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Pacifism

By WILLIAM GAUCHAT

I suppose I am a pacifist because I am a Catholic.

In the confusion of thought, hysteria, and unreasoning fear present in the news dispatches, and spread by newspaper and magazine columnists and radio commentators, the clearcut logical stand of conscientious objection to the use of force grows more convincing to a person with a right Christian conscience. The view in the secular press disregards justice and morality completely. Expediency is the touchstone. General Eisenhower stated it succinctly: "The only way the U. S. can look at the present world situation is through the glasses of enlightened self interest."

But the pacifist looks at the world through "the glasses" of his conscience! The pacifist position is limited to the area of the individual conscience. Of course, every human act—that is every act of a conscious human being—springs from the domain of conscience. The so-called indifferent acts (such as eating, sitting, walking, etc.) having in themselves nothing evil, for the Christian are not indifferent but are steps that take one closer to God, or away from Him. Such a simple common act of eating, an exercise we share with birds and beasts, is directed by the conscience.

Besides the natural law which forbids gluttony and drunkenness, and the Church law that demands fasting, and abstinence from meat, on certain days of the year, there is also the Fifth commandment that obliges us to eat sufficient good vital food to keep our bodies fit and strong to do the Lord's work. In this way the essence of the food is a matter of conscience. The morality of taking the germ, the bran, and the middlings from wheat, and then dousing the residue with a poisonous bleaching agent, and then selling by hyp-pressure advertising this dead-white by-product as flour is

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Fritz Eichenberg

On Pilgrimage

By DOROTHY DAY

Once upon a time in the early days of St. Francis there was a Mr. Luchesio who was a married man and very rich. He had added field on field and had cornered the grain market and people's bread. He knew how to make money and he piled up his fortune. He had a wife by the name of Bona.

Then suddenly he heard St. Francis preaching, and he repented of his sins and made up his mind to restore all that he had stolen from the poor, for that is how he had come to look at his life then. His reformation was sudden and thorough and when he started to give away all his money, his wife Bona protested, and then he had to convert her. Or maybe St. Francis did the job. They restored their unlawful fortune to the poor, to the peasants and workers on whose labor their fortune was founded. And then Mr. Luchesio wanted to join St. Francis.

Bona was converted but not to this extent. It was here that she put her foot down. So St. Francis, who saw her point, that after all they were one flesh and could not be separated, made up the Third Order to take care of just such situations as these.

And Now Today

This is a beautiful story, and when we are considering the class war that exists now, we must not sin against hope by believing that such a reformation is impossible today. We have not as yet personally seen one, but with God all things are possible, we know. It is as hard for the rich to enter Heaven as it is for the camel to go through the eye of the needle, but Our Lord made it clear that with God all things are possible.

These ruminations are due to the fact that my son-in-law lost his job this last month, during Holy Week, together with two other married men and in addition to finding that theirs was not a Christian employer, they do not

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A Libertarian Approach

By ROBERT LUDLOW

It is with reluctance that I write another article on anarchism and the class war and the State. Either I write confusedly, or those who write in letters of protest read confusedly. Whichever it may be it seems necessary to again state what is meant by these things, how they may be viewed by the Christian. In doing so I wish to make rather extensive use of Jacques Maritain's new book *MAN AND THE STATE*. Because M. Maritain is regarded by Catholics as an authority in this field and because M. Maritain is by no means an anarchist. But I wish to show how, by using the principles that Maritain subscribes to, a case for anarchism may be possible.

It was said of Christ "If we let him alone as he is, all will believe in him, and the Romans will come and take away both our place and our nation." (St. John 11:47-48) It was therefore that they feared Christ because he stirred up the people, because He was a threat to the security of those in authority, because He had no truck with nationalism. Franz Joseph Schoeninger, commenting on "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's"—used to justify the State—

remarks "He severely embarrassed the Pharisees who wanted to draw Him into political conflict when He made them produce a coin which bore the image of Caesar, although it was strictly forbidden for Jews to possess any likeness of a human being. Why do you not wish to pay tribute to Caesar when you already carry his image about with you even though it is forbidden? The sublimely ironic answer of Christ rings forth: Render to Caesar those things from which you should have freed yourselves long ago!" (Cross Currents, Fall '50 p. 62)

State

There are different schools of thought among anarchists but all agree on this: that the State is not a desirable instrument of government. For those who are fond of discountenancing anarchism by quoting scripture as supporting the State it would be well to heed this from Jacques Maritain: "Remarkably enough, the very word state only appeared in the course of modern history." (p. 15) It has to be constantly pointed out, if there is going to be any intelligent discussion of this problem, that the

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Peter Maurin Farm

"We know that Christ indeed has risen from the grave: Hail, thou King of Victory, Have mercy, Lord, and save. Amen. Alleluia"

By IRENE NAUGHTON

To our readers and all men we say, "Christ is risen, Alleluia." It is good to hear the gladness and the sweet hope in the answering cry "Christ is risen indeed, Alleluia." For we in the end shall rise too, to share the divine life. The crocuses are up and the daffodils beginning to open, the new grass coming up and a faint green-yellow spray softening the grey of the pear tree. Day by day now we watch for the changes in bud and blossom, until one morning in May we will come out into the wonder and the fragrance of the apple blossoms, the peach and the cherry, and our one plum tree. Busy days now, and busier days ahead, but we watch for a chance to go off into the woods to see if there are any adder-tongued yellow violets. I shall never forget something I read once in Cardinal Newman. He said that the life of glory is

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A Worker's Apostolate

By AMMON A. HENNACY

"You shovel like a Mexican," said the Old Pioneer as he watched me make a check to damn up the water on the low side of a "land" in his small wheat field. After eight years in this southwest I finally have received this compliment. This Irishman generally dug his shovel deep into the ground, put his foot on it and leaned on it, thus making a hole where water could settle and start a washout. The right way—the Mexican way—is to scoop up dirt in a swinging motion. This is harder, but it leaves no hole for a washout.

Catholic Worker readers might think that I do nothing but picket. "Hopl," "picket" and "fast" are three different words but to my employers they seem somewhat interchangeable, for when I mention one they ask about the other two. The truth is that I have worked every work day except the eight days I picketed in 1950 and the time spent for the trip to Washington for the week of fasting and picketing last Easter, and the three trips to the Hopi to witness their dances and know them better.

There has been very little rain this last year. One cloudy evening a nearby farmer for whom I work

often came and got me to irrigate his barley field which had recently been planted. Instead of being in lands thirty feet wide there were about forty-eight rows irrigated at a time. The water was already set and running in these rows. Bits of straw, sod or tin kept those rows immediately in front of the entrance of the water from giving these two or three rows more than their share. Water from a port in the main ditch ran in a small ditch for about twelve feet and then spread out in about twelve rows. After a time I walked down the quarter mile length of the field, stopping about every hundred feet to walk across and see if Brother Gopher had piled up a mound of fine dirt and stopped the water in any certain row. Now it commenced to rain. I had brought a raincoat, but with my slushing around in the mud and wielding the shovel and a flashlight I was soon wet around the edges. I had run the pickup nearby so I could get in out of the rain for a few minutes. When one row would be finished I would remember its number and cut off the water. At the far end water would back up and fill all of the

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Spring Appeal

Feast of St. Joseph

Beloved, dearly beloved:

This is the way St. John, St. Peter and St. Jude wrote to each other and to all the brethren. St. Paul called us God's fellow workers, and it is as such we have been addressing these appeals to you these past eighteen years. We are fellow workers, and by now surely, dearly beloveds, let us hope, or should be. It never struck us before how beautiful a greeting it is. St. Joseph, our patron, and the patron of other of our houses around the country, was a man of few words; the Gospel records none of them, but when he spoke to Jesus and Mary, the "mother of fair love," he must have used just such words.

Beloved. We must never get tired of such words, or ashamed of using them. Fr. Butler said that "if we cannot speak with our heart, cease not to speak by word of mouth repeatedly; for what is thus said over and over again communicates readily heat and fervor to the heart."

It is the great command, to love, and to show our love for God by our love of our brother, by our care for our brother.

This is the second appeal we have sent out from Chrystie Street. Our house of 22 rooms is full—we are a family of fifty. The bread-line is still with us, as long as ever and we are nearer now than we were to the Bowery. It is just around the corner and between Houston and Delancy Sts., in the most crowded section. Facing us is the lower East side. Here are blocks of tenements filled with Puerto Ricans, Italians, Jews, Negroes, Rumanians. We have need of clothing for our families who come in every day, as well as food for the breadline, and money for heating bills and bills for gas and electric, and of course bills for food. The retreat house at Newburgh shelters invalids, and so does the farm on Staten Island. There are beloveds from two months old to seventy-five years who need care, and there are many kinds of mental and physical infirmity among us.

As we build up our farms we hope to be able to supply more food. Our bakery on the island will provide bread. We have a half a ton of flour on hand to begin baking for the line, and the sea has already begun to yield food in the shape of mussels. But there are payments to be made on the farms!

Old St. Anthony of the desert said, "The spaces of our human life, set over against eternity are most brief and poor." So little time, and we have barely begun. We beg you to come to help us, or to give money to help us, or clothes, or both. We ask in the name of our dear patron St. Joseph.

With love and gratitude in Christ,

THE EDITORS.

On Pilgrimage

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even have the benefits of Holy Mother the State, since the employer has in some way listed his business, which is indeed a business, as a charitable trust and so does not pay taxes. Nor does he contribute to social security. One family man with three children has obtained a job for forty dollars a week, twenty miles from his home, to which he commutes every day in a borrowed car. The other two are still out of work.

John Cort's March 30th estimate in the Commonwealth of the amount needed by a father to support a wife and two children is based on the figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. The Bureau's figures show that it costs a manual worker with a wife and two children to survive on "a modest but adequate level of living," \$75 a week in Washington and Milwaukee and \$70 a week in New York and Boston. These figures sound fantastic, but when one considers that the cost of living has gone up over a hundred percent, one can divide that by half. My son-in-law was getting \$65 a week with a wife and four children and another child coming. His employer

considered this a just living wage, paid by his charitable trust, which built up its profits on a business which paid such wages.

Biddeford Mills

My pilgrimage during the month of March took me to Maine for a few days, to speak in Waterville, Augusta and Portland before groups of women. I had the opportunity to visit friends in Biddeford, where once before I had visited the Pepperill cotton mills and had spoken of the conditions of workers in general before some of our readers. When I quoted Pope Pius XI as saying that "raw materials came out of the factory ennobled, and men came out degraded," some of the officials of the mills were much offended. They tried to read a criticism of the personal morality of the workers into the statement, which gave one of our readers in Biddeford an opportunity to write letters to the press, which is open in that little city to many of the Catholic Worker positions, presented by our friend.

Women Workers

My son-in-law and his two friends would not have cavilled at the

wages, but accepted the poverty they entailed because they enjoyed so much the work they were doing. Indeed, they worked overtime before Christmas and afterward during inventory without increased pay (no time and a half for them) and even had to pay for their own dinners. Even though they did not participate in the benefits of the business, they were doing work which did not weary them, in that they were dealing with books, and human beings, and filling human needs.

But the factory workers of New England have quite another story. They have not one unjust employer to deal with, they have a corporation. There was a strike just settled with the Wyandotte mills in Waterville as I left there, and in Biddeford the strike was just avoided. At the present time there is a strike going on in South Carolina in the cotton mills. There, mills moved from the north in order not only to be near the source of supply but also to have cheap labor.

Another Story

"I have worked in the mills for twenty-six years," one woman told me, in a long conversation one afternoon. "I left for a year to try to enter a convent but my health would not permit my remaining. Then I worked in a store for a while but wages were better in the mills so I returned there. My mother went to work in these same mills when she was nine years old and so small she had to stand on a footstool to reach her machine. She worked from six to six. Operations were by hand then and heavy for a child."

"The mills were organized in 1938 finally, after years of opposition. Even now only one-half the textile workers are organized, and union men and women have been run out of company towns in the south."

