

Dear Father,

We seem never to get off the subject of Communism. Last year I had here for a week Fr. X, out

after ten months in prison, and he is not quite normal, although he thinks he is. He is full of hatred for the Communists, and he wrote a terrible book with a lurid red cover and himself in his priestly garb giving the Communist salute.

That in my mind is where the brainwashing indoctrination takes effect and where the Reds succeed in killing the soul. It is enough to ask, "Could one of the Saints have written such a book?"

In my mind, Communism cannot be fought by words or lurid publications or by war—it was one of those evils which can only be driven out by prayer and fasting.

To conclude, I am ever more convinced that it will be the Russian and/or the Chinese who will bring back true Faith. I am afraid that many Catholics in and out of the Church have become settled as well as conceited, and true humility and true charity are no longer in them.

Some people claim they do not find peace even when visiting the Churches; but if one is truly lost and absorbed in the beauty of the Mass, it doesn't matter about the Church building or the crowds. So many are frightened away before they find what they are seeking. And Father, we shall see "prayer and fasting"—but who is there to do so?

APPEALS

Help from some generous benefactors is very earnestly requested that we may be able to carry on the works of charity which accompany the apostolate in Mission lands. Help will be welcomed in any shape, cash or kind, as everything can be utilized in our relief works. Please come to our aid by sending your contribution to: Rev. Mother Superior, St. Joseph's Convent, Alleppey, India, either directly or through His Excellency the Bishop of Alleppey.

Woodstock College,
Woodstock, Maryland

Dear Sir:

The Y.C.W. in Malta have asked me, through their director, Father Carmel Schembri, S.J., to procure for them any old periodicals, pamphlets, books or back literature dealing with Social Work in general. They are trying to build up a library for the members and also to help the leaders themselves in directing others. Due to various expenses they had to undergo lately, they have to rely on the generosity of others to have a decent library in their local center, which is at Sarris House, Floriana, Malta.

The Maltese Y.C.W. will be most grateful for any help, and I will be glad to serve as intermediary, if this will be more convenient for you, to send to Father Schembri at Sarris House any kind offering you are willing to give to the Maltese Y.C.W.

If it will be of any interest to you, Father Schembri will be glad to send you the monthly "Il-Hadid" (The Worker) which is published in Maltese.

Thank you very much,
Lawrence Gellel, S.J.

Which Are Yours?

Which things, tell me, are yours? Whence have you brought your goods into life? You are like one occupying a place in a theatre, who should prohibit others from entering, treating that as his own which was designed for the common use of all. Such are the rich. Because they preoccupy common goods, they take these goods as their own. If each one would take that which is sufficient for his needs, leaving what is superfluous to those in distress, no one would be rich, no one poor. The rich man is a thief.

St. Basil

Capital Punishment

The following letter was received by the American League to Abolish Capital Punishment, 14 Pearl St., Brookline, Massachusetts:

Ossining, N. Y.
March 18, 1954.

I have your letter of March 4. You may, if you wish, list my name publicly as a sponsor.

Everyone that I know of who comes close to capital punishment develops a strong distaste for it. There is something revolting in the deliberate, planned death of a human being.

Despite these feelings, I would, however, be in favor of capital punishment if it kept people safe on the streets and in their homes.

During the calendar year of 1950 and again in the calendar year of 1952, a total of three men were executed in each year in our death house. Sing Sing is the only place in the state where executions are carried out. During both of these years, more than one homicide a day was committed in the state. Apart from pure vengeance, the only justification for capital punishment would be its deterrent effect. I do not think that there is much of a threat involved in telling a man who is considering homicide, "You had better not do it. There is one chance in a hundred that you may burn for it."

I am happy to associate myself with the American League to Abolish Capital Punishment, and you may make whatever use of this letter you wish.

With my best wishes, I am,
Sincerely yours,
Catholic Chaplain
Rev. Thomas J. Donovan

Peter Maurin's Death

(Continued from page 1)

and the priests the rich men coming down to bring me food for body and soul, or rather as though God himself came with all pomp and grandeur bringing down His Son to the lowliest wayfarer, or sojourner.

As I made my thanksgiving, and remembered Peter, and prayed for him and to him, asking his aid, I was amused too to think how like Peter, to horn in on this great and beautiful Mass with organ and choir and three priests and four altar boys, sharing someone else's grand Mass, like the poor man and beggar he was. Possessing nothing, yet he was possessing all things. As St. Paul said, "All things are yours, whether it be Paul, or Apollo, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, for all are yours, and you are Christ's and Christ is God's."

I thought too of those who attacked the Church which so recognized our dignity and brought us such gifts—I thought of Emmet McLaughlin, the Franciscan priest of Phoenix who has written an attack against the Church, and of those communists who attack the Church not knowing her and

the kind of situation in which questions of civil rights and civil liberties arise, especially in that racism is directed against people because of their birth, the color of their skin, their religion, while anti-civil liberties actions are against ideas. It is a hopeful sign that time has dulled the force of one of these trends while sharpening the other.

For one thing, Southern racism was becoming too expensive. The "separate but equal doctrine" would have eventually bankrupted the South, for its application would have required a dual set of public institutions, with the attendant loss of efficiency, money, and the like. This factor may have played a part in the way in which many intelligent Southerners accepted the Court's ruling on segregation. Other economic factors like the existence of Negroes as a consumer's force, their integration into labor unions, and even in the army, were also present.

And undeniably, there was the influence of spiritual values at work. The long struggle of the NAACP, the growing realization on the part of religious groups—and especially the Catholic Church which led, and still leads, the fight in the South among religious groups—of the immorality of racism, these were powerful forces leading to the Supreme Court decision.

All this is to the good. But there remains the paradox: that while the fight for civil rights has gained in the courts, the campaign against civil liberties has also won its victories there.

For if educative and economic factors worked for the victory of minority racial groups, they worked against the rights of the non-conformist, the political and religious dissident.

prayed for them. We know that through her priests we receive our rebirth in Christ, our communions, our healings of soul and body. She witnesses our marriages and helps us to die and our priests are ordained for these great and noble duties of bringing to us the sacraments, the means of grace which enable us to begin to truly live.

All this morning I was witnessing the regard Holy Church had for man, her recognition of his human dignity. This ceremony can be done without, though it is a fitting clothing, and has been done without in mission countries and in times of persecution. But these ceremonies are an outward and visible sign, as the sacraments are, of the love which fills our lives, just as the marriage act is a sign of love, a kiss, an embrace, a tenderness, even a smile—all these are earthly things which mean much more than the act itself. We are creatures of body and soul and those who reject Christ are rejecting the body and this life here and now.

While I prayed, thinking these things, my heart full of gratitude, another little girl posted in front of the altar of our Lady, having her first communion picture taken, the sacristan stopped blowing out the candles to arrange her in a properly pious attitude; the camera man was professional, the mother anxious, and there is always the danger, I thought, of the real significance of things being lost in the Martha-business of daily life. But a few scattered men (from the Bowery) were telling their beads in the rear of the church, quiet, contemplative, and I knew that for them, as for us all, the curtain is lifted now and again, and we see as through a glass darkly, the great things that God has prepared for those who love him. Peter knows, and knowing, will pray that we too may know.

Supreme Court

(Continued from page 1)

One week after the decision against Jim-Crow, the same Court which had taken such a positive stand on racism upheld the provisions of the McCarran Internal Security Act which provide for the deportation of an alien who became a Communist at any time after entry into the United States. This was no mere incident. In the last ten years, the Court has upheld the constitutionality of the anti-subversive provisions of the Smith Act, of the loyalty oath in the Taft Hartley (Section 9 h), and equivocated on issues like the Attorney General's List (the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee case) and loyalty boards (the Bailey case).

