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ON SEGREGATION



THE statement of the Archbishop of New Orleans on the sinfulness of segregation policies given recently in the form of a pastoral letter which was read at the Sunday Masses could not have been more welcome. At last we have a bishop in the deep South throwing worldly prudence to the four winds and stating in unambiguous terms the position of the Church. For too long we have heard excuses such as the danger of losing souls. To integrate all Catholic institutions and abolish the Negro parishes would bring about just as many conversions among the Negroes as you would lose among the white Catholics. Continuing segregation is simply preferring the soul of the white man to the soul of the Negro. Ann Foley of Friendship House said to me the other day: "I don't think the bishops realize how much influence they have; I don't think they know how much weight their words carry." Archbishop Rummell cannot be praised enough for the stand he has taken and the honesty and courage and vision he has shown. Ultimately, the Truth is the only thing that matters and everything must be sacrificed to the Truth.

ALABAMA'S POLICE STATE

The City of Montgomery, Ala., has invoked an obscure anti-boycott law in an effort to break the spontaneous and courageous fight of the city's Negroes against the city bus line for its discrimination policies. 115 Negro leaders have been indicted, including nine ministers. Seventy-three mem-

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EASY ESSAY

By PETER MAURIN

NO RECOURSE

Politicians used to say:
"We make prosperity through our wise policies."
Business men used to say:
"We make prosperity through our private enterprise."
The workers did not seem to have anything to do about the matter. They were either put to work or thrown out of employment. And when unemployment came the workers had no recourse against the professed makers of prosperity—politicians and business men.

POLITICS IS POLITICS

A politician is an artist in the art of following the wind of public opinion. He who follows the wind of public opinion does not follow his own judgment. And he who does not follow his own judgment cannot lead people out of the beaten path. He is like the tail end of the dog trying to lead the head. When people stand back of politicians and politicians stand back of the people, people and politicians go around in a circle and get nowhere.

MAKER OF DEALS

A business man is a maker of deals. He wants to close a profitable deal in the shortest possible time; he tells you what a good bargain you are getting. And when he tells you what a good bargain you are getting he is always thinking what a good bargain he is getting. He appeals to the selfishness in you to satisfy the selfishness in him.

BUSINESS IS SELFISHNESS

Because everybody is naturally selfish business men say that business must be based on selfishness. But when business is based on selfishness everybody is busy becoming more selfish. And when everybody is busy becoming more selfish we have classes and clashes.

TEACHING SUBJECTS

Our business managers don't know how to manage the things they try to manage because they don't understand the things they try to manage. So they turn to college professors in the hope of understanding the things they try to manage. But college professors do not profess anything; they only teach subjects. As teachers of subjects

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Individual Income Tax: War's Chief Supporter.

Of the income of the Federal Government 48% comes from individual income taxes which we pay; 30% comes from corporation taxes; 15% comes from excise taxes; and 7% other sources

By ERNEST BROMLEY



THE Administration's proposed budget, recently announced, asks for a billion dollar increase for "new weapons of unprecedented strategic and tactical importance" in order to give this nation "the greatest military power in its peacetime history." Diagrams of the proposed income and expenditures emphasize two things: (1) The chief source of federal revenue is the individual income tax, (2) The chief national expenditure is military (including bomb stockpiling and new terror weapons). Both things have been true for these eighteen years, but one is always struck anew with each announcement of them.

So minute a portion of the tax money is being spent for any socially acceptable activity that it seems to be only an illusion to consider that one's Federal taxes go to anything constructive. (Actually, the only way one can support the better enterprises is to by-pass the Internal Revenue Bureau completely and find ways to contribute to these causes directly.)

The war build-up touches the individual much more directly and intimately at the income tax point than it does anywhere else. Almost two-thirds of every tax dollar goes to build H-Bombs, Guided Missiles, Germ Warfare, Conscript Armies, etc.—thirty-five times as much as for schools, roads, and health combined. (Can there be any doubt about what the Federal government's major activity has come to be?) It is almost unthinkable that more people (especially more pacifists) have not declined to bolster this monstrous drive to destruction; that they have not at this major point stopped the flow of their funds through the book-keeping which takes most of what they pay and channels it into what they abhor; that they have not by-passed the present tax set-up and given their valuable, held-back funds to something worthy of support. Will we wake up too late?

The first, and major, encumbrance to keeping one's tax money and using it for something decent is the withholding set-up. Trying to be a tax refuser in a withholding job is a good deal like being a pacifist in the army. In each case you have already placed yourself well within the system; and in each case the very first step is to take yourself out of the system. The real, creative possibilities on these fronts begin to open up only after this step of separation has been taken. The fact that such separations are difficult to carry out makes them no less imperative. Because the withholding situation

presents problems, is there no advice that can be given to the average working person about the business of non-cooperating with income tax payments? I would advise: **Stop paying income taxes** (whether you file a form to this effect or not).

For some people this will, of course, mean that they will have to leave their present jobs and take employment that is not affected by withholding. Here