"But here are the conditions now. My hours are from eleven at night until seven in the morning. That is the married woman's shift, the shift for the women with babies. The men do not earn enough so the women go to work. Or maybe there is sickness and trouble and so they have to work. They come home at seven to get breakfast and send the children off to school and then if they have no smaller children they take their rest."

"During those long night hours there is no time to rest. There is no sitting. They run. The law forces them to take a half an hour lunch period but men do not get that. They work the straight eight hours through, eating while they work. (That movie of Charlie Chaplin of the factory and of the feeding machine was not far wrong.)"

"I myself am a carder. Mine is the second operation. The first is opening the bales and picking the cotton. If the man has not done his job right, I suffer, and if I do not do my job right, the next one suffers. It takes thirty cans of cotton to make six carded cans, and those cans are heavy, bigger than milk cans. The machines are longer than pianos and you feed in the back and empty in the front."

"I operate seven machines—I used to operate five. It used to be eighteen cans of feed cotton an hour and now it is 33 cans, every hour and ten minutes. This overload threw out thirty people. When they gear the machines to run twenty-four hours, it means you keep running, you cannot stop for knots. When you complain they tell you they can get twelve people to take your place. They tell you, too, that the machine costs \$3,000, and is irreplaceable."

"Of the ten girls who work with me there are only three who are not under the doctor's care since the overload was put on us. When we worked twelve hours a day it was not this speed up. Then when the machines were running smooth you had a chance to do a little crocheting, a snatch of reading. Not now."

"My pay is \$48.80 weekly, and I take home \$41.17 after they take out old-age benefit, tax and union dues. The dues are 50 cents a

Bread and Money

By HELEN ADLER

Here in New York City where 10 million people are forced to live under the shrine of Capitalism we become intensely aware of its evils. We must refuse to worship; we must replace the symbolism of the dollar sign with the symbolism of bread. The great Russian prophet Berdyaev points out to us: "In the symbol of bread spirit becomes one with the flesh of the world. The despiritualized world worships the symbol of money. The kingdom of money is an objectified kingdom. But the symbol of bread leads to authentic existence. The kingdom of money is fictitious. The kingdom of bread is a return to realities." For the Christian bread has always been the symbol of supernatural life in the Eucharist. But too on the natural plane bread has always been treasured by man as his source of physical strength. At Chrystie St., with our breakfast of bread baked at the Peter Maurin Farm, and coffee; our lunch of soup and bread we indeed realize the essential need of it. The men who line up at six each morning and at one in the afternoon, two hundred and fifty of them here on the Bowery, have a little strength poured into their empty lives by a bit of soup and bread.

Indeed, the history of man is intimately connected with the history of bread. Through man's struggle for God in the Old Testament we realize the deep significance that bread played in their struggle. The manna from heaven with its miraculous appearance as the Jews prayed for deliverance. "They prayed and there came quails and

he sated them with bread from heaven"; and listen to the psalmist giving his soul in praise to his God: "That he makes the face cheerful and that bread may strengthen man's heart." In those days indeed when men were giants in spirit they had a deep and reverent attitude towards all things for they knew all came from the generosity and graciousness of God. They must have been tremendously aware of their own dignity for only when man is conscious of his own greatness as the high born child of God can he bestow dignity to the things which serve his material needs. And so, too, in the Middle Ages when we were living with joy of spirit we find this essential reverence for bread. Someone has traced the roots of the word Lord to the Anglo-Saxon word "vlaef" and "ward" together meaning "loaf-warden"—he who is the keeper of that which supports our lives; and Lady as "vlaef dige"—kneader of the loaf. So we can elevate to a supernatural plane and when we pray to our Lord and our Lady we can think of our Lord as keeper of the supernatural bread—the Eucharist, and our Lady as the gracious one who made possible the supernatural bread to be given to us.

One feels a sense of the cry throughout history from the throat of the working man for his daily bread; and under this anguished cry one hears his soul demanding recognition of his reality as man. Through all the revolutions we must realize man's spirit was de-

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week. Anyone can learn my job in a week, so, of course, we could be replaced. I was off two days last week with flu and my gross pay was \$32.94.

"During the week three women fainted at their machines, it was so hot and steamy, as it has to be in a cotton mill."

"The weaver has 50 looms who used to have 40. You can't stop, otherwise all is tangles. There may be a drinking fountain ten feet away and you can't get to it. Our drinking fountain was out of commission for two months last summer and we had to drink coke. They tried to get it fixed but nobody would come."

"It gets so the workers will listen to anyone who offers them relief. But I don't know of any Communists in Biddeford."

My friend contributed her experience to our conversation. She used to inspect sheeting and whereas she inspected 700 narrow yards a day fifteen years ago, now the standard is 5,280 yards of wide every day.

Later in the day we talked to Alexander Anastasoff, a Bulgarian whose family had lived three generations in this country. He said that there were 600,000 textile workers organized in the United States, and that represented only half of the people in this industry.

On the one hand insecurity of employment in a job the men liked, and the immediate destitution which unemployment brings. And on the other, the security which a union brings in a job which is monotonous and deadly to an extreme, and yet where new inventions in the way of machines and the overload is putting an increased number of people out of work. What gains were made, have been made by the unions. We do not have the child labor and hours are shorter, but we do have women still working at hours that are generally called the "graveyard shift."

This month there were a series of stories in the New York Times on the migrant workers of the southwest, of the million peons on cotton and citrus plantations, recruited from Mexicans who come over the border illegally each year and are paid starvation wages while the owners of these gigantic "farms" amass great profits. How much land does a man need? What is property? Property is

theft, Proudhon said and he is right. Property has become theft in the United States, when the family man is unable to maintain his family and put aside for their education, or buy property, or part ownership in the work so that there can come about a deproletarianizing of the worker as Pius XI asked. This is our present finance capitalistic system. This is our American Way against which we are protesting and will protest with every breath we draw, and in, all we write.

"We are trying to make that kind of society where it will be easier to be good," Peter used to say simply.

"A certain amount of goods is necessary for a man to lead a good life," St. Thomas said.

But the poor migrant worker I talked to last year as I visited him and his family (two of them ill with pneumonia) in his tent on the tiny plot of mud said grimly, "There is a Spanish saying, God chokes you but He does not throttle you." That is, the load is heavy. Suffering is acute. But somehow, one survives.

The poor we will always have with us, but God did not intend this amount of poverty, not this stifling, choking, anxious poverty that goes with insecurity and homelessness.

As I write of these things, I am appealing, as Conrad says, to "that part of our nature which because of the warlike conditions of existence, is necessarily kept out of sight within the more resisting and hard qualities . . ."

I am appealing to our capacity for love and the reformation of our lives, forgiveness of our fellows and trust in our spiritual weapons, "to our capacity for delight and wonder, to the sense of mystery surrounding our lives; to our sense of pity, and beauty, and pain; to the latent feeling of fellowship with all creation—to the subtle but invincible conviction of solidarity in dreams, in joy, in sorrow, in aspirations, in illusions, in hope, in fear, which binds men to each other, which binds together all humanity—the dead to the living and the living to the unborn."

I am trying to voice the sufferings of all, the aspirations of all, and thereby, I hope, strengthening our hearts to endure.

Brother Martin's Home

Early in February, on my way out to visit the Grail for a couple of weeks, I stopped off at Brother Martin's Home in Columbus, Ohio. Brother Martin's Home for Spastics, with room for about ten, was started by Dr. William Mitchell. Spastics, who are in most cases mentally capable, are usually sent to the Home for Mental Defectives. Dr. Mitchell felt personally responsible to right this injustice, and to show his love for these helpless brothers, he started this free hospice with his own funds.

Because of the icy roads, my bus arrived in Columbus six hours

late, and I spent the night with the Mitchells at their home and acre and a quarter in the suburbs. I met Mrs. Mitchell, and the two oldest children, two beautiful little girls. The little boy was already in bed. Early the next morning, Dr. Mitchell and I attended Mass at St. Joseph's Cathedral, and then went on to Holy Cross Church, which is near Brother Martin's Home and Dr. Mitchell's office. It was First Friday, and the doctor wanted to offer a ride to the Belgian priest who usually goes on foot to bring the Blessed Sacrament to the boys at Brother Martin's. It was ten degrees below zero.

SPASTICS

We had breakfast at the home, a private house with about ten big rooms. There were four spastics present at the time, with three others away on visits. Ted, Frank, Tommy and Donald are between the ages of twenty-six and forty-two. Ted and Tommy are in wheel chairs, mentally active, but need to be fed, although Ted can manage a cigarette in a holder. There is an older woman, a Mrs. Foody, who lived in Tommy's home before he was born, and who took over when Tommy's mother died a few years ago. These are the unknown great, living cheerful lives of love and devotion, "of whom the world is not worthy."

Donald and Frank are eager to help with the chores. There are three other boys, two home visiting, and one away for the day at the University, which he is able to attend. There is a couple there, the woman about forty and the man somewhat older, who do the cooking and take care of the house. They have a baby girl, Sharon, a year old, and this family seemed to me a perfect example of what a community should be, the sick and the well, the old, youth, and the child, men and women, the weak and the strong.

Dr. Mitchell told me how badly he had felt at seeing these spastic victims and other cripples sent to the Home for Mental Defectives. He told me of one boy, who, when the only relative who had cared for him died, went down on his knees to his family not to send him to the Mental Deficients Home, and even his own mother said to him, "Oh, you'll get used to it." "Can a mother forget her son, so as not to have compassion on the child of her womb? Yet even should she forget thee, yet will I not forget thee, saith the Lord." The Doctor says that he wonders sometimes what people have for hearts.

Little by little, help has started coming in. Some give money, a cake, take the boys to the show. A young Jewish couple with a Laundromat do all the laundry for half-price.

I felt something like crying half the morning; the flame of true charity and of affliction is always disconcerting; both the pain and joy of life are heightened. You feel again you touch the fundamental realities, and that once more you come back to the true and only basis of Christianity, "Little children, love one another."

MAN'S MISSION TO THE COMMUNITY

Afterwards, on the bus, I was thinking of how few married people like the Mitchells consider any obligations beyond those to their family.

Ed Willock of Integrity emphasizes the mission of the man to go out beyond his family to the community. Woman is his helpmate in this mission. Peter Maurin used to say that the man followed his mission, and the woman followed the man. Many persons who are completely unselfish as single people, think nothing of selfishness and worldly prudence in the name of their children. If a man care not for his own, let him be anathema, yes, as St. Paul says. But nowadays a man of integrity

Sunday Conferences, 4 P.M., at Peter Maurin Farm, Staten Island

Apr. 8—The Sacrament of Penance, Fr. J. Konrad
Apr. 15—The Sacrament of Matrimony, Fr. J. Kean
Apr. 22—The Sacrament of Matrimony, Fr. J. Konrad
Apr. 29—The Sacrament of Holy Orders, Fr. J. Kean
May 7—The Sacrament of Holy Orders, Fr. J. Konrad

SATURDAY WORK DAYS AND ROUND TABLE DISCUSSIONS

April 7—Mulch and weed asparagus, 3 acres.

Discussion: Peter Maurin's Essays on the Land, and the Green Revolution.

April 14—Build up low corner of ploughed field, and dig cesspool drainage ditch.

Discussion: "No one ever went back on the land or stayed on the land when he could have gone to the city, without a supernatural motive." Fr. Vincent McNabb, O.P.

April 21—Scything down the wild berry bushes that are choking some of our vines, digging out their roots, and cleaning out and cultivating around the vines and fruit trees.

Discussion: "Theology of Manual Labor" Fr. Rembert Sorg, O.S.B.

April 28—Planting the early vegetables, and setting markers on our 125 rows of vegetables.

Discussion: "The chief symptom of the sickness of our intellectual society, uprooted from the soil, and raised above the people." The pseudo-intellectual, "only a parody. . . He has forgotten how to work, he has no culture. . . he is only a blade of grass torn from the roots and blown through the air."

Dostoevsky's Speech on Pushkin.

May 6—Weeding asparagus patch and vineyard. Bunching asparagus. Composting.