For the over-riding necessity of a nation mobilized in a cold war, and mobilized solely on the basis of its material superiority in armaments and production, was a campaign against ideas, against beliefs, against freedom itself. Because of the Supreme Court, the Negro is today a more free man than he was one month ago. And because of the Supreme Court, any man who thinks is less free.

I think that this fact leads to conclusions which put the Supreme Court decision on Jim-Crow in proper perspective.

Law and Freedom

The old adage is true: that you cannot legislate morality. Neither can you create it by the decision of a Supreme Court. What you can do is build on the existence of a morality and hasten its realization. Without the workings of the economic and spiritual factors, this decision would have been impossible—as it was thirty years ago. With the emergence of these factors, the Court could start from them, could speed the progress of justice; but not create it.

And the contrary is true. If there are factors—a war hysteria, a materialist mobilization in a cold war—which make the suppression of ideas, of civil liberties, logical and visible, these too can serve as the basis for the reactionary influence of the Supreme Court.

Where does this leave the "sociological" character of the decision? It emphasizes that all court decisions are sociological, i.e., dependent on the existence of non-legal material and spiritual realities. It strictly limits the ability of the Court to be progressive or reactionary within the structure of the existing social reality.

But such a point of view makes more important the work of the spirit. It makes us conscious that the decision of the Court on segregation was not the sudden working of nine men in a vacuum. It was made possible, to a great extent, by the growing awareness of the morality involved in the question—by a great educational movement of Church, NAACP, labor, and the like, building on the emergence of economic factors which would make their case so much more persuasive.

The conclusion is, I think, to rejoice in the Supreme Court decision but to recognize its sources. And having done so, having seen the non-legal elements, the intangibles of spiritual growth, of individuals and groups becoming aware of the situation, such an analysis should dedicate us all the more to continuing the fight against racism. If the Supreme Court decision is a symbol of the effectiveness of a great effort, it is also a challenge to redouble that effort, to place the real reliance on the change in the people and in the individual, without which the change in the interpretation of law is impossible.

It should make us redouble our efforts against racism. It should make us stand up and be counted in the struggle for civil liberties—a struggle in which we have been continuously defeated even as we were winning this victory for human equality and the brotherhood of man under God.

NOTICE

Summer Retreats
Maryfarm
Newburgh, N. Y.

Father M. Casey—
July 11-16

Father R. Brown—
August 8-13

+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

The Little Flower Is a Sturdy Rose

THERESE OF LISIEUX. By Hans Urs von Balthasar. Sheed & Ward. \$3.50

By ANTHONY ARATARI

Ten years ago as a prisoner of war in Germany, I read Henri Gheon's *THE SECRET OF THE LITTLE FLOWER*. I remember being quite moved by Therese's brief life. I even copied out a few sections from Gheon's book into a spasmodically kept war log, one long passage on scruples, always a whip about my neck and head and at that time, in the flush of reconversion, particularly so; and another in which Therese was asked to define the soul and she answered (without a moment's hesitation, says Gheon), that it was a spiritual being especially created to love God. And I made a resolve to read Therese's autobiography *THE STORY OF A SOUL* when I returned home after the war's end and this I carried out some two years later.

I could never claim, however, that at that time I had learned the secret of the Little Flower, not even while reading her autobiography; the edition of it which I read, the so-called definitive edition, was oppressively weighty with documents placed before and after her actual story, though I was struck as I read it by a melancholy running through it. What attracted me was the fragrance of what was a flower, being like most of mankind very partial to flowers. I cannot say either that I was specifically conscious of a rose and of the fact that a flower needed roots and real soil, sunlight and air to breathe and time to grow in. I was content to smell the flower and to sigh over its beauty but not to the point of seeing that its color was blood red. I know now that conditions being ripe, the encounter with this saint is something more than a: "Her story is beautiful—children will love it and easily understand it."—and that, also, she is not one to allow herself to be dismissed by a few lame words of pious appreciation, as you shall see.

I was living (and I still am) at *THE CATHOLIC WORKER* on Chrystie Street in New York City, sleeping in a room with two others; a long chain of inner experience had brought me back to the place which I had left almost three years ago. Also, I was broke. Anyway, on a wall between two windows facing my pillow in a back room on the top floor, there hangs a framed picture of the Little Flower standing by a pillar in the convent garden, one of those touched photographs typical of a certain kind of piety glued to her popular image which many find repellent, sugary. I had noticed it, but it was not a photograph to keep my attention, though I had one of her face in a French prayer book I was forced to use for a time as a prisoner which I had literally fallen in love with—it looked like one of my sisters! That photograph, by the way, or something like it, is now available in Catholic greeting card shops, untouched.

To continue my story—in the Sheed & Ward *TRUMPET* I had seen an announcement of Father von Balthasar's book. I had read some months before, in another book published by Sheed & Ward, a collection of essays called *SELECTION 1*, an article on Holy Scripture by Father von Balthasar, which had made a great impression on me and interested forever in anything he might write. But, as I said, I was broke and so I put it down on a list of books to buy later when that long awaited ship came in.

One evening, not too long after, Tom Sullivan, the father of our house and an Irishman with a glad eye for the saints, was roaming

through the men's side of the house, looking things over, I guess, or for a possible empty bed. He came into our room; I think I was lying or sitting on the bed, maybe reading. As he spoke, he cast his roving eyes over the room, lighting on the picture of the Little Flower. Something was said about her and he informed me that a review copy of Father von Balthasar's book had come in and was down in the office in a desk drawer. I asked in a rush of eagerness if I could take a look at it. He said yes and down I went after a few more words to the office. I ended up by reading it before anyone else.

It was the right book coming just at the right time. In recent months, I had lived through a more than usual amount of mystical literature: Saint Catherine of Siena, Saint Ignatius Loyola, Blessed Juliana of Norwich, Saint John of the Cross, Blessed John Rysbroeck and quick snatches from other spiritual giants. I had been climbing steadily on the joy of my new discovery, the mystics, to a height, reaching so high that I got stuck in

governing the expansion of grace in the souls of the just, that rhythm of ascent to be found, more or less, in all the saints, are clear in their lines as we watch Therese become conscious of her mission to the Church, breathlessly watch her pick out her Little Way of drinking the cup minute to minute, day to day, year to year. The author makes it quite evident that in that divine game of hide and seek that the inscrutable God plays with his chosen ones, she is unique among the saints for her bold responses and great expectations; that "the dreams of Innocence, He loves and brings true" is, oh, so very true in this child who died at the age of twenty-four, for when she wanted snow, the Father gave her snow.

In one of the best portions of the book, we watch Therese in the act of transposing her intense childhood relationships to Father, Mother and Sisters on to the divine plane with a primitive and pure, yet conscious ardor—where we would see a man who is our human father, she could literally see God the Father in Heaven and act accordingly. Just this section of the book is enough to prove decisively that she is not a sink of sentiment and godely familiarity. This is the special difficulty of this saint: she



the middle of Saint Catherine of Genoa's *DIALOGUES* and, if you'll allow me a pun too good to miss, tossed about in *THE CLOUD OF UNKNOWNING*!

Soaring under the push of Saint Catherine of Siena's "infinite desire" and pulled by "the eyes of the imagination" of Saint Ignatius Loyola, I thought I knew where I was going, but then ran smack into the cool, impersonal splendor of Saint John of the Cross and other live things. Without any sense of loss, Saint John of the Cross declares that images are only a remote means of union with God and should be forsaken for something higher, God himself; and when he writes "Strive not to desire anything, but rather nothing," one gets up to take a walk about the room, for as the Little Flower said, one would like to say: "I choose everything." Anxious moments in which the Devil, magnifying fears and accusing, tries his best to prevent you from seeing that maybe they are saying the same thing, tries to blur the differences due to personality, language, nation, culture, epoch and other such subtle motivations.