Discussion: The idea behind the kibbutz, or cooperative agricultural colonies in Palestine. "A people that has become accustomed to every mode of life save the natural one—the life of self-conscious and self-supporting labor—such a people will never become a living, natural laboring people unless it strains every fibre of its will to attain that goal."

Aaron David Gordon.

has many occupations closed to him. If a man loves God and is a worker, a woman should be glad to have herself and their children poor and insecure with him. Our Lord said to St. Mary of the Holy Trinity that we are carried in the solicitude of the Holy Trinity as the infant is carried in his mother's womb, and like that infant we are unaware of our happiness, and must learn to recognize the signs that tell us of it. I. M. Naughton.

SIGNED PEACE

"Peace was indeed signed between the belligerents, but it was written in public documents, not in the hearts of men; the spirit of war reigns there still, bringing ever-increasing harm to society. Too long did the law of violence prevail." (Pius XI Ubi Arcano Dei.)

"The habit of life which can be called really Christian has, in great measure disappeared, so that human society does not seem to be progressing on the road to good, as is men's boast, but actually going back to barbarism." (Pius XI Ubi Arcano Dei.)

Peter Maurin Farm

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Heaven will flower forth out of the hidden life of grace in this world just as the dazzling flowering of Spring, unfolds itself out of the dormant hidden life of the winter trees.

BAKERY

Ruth Farney has been joined in baking the bread for St. Joseph's House by Dick Charpentier from St. Paul, Minn. In three days' baking, they bake more than three hundred loaves, which is a week's supply for the House and line. Charlie McCormack picks it up in the station wagon. Dick Donnelly helped out with the baking for a week on his vacation, and helped also with the spreading of three tons of lime on our two-acre garden. Bill McAndrew, from Boston, is cooking and helping with the out-of-doors work. Rita Riley has returned from a visit home to Detroit, and with the busy asparagus season coming on, she and Bill will take alternate weeks in the kitchen and the asparagus patch.

FARM

Building the Suez Canal or turning the bed of the Nile may be a work of genius, but ditching your cesspool drainage where it's seeping into your field and holding back the harrowing is no mean feat either. A plague on modern plumbing, you are tempted to think at this juncture. There is a ditch that flows down from the cesspool to the creek some five hundred feet distant, and for several years it has been allowed to become clogged up with grass and berry bushes. Albert, Frankie and a visitor from Scotland who has been an invaluable help, did some emergency work, and the water is flowing, but through the summer, we must deepen the ditch, and if possible tile a corner where the ditch makes an elbow with our two-acre garden. Here there is a corner, a small triangle that is low-lying, and fills with water after every wet spell. We are taking what fillers are at hand and building it up, but the work is only begun.

Leonard wanted to plant water cress in the creek, but was afraid it might be polluted. I asked Mr. Hauber, our neighboring farmer, and he said No, it wasn't polluted, not for water cress. There is a saying, he went on, that any kind of water is purified if it flows over seventeen stones. He came in to do the harrowing, and the tractor immediately bogged down in the wet patch. By noontime, with the help of his truck, it was out. But he only harrowed enough that afternoon for the early April planting, since the ground is still too wet.

Albert discovered some peaty humus near our woodlot that we have used to mulch a little more of our asparagus. But Walter Kennedy, who comes out to help on Saturdays, advised us not to move any more of this, since it is holding the soil where it is. There is still no seaweed to be found on the beaches for mulching. Weeding calls too, since the Spring weeds, alas, are poking their heads up with the daffodils.

SEAWEED

Mr. Thompson, proprietor of Anderson's Beach two miles away, has promised to call us when a storm with a deep rolling swell has torn the seaweed loose from the seabottom and thrown it up on the beaches. There is a half lake, half-inlet near him, he said, where the weed is thrown up in tons, about July. We'll pick that up then, but meanwhile our asparagus needs mulch immediately. We'll try to get hold of some spoiled straw or hay: We're busy hunting asparagus knives and bunchers, and will put up a small roadside stand in an attempt to partly pay our taxes with this crop.

ONIONS AND MELONS

In Silone's "The Seed Beneath the Snow," two bitter political opponents greet each other in a restaurant in Rome. "In politics there may be disagreement," says one,

"but in spaghetti there is national unity." So it is with onions. They are one of the great universals, since in onions there is international unity. Everybody likes them. They are liked too well, as a matter of fact, since the Bible tells how the children of Israel grumbled and rebelled against Moses, and sighed for "the onions and garlic of Egypt."

Albert, Isidor, Dick and our Scotch guest have dug up a patch and put in four pounds of onion sets and a packet of onion seeds. Further down, where there is sandy loam, we have dug up a quarter of our melon patch, and are putting in fifty hills of watermelon, and fifty hills of Honey Rock Muskmelon.

We have dug around most of our fruit trees, loosening the soil, and putting compost in as fertilizer. We need thirty dollars more of seed, not counting the potato seed and sweet potato seed to be bought, and would welcome help on this. If any of our readers can spare spading forks, spades, or one of those little hand cultivators that cost around twelve dollars, we would appreciate it. We need fruit trees also for an orchard.

JEAN DUNCAN'S GARDEN

Jean Duncan has been with us quite a few weeks here at Peter Maurin Farm, and has done much to keep the place clean and attractive, decorating and table setting and dusting. We wanted to tell about the garden she is making, so she gave me the following note on it. "I have a lovely garden of my own behind the bakery. It consists of daffodils and Wild Garden mixture. I went to the woods and picked some beautiful evergreen with pine cones and decorated two lovely vases with them. Irene Naughton and I are going to have the loveliest garden at Peter Maurin Paradise Farm." The evergreens are beautiful, adorning our dining room right now. Perhaps some of our readers have flower seeds or plants or bushes to spare for Jean's garden.

SATURDAYS AND SUNDAYS

We are resuming our Saturday workdays, and adding to them round table discussions. The schedule will be Work, 10 A.M. to 4 P.M., noon, lunch. Round Table Discussion 4 P.M. Vespers 5 P.M. Supper 5:30 P.M. Elsewhere on this page is a list of the Sunday conferences, and the Saturday work projects, and subjects for discussion. We ask that everyone who can bring a sandwich, or a piece of fruit, or a piece of cheese, pickles etc. We want to keep the kitchen work light, to release most people for the field, and shall prepare some staple dish, like macaroni, baked beans, or potato salad, and coffee and tea. Would those who can bring a flute, Jew's harp, bagpipes, fiddle, folk dance records, as we'd like to dance and sing after supper. We'll expect people here by noon at the latest. If you haven't any of these things, come anyway.

"Christian charity ought not to be content with not hating our enemies and loving them as brothers; it also demands that we treat them with kindness." (Benedict XV Pacem Dei Munus Pulcherrimum.)

BOOKS

On Pilgrimage
by
DOROTHY DAY
\$1

Order from

CATHOLIC WORKER
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New York 2, N. Y.

BOOK REVIEWS

Georges Bernanos

Tradition of Freedom by Georges Bernanos. Roy Publishers, New York \$3.00. Reviewed by Betty Bartelme.

With the death of Georges Bernanos last year, complacent Christianity lost one of its severest critics and liberty one of its fiercest defenders. The writings of Bernanos testify to the spirit that flamed in him, the spirit of charity which expressed itself in a blazing love for God and His manifestation in His creatures; in a life-long uninterrupted fight for freedom, justice, truth. A voice such as Bernanos possessed cannot be silenced even by death. *Tradition of Freedom*, his last testament of the things in which he believed, is ample proof of this.

In 1938, after Munich, Bernanos left France and became a voluntary exile in South America, where working with other Frenchmen who believed there was no such thing as a "shameful peace," he produced this book in 1945. At first glance it seems an ardent plea to the people of his native land not to abandon traditional French love of liberty, which he says flowered most magnificently in the Revolution of 1789 and was then distorted and falsified by rising nationalism and Industrial Revolution. It becomes apparent, however, that though he feels the future hope of the world lies with his beloved France, his words are addressed to a far wider audience—to all men everywhere who value freedom and who fear the overwhelming weight of totalitarianism will crush out the last vestiges of liberty in the world—and to Bernanos totalitarianism means not only Communism and Fascism, but atheistic Capitalism as well.

In a short discussion Bernanos points out that the economic factors which govern the world today are part of a world-wide system, and variance in political theories does not change the fact that all the great powers depend for their existence on certain economic ideas which were developed by eighteenth century intellectuals whose influence has penetrated the economic system of every country in the world, excluding none.

Working from this premise he holds up before our eyes the evils of the system as exemplified in their effect upon the individual—the dehumanizing of man by the use of the machine, the stripping from him of his uniqueness until "Progress is no longer to be found in mankind but in Technique, in the perfecting of the means whereby the human material can be employed with daily increasing efficiency." Bernanos does not let us forget what has happened in the past. He recalls the frightened weavers who in an instinctive upsurge of self-defense destroyed the first machines introduced into that industry in England; he induces remembrance of the shameful exploitation of the children who worked in the cotton mills of Manchester.

But those things, blots that they may be on the history of a civilization, are as nothing to the terrifying picture he paints by drawing a contrast between the brutal, pillaging and raping soldier of tradition, who might, in spite of the horror of his misdeeds, be kept awake by the memory of them and be haunted by their viciousness, and the bomber pilot of today who is able to destroy with the pressure of a lever, thousands of innocent people, and then return to his headquarters, hands unsoiled, mind untouched to sit down to dinner with his wife.

Bernanos' scathing condemnation of modern war and the modern state which makes it possible is untempered by compromise. He feels there is no justification for conditions which force man into "obedience and irresponsibility." He makes no excuses for the avarice, and cupidity which have

enabled the growth of an economy governed by war and forced shortages, and his scorn for the "businessman-diplomat" who has replaced the man of true nobility and honor as a leader of the people is scorching. The intellectuals too come for a severe hiding from Bernanos who is unsparing in the epithets he uses against them. For he says "the fool is never simple and very rarely ignorant. The intellectual should, therefore, be, ipso facto, suspect? Certainly. I mean the man who calls himself an intellectual because of the scholarship and the diplomas he has acquired. I am not referring to the scientist or the writer whose mission in life is to create, for whom intelligence is not a profession, but a vocation . . . (but) The intellectual is so often a fool that we ought to take him as such, at sight, until he has succeeded in proving himself otherwise."

The helpless disgust which is so often felt against the machine civilization, and the attitude of resistance to changing it because a change would mean retrogression, is also treated by Bernanos in his brief tracing of the rise of earlier civilizations as equal transformations in the social, political and moral order to the changes that took place to bring about our present way of life. These earlier transformations, however, evolved slowly so that when "the new civilization, was fully ripe the man destined to live in it was ripe also; one might say that he had been formed for it beforehand. Whereas the Machine World has caught man off his guard. It has employed a human material that was not made for it. The tragedy . . . is just man's inability to adapt to the new life rhythm." And developing this idea he presents the very logical conclusion with regard to a departure from the machine age, "a 'going back' on one's mistakes . . . does not imply a going back in time. The idea should be, rather, of a change of direction in a forward movement."

The ideas presented in this book are not new. They are rather considerations which are undulled by repetition and need repetition, for only by stating them over and over again will they be heard and heeded. Bernanos feared justly the deprivations, one by one of the rights of man. He not only feared the loss of liberty, but even more strongly the loss of the desire for freedom. In these final words of his he has left us a passionate, angry document, flaying statism and the domination of the machine economy. We would do well to listen humbly to what he has to say.

Carmelites

The Song at the Scaffold by Gertrud von Le Fort. Sheed & Ward, New York, \$2.25. Reviewed by Betty Bartelme.

Heroism, sacrifice, nobility. These are glorious words to which the heart responds. The child dreams of deeds inspired by these qualities; adults oftener perhaps than we suppose are required to put them into practice. In her story of the sacrifice of sixteen Carmelite nuns, Gertrud von Le Fort has woven a shining fiction from a fact which occurred during the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution. For those who are unacquainted with the novel, it will be a pleasure to come across this story; for readers who may have discovered it when it was first issued some years ago the experience will be equally fresh, for Fraulein von Le Fort's tale does not diminish with rereading.

The bitter persecution undergone by members of the clergy and religious orders in France following the uprising of the people is well known, and like many another persecution endured by members of the Church, had

in a great number of cases the effect of a display of great strength of spirit and trust in God's mercy by those who endured. The particular case in point in this book concerns the community of Carmelite nuns at Compiègne, who following the governmental revolution were arrested and brought to the guillotine by the citizens' army, and who approached the instrument of death singing and rejoicing to God for the crown of martyrdom.

The story, however, is not so simple as that. In the Carmelite order, we are told, the significance of the name given in religion is believed to form in a mysterious way the religious character of the nun on whom it is bestowed. Blanche de la Force, the offspring of a family of nobility and strength in pre-Revolutionary France, found that the family name had no meaning as shown in her character. She was afflicted almost from birth (actually, due to a pre-natal influence, from before birth) with abnormal fear. Blanche feared everything and only the influence of a governess who persuaded her to put her trust in "Le petit Roi, Jesus" and in the King of France, protected her from this psychological twist. Blanche entering the Carmelite convent freely, but certainly with the desire for refuge from the world, found her carefully built-up defenses shattered with the downfall of the monarchy and with the despoiling of the possessions of the convent, particularly the accident by which "le petit Roi" lost His crown. The religious name given her upon her acceptance as a novice was Jesus au Jardin de l'Agonie and Blanche was destined to partake of fear as her portion of participation in the Divine Agony, as her sisters in Christ were to joyously accept willing martyrdom.

This strange and beautiful story is resolved with great skill and understanding of the period, but the mastery lies primarily in the author's psychological insight into her characters. Her study of Sister Marie de l'Incarnation, the proud nun whose greatest desire is to shed her blood for Christ, and who at last learns the secret of true humility in the greatest sacrifice possible to her nature, is perhaps even more powerful than that of the pitiful Blanche, and surely and certainly she expounds the thesis that sanctity is found in unlikely places and people in her portrayal of the convent superior, Mother Lidoine, ever attentive to the expression of the will of God.

How much of Fraulein von Le Fort's story is true and how much she has drawn from her rich imagination is impossible to ascertain without a fuller knowledge of the actual incident of the execution, but there is no doubt that she has brought her characters to life in all the variety of their emotions, fears and exaltations, and exposed in a clear, unwavering light the supernatural life of the soul who has abandoned all and submitted lovingly to the plan and desire of the Father.

PUBLIC SPIRIT

"We lament . . . those bitter enmities and rivalries between nations which hinder so much the cause of peace, that insatiable greed which is so often hidden under a pretence of public spirit and patriotism." (Pius XI. Quas Primas.)

"What is morally illicit can never be to the true advantage of the people." (Pius XI Mit Brenender Sorge.)

"The greatest mystery of life is that satisfaction is felt not by those who take, and make demands but by those who give, and make sacrifices. In them alone the energy of life does not fail and this is precisely what is meant by creativeness."

—Berdyayev.

A Short Story

ICKLEBOD AND THE DRAGON

By GILBERT KILPACK

Once upon a time, or to be more exact, in the Beginning, when God created the earth, He created men and women and trees and bugs and clouds and a lot of other fine things that we all know about. And He saw that it was all good; He liked it, but He wasn't quite satisfied, for He had given men and women very clever minds in their fine round heads and even God Himself was surprised with the ingenious things that men and women could do with these fine round heads. They learned to make arrows to kill the swiftest footed deer, rope to harness the oxen, hooks to catch the fish, buckets to catch the rain, and beads to catch the sunlight. It is not surprising that God was alarmed, for He could foresee the day when men and women would become so cocky and proud with all their power that there wouldn't be any living with them. The trees, the bugs, and the clouds wouldn't have a chance to make out.

And so God said to Himself: "This can't go on, things have got to be balanced up," and So God created dragons on the earth. He created dragons, because He figured things out this way: "The touchiest spot on man is his imag-

made great streaks through the sky at night. Most of the year the dragon slept and nothing was heard of him except when he groaned in his sleep or turned over with a bad dream. But once a year, in the spring time, he came down from the mountains to visit the city of Man, feasting upon the herds of fat cattle and sheep, and no one did anything about it, so fear-struck were they all.

Now about this time there lived in the city of Man a lowly politician named Icklebod, a simple, honest fellow who did what he



WOOD ENGRAVING By FRITZ EICHENBERG

ination, and," said He, "If I can create a dreadful enough appearing creature it won't matter a whit if the creature is gentle as a lamb inside; just so he can make a dreadful fuss and the fear and imagination of man will take care of all the rest; thus something like order will be restored to my earth." So God made dragons, and all during the time that men call the "dark ages" there was, in a forest in northern Europe, a particularly awful dragon; it was so awful that it might even scare the smart people we have in the world today, maybe.

First this dragon was a big bruiser with a tail so long it was always getting caught in a valley when it tried to turn too many corners at once, and upon such occasions there was nothing to do but to move a mountain around a bit and this always caused such a commotion that the people in the nearby city of Man were frightened out of their wits, for the rumbling would knock all the hand-painted china off the shelves and all the chicken yard gates would be thrown open, making a merry lot of confusion. Then too, this dragon could snort flames through his nose, flames which

could to straighten affairs out in the city of Man. He wasn't an extraordinary fellow, not a spell-binder, just a plain honest man—though that is extraordinary when one comes to think of it. In fact he was too simple and honest for the City Hall Machine and he became the scapegoat for the incumbent mayor of the city of Man. One night the infuriated populace dragged poor Icklebod from his home and out into the mountains and forbade him to come back into the city of Man for one year.

What do you think Icklebod did then? He did just what you or I might have done, he lay right down under a great fir tree and gay way to despair. For with all his simplicity and all his honesty, he was only a man. He thought of all the good he had tried to do in the world and all the insults and injuries he had received for his good efforts; he thought of how his hard-earned property would now be put to evil use; he thought of his many friends and how they must already be turned against him. And then he thought of the future, days of hunger, cold, and awful loneliness, and goodness knows what evil things in the dark.

(Continued on page 8)

+ From The Mail Bag +

BRITISH COLUMBIA

Dear Friends:

Soon after our visit to Chrystie Street you probably got a big sack of some doubtful-looking stuff which is used as cow-feed, only we use it as human food, and I am afraid we didn't explain very well about what to do with it. It is what is left of the soybean after the oil has been extracted and is sold in feed stores as soybean oil meal. It is very high in protein and higher in the B Vitamin than the grains and also rich in minerals (cures anemia). When bought in 100-pound sacks it cost less than 4 cents per pound. So now the only problem is to find a palatable way of preparing it. The Chinese, being clever and thrifty, have long ago realized the value of the soybean and have made from it many tasty dishes. One of the best is bean curd; they make this by boiling soybean flour or soybean oil meal in water for 15-30 minutes, drain it and add a little gypsum to the liquid, then let it stand until it has solidified into a curd, and press it into cakes which are about an inch high.

This description is rather vague; just to give you a general idea; I can get the exact directions and send them to you. Of course, this is a lot of work to go through, every day, for a woman with a big family. Here again the community system would be ideal—one man could make bean curd for the whole community. It would mean the poor would not have to fill up on carbohydrates which are the cause of most disease, but could, for about the same price, have a healthy high protein diet. This bean curd contains almost everything a person needs, a few raw greens would complete the diet. No animal protein is needed, not even milk. In North China where they live mainly on soybeans and greens they are tall and healthy; it is in South China where they live on rice that the people are small and disease ridden.

Another important food is the soybean sprout which is in some ways better than bean curd, because if not over cooked, it is very high in Vitamin C (of which the dry soybean has none). To make sprouts, just soak the whole dry soybeans for 24 hours, then drain and rinse every few hours for 3 days. The sprouts are then 2-3 inches long. There are 2 conditions for successful sprouting: (1) the beans have to be kept in a warm place, and (2) they have to be rinsed often enough so they won't rot. The wonderful thing about these soy sprouts is that one can store the whole dry beans for months and months and then anytime one wants to, one can make them into a fresh vegetable, right at home in the kitchen. In fact they are meat, grain and vegetable all in one. They need very little cooking, they are best sautéed with onion for 5-10 minutes served with tomato sauce. The bean curd can be eaten as is, with salt or soy-sauce, or fried.

This letter has turned out to be just a big lecture which is not at all what I had intended. I feel silly lecturing to someone who has so much to teach me. Tom is the one who has found out all these things in his desperate effort to find a healthy diet for the poor. He has been doing all the research and experimenting with soybeans and his interest has not been entirely objective because at times we just had enough to buy some soybeans and I swallowed my pride (quite a lot to swallow) and got some greens from the garbage in back of the store.

Tom has also done research and written a paper on the world food situation, showing all the possibilities of solving it and showing also that there is no justification of birth control on the basis that there isn't enough food to go around. The solution lies rather

in less selfishness—the wealthy countries opening their doors to the crowded ones, as the Pope has said so often, and again the soybean plays a vital part because you get so much protein per acre.

When we came out here we thought we would find a piece of land in the wilderness where we could get settled for practically nothing and then lure others out here with similar limitations and ideals. But even before we got here we realized that our dreams were not to be fulfilled so easily. If you say at the border that you are just visiting Canada they let you by without any trouble, but if you say anything about intending to settle in Canada, they demand evidence that you have plenty of money to live on without glutting the Canadian labor market. When we arrived at the border like gypsies with all our knapsacks and dufflebags they gave us anything but a friendly welcome. This is rather strange since they always talk about wanting to increase the Canadian population and deploring the fact that so many Canadians go to the States to live. It seems what they want here is retired people to come and live on their accumulated wealth. There are plenty of people like that here on the west coast where the climate is mild and the scenery beautiful. In fact those are the only people who are really happy here. Wages are low here and anyone of the working class one talks to, says he would rather live in the States.

Land is not cheap here, unless one clears it himself and one has to live (and support a family) while clearing, and it is a long hard job. Maybe we just have not looked around enough, but that alone takes so much money and it is hard here without a car. We didn't want to give up too easily, so in order to have more time to find out more about the region and come to a decision, Tom is going to college here under the G.I. Bill. What we will do when the school year is finished, we have no idea, but we have to come to a decision very soon because another baby is on the way.

I am taking too much of your time with all this rubbish but I am rather clumsy with English since it isn't my native tongue. That's why it is such a major operation for me to write a letter. I have wanted to write to you ever since last summer when I read *On Pilgrimage* which made a great impression on me. You actually make the misery of poverty into something beautiful, something to strive for, and that was a great help because neither of us was brought up on it and we have only recently got a taste of it. That is another reason for our going so far away: my parents not being Catholic, feel the two worst evils are pety and poverty, and if they say that Tom was not providing the family with all the comforts of life they would make him feel that he were not fulfilling his duty. Parents, of course, want only the best for their children, and how can a pagan be expected to see anything but insanity in voluntary poverty?

After reading *On Pilgrimage* we became very interested in your daughter and her family and the region in which they live, so if we could have their name and address we would like to write them.

I wish I knew how to tell you what a wonderful experience it was to read *On Pilgrimage*. Being the result of much suffering and sacrifice made it very valuable for anyone who doesn't know anything about these things, and it is such a joy to read something which one has felt but has not been able to express clearly and convincingly. Now I'd better stop this and start doing some work. May God be with you in your work for Him.

In Christ

Claudia Mausolf

WASHINGTON

Dear Fellow Workers:

The capitalistic wage slave system has made of you social outcasts. You are forced to drift from place to place in search of a job and Master and the Elusive Pork Chops.

In many places you are hounded into Jails and Chain Gangs on trumped up charges of vagrancy. Your only hope lies in building up the anarchist groups and the I.W.W. movement.

Why not start a Holy Crusade to distribute in every city, town and village in the U.S.A. I.W.W. and anarchist literature. Fill your pack sacks with it. Distribute it at workers homes, factory gates, on the reading tables in pool halls, public libraries and wherever you may go. Distribute copies of the Catholic Worker, Industrial Worker, Resistance and other I.W.W. and anarchist literature.