Father von Balthasar's book: *THERESE OF LISIEUX* brought a break in the cloud fretting the way, resolving many questions, and together with the autobiography, which I reread, it was possible to begin to come in on a wing and a prayer and eventually, I hope, to find a place in those many mansions of our Father's home. The Little Flower had at last revealed her secret and it was love, love! binding memory, will, reason, imagination in a single act! . . . But I would like to say something about the contents of this very fine book.

It is not an autobiography, though one does get a progressive picture of the growth of a daughter of the Church. The author is a Swiss theologian and he characterizes his method as "existential theology." This most concrete of lives yields under the scrutiny of his method a variety of things both old and new. Those spiritual laws

looks so much like what she is not, and I think it is due to an awareness so keen and sharp that you have to appeal to Holy Scripture for its like: that immediate and concrete Hebraic receptivity to the will of God. And it is Holy Scripture which is the primary food of her spiritual life, which Father von Balthasar very forcibly brings out, showing us how she breaks through on the basis of it to something truer than the rarefied tradition of Carmelite spirituality that haunted and taunted her.

The author in covering a comprehensive and basic range of topics (truth, Scripture, vocation, love), brings much learning to his task, his own fine feeling for Scripture and his own charismatic gift, the spirit that tests the spirit of the prophets. As you read his book you can almost hear the wind of the Old Testament filling out the sails of the New which the tiny vessel Therese Martin is trying so hard to embody in her small offerings of self-denial. The book is subtitled "The Story of a Mission" and you are carried into its deepest point where we discover that the Little Way of Spiritual Childhood is in the end the only way, the Way of the Cross, that all of us are obliged to become the sacrificial Christ.

One could argue with the author on a point made here and there in the book, for example, his judgment that Therese probably only experienced a half-night instead of the sheer exquisite Dark Night of the soul described by the austere John of the Cross. Surely, pain is as harrowing to a robin as it is to an eagle. The Dark Night must be a variable: there must be as many dark nights as there are souls who truly seek God and God only. Also, a friend claims to have found in the book a few biographical errors, but they could never mar the book. It moves on its own power, and its rich, complex, original texture does a lot to create a hope and the possibility of a flexible yet radical sanctity for our burdened and distracted age.

The Blessed Child Of The People

CATHERINE OF SIENA by Sigrid Undset. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$3.50

By ELIZABETH BARTELME

Sienese painting in the Middle Ages represented its city as a meeting place of the spiritual and material. Air touched earth to form a synthesis of light and space in which the lovely Sienese landscape supplied a backdrop for gentle Nativity scenes—with hard-faced patrons, the passionate renunciations of the Desert Fathers, or the staring townsfolk surrounding their most beloved saint. Sanctity was revered if not emulated; painters expressed the theme variously and unfalteringly into the High Renaissance.

Siena's own child, Catherine Benincasa, led a life so rich in contemplation and activity, that writers, perhaps even more than painters wove from her story the dramatic fabric of the medieval world. It is not surprising then that Sigrid Undset, the greatest medievalist of the twentieth cen-

vivid record of the sad state of affairs which had overtaken Rome in the absence of the Pope. Her spiritual power is manifest in her success at finally persuading the Bishop of Rome to return to his see, but like her Master, it ended in seeming failure when the greatest disaster of all, the setting up of a rival pope in Avignon, took place. Catherine did not live to see this breach healed. She did not need to, for she had done her work and the spiritual seed she sowed in her writing and example flowered amply in a later time.

Catherine's mature life is so inextricably bound up with the history of the Church during this violent period that it is no small task to undertake her biography. Mrs. Undset, with her intense interest in the period, succeeds in placing in perspective the recklessness, the temperamental clashes, the petty politicking which was as shameful then as it is today. Against it she balances the power of good, radiating through one frail woman and a handful of her followers. Holiness, she points out, is not easy to understand but its strength is incalculable. Catherine with her doctrine of love wielded a weapon which overcame the evil which threatened her world. Mrs. Undset lets us draw our own conclusion as to its efficacy today.

Exhaustive and absorbing as this biography is, in one respect it is disappointing. Sigrid Undset knows the medieval world as if she had lived in it. In *Catherine of Siena* she seems to have stepped outside. The creation of atmosphere through sound, color, smells and language is not in this book at it is in her novels. One is aware of the author as one never is in Kristin Lavransdatter or *The Master of Hestvikken*. And, a real flaw, one is also aware of the translator. As hagiography Catherine of Siena conforms to the highest standards; as a work of Sigrid Undset's it lacks the flame and power of her best work.

GOOD BREAD

A TREASURY OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY, edited with an introduction by Anne Fremantle. 625 pages, Viking Press.

By JOHN STANLEY

This anthology immediately brings to mind *The Wisdom of Catholicism* edited by Anton Pegis a couple of years ago. It is designed to whet the appetite of the reader for more of the good bread of the most vital Christian writers. This book differs from Pegis' in that the editor has limited her selections to the first seven centuries; she has included more selections and shorter ones. There is a concise and lucid preface and introduction, a three page bibliography and a short index.

"This Treasury has been divided into seven sections. The first tries to show the kind of ideal person the Christian has in mind, wanted to be. . . Then follows a section of descriptions of what he believed. . . the bare bones, the skeletal structure of dogma and definition, together with accounts of creeds and councils. . . The sections on martyrs and monks are frankly human interest stories." There is a section on prayer, and some poetry, including the brave invocations of "The Lorica" of St. Patrick and the beautiful hymns of the Little Hours composed by St. Ambrose and translated by Cardinal Newman.

The great thing to hope for in a work of this type is the formation of a Christian mentality through the words of Bede and Austin and Gregory and Leo and Cassian et alia.

tury, should find Catherine an absorbing subject and turn her great talent to a study of the mystic.

The Sienese girl was one of those singularly fortunate beings marked by the hand of God from childhood. Her biographer, Blessed Raimondo of Capua, relates that her first vision occurred when she was six and from that moment she lived completely in God. At nineteen, after a long struggle with her family who wished her to marry, she became a member of the Mantellate, the third order of St. Dominic, whereupon she withdrew into solitude for three years, emerging only at the command of Christ. She had learned in those three years to "build a little cell within her soul" and she was to need it in the years ahead.

Catherine's holiness became a byword in Siena almost immediately; her ecstasies aroused the curious—and the spiteful; her works of mercy brought upon her the blessings of the poor; the power of her prayers awed the people of the city. A group of young men and women put themselves under her spiritual guidance to live as members of Catherine's "family"; the townspeople affectionately called her "Beata Popolana," the blessed child of the people.

All this, however, was less remarkable than Catherine's movement into the tortuous politics of the medieval Church. Sigrid Undset's excellent introductory chapter explains the development of the position of women in the medieval community which paved the way for Catherine's entrance into the arena. No man ever set about reform more courageously than this young girl. The Church of the Middle Ages was rent with greed, laxity, and corrupt clergy. Worst of all for the unity of the Church, the Papacy was in self-chosen exile in Avignon, "married to France," in Dante's scornful words. Catherine, guided by her revelations, set forth to change these conditions.