Travel in groups and as individuals. Practice mutual aid and co-operative brotherhood among yourselves. Live sober, clean and orderly, so as to gain the full respect of the workers wherever you may go. Begin to sing labor songs from the I.W.W. Song Book. Learn to use the propaganda methods of Jesus and his Disciples. Your methods will soon draw nationwide attention and support. It is dramatic and it is spectacular. Time is growing short so take advantage of the Spring and Summer seasons and get going.

Help build a Free Society in which you will be fully respected and share in all its benefits. This is a clarion call to men of steel, good will and sincerity for action this Spring and Summer.

Migratory Worker,
Guy B. Askew
Golden Hotel
607 8th Ave. So.
Seattle 4, Washington

NEW HAMPSHIRE

St. Anselm's Abbey
Manchester, New Hampshire

Dear Miss Day,

Enclosed is a small contribution. Just received the March issue of the Catholic Worker. While the Worker is not intended to be a news sheet, it does contain news. That hard sentence of 10 years for a conscientious objector was news. Ironically I got it the same day that the Supreme Court upheld the five year sentence for Alger Hiss. Ten years for a conscientious objector and five years for a man who lied about his spying!

In regard to conscientious objection last November, New Hampshire people refused to take out of our State Constitution an "obsolete" provision allowing conscientious objection. True a majority favored it, but in N. H. we require a 2/3 majority to change constitution.

The question was "Do you approve of removing from the Constitution the provision that a person who is conscientiously scrupulous about bearing arms shall not be compelled thereto, provided he will pay an equivalent—as proposed in the amendment to the Constitution?"

The vote was: Yes—52,033; No—32,720.

So 32,720 voters said that you can be a conscientious objector in N.H. provided that you pay an equivalent, whatever that is.

With best regards, and humbly asking your prayers,

Yours sincerely in Christ,
Edward F. Angluin, O.S.B.

"Let human prudence say what it likes and reason as it pleases, it is impossible to produce true temporal peace and tranquility by things repugnant or opposed to the peace and happiness of eternity." (Pius XI Divini Illius Magistri.)

MEDITERRANEAN

Cannes, Easter Sunday

Dear Sullivan:

I am aboard ship in the Mediterranean now and expect to return the latter part of May or in June. Things are fairly quiet over here. Nothing like the tenseness and anxiety at home. But it is a tired brooding quiet and the Communists are here in numbers, as you know. It is a mystery to me how Europeans with their moral and religious traditions can stomach such stuff, no matter how desperate, and I am sure they will have a belly full before it is all done. Regardless of the complexities and degrees of guilt between cause and effect it seems plain that Europe is in a sad state simply because of neglect of faith. Through it they learned to live and in the enjoyment of living they forgot the source. I know this is to say nothing new but only that it seems so apparent to this visitor, and one feels like shouting to stop this continual jabbering over systems and politics, and to get back to mass.

Malta is the most cheering and interesting place we have been. Valetta is a city built by men who honored God mightily and the Church remains vital there. Naples is a city of sad sights. Athens is British commercialism. Rome: the personality of the Holy Father; Saint Peters immense and ostentatious but wonderful, and the undercurrent of Communist hatred. Cannes and Nice are background scenery and climate and French luxury. Sicily is a brooding rock with people who seem never to have been entirely tamed, yet civilized. Oran—French commercialism with native poverty spread thin and clean throughout the North African countryside.

I like the Catholic Worker. It wakes me up instead of lulling me to sleep like most Catholic publications. The emphasis on poverty is exactly what is needed today, but I think that arguments against war as such only distract from and weaken those against modern materialism as a cause of unrest and war. America is guilty of much of this and of a cynical disregard for the lives, property and lands of other peoples, and I do not think this should be ignored but shouted repeatedly. God knows I am sick at heart at what I see and hear. But when all this is admitted I am yet not ready to lay down and die before the great and positive evil of atheistic tyranny. If only our statesmen, so-called, had the understanding which comes of a high moral sense and the country a reasonable attitude toward material things and their acquisition.

Sincerely,
Bill

APPEAL

Dear Sir:

May I ask you, please, to publish the following addresses in your Catholic Worker for appeals. These families are asking for clothing, especially for children's and babies' clothing. Taxes are very high, we know, but we trust that still, there will be some generous souls who will be able to help them:

Katon Sandorne
Fo utca 51.sz.
SZANY. Sopron m. Hungary

Varga Laszloné
Egyhaz utca 176 sz.
SZANY. Sopron megye. Hungary

Nevenka Bauer
Vlasika ul. 2.
ZAGREB, Yugoslavija

Kurtz Belane
Szuret u. 25.sz.
BUDAPEST XI. Hungary

Sincerely yours in Christ,
Sister M. Agilbertha, Superior.

MIDWEST

Chicago, February 21, 1951

The Catholic Worker
223 Christopher St.
New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I am writing to you to ask if you would kindly publish a plea in behalf of Mother Jeanette, her superior, and two other nuns in Poonthoray, India. Below are some excerpts from letters received from Mother Jeanette, of whom I read in the New World a little over a year ago. She stated her case more eloquently than I could.

"Thank you for your very kind letter and the money enclosed. Conditions are no better with us in any way. How could they be? We do not receive any help from Rome, as we are under a Portuguese bishop. According to old arrangements between Rome and Portugal, the mission lands ruled over by Portuguese bishops were helped by the Portuguese government. But since the Portuguese revolution in 1910 only a nominal help comes to aid the bishops in India. From this, an extremely small sum goes to every mission in the diocese. We receive from our bishop only \$11 a month—to support this vast mission field! Hence we are always in trouble, always in want."

"Ours is an Italian Institute and our Mother House is in Rome. Our foundress was the Marchioness of Canossa. Hence our title Cannossian Daughters of Charity; F.D.C.C. stands for 'Figlia della Carita Canossiana.' We are spread all over the world except in N. America. As we are engaged in the education of the poor, our convents too are poor, so we cannot expect help from any in India. We hide our needs and our poverty from everyone for fear the mission will be closed and we have to render to God an account for the innumerable souls inhabiting this region."

"We had only one Portuguese Missionary priest in the whole diocese, besides our Bishop who is also a Portuguese. This priest left India last May, because he was not able to subsist on the allowance granted from the diocese."

Mother says they have only native priests, whom they must help with mass stipends. These priests have no financial aid from the sisters.

In view of the above excerpts from various of Mother Jeanette's letters do you think it possible you could publish a plea for financial aid, no matter how small, in her behalf? Her address:

Mother Jeanette, F.D.C.C.
St. Philomena's Convent
Poonthoray, Trivandrum
S. India

Thanking you for anything you may be able to do, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
Cynthia James
(Mrs. Erwin H. James)
6011 N. Paulina St.
Chicago 26, Ill.

The Editors:

Please find enclosed a little offering to help in your most wonderful work. I wish I were able to offer something more substantial.

I never fail to look forward to The Catholic Worker and it is always most interesting in all its contents. Your appeals are most winning and inspiring; they always serve to preach a sermon to me to be most zealous in my own work. Please keep me on your mailing list. I can assure you that The Catholic Worker and all connected with it find a very special place in my humble prayers and in daily Holy Mass. With every best wish,
Father Maurice.

"No one can fail to see that neither to individuals nor to society nor to the peoples has come true peace after the disastrous war." (Pius XI Ubi Arcano Del.)

Pacifism

(Continued from page 1)

definitely a matter of conscience, under the Commandment: "Thou shalt not kill!" It is a matter of conscience to eat, or give to one's family to eat, the non-nourishing filler that white bread is.

This may seem quite far-fetched; a pulling of a red herring from the "crime" of pacifism to the blind alley of food-faddism. Perhaps, but I should like to add two suppositions along this line of thought: Could it be that one of the reasons most modern Catholics can't fast during Lent is the reason that they are starved for honest food all of the time? and a contributing reason why they can't think for themselves, also?

Of course, a tired business man does not reflect on these things as he gulps "Old Granddad" with a wash of the "pause that refreshes." Because, he does not reflect on why he is tired, or why he is a businessman, or what "business" he is in, or what being a "Man" means. "With desolation is the World Made Desolate because no man Thinketh in his Heart."

Despite the high rate of literacy in our country (or perhaps because of it!) there is a distressing lack of honest thinking. The propaganda of the newspapers and radios (the voice of Advertising) forms the basis of our prejudices. A nation of Charlie McCarthys to a few editorializing Bergens. And the art of controversy rarely rises higher than the technique of smear. "Throw enough dirt and some of it will stick."

Now this is what I think as a Catholic, and is the reason why I am a Pacifist. RELIGION, for me, is not the most important thing in life... it is LIFE! The texture of reality is nothingness. God made everything from nothing. Every creature remains in existence through the present active Will of God. Christ, the Son of God, true God and true Man, came to give us Life and that more abundantly.

Therefore, a baptized believing Christian lives the Christ-life! "I live, now not I, but Christ lives in me!"

We Catholics have heard all this in sermons from kindergarten up. And that is why we are always so devotional in church.

Therefore (according to my thinking, if words mean anything) one eats like Christ, sleeps like Christ, thinks like Christ, trains his children, treats his wife like Christ. One works and plays like Christ, everyone he meets is Christ, and the more humble, and poor, and oppressed these strangers are the more Christ-like they appear. Of course, one fails miserably every minute of the day, but that is the ideal, unless my ears have deceived me, and the words I have read are meaningless.

This then I accept as true and real: a believer in Christ should live the Christ-life. Suddenly, a wave of hate appears, a torrent of lies (the first casualty of war is truth and the second is charity!) the newspapers, and radio, and unfortunately, the pulpit, immediately tell the Christian as well as everyone else that he must hate, lie, work, and kill in order not to commit the sin, THE GREAT SIN, of not loving the FATHERLAND, MOTHERLAND, or the WONDERLAND of imperial capitalism. It is no wonder that unthinking people are confused.

I remember my uncle's story of the War with Spain. And how after it, our State Dept. deported all the Catholic priests from Cuba and the Philippines because they were Spaniards. I read Thoreau's denunciation of the injustice of the Mexican War. Which also left the Spanish missions without priests, and the Indian, instead of being a fellow Christ, became another "redskin biting the dust" from a Yankee bullet.

But there is no need to become involved in the debate over the justice of the wars of the past. To my mind, that contradiction, a

"Just War," is an abstraction that never existed outside a play on words in an Ethics class.

But this existing state of conflict, here and now, is rank and morally evil.

The freedom of man consists in the freedom of conscience. But today in America there is a denial of the freedom of that conscience. There is an un-Christian, an un-American atmosphere of fatalism. We are no longer free men. To illustrate, I will quote two clippings. The first is from the Cleveland Plain Dealer, and is written by Wes Lawrence. "There Goes the Republic. After the first flush of fear had subsided following the news that the atom had been split over Hiroshima, the military people went to work to reassure us. The atom bomb, their argument ran, was just a new method of offense after all and in history there had never been a failure to develop a defense against every offensive weapon. Take it easy, they said."

"We took it easy, although if the defense for the A-bomb has been developed we haven't yet been told about it."

"Now, we undoubtedly will be told, the same about the H-bomb, the weapon that borrows its force from the sun itself. Perhaps we should take it easy again—but I don't think so. And I'll tell you why."

"It may be that a defense will be found against the A-bomb and the H-bomb—militarily. But I see no sign of any defense being found for it politically. And that is the important thing. The atom bomb has put an end to the republic as we have known it. It has done away with self-government."

"Is that far-fetched? Read your newspapers; listen to your radio. 'Nobody wants the H-bomb,' they are saying, in effect—often in so many words. 'But there isn't anything we can do about it. Mr. Truman had no other choice.' 'Over and over again.' 'There was no other choice.'"

"For self-governing people there is always a choice. Neither the American people, their representatives in Congress nor their President had any choice this time. The H-bomb willed itself into being."

"Let's not kid ourselves. Henceforth we are the subjects of the atom."

And here is the second clipping. It is from Notes and Comments, "Ave Maria," Dec. 30, 1950. "Theology on A-Bomb: Father Connell in an article for Catholic Men, monthly magazine of the National Council of Catholic Men, discusses the morality of using the A-bomb as a weapon of war. The fact that Father Connell is dean of the School of Theology at the Catholic University, gives added authority to his findings. The Catholic Church has made no pronouncement on the use of the A-bomb; but according to Father Connell's findings, based on the findings of accredited Catholic theologians, 'there is no reason why the A-bomb or the H-bomb should not lawfully be employed against a legitimate target.' It is a destroying instrument of war—a terrible instrument to be sure, but still an instrument. Non-combatants may not be subjected to this war weapon because they are innocent by-standers, so to say. This is no special restriction really, for non-combatants are exempt from attack by all war weapons."

"While we do not question the findings of Father Connell, we do not capture any comfort from them. If a city or a town is atom-bombed, the non-combatants will go down with the combatants. For we do not suppose the attacking force will take a census to discover who is who. So the only escape from atom destruction for anybody within destroying distance of the atom is the hope that the human species is still human enough to outlaw the bomb as a weapon of war. In the present temper of the world we are not very sanguine about that."

I refrain, with difficulty, from

commenting on this quotation, except to point out the fatalistic tone of it. The dynamic of Christianity shapes events and is not shaped by them. And the dynamic of Christianity does not reside in the "human species" but in the individual Christian joined to the living Church. And that is why it is so important for the individual Christian to form a right conscience and to follow it to the bitter end of being crucified with Christ.

And the conscientious Christian is always among the minority... Because the majority follows the State down the path to chaos does not mean that the majority is right! American ideas on divorce and contraception are widespread but does any Catholic believe that makes the Sixth and Ninth Commandments obsolete? Why because the majority believes war is inevitable should that make Catholics think that the Fifth Commandment is obsolete for the duration?

The problem of obedience to the State, of rendering to Caesar everything Caesar demands, is solved ordinarily by doing as little as one can, on the one hand, and by doing as much as one must on the other; e.g., paying down income tax returns to the bone of the law and/or neglecting to vote the rascals out. And on the other hand accepting a draft summons to the

PRAY and WORK



armed forces or working in a munitions plant in order to be deferred. The question of whether the tax or the draft is just and moral does not seem to enter the ordinary citizen's thought. If the tax be just it must be paid in full, and any petty "chiseling" is dishonest; but if the tax be unjust it is wrong to pay any cent of it. Likewise, if a war be immoral (and all modern war in its essence is immoral) one must refuse to fight or work to promote such war. Because the State has punitive powers changes the morality not at all. The State has no authority to demand anything contrary to natural or Divine Law. Because States of the past have done so, and States of the present do so, is no argument. A precedent of evil does not justify evil. One must obey God rather than men.

Consider the unit of society, the family. A child must obey his parents in all things save sin. And parents may not interfere with the child's choice of vocation.

But the State arrogates to itself powers that not even parents have (besides intruding upon the parents' right to educate their children according to their conscience) such as demanding obedience to evil and forcing the vocation of soldier or munition-maker upon its subjects.

The demand of obedience to the State in all things conflicts with our obedience to God. "Although modern military authority consid-

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Bread and Money

(Continued from page 2)

manding to be released from chains of servility. When Marie Antoinette refused them bread they killed her; it was not because they were simply hungry animals as our rationalist philosophers from Aristotle down would have us believe but because they sensed the aristocrats denial of their very existence as men. In England with the disinheriting of the peasant from his farm and his flour; with the infamous Statute of Frauds precipitating the creation of the city proletariat an inevitable picture came after the Industrial Revolution—the picture painted so vividly in the novels of Charles Dickens; the dispossessed in the Work Houses; the children put to work at eight and ten years of age in mills and factories—all because man was denied his right in justice to raise his own wheat on his own land and his wife to bake it for his children. It is no wonder that today England has become a fourth-class nation. It has lost its spiritual stamina. The long series of revolutions in Ireland too can be traced to the failure of the English absentee landlords to recognize the dignity of the Irish. They were treated as slaves and starved out like a herd of cattle. The land they were born on and married on and lived on was denied them; their bread indeed became black and bitter and their supernatural bread was taken from them; the church went underground. Is it any wonder that the people murdered their oppressors who had "hardened their hearts against them?" And, of course, the Russian Revolution set the soul of the Russian worker afire. He thought he at last would regain his dignity that the czar had denied him. But instead of earning the right to make his own bread he makes it for an unpersonal state that leaves him feeling still an automaton with a pair of hands.

Today in America, the so called paradise on earth in the midst of the plague stricken countries of Europe, the result of the partitioning of man is reflected most clearly; of taking his hands and leaving his spirit to rot in despair. In the modern bread baking industry the horror of modern irreverence and the non-sacramental attitude towards life strikes the heart. Today the making of bread is synonymous with the making of money. The true division between God and Mammon has become a grotesque. The abominable fusion of the both results in a caricature of man and of bread. Both come out of the factory stripped of their true essence. Man is no longer man; bread is no longer bread. The strikes a year ago in the bread baking industries in New York City are just symbols of the unrest; the soul sickness of the worker and his unsatisfied hunger for real bread; for the longing to make and be responsible for a whole product. And dare we be glib as I have heard so many say: "Well, let the masses remain victims; they never had any intelligence and can't accept responsibility." Can we say that after hearing about the Boismondeau experiment; the worker owned factory in France. Clarie Bishop, when she came back from France told of the joyful participation of the worker; the pride in the work; the discussions together of improving conditions. Those men of France were just workers; the anonymous "they" and now have been transformed into men. The great mass prayer "O God who so wonderfully did give a dignity to human nature and did more wonderfully restore it" has become a reality in their lives. But in America this reality is far away from the workers. Let us put away the illusions of the immature mind. Work in any factory in your town. Look at the men and women.

Recently I spent some time in a modern independent bakery in New York. It was well lighted, clean; the men got half hour lunch periods, worked 7 hours a day 6 days per week at \$1.46 an hour; they

had nice white uniforms. A terrible clutch of depression gripped me as I tried to talk to those men who were slaves to the machines that towered over them. The huge automatic mixers that mixed 1,200 pounds of flour at one gulp; the cutting machines that sliced the dough. What happens to the living soul of the little man on the end of the slide just mechanically catching the piece of dough and feeding it to another machine that floured it; the weary bakers constantly bending and shifting the load of 60 and 100 loaves into the ovens; the sad faced woman who counted the different shaped loaves.

Suddenly in the midst of the noise of the machine I had a flashback; a sudden recollection of having seen this before; and the remembrance of the workers conditions shown in the story of Gorki's youth—"University of Life," the movie is called. I was struck with the idea. These men have the shorter hours that those Russian bakers wanted but these men have been reduced to the same animal level and more terrible still they have no concern for their work. They are completely indifferent to each other and the work of their hands. And the men in this modern factory had the same hatred and suspicion for the manager; to him the workers were just the anonymous "they." The manager who I talked to said, "They have their union; let them complain to them; we do business with the union." One could sense the complete lack of understanding between "They" and "We." Neither were human persons to the other class. In the glance of the worker towards his foreman one felt the wall as high and solid as the concrete block on which the machine stood.

So now if we are tempted to shrug our shoulders with indifference and become self-righteous when we read of another strike in the morning paper as we calmly sip our coffee; let us try to close our eyes a minute and feel that we are in the center of a movement so tremendous and overpowering that our little minds cannot begin to comprehend; this is the rising tide against all the injustices suffered in silence so long. Many mistakes have been made and will continue to be made. But the fault is not the workers. He has not ever had the chance to learn what responsibility and ownership means. The Catholic Labor schools in this country are endeavoring to do a gigantic task and they are struggling to educate the worker but not far enough. The long sufferings through history of the worker has not been in vain. The fulfillment is coming; the mystical body and soul of Christ so beaten and crushed and mutilated through class war will finally emerge before Christ comes again in his glory. As the psalmist wrote long ago might well be the song of the worker today who is rising "It is vain to rise before light: rise ye after ye have sat; ye that eat the bread of sorrow."

POPE PIUS XI

"The whole economic regime has become hard, cruel and relentless in a ghastly measure... this concentration of power has, in its turn, led to a threefold struggle. First there is the struggle for economic supremacy itself, then the fierce battle to acquire control of the State, so that its resources and authority may be abused in economic struggles, finally the clash between the States themselves." (Pius XI Quadragesimo Anno.)

"There are those who think whatever is permitted by the laws of the State, or at least is not punished by them, is allowed also in the moral order, and... they act even against their conscience, thus often bringing ruin upon themselves and upon many others." (Pius XI Casti Connubii.)

Pacifism

(Continued from page 6)

ers expediency the soul of strategy the Christian soldier must under pain of mortal sin act according to the Christian moral code. Here is the Christian's dilemma: He must obey military orders under pain of death and he must refuse under pain of eternal damnation to obey immoral orders. This is the crux of the whole question. It has nothing to do with vague idealism or pedantic theorizing." (Quote from: Monsignor Barry O'Toole.)

The conscientious objector to evil must be everyone who follows the natural law. If murder is evil, modern war is evil. Therefore (1) there are very few persons following the natural law, or (2) a tremendous multitude of invincibly ignorant human beings, or (3) quite a number of the human species (sic) succumbing to the temptation of expediency. But most likely the reason is given in the words of the Holy Spirit: "With Desolation Is the World Made Desolate Because No Man Thinketh in His Heart."

But a pacifist, as I know him, is not only a conscientious objector to evil (as every human being must be) but a peace-maker. He is not only negative (avoiding evil) but he is quite positive in promoting good. The Sermon on the Mount, if I may quote it (I realize that the Mount is buried under a mountain of exegesis, covered with a floral growth of poetics, but for me the Mount is there, the Sermon is there, and Christ is there, and I believe Christ is God who can neither deceive nor be deceived), "Blessed Are the Peacemakers, for They Shall Be Called the Children of God."

A pacifist is an eager beaver building dams against the materialistic stream of the day. In opposition to wealth he is poor, in the face of pride he is humble, in the presence of tyranny he is adamant. The pacifist, like Francis of Assisi, who follows Christ, will surely be poor, unpopular, an outcast of polite society, or an inmate of some prison, and bear the wounds of the crucifixion in his soul (as does every Christian). He will never be understood nor respected until he is dead. But come to think of it Hitler and Mussolini and Roosevelt are as dead as Nero and Pontius Pilate. All the men of violence are dead and their works. The pacifist is a radical Christian. He is a root. And when the root is buried in due time it sends through the earth a plant with flower and fruit.

One of the great men of violence, a great historical figure, a notable master of strategy, the inventor of the Draft and Conscription, the first Pope-napper, Napoleon, is quoted as saying: "There are only two powers in the world, the sword and the spirit. In the long run the sword is always defeated by the spirit."

The history textbooks contain chapter after chapter on Napoleon but not even one wee footnote about a draft-dodger by the name of Vlanney, who later became the Cure at Ars.

Why pacifism should seem so startling and apparently unfeasible is simply because no one really makes an effort to think about it. It is considered simply one of those things that is not done, like picking one's nose in public, or wanting to be a saint. I can see nothing in pacifism that is impractical, immoral, or especially crack-potty if, and this is the big IF, the person who thinks about it believes that Jesus Christ was, and is, true God and true man.

I could, personally, never departmentalize my life. I suppose it is convenient, and comfortable also, to be able to do so. Put your religious belief in one little compartment and take it out only on Sunday morning; put your love life in another compartment, your business in another, parenthood in another, your manners in another, and recreation in still another. And so on. Everything I think or do seems to color everything else

I think or do like sunlight or shadows in a room. But to me that seems to mean that I am integrated in some manner. And as I stated earlier that for me being a Christian means living the Christ-life. And as I said earlier one fails miserably but at least one knows one is failing, and I feel that is a promising sign of progress in the Christian life. But the other day as I read the Epistle and Gospel of the Mass for the Friday after Ash-Wednesday I thanked God that I was a pacifist and a Catholic Worker because otherwise I would have been awfully unsettled by these words of Holy Scripture and had to have some one explain them away for me.