Her correspondence with the clergy and rulers of her day is a

Chrystie Street

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a sudden fit of panic we beseeched Charlie to bring Bill to Bellevue at once and demand that they admit Bill as a patient. Again we realized that we knew nothing about medicine but we had heard of enough cases where individuals actually bled to death. This would not happen to Bill or anyone else if we could help it. Charlie, our greatest example of patience, delivered Bill back to Bellevue and the good doctors there took him in.

Report

Henry visited Bill this morning and reported that the doctors are still unable to determine the cause of the hemorrhage. Bill shall be sorely missed in our house. Aside from his many excellent qualities, Bill was a first rate night watchman. He possesses a great charity and proved extremely kind and considerate to all of those who came to us in the late hours of the night. Along with his duties as a night watchman Bill would usually be down in the kitchen at four o'clock in the morning preparing the coffee and dining-room for the morning line.

Junk

The yard next door to us has assumed the depressing effect of a junk-yard. Neighbors dump their discarded bedsprings and similar trash by night. This is the material that they feel would not ordinarily be picked up by the city garbage collectors during the day. Our men who line up in this vacant lot waiting for our noonday soup line to begin also contribute to the debris.

Jungle

At various times during the day and night men can be seen huddled around fires of their own making—some in the vacant lot and other gather under the fire escape alongside of the theatre next-door. Years ago all of this would be referred to as a "jungle" in the vernacular of the hoboes and very few good pillars of society would think it their duty to send these people to jail. However this is not the case today as with regularity our police wagons roll up to the curb and with great virtue haul these poor souls to the nearest city jail. Perhaps the worst indictment over this harsh treatment of our fellow man can be laid at all our doors since no one questions the police actions in this matter. All observers appear under the conviction that it is a good idea to "clean" up the city, especially the Bowery.

Hoboes in England

A newspaper item points up a similar situation existing in England. It stated that in Britain "persons without a settled way of living," are turning their backs on England's welfare state and moving to the continent. This general exodus has developed as a result of the state's insistence on conformity.

As one gentleman of those leaving the country put it: "We have been registered, checked, urged into new fangled reception stations . . . persuaded to give up our way of life and take regular jobs, bathed, questioned and generally treated as prehistoric freaks." This man further complained, "What these welfare enthusiasts do not understand is that tramps chose their life because they enjoy it. They impose the things we want to avoid red tape and fussing."

He said that the roads of France and Italy are beckoning, because the peoples in those countries are agreeable to permit this particular way of life to go untampered.

East River

A young married couple, who appeared to share the above ideas, stopped into our office on Decoration Day. They were from Southern Indiana and were enroute to New Jersey. They asked us directions to the East River. Then they wanted to know if they would be permitted to deposit their suitcases with us for safe keeping while they both went over to the river to swim

and take a bath. The man also thought he could get in a shave since the water was so plentiful in the river. A couple of hours later the two returned to the house glistening from their baths and claimed their belongings and went on their way.

About ten o'clock this morning two Maryknoll nuns dropped into our office. They said that they had recently completed ten years in the mission fields and are back for six months until they leave again for ten more years. This was their first visit to the Catholic Worker. Upon entering the office they immediately sat down and helped Tony stick addresses on wrappers for the next issue of the paper. They told us of the far off places where they had worked for the past years. Our visit by these truly heroic women was refreshing and stimulating.

Reverend

One morning last week I returned to the house after attending Mass at our neighborhood church. I had my missal well hidden in my back pocket as I approached a group of men surrounding the entrance to our house. These men were waiting for Henry to begin to issue the morning supply of clothes on hand. As I passed them to enter the kitchen, one of them, a colored man, addressed me with, "Good morning, Reverend." I could make no response to this pleasant man as I hurried into the house, realizing at the same time that we are still considered a Bowery Mission by some. We are rapidly coming to the conclusion that there is no method of getting the records straight on this misnomer.

Rainbow

A middle aged gentleman stopped in here towards the end of last week. He was in search of clothing for himself and he did not convey the impression that he was a habitue of the Bowery or skid road. He said he was a full blooded Indian and that his name was Rainbow. As he was being outfitted with a few things that we had on hand he stated that he was enroute to his reservation but insisted that he would send us a beaded belt as an expression of gratitude. We received this promise of forthcoming gifts with a certain amount of skepticism since we have had many similar promises in the past. One man vowed that he would obtain from his good friends in the automobile business whatever kind of transportation that we desired—you name it. We named it. Nothing came of his promise. Hope continues to be a part of us and we still fall for these generous promises. Maybe that Indian will send us a beaded belt, although we really did get over that Indian phase of clothing some thirty years ago.

Basic Ethics

During the past month we have had several letters denouncing the critical article by Anthony Aratari on Senator McCarthy & Co. in our May issue. Two of the letter writers asked that their subscriptions to the Catholic Worker be cancelled. This is a small number indeed when you realize that we have a circulation of sixty thousand copies per month. However small these protests amount to, we are still surprised when any of our readers register astonishment at our reactions to the methods and techniques utilized by Senator McCarthy & Co. In view of the fact that we are supposed to have some sort of a Christian mentality with a background in basic ethics we cannot conceive of having feeling but one of abhorrence to such violations of the fundamental principles of Christianity committed time and time again by McCarthy & Co.

Positive Approach

It is significant of the effect of the McCarthy mentality in our time that whenever one is critical of his brand of ethics you have to start waving flags and swear that

you are not a Communist now or in the past. Well, our positive approach to combatting Communism goes back to the inception of the Catholic Worker twenty-one years ago—before the nation ever heard of Roy Cohn and Senator McCarthy. As early as 1934 the Daily Worker, organ of the Communist Party, printed a blistering attack upon the Catholic Worker. They knew then that we were not being sucked into expending all our energy in negative attacks upon them but that we were intent upon creating a good society where in man could live in accordance with all the dignity that God conferred upon each—whether he be Jew, Gentile, White, Black, etc. We go along with St. Paul when he said we may not "fight as one beating the air."

Chicago

Last night I had the pleasant experience of seeing a visitor from Chicago, who had, prior to World War II, been remotely associated with the Chicago Catholic Worker house of hospitality. Although I had not seen this friend since 1941 we took up right where we left off. I showed him around the house here and he said as we walked around, "This is the same type of work which was going on in Chicago back in the 30's. You take in those in need despite religion, race or color." We replied in the affirmative. He went on, "You live from day to day?" We said that we tried. We spoke of many people and things that we had in common. Then he said, "You are in charge of this house I understand." Now, are you able to have a little recreation for yourself?" As our friend was leaving, he suggested that I have dinner with him upon my next visit to Chicago. Although he made it clear that I was not to come there looking for any money from him. Whatever gave him that idea?

Maryfarm

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do good. You should've seen the alfalfa we grew in Easton-farm; this high." And when the women sit under the crab-apple to help break string beans for Joe Cotter to can, they have a distinguished predecessor. John Filliger says, "I gave Peter Maurin his last hair cut under that tree the Saturday before he died." And we sang a requiem Mass on his anniversary the other day; R. I. P. And we have Almighty God, Jesus, in the Blessed Sacrament in our creamy-white chapel, and He is before everything, and after, and informing every fantastic moment we spin through this strange little, grey cloud outside eternity.

And pretty soon it will be hayingtime, and you work as you never work at any other time. Your lungs burn and arms ache and your legs cave in where you get on top of the load to take it to the white barn all dark inside, with the sun shooting golden arrows through the cracked boards. Haying time is rather tense, because you're worried about rain. And then when it's over the summer is somehow over, just like after the 21st of June when the days start shortening it seems that Winter is almost upon you, and Spring starts on the 21st of December when the shortest day is past and you have the Incarnation. I wonder how they feel in Australia? But though there may be melancholy thought in the mind about the end of summer occurring in June, the body groans it a gross and spiritist lie when you hoe corn in July or carry bushel after bushel of tomatoes in August to Joe Cotter's cannery; and we're planting a thousand tomato plants. We're still using the tomatoes from last year.

The Retreat will be given by Fr. Casey during the week of July 11th and by Fr. Brown during the week of August 8th. We already have two reservations for Fr. Casey. It would be good if people would commence arriving during the weekend.

Seabrook Farm

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in size and stunning in its details. Its specialty in late years has come to be quick-frozen foods—fruits, vegetables, chicken—which is packaged under about 50 different U.S. and Canadian brand names, including Birdseye, as well as for hotel and institutional use. It claims to be the world's largest quick-frozen foods producer, and the legend carried by Seabrook's large fleet of blue trailer trucks and vans is, "We Grow Our Own So We Know It's Good." (This is not strictly true; Seabrook has always been a good market for farmers in outlying districts). The frozen-foods packaging and cannery plants are officially known as Deerfield Packing Co., while the main, four-level frozen foods warehouse, which at the peak of harvest holds as much as eight million tons (normal capacity: four million tons) at a temperature of 16 degrees below zero or colder, is registered as Cumberland Warehouse. There are other storage buildings to take care of the overflow, which is then sent on to Seabrook warehouses in Maryland and other states. Other Seabrook projects include hothouses specializing in roses and the Koster nurseries.

The power moving the varied and intricate machinery in all the plants comes from Seabrook Farms' own generator plant; all the waste is taken care of by Seabrook Farms' own disposal system. And Seabrook has most of the other accessories of any small town—a volunteer fire department, a police station, first-aid station, and company cafeteria, all located within the plant area. There is a good-sized general store, a community hall with a well-visited snack bar, both Protestant (non-denominational) and Buddhist churches and Sunday schools, a children's nursery, a school which is also attended by other children in the area. In addition, employees are allowed, if they wish, free plots of land on which to grow their own vegetables. For recreation, there are company teams which meet outside teams in such sports as bowling and softball.

If there are Italians and U.S. Negroes still employed at Seabrook Farms, they are lost in the crowd. Seabrook was not immune in the 'thirties to the competition offered by government relief rolls, and the manpower situation became even more desperate during World War II. The problem was partially solved by flying in plane-loads of Jamaicans in summer and flying them home at harvest's end, keeping on a few the year-around to supplement the machine-farming. Jamaicans are still being used, at minimum wages (75c per hour). The company furnishes shack-housing, located outside of Seabrook Village proper. Out of their wages, the lowest at the Farms, the Jamaicans must pay rent and buy their own food, which they go all the way into Bridgeton, about six miles away, to get. A hint about Mr. Seabrook's attitude toward Jamaicans may be had from one of his 1934 newspaper appeals, in which he asked, "Down there in . . . Alabama . . . when Communist agitators began to incite strikes and disorders in the farm districts, to preach equal social relationships and mingling between the different races and to denounce all religion, what happened? . . . Do you know that they sent International Labor Defense lawyers to Alabama to defend Negroes against charges of rape?" If there has since been any broadening of his views, the Jamaicans are not aware of it.

But the wartime operation of the Farms got onto firm ground when about 3,000 West Coast Japanese were recruited from the several inland "relocation centers" for work in the plants. They began at wages of 50c per hour in 1945, paying \$8.75 a week for room and board. As their families joined them, they were given free and good government housing. When

the housing was later sold to Seabrook, the rent was set at \$11 a month. Today, the number of Japanese working at Seabrook is a thousand or less, including a later recruitment of Peruvian Japanese interned at Crystal City, Texas. Many have returned to the West Coast or otherwise dispersed; many have jobs outside the Farms while one member of the family works at Seabrook to insure housing; a few have their own small businesses (barbering, shoe repair) within the Village. Mr. Seabrook, who at first welcomed the Japanese for their general industry and reliability, is now said to be cool towards them, ever since they obeyed union instructions and participated in a "walk-out" a few years ago. This, he reportedly felt, was his thanks for rescuing them from the concentration camps.

As the Japanese diminished, Seabrook Farms had to cast around for another manpower reservoir from which to draw. Refused government permission to import Mexican help, Mr. Seabrook went abroad a couple of years ago and arranged for the hiring of from 1,500-2,000 displaced persons—Estonians, Latvians, and Germans, most of whom were formerly professional and business people—for factory work. These, with their families, now make up most of the population of Seabrook Village and receive preferential treatment in such matters as housing.

The Jamaicans in the fields were joined a couple of harvests ago by Puerto Ricans, probably recruited from New York City, who receive the same wages and housing.

The workers are all protected by an American Federation of Labor union, Local 56, with headquarters in Bridgeton. Although it is considered a company union, the minimum wage level of \$1.11 per hour for women and \$1.16 for men engaged in plant work matches the higher levels for comparable work in such cities as Newark, Hoboken and New Brunswick, because decent company housing is available at \$22 a month. It is not impertinent to note, however, that rent raises have consistently kept up with wage increases, that the company, as landlord, feels no responsibility for maintenance, and that the newest company housing rents for no less than \$60 a month. Also, last year the company threatened to remove all furniture, excepting stoves and refrigerators, unless it was purchased by the tenants. Since the furniture was about ten years old and scarcely worth the small price asked, most people preferred to have it removed in order to buy some of their own choice.

Thus, while there is no labor unrest at Seabrook Farms today, there remains some concern for the future. Work at the plant is just as seasonal as that in the fields. July and August finds workers on the job for twelve or thirteen hours a day, seven days a week, with no overtime pay. In winter, employment is sporadic and usually involves re-wrapping, under some name brand, surplus frozen food that has been packaged in plain wrappers and stored. And within the past few years, a great deal of new machinery has made manpower obsolete in such tasks as wrapping individual boxes and filling cartons.

Mr. Seabrook, who is now in his eighties, lives on a quiet country road outside Seabrook called Polk Lane. His mansion, a new one, sits far back from the road amidst elaborately landscaped grounds. Although he has officially retired and sent in one of his sons as replacement, he is still the real head of Seabrook Farms and the most influential man in the community.

What all this calls to mind is feudalism, with Mr. Seabrook as the lord of the castle atop the hill. He surveys a tremendous domain, comprising thousands of acres, thousands of buildings, and thousands of workers representing a goodly section of the races of mankind.

On the Road

(Continued from page 2)

is mortal sin." Nevertheless the priest bought a copy and perhaps the Sister will get to see it. I helped Ruth Ann plant trees and take care of a calf which came a few weeks ahead of schedule. The first green shoots in the garden were showing. The next day I visited with Jack on his 400 wooded acres and helped string barbed wire to keep his white faces in and admired his palomino horse. I also helped grind corn-cobs, which mixed with blackstrap molasses has helped beat the drought and feed the animals. This super-sweetness is bought by the big drum while fake faddists sell it for 10,000 times the price in food stores as something special. As Jack and neighbors and myself drove towards Columbia the next day one old timer remarked as he looked at the cut-over uncultivated land, "the old folks died off and the young folks threw the axes away and moved to the city." City rich men have bought up thousands of acres around here as an investment to keep from paying taxes and all this land lies unused, as taxes are very low. Nearly every farm has empty houses of some sort.

Columbia, Mo.

Andrew Mills, a graduate student who had read the CW, been denied CO status by his draft board, and was soon to be sent to prison, had written asking to meet me, and he and his pretty student wife slept in the hall in order that I might have a bed. We met with other young folks in a small meeting in the Methodist Church. After mass the next morning I found some local priests interested in the CW. The Mills' were studying to be rural missionaries. With them I discussed the matter of going to a community, working as a day laborer, fixing up one of these old houses, attending the local church, and being one of the community. Then anything they would say would not come from a professional do-gooder, but from "that guy down the road who reads books."