The Epistle: (Isaias. 58, 1-9) "Thus saith the Lord God: Cry, cease not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show My people their wicked doings and the house of Jacob their sins. For they seek Me from day to day and desire to know My ways, as a nation that hath done justice and hath not forsaken the judgement of their God: they ask of Me the judgements of justice; they are willing to approach to God. Why have we fasted, and Thou hast not regarded: have we humbled our souls, and Thou hast not taken notice? Behold in the day of your fast your own will is found and you exact of all your debtors. Behold you fast for debates and strife and strike with the first wickedly. Do not fast as you have done until this day, to make your cry to be heard on high. Is this such a fast as I have chosen, for a man to afflict his soul for a day? Is this it to wind his head about like a circle, and to spread sackcloth and ashes? Wilt thou call this a fast and a day acceptable to the Lord? Is not this rather the fast that I have chosen? loose the bands of wickedness, undo the bundles that oppress, let them that are broken go free, and break asunder every burden. Deal thy bread to the hungry, and bring the needy and the harborless into thy house: when thou shalt see one naked, cover him, and despise not thy own flesh. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall speedily arise, and thy justice shall go before thy face, and the glory of the Lord shall gather thee up. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall hear; thou shalt cry, and He shall say: Here I am. For I the Lord thy God am merciful."

And the Gospel: (Matt. 5, 43-48; 6, 1-4.) At that time Jesus said to his disciples: You have heard that it hath been said: Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy. But I say to you: Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you: and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you: that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust. For if you love them that love you, what reward shall you have? And if you salute your brethren only, what do you more? Do not also the heathens this? Be you therefore perfect as also your heavenly Father is perfect."

If this is anything but a command for the disciple of Christ to practice pacifism pure and simple I would like to learn just what, in heaven's name, it is.

I feel that I am old enough to think and speak for myself. I want to think like a Christian and talk like a man. To rid myself of Anglo-Saxon reticence and understatement. I am a Catholic, I want to be a saint, and that is why I am a pacifist.

In closing I am going to quote a passage from a very good book of meditations on the Beatitudes by Father Blunt. I think it quite apropos.

"A sinister, unpatriotic meaning has been given the word 'Pacifist,' as if a man who prayed and labored to keep men from murdering one another were guilty of something unworthy. But war is

(Continued from page 1)

rows. At times I would shut off one port and open a new one. When daylight came I was able to find portions of a few rows that had been missed and to run water down these rows. It had rained most of the night, but not enough to provide moisture to germinate the barley.

Now about six weeks later I irrigated this field again at night. I crawled in my sleeping bag for a few minutes and soon felt something cold touch my face. It was Cindy, the farmer's dog from half a mile away. She gravely held out her paw to be welcomed. I was only glad she had not brought her eight puppies along. I had made no noise in the field, but she knew I was there, it seemed. This night the irrigation went without much trouble, although I was busy most of the time.

As I am writing this in the dusk I look out of my window and see two Mexicans irrigating perhaps two hundred rows of cantaloupes for the big company. They had irrigated last week when the seeds were first planted. Now a small amount of water runs down each row for about thirty-six hours until it has subbed up and kept the seeds wet. (I did not run the water long enough in my garden so had to replant tomato seeds.) I have had onions, chard, carrots and beets all winter from our garden. Irish potatoes planted last fall and frozen back are now coming up, and the peas are filling out in pod. Pepper and tomato plants planted under hot caps died out and now on Saint Patrick's Day I replanted them, and also eggplants. Radishes and more onions, as well as squash and watermelon are also planted. The latter are far apart in order that they do not mix and be neither good squash or edible watermelon. A little Hopi colored corn will be planted for shade near the tomatoes.

The Ides of March

About a week before my time for picketing the tax man on March 14, I went over to Rik and Ginny Anderson's to make up the leaflet. I had already written what I thought was good but from previous experience knew that the best things require much effort. That night they were going to see Father Dunne's play, Trial by Fire, and I was baby-sitting for them. I read the manuscript of my leaflet after supper and Rik asked me if I were going to picket on Sunday. I told him that he knew it was on a Wednesday. He laughed and said what I had written sounded like a sermon and that it would never do. Ginny agreed. "What are people interested in when they see you picketing? Talk about that," he said as they left for the play. After the boys had their numerous drinks of water, etc., etc., and all was quiet it came to me that most people wanted to know how I got by with it. In a short time I had written another.

I never make my signs much ahead of time for some may be so important that it must form the substance of a sign. The Saturday evening before March 14 Rik, Ginny, and I worked until 2:30 Sunday morning getting the exact words for my posters. A hundred suggestions were made but with us no sign is made unless it "clicks" and has the approval of all. The first sign was about my non-payment of taxes, as usual, and needed no dis-

no proof of civilization, no matter how scientific discoveries have increased its horrors and so-called efficiency. To pray and work for peace as our Holy Father, like all the popes before him, is the positive proof that he is the Vicar of the Prince of Peace. It is the true patriotism, not the boasting, self-ultra-nationalism that despises all other children of God, but the nationalism that teaches that our true country is Heaven and that all men are citizens of that Kingdom of the Prince of Peace." (Page 134; THE NEW SONG. Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, LL. D. Catholic Literary Guild. Ozone Park, N.Y.)

A Worker's Apostolate

cussion: "75% of your income tax goes for war and the bomb. I have refused to pay my income tax for the last eight years."

Operation killer had just been in the news, coming from General Ridgeway and Rik provided the words for the reverse of my tax sign: "Operation Killer will bring the peace of the graveyard. Not world peace."

News had come about the Senate approval of Universal Military Training, and Ginny suggested that something showing our disapproval be given in a sign. It took hours but finally the following emerged: "The end of the American dream: universal military training."

Out of my interest in the Hopi I had wanted a sign suggesting that they should not be drafted to fight for the white man. Rik and Ginny said that next August when the time would be up for their filing of land claims would be the logical time for such a sign, but not now. We did not want our posters to be the same as on previous picketings. We hunted through the Scriptures, made scores of suggestions, but the final words seemed to elude us. About 2:30 a. m. the following seemed to ring true: "God is not mocked."

Ginny had planned to hold the literature and watch with me on the 14th, but both boys had the measles. I found a place where I could keep bundles of CW's and green leaflets not very far from the postoffice, so after Mass I loaded up my pockets there and started my picketing. Rik had made the signs most colorful and I think they were the best product I had ever carried.

A postman with his load on a bicycle saw me as I adjusted my signs and asked for a CW and whatever leaflet I had. Very few people refused the green leaflet. I gave CW's to those who were especially interested. As I had to hold my sign and the leaflets and CW's and people were walking by hurriedly I did well to give them a leaflet.

Two elderly men thought that I was advertising some accountant who would help them make out their tax reports. One man asked me "How do you get by with it?" I told him that I knew he was going to ask just that question, so I had the answer. He took the green leaflet with that title good naturedly. One postal employee asked me who paid me for my picketing. I told him that I did it on my own, quitting work on the farm where I would earn \$6 and spending as much for my posters and leaflets. "Now that is what I call believing in a thing. I'll read what you got there," he said. I had noticed a sickly looking man with a dog on a chain. I passed him several times. Later he was across the street and called for me to come over, saying that a man in the business establishment wanted to read my signs. I went over, gave them my literature, answered the question again to the effect that no one was paying me; that I was on my own. The man with the dog wanted to read the sign on my back, and

asked me to turn around. I did so and he tore it off, saying that I should not use God's name. The proprietor shunted my assailant out of the store saying: "This is a free country. You invited this man in here, and you can't start a rough-house in my place." I went across the street and continued by picketing.

My first tax man of three years ago, a Catholic veteran, greeted me kindly. Other tax men asked for my literature and kidded some of their more patriotic co-workers, asking me for literature for them. Cars were parked all along and someone was generally waiting in them. I offered them literature, and it was generally accepted. One man who attends St. Mary's and had openly cursed myself and the CW as Communist, tried to pick an argument with me on the same line that the CW was a Communist paper and not a Catholic paper. I told him this could not be so, for the night before I had been introduced by the priest in Tempo and spoken to the Newman Club on the CW. He did not believe it, and was going to report me to the FBI. A priest from St. Mary's came by later and greeted me gladly. Joe Craigmyle, Arizona's only non-registered, stopped and carried my signs for fifteen minutes, while I went for some supplies. A large hotel is across from the post-office. I noticed a man whom I thought was a wealthy employer of mine in Albuquerque. I called up, and he was surprised to hear me. I did not invite him over, but mailed him my literature. The father of the kid reporter who had given front page publicity three years ago stopped and greeted me kindly. He had been a reporter in Atlanta in 1917 when I was in prison there and knew of my story. On my last round a man struck his fist at my big sign. Perhaps I had come too close to him. The newsman was cheerful. One of his helpers had worked with the CW in Boston years ago.

About fifty people had greeted me kindly and about the same number had grunted disapproval. About 750 other had accepted the green leaflet, and I saw less than a dozen thrown away. I gave out 150 CW's. It seems that a prophet has little honor in his home town, for the newspapers did not mention my picketing. I had notified the police of my activity, but they did not bother me. That night a radio broadcaster, who is the chief red-baiter in this vicinity, quoted from Fellowship of Reconciliation literature which he called a Commie Front, to the effect that two-thirds of income taxes went for war. He had read my leaflet to his audience when I picketed Dec. 18, and had been called down by some of his audience. Tonight I learn that someone brought my leaflet to class at the Phoenix Union High School, and the teacher asked a Catholic girl what about it. She had never heard of the CW, so asked a priest. He conferred with one of the clergy at St. Mary's, who likes the CW, so at least one girl and one priest knew more about the CW.

BOSTON MEETING

On April 27th and 28th a series of important addresses and panel discussions will be held at the Charles Street Meeting House, Charles and Mt. Vernon Streets, Boston, Mass. The theme is: THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE STATE and the program follows:

FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1951

8:00 p.m.—THE HISTORICAL IMPORTANCE OF THE NON-CONFORMIST

Address—Pithrim Sorokin.

Panel Discussion—Cecil Hinshaw, Robert Ludlow, Clinton Scott, Saturday, April 28, 1951.

9:30 a.m.—THE NATURE AND PRACTICE OF THE WAR MAKING STATE—Milton Mayer, Clyde Miller, seminar discussion group to follow.

12:30 p.m. Luncheon—THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE STATE—Cecil Hinshaw.

2:30 p.m.—INDIVIDUAL CONSCIENCE AND CREATIVE ACTION—Henry Cadbury, Joseph Fletcher—seminar group.

8:00 p.m.—THE FREEDOM OF A MAN—A Meditation—Kenneth Patton.

8:30 p.m.—THE MEANING OF LOYALTY—Milton Mayer.

Registration fee of \$2.00 should be sent to Russell Johnson, 1374 Mass. Ave., Cambridge 38 Mass. before April 20th.

A Libertarian Approach

(Continued from page 1)

State is but one form of government—it is by no means a synonym for government. Anarcho-syndicalists do believe in some form of organization of social life to replace the State and it is a serious error to dismiss them as adherents to disorder. Equally so with the I.W.W. which also accepts organized social life. M. Maritain sees this when he states "It is necessary that many functions now exercised by the state should be distributed among the various autonomous organs of a pluralistically structured body politic" (p. 27). Anarchists (of the syndicalist and communist persuasion) would go a step further than Maritain and assert that all the functions now performed by the State would be better handled by other groups. I do not expect that any great numbers of Catholics will agree with this but I do maintain that such an arrangement of society is not incompatible with Catholicism. To say that it is, in effect, to say that Catholicism is wedded to a particular arrangement of society. That is what was held by many Catholics when monarchy was disappearing, but it soon became evident that the Church could and would accommodate herself to the other forms of government that took the place of monarchy. So while there is opposition now to the idea of a Stateless society, should such come about I have no doubt but what the Church would accommodate herself to that also.

Matter of Fact

It becomes a matter of fact, of history. Has or has not the State proven itself of benefit to mankind? And if it has not, are we nevertheless obliged to accept it? Or is it within the province of the people to abolish it? Again let us consult M. Maritain: "The modern state (he says), heir to the kings of old, has conceived of itself as a person superior to the body politic, and either dominating the body politic from above or absorbing the body politic in itself." (p. 192) "the external relations of foreign policy between nations are strictly reduced to relations between those supreme entities in their harsh mutual competition, with only remote participation of the people" (p. 194): "The State, when it has been identified with the Nation, or even with the Race, and when the fever of the instincts of the earth has thus invaded its own blood... has had its will to power exasperated; it has presumed to impose by force of law the so-called type and genius of the Nation, thus becoming a cultural, ideological, caesaropapist totalitarian state." (p. 7) This is true, not only of those who call themselves fascist, but it is a mentality gaining headway in the so-called democracies. It is expressed in the current militarization of our "way of life." It has been given expression by General Slater in that remarkably true novel of James Jones (From Here to Eternity): "I believe it is our destiny to learn it. But when that day comes we must have utterly complete control as they over there (Russia) already have complete control... now consolidation is the watchword, and the corporations are not powerful enough to bring it off... only the military can consolidate them under one central control."

For my part, in viewing the State as an historical entity, in seeing the operations of the State today, I do not hesitate to conclude that the over-all picture is one that leads to the judgment that the State has been and is opposed to the best interests of us all. That if society is to survive at all, we must start again from other premises than those which have led to the institution of the State, for, says Maritain, "The rights of the people or of the body politic are not and cannot be transferred or given over to the state. Furthermore, in so far as the state represents the body politic (in the external relations of the latter with the other bodies politic), the

state' is merely an abstract entity which is neither a moral person nor a subject of rights." (p. 16). I do believe the State has so consistently violated the rights of the people that, contrary to Maritain's opinion, I think it time the people refused to delegate power to the State.

Autonomy

Even this which (as I state) is a conclusion M. Maritain eschews, can find support in the principles he accepts. "Of the people" he states, "as well as of the body politic we have to say; not that they are sovereign, but that they have a natural right to full autonomy, or self-government." p. 25. This, after all, is what anarchists state when it is maintained that the people may dispense with the State should they so desire. And Proudhon would agree with Maritain when he states "Neither the prince nor the king nor the emperor were really sovereign, though they bore the sword and the attributes of sovereignty, nor is the state sovereign; nor are either the people sovereign. God alone is sovereign." (p. 24).

For Proudhon asserts (in his treatise on Property) that anarchism, as he understands it, means conformity to natural law, to reason. And that any form of government which violates this is not legitimate. And that, I believe, contains nothing contrary to what has been asserted by Catholic moralists, though they themselves might not draw the same conclusions from their principles. Indeed, the whole argument seems to be one over what we conclude from principles held in common. And each side, in the Catholic field, would like to regard their particular interpretation as eternally true and part of the Faith. Despite the fact that the Popes themselves have, from time to time, asserted that the Church is not irrevocably committed to any one form of government. Those who oppose anarchism would dispose of this by asserting the anarchist is opposed to all government. This is true of a few anarchists. It is not true of anarcho-syndicalists or anarcho-communists or of the I. W. W. When semantic difficulties are overcome it will be seen that these groups do advocate what may be called government—though not through the State.

We Catholics, I believe, should not repeat the old mistake of stating dogmatically that the Church cannot accommodate herself to the type of society envisaged by these groups. To do so would place another wholly unnecessary obstacle towards man's understanding of man. For, says Maritain, "No human agency has by virtue of its own nature a right to govern man." (p. 43).

Nor must we take certain statements of St. Paul, relative to conditions in his time, as upholding the modern State anymore than we should quote him to reintroduce slavery. The Church did not openly oppose slavery, in the sense of seeking legislation to prohibit it, and neither does she openly oppose the State. That because her mission is not one of coercion. Of forcing men to abandon slavery or the State.

Class War

In this matter then of class war. We all indulge in some form of war. It is the means we use to oppose the enemy that is in question. We war against ourselves, against "the world, the flesh, and the devil"—and we are at war with those things in society which offend against the Christian conception of man. We should not talk of class war as though it were an invention of leftists. Adam Smith, the theorist of capitalism, writes of the class war and how this is inevitable under competitive capitalist society. How private ownership of the means of production, for instance, inevitably gives to one class an economic hold over the vast majority of people. Hilaire Belloc points this out in his book, "The Servile State." Emmanuel Mounier pointed it out in The Personalist Manifesto. It is something

recognized by many in all fields of thought. The question is how to abolish this undesirable condition. I believe we are merely perpetuating it by the false charity of the conference table. Because I do not think it will disappear till capitalism disappears. For, just as nature must function correctly in us before grace can really operate—so must society itself take a form not opposed to justice and charity to provide the external environment conducive to sound morality.

All of this is apart from the question of individual salvation. I accept the common teaching of the Church that no one is condemned except through his own fault. So I am not presuming to determine whether or not capitalists will be saved. Christ has made His pronouncement on the general subject of the salvation of the rich, capitalist or otherwise. He said it would be with great difficulty that they would attain salvation. I suppose that sounded like class war to the rich. But the point is that we must show how capitalism divides man against man and that the most charitable advice we can give to the representatives of that system is to advise them to dissolve as a class and, to use the I.W.W. formula, put the boss in overalls. It should be evident that, as a pacifist and one opposed to capital



punishment, I would not support any move for a bloody liquidation of capitalists.

Bernanos

In his last book, TRADITION OF FREEDOM, Georges Bernanos states, and I think it applicable to us in this country, "The traditional mistake of the English people has always been to believe that its institutions have made it free whereas it was the English people itself that, in the days of its youth, branded its institutions with the stamp of liberty as with a red-hot iron. It is the Democrat who makes democracies, it is the citizen who makes the Republic. A Democracy without democrats, a Republic without citizens is already a Dictatorship, the dictatorship of intrigue and corruption. Liberty will not be saved by institutions, liberty will not be saved by war."

Anyone who watches events closely can see perfectly well that war constantly shifts the grounds of our problems, never solves them. Its outbreak has destroyed the balance of the dictatorship, but there is the possibility that they will presently regroup under other names and find a new balance steadier than the old... twenty years ago Frenchmen of the lower middle class refused to have their fingerprints taken; fingerprints were the concern of convicts. Oh! I know! I know! You are saying these are mere trifles! But in objecting to such trifles the little bourgeois was unconsciously appealing to a vast inheritance, an entire civilization whose gradual disappearance has passed almost un-

A Short Story

(Continued from page 4)

He thought about it all so long that he grew weary and fell fast asleep. High above him the wind sighed in the fir boughs, the soft clouds moved gently across the moon, and a white-crowned sparrow sang with the night.

In his sleep he dreamed that he was dead. And it was good to be dead. "Oh," he said in his sleep, "how good it is to be dead out here in the forest where the wind sings in the trees, the moon and the clouds watch by, and the sparrow keeps the hours. Now it doesn't matter what people think, evil words lose their power, the spirit of life is strong, and the obstacles of the world are as nothing; all Eternity bends down to soothe one's heart, and all fear is carried away. Surely this is a mad, delirious dream." Over and over he said to himself, "Surely this is a mad dream," and he awoke to find himself saying it aloud.

Icklebod looked about and it was just as he had dreamed; it was as though the world were created all over again and this time just for him. Surely he must be crazy to imagine such a wild, vain thing; so, putting it out of mind, he set to searching for something to eat. He grew footsore climbing the hills searching for berries, and exhausted with the heat, but, strangely, he found that as often as he recalled to mind his great dream, the blood raced swiftly through his body, his heart grew warm and big, and he felt like lifting his hands high up into the wind and running for holy joy.

"By God," he said, "I'll make the dream come true." And he hurried back to the spot under the fir tree where he had dreamed, and bending down he started to dig a hole in the earth. Faster and faster he dug and the feel of the earth was good on his fingers as he gathered up great handfuls of the rich black stuff. Then, crossing himself, he laid his old self out very carefully in the hole, and, to make it a decent burial, he took off his coat (which he had hurriedly put on over his night gown when he was driven out of town) and wrapped the old self in it as comfortably as possible. Crossing himself again he covered the place all over with dirt and rolled down a great rock to mark the spot.

"How now," he said to himself, "every grave should have flowers," so he went into the fields to gather sunflowers he had seen there earlier in the day. The first sunflower he picked seemed the most beautiful thing he had ever seen, oh, just an ordinary lily of the field, yet its petals seemed to reflect all the goodness of eternity and all the holiness of God. It was thus he stood in the newness of life when there was suddenly before him, as if out of nowhere, the dragon of the woods, breathing

noticed because the Modern State, the Moloch of Technique, building the foundations of its future tyranny on solid ground, remained faithful to the old liberal vocabulary. The answer to the little bourgeois was provided contemptuously by the professional intellectual: to object to having ones fingerprints taken was to evince a foolish prejudice, an antiquated bias against Science that ran the risk of thwarting an admirable advance in methods of identification; one must not sacrifice progress to a ridiculous fear of dirtying one's fingers! The professional intellectual parasite is always on the side of authority even when he pretends to fight it. And he was profoundly mistaken. It was not his fingers that the little French bourgeois—Courteline's immortal La Brige—feared to be foul, it was his dignity, it was his soul. . . . At that time M. Bertillon's invention was, in fact, only dangerous to criminals, and the fact is still true today. It is the word 'criminal' that has swollen to such prodigious proportions that it now includes every citizen who dislikes the Regime, the System, the Party, or the man who represents them."

fire and smoke through its nostrils and shaking the earth with the pounding of its tail. For a moment Icklebod turned cold with fear and then in an instant he recollected that he was dead over there under the trees and nothing could harm him. So he straightened himself up, looked the dragon square in the eye, and chuckled as merry a laugh as ever you did hear. That put the dragon off guard and confused it not a little, but quickly recollecting its true nature, the dragon crouched low and in a voice that echoed up the valleys it growled: "Whatcha hidin' behind your back?"

"Well, now," replied Icklebod, "which hand do you want?"

"That one," growled the dragon as it stuck out its forked tongue in the direction of Icklebod's left hand.

"Ha, ha, there is nothing in that one," said Icklebod as he held out his empty palm, "try again."

"That one," growled the dragon as it stuck out its forked tongue at Icklebod's right hand, and Icklebod held out the little sunflower.

The awful dragon looked down very sheepishly at the poor little sunflower.

"Oh you big old fool," said Icklebod as he playfully tapped the dragon on the nose with the little sunflower.

The beast winced as though it had been touched with a red-hot poker. Icklebod struck it on one side of its snout and then on the other, and shrieking with pain, the dragon turned tail and ran for the hills, with Icklebod chasing after him, waving the little sunflower.

But after a short run, Icklebod turned about and said to himself, "Eternity is so short a time, how foolish to waste any of it chasing dragons."

And so he went back to his place under the fir tree, where he had himself a meditation on how many angels can dance on the face of one little sunflower.

Interracial Monastery

In 1902 an eruption buried a church on the island of Martinique. In 1947, a group of whites and Negroes began to raise up a new church on the old foundations. They were members of Sainte Marie Du Mont Pele, an interracial monastic foundation.

Now in its fourth year, the community has grown to 22 monks, 16 Negroes, 6 whites, living in cells with straw roofs like the island workers. 18 postulants have come from Martinique, Canada, the United States, and the British West Indies, and 3 Negroes and one white are studying for the priesthood.

The monks follow the Benedictine tradition of work and contemplation. They cultivate sugar-cane and bananas, operate a bee-hive. Neighbors have donated labor. On one day, 19 stone masons contributed their skill to the work of rebuilding the old church. Pilgrims also participate in the spiritual works of the foundation at nightly instructions, rosaries and confession. Retreats are planned for the future.

The original idea for the settlement was born in Portsmouth Priory, R. I., but Martinique was chosen when a sympathetic bishop donated the land. However, the monks do not intend to confine their program of interracial work and contemplation to the Island. Similar monasteries are planned for the United States.

At the present moment, the most pressing problem facing these monks who live in straw huts is a roof for their church. Any contributions will be used for this work of the spirit. Send them to:

Sainte Marie Du Pont Pele, Martinique