Kansas City

Here I met many of the SUN HERALD folks in the home of Bob Hoyt where he has several acres and occupies a veritable fortress of an old stone house. Here is opportunity for a small community. Harold Bernhardt, pacifist Quaker, had me speak after a regular Quaker silent meeting to assembled Quakers and visiting students of Park College, among them a girl from South America who was pleased to learn that there was such a group as the CW in this land of Yankee Imperialism. These folks had known Kate White and so the message of the CW was not entirely new. That evening Harold had hired a hall and advertised another talk where I was pleased to meet Walt Bodine, a convert from the Mormons who appreciated my knowledge of them in the southwest. Being a mixed audience of Catholics, radicals and Protestants there were many questions.

Henry Scully

In Iola, Kansas I was welcomed by Henry Scully, a farmer who had written to me and whose letter was published in a recent issue of the CW. His grandfather had, like mine, come over from Ireland in 1848 and settled in the middle west. He wrote letters home for Irish neighbors in Gaelic and mentioned that he ate meat twice a week. He was chided for this inaccuracy for he ate meat three times a day. "But they would never believe it in Ireland if I told them the truth; meat twice a week was a miracle already," his grandfather had answered. Scully had two farms with several houses on them but he lived in town to provide schooling for his three children. In this limestone country the cattle thrive better on the grass than in other parts, although this hard pan of rock prevents fruit trees from getting a good root; even grapes do not do well.

Henry had bought my book months ago and gave it to the Irish priest who told me that he disagreed with it. Although I had bought a ticket to Newton Henry insisted that he deliver me the 125 miles there in his car.

A Mennonite College

Here in Newton, Kansas, I was greeted by my pacifist friend whom I had written to for years and now for the first time was to meet. His sons had been CO's, and he taught in this college for half the salary in order that he would not be liable to pay taxes for war. My friend Bennie Barger had thus been able to practice his ideal in a less spectacular manner than I did but with the sacrifice of being jeered at by his community for being "impractical." I spoke to three classes and to assembly, at which not being compulsory that day, I was pleased to note a large audience. I did not have as many questions as in Catholic or regular/secular colleges, as these Mennonites agreed on the basis of pacifism. It was their acceptance of capitalism and respect for law that I had to jolt. There are many sects of Mennonites and it happened that my criticism of Mennonite farmers who made much money from raising tobacco, but who considered it a sin to use it, did not apply to the wheat raising farmers in this vicinity or to their especial Mennonite division. I had attended Mass in the morning and had given the young priest his first CW and a copy of my book, but the older German priest in charge was scandalized when he saw this radical literature and heard that such a Catholic was testifying as to his faith among the Mennonites. My friend Barger and other professors greeted me gladly but it seems that the president of the college had been too busy with finances to pay such attention to radicals who might disturb the traditional Mennonite complacency, so I left both the Catholic and Mennonite shepherds to do what they could to calm those consciences which had perhaps been disturbed.

Carmen

I changed buses four times by the time I phoned Peggy Church in Taos that I was in New Mexico again. She graciously asked me to have breakfast with her and together with a Spanish Catholic teacher friend who liked the CW, she drove to Santa Fe where I surprised my daughter Carmen as she was teaching music at the private school where from lower grades through college music she teaches at a fourth of the salary which she earned in Detroit public schools. This school is part of that religion which she and her sister Sharon follow, and I was much pleased to learn that although Carmen is not as outspoken in defiance of orthodox beliefs as is her sister, that she does practice this essentially voluntary poverty which I place as a first virtue for myself. The next day and Easter morning I had a pleasant visit with Carmen, and despite the fact that I had but a few hours with her in the past dozen years she was sweet to me; her radiant beauty, followed by Mass at the Cathedral, making this my best Easter. I plan to see her again in July in Chicago on my way back to New York.

Van Dresser's

On Good Friday as we drove along toward El Rito we saw the native Spanish carrying their santos to the ramada to be blessed and there were whispers and covert glances toward the hills as people spoke of the Penitentes who were in the midst of the crucifixion of their local Christos. We three, Peter and Florence van Dressen and myself, stopped at Espanola and were greeted warmly by Father Cassaday who considers the CW the salt of the earth. We were introduced to other priests and asked to briefly present the pacifist-anarchist message. One

problem, not only of the legal loan sharks in the cities, but of small communities is that of Catholics who have extra money charging interest amounting sometimes to 1000% for emergency loans to fellow Catholics who are in need. While it is true that Mohammedan and Hindu people do not loan money at interest, it is difficult to get Christians in this country to understand that Christianity alone among these three religions has blessed usury. In the face of flagrant usury in his community Father Cassaday now heads a large Credit Union. The methods by which he returns good for evil in dealing with financial discrepancies are marvellous.

Arriving at the ranch where the yet unfinished house to be heated by solar heat and power to be furnished by windmill nestled between the orange cliffs and the winding road I helped plant garden and watched Peter prepare the ground for wheat. Vacation time prevented my meeting with students at the nearby El Rito Normal School where the CW and my book is known; but we had a small meeting of friends. Another year will see the growth of this decentralist venture in real life on the land which already I could see in the eyes of Peter, Florence and Steve, has produced a light not known in the city. After a visit with Catholic and radical friends in Santa Fe, including the nursing nuns where I had spoken in 1952, I left for Denver.

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Strike

(Continued from page 1)

The N. J. Mediation Board. We filed unfair labor practice charges with the N.L.R.B. hoping it would lead to negotiations but that failed.

The bosses tried to get a picket-limiting injunction but failed since they'd made no attempt to negotiate. Meanwhile, some of the cops policing the strike were making \$2.50 an hour for off-day guarding of the company premises. The pay-off was made through the chief of police. What price official "neutrality"?

The strike was solid despite our inexperience and financial need. A welfare committee dispensed aid and food according to need from funds provided by the national, district and contributing locals. We also got a morning snack and mid-day meal at the strike kitchen and transportation to and from home.

Angered by failure of local officials to break the strike, the company demanded the governor send militia and the Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court expedite cases arising from picket-line incidents.

This arrogance convinced the cops we were right. They stopped breaking the picket line and showed strict neutrality by merely maintaining order. Just previous the United Jewelry Workers Union, AFL, had organized the few scabs and strike breakers that had gone in. But our newly effective picketline shut down production.

Early in April several trailer trucks drove through our line and removed production facilities. We soon found them in Newark under the new name of Electrocomp, Inc., with a dummy corporation set-up and a back-door agreement with the U.J.W.U.

There we encountered goons and strike breakers supported by the politically-controlled Newark cops. Our women were continually intimidated, our line repeatedly broken. We were outnumbered and faced the prospect of mass arrests, with the strong probability of fines and jail terms, and the hoodlum tactics of these pseudo-unionists. Moreover, we refused to fight fellow workers since only the boss would gain. So, reluctantly but after much consideration, we withdrew.

Although we failed to win the shop for our chosen union, and most of us are drawing unemployment,

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Employment

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2.5 million dollars for investigation of these frauds.

Food surpluses being held in warehouses by the government total 2.8 billion dollars at the last inventory. To stop the increase of these surpluses farmers are being told to grow smaller crops. People die every day of starvation all over the world while we haggle over prices, market balances, and political expediency. We gave Spain wheat valued at 20 million dollars in exchange for Spanish money to be used for building air bases in Spain.

Certainly there is work. There are millions of housing units needed desperately by working class families. Slums are on the increase in all our cities. Malnutrition and starvation are rampant in some of our rural areas and cities. Millions go without medical care; our institutions are of the cave-man variety in most cases with the mentally ill almost being completely ignored. There are untold numbers of TB cases in the city streets which our administrations are fearful of discovering because of lack of hospital space. The real and basic needs of humanity are being ignored. All this work to do and 5,000,000 workers idle. We should not expect our government to subsidize anything but a token number of low rent housing projects, or attempt to meet other community problems realistically because that doesn't appear to be what they are in business for. Society is so geared to profit making and so controlled by big business that the dynamic human energy of 5,000,000 unemployed cannot be effectively channeled to provide these necessities. If these workers can't be assimilated by the huge corporations, or smaller ones madly climbing the ladder of dollars and cents success, they are forced to sit idle and collect unemployment insurance, if they can, until that runs out and they are destitute. Obviously a government which kneels before the altar of the Money Gods will not even attempt to grapple with the real problems of our economy. A shorter work week, substantial raises, better unemployment insurance, the guaranteed annual wage for workers will give temporary relief but do not come near the core of the problem, which is the capitalistic profit-motive system itself. But those interested in keeping their fortunes do not want a change. They tremble at the thought. The only starvation they are interested in is the starvation of their bank books. The housing problem to them means the rise and fall of real estate values. And someone is a person only when he receives the crown of SUCCESS.

The working class must see the situation clearly, feel its strength, and create peaceably a society geared to meet human need. Many workers have the same ideals as the rich—to have more and more goods, to reach the thrones of power, money, position. They do not understand that these fortunes are built on the depressed and pitiful conditions of the poor throughout the world and at the expense of working people who give their life's energy for a meager return. We must refuse to perpetuate the type of set-up which inevitably ends in an unjust distribution of goods. Those who work should be able to control that with which they work and derive the benefits of their labor for their families and for the community. The fruits of labor belong to those who work, and those who are unable to work, not to a parasitic few who use the labor of others to create wealth for their own leisure and enjoyment.

We depend on war and defense production and have specifically the economy which in turn creates war. The large business interests depend on the raw materials in the undeveloped areas of the world. Countries play chess with armies of soldiers to protect their interests. These depressed areas are robbed of access to the natural resources of their own land. The capitalists leave the masses throughout the world in their poverty. They fight for markets, fight the natives, or fight any country that is in their way.

In turn war is used to bolster the economy at home. The guided missile industry is expected to grow into one of the largest in the country. One of the reasons given for optimism in the unemployment situation is that large war plants such as Consolidated Vultee, Douglas and Lockheed are being activated and they in turn need to be supplied by other factories, thus starting another war industry job boom. Our guided missile production is supposed to be below Russia's. These missiles can bombard cities 8,000 or 10,000 miles away. They are considered essential for our "defense" and so thousands of workers will have jobs making them. Our unions seem to be unaware of the phoney shot in the arm they get from the war industry and that in the long run the working class will be blowing itself up all over the world while the rich, safely hidden away somewhere, will continue to profiteer. The horrible thing about it is the blindness with which workers cooperate in their own destruction.

A "sound" economy is maintained by wars in which instruments of death are used for "crusades" by propaganda fed citizens of both sides, and the business of killing keeps the factories humming.

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Farming

(Continued from page 1)

graded—under 50 acres; 51 to 150; 151 to 300; over 300.

Six types of farm are distinguished—arable, dairy, livestock and mixtures of these.

In every type of farming the output and profit per acre were in inverse ratio to the size of the farms, compared with the over-300s, show well over twice the profit per acre and nearly twice the output.

In the mainly-dairy groups, the under-50s show seven times the profit—a pleasant Biblical and symbolic figure. (That does not mean that the dairy farm is the best venture for the small farmer. The most profitable farm is the arable).

Inferences

The tables printed below are a digest of the figures printed in the N.F.U. Supplement referred to above. Mathematicians are welcome to make a further digest for themselves covering the decade in question.

Average acreage	Net output per acre	Net profit per acre
32	£31	£8.5
98	22	5.8
209	20	4.4
513	18	3.6

From these figures I feel confident in inferring two things.

Firstly, that in the crisis looming ahead, intensive farming ought to replace extensive farming in this island. Secondly, that the argument against capitalism and socialism still applies; a man will work best for his own.

It is desirable to get the maximum amount of food from each working farmer.

It is still more important to produce the maximum amount of food from each acre.

In Holland

In Holland and Denmark, where the average farm is less than 50 acres, there is the highest output per acre in the world. The question is not: Can we afford the small farm? but, Can we afford the large farm?

If these are the facts (a) can they be reconciled with the maintaining and increase of our export trade? hasn't industrialism come to stay? (b) why do the best-informed people hold the opposite view about the size of the most economic farm? (c) what has it got to do with a bishop, anyway?

The first question is sharpened as I write by an event of topical importance. The government of this country has concluded with Japan a trade agreement which has caused alarm and despondency in Lancashire and in the Black Country.

The men in the mills and in the potteries remember the 1930's, when they stood in queues for dole money, while Japan churned out threepenny fountain pens, thirty-shilling bicycles, cloth at 5d. per yard and sixpenny scissors to cut it out with.

We cannot hope to go on importing food at the present rate if our exports fall; and how can we, with our high standard of living, expect to compete in world markets with less developed countries as they progressively become industrialized?

Surely the sensible thing is to

make sure that we can at least feed ourselves, blessed as we are with such a soil and climate and knowledge?

Bad Cultivation

Millions of good acres are badly cultivated or not cultivated at all. Millions of less fertile acres could be improved by good husbandry.

Why do so many of the best-informed people hold the opposite view? To give my answer I have recourse to the mystic language of the economist and say: "vested interest does it."

There is, firstly, the vested interest of a whole nation that does not like change, still less revolution. Another aspect of the same mentality is the conviction that if a thing is British, it is best.

Then there is vested interest in the narrow and more technical meaning of the words.

The big man wants to "liquidate" the small man. So does the mass-producer. The chain-store people want to clear out the small shopkeeper. Larger and larger trusts make "bigger and better" business.

Varied Interests

Consciously or unconsciously, this is the attitude of the capitalist and the socialist to their extreme opposite, the smaller owner. The attitude is subsidized by the popular press, which thrives on the advertisements of big business.

Multiply these many and varied business interests by the number of their shareholders, dependents and readers, and you will get some idea of the forces ranged against what is clearly the Christian ideal.

There is very little focusing of public opinion specifically on the family farm.

The small farm is just included in the big fellow's propaganda against the small man, the man who is still fighting to retain his soul, fighting to keep soul and body together in a human person.

What has it got to do with a bishop, anyway?

Quite a lot, actually. Every day I stand at the altar and with my eyes on the Bread of angels, I pray: give us this day our daily bread.

And I remember that a hungry man is to be fed, not instructed. And I think of the saying of the Pope that 70 percent. of the people of the world are underfed.

The Church's duty is not only to the soul, but to the whole person.

I am not alone in refusing to be alarmed at the prospect of population getting ahead of available food. There always have been and always will be scare-mongers.

But we have a sober duty to forestall serious alarm by prudent action. "God helps those who help themselves," we say in the north.

The pagan urges us to face the problem by controlling births, by abortion, by sterilization, by euthanasia. As Christians, we cannot tolerate these practices, which conflict with the destiny, rights, freedom and dignity of the human person.

The positive answer, as contrasted with the above-mentioned

negative solutions of the problem, lies in the increase of food-production and in the very much better distribution of it.

To bring these things about, we shall need, besides good will, all available expert advice and help. Every useful acre must be opened up.

People from over-crowded areas must be given access to undeveloped areas . . . But I must not stray from the main issue.

To me, a bishop, not the least important aspect of family farming is its humanizing and Christianizing effect on those engaged in it.

Advantages

Speaking to farmers, the Pope said: "It is for you to show that family farming, precisely as such, enjoys all the real advantages of the other modes of land cultivation, while avoiding the evils attendant on them."

The popes have not changed their minds since Leo XIII sounded the trumpet.

The Christian outlook on the subject is admirably touched on by Jean Calvert in his recent life of St. Vincent de Paul (Burns Oates): "Life close to nature, in touch with nature, is both good fortune and a trial. Minds of common stamp derive nothing from it and are in peril of sinking to the apparent level of their surroundings. But men of finer apprehension will discover in it a culture, a mental provision, a sort of fullness of life, a whole world of images and principles which, without their knowledge, becoming fixed in the consci-



ous and subconscious mind give light to their path throughout the whole course of their lives."

'Symbolic'

And again, "It is symbolic that the price of, Monsieur Vincent's theology was a pair of good ploughing oxen . . . This peasant (Vincent's father) was no tenant-farmer. That class of owner-farmers, like the nobles, were masters of their own domain: they have always been the core of France, especially its moral core, and have furnished the great majority of the clergy."

These principles and these facts are known to the Catholic economists and sociologists who are working for our "social security."

It is a mystery to me why for the most part they seem to belittle the principles and ignore the facts. When one considers the amount of vested interest that stands in the way of a sound social order, there seems no hope of redemption without a strong and enlightened Christian government.

It seems a counsel of despair to have to wait for that. What can we do?—Reprinted from *London Universe*.

Strike

(Continued from page 7)

ment insurance, with a few in scattered shops, still it's far from a total defeat.

We ran the sweat-shop out of town and county. We won the sympathy and understanding of local officials and residents. We taught these bosses they can no longer ignore the just demands of their workers. We succeeded indirectly in unionizing the new plant. Above all we learned that unity is strength and a union run by its members is indispensable to the workers.

Now I'm working in a U.E. plant in Newark and looking forward to being as active and helpful as possible. This union-versus-union mess is a boon to the bosses and the great number of the workers have yet to realize how it hurts them. I hope I can help them in that realization.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 2)

St. Augustine's Day, August 28, the place had not been farmed for fifteen years. The fields were full of witchgrass, and saplings. Trees and grape vines had not been pruned for years and the soil had not felt the touch of spade or plough.

Irene Naughton started the work and the first summer Rita Riley put in an immense kitchen garden and it was a cheerful sight to see her, always with a string of little children following her around, hoeing, planting, harvesting. Last year, Fr. Duffy got a few fields planted, and a good kitchen garden in, so that we could do some canning as well as having our plenty on the table, but this year, he can look with satisfaction at most of the farm ploughed and the fields seeded.

Map

Yesterday he gave me a map with all the fields marked out. Five thousand pine seedlings and multiflora roses have been put along the ditches to provide a natural hedge between the fields, and a windbreak in front. There are grapes, fruit trees, pear, cherry and apple. The vegetable garden has twenty-three different kinds of vegetables planted and there are already radishes, lettuce and spinach from the garden on our table. (Not to speak of the two fat rabbits we had yesterday, and the four we will have next Sunday for dinner.)

There are ninety baby chicks, twenty or so laying hens and the cow is "coming in" soon. Right now we are buying milk for Linda and the baby and the expectant mother with us also has to have milk. The rest of us are provided with powdered skim milk which came as a donation from the House of Divine Providence in New York.

But the fields are Fr. Duffy's pride and joy, those fat fields that are going to provide more than enough hay for Easy Essay and her calf.

Small Farms

One field is an old asparagus bed which has been feeding us this past month, there are a few acres of corn planted for silage, and eating (cow, chicken and human) and the other fields are planted in every kind of grass, oats, alfalfa, red top, clover, ladina, alsike, Italian rye, English rye, birdsfoot, timothy. Next door to us Mr. Prasse has a fine goat farm, a registered herd, and a milk route, and he has several heavy fields of alfalfa. All around us there are examples of how the little farms of Staten Island were once worked and can still be made to work for man and beast. We have borrowed Mr. Prasse's lime spreader, roller and seeder and have provided him with some hay. We have gotten plants from Mr. Kaelen across the road (he raises flowers for the market) and we have had the indispensable help of Mr. Hauber from further down on Bloomingdale road. Around the corner on Sharrot road Mr. Kelly lives and he is another neighbor who helps constantly, providing us with siding and tar paper and so on for the damaged barn. God bless such neighbors!

Friends Help

Of course we would not have been able to do this without the help of friends. Monsignor Corrigan gave us the cow, Fr. John Monaghan gave us \$575 to plough and seed the fields as well as to buy feed for the same cow until we got our own crops in. But even so, given the land, this does not seem like much capital to get something underway. It used to be the custom for girls to have a hope chest and for them to be given dowries and it used to be the thing for fathers to start off their sons with acreage, a team, or even a house to live in. Nowadays parents too often hang on to what they have, they have lost all sense of the proper Christian Communism of the family, where what has been built up by parents and children, belong to all in common and is shared by all.

It isn't too much capital either when one thinks of the price of television and new cars, the latest

gadgets, and instalment plan buying.

To go on giving credit where credit is due, it was Jim Corrigan, the chief farmer at Mt. Loretto, who enabled us to buy our seeds wholesale and our feed, too, and our organic fertilizer and lime and who came and planted our corn for us, God bless him. And it was Philip Boyer, a radical Catholic, who sent the hundred baby chicks (Fr. Duffy feeds them on oatmeal, potatoes and fresh greens), and it was Mr. Parsons, an Episcopalian minister of Litchfield, Mass., who sent money for seed, and Bill McDonough, who provided the heat for our chapel who also bought the rest of the seeds needed. And Mrs. Cornell and Mrs. Beeker, of our own St. Joseph's parish here in Rossville, Staten Island, who collected, through the children, forty dollars to help repair the chapel, and through their husbands, some much needed material.

One could go on writing about these cheerful things for pages and pages but this will suffice to give a report to our friends, and readers, our families on the land who are constantly having to get back to the little way of farming.

Campers

During the last two months there were two work camps, ten students in each, who came for a weekend to help us and they were young people of every denomination. This coming week we are having one of the Newman club alumni groups which studied theology during the winter, and now are having a quiet weekend, with work with us. Betty Lou Ginty has had a busy time of it what with bread-baking for all of us as well as the headline in New York, and being hostess besides.

During the next two months we are going to have our Puerto Rican children from the Little House of St. Joseph in Harlem where Mary Anne McCoy, Eileen Fantino and Helen Russell are working, and we again are begging from our readers, tents, cots, blankets. We have the promise of one tent and one reader sent a camp cot. But we do earnestly beg your help for the money to buy these things if you have none on hand you can spare. We want big tents, two of them to house six to eight each.

Maybe we are rash to undertake this extra work of giving vacations but how can one read Eileen Fantino's accounts of life in Harlem without wanting to do something. We are going to take not more than eight at a time, so that it will be a family affair and it is our answer to the immediate need aspect of this greatest problem in New York today, as the welfare commissioner calls it. A friend of ours used to say when many extra guests came: "There is always enough. If everybody takes a little less, everyone will have a little more."

We are always trying to give answers to the questions asked of us, such as "Peter, lovest thou me? Feed my sheep." Our Lord Jesus has not only stated the question, but given us the answer.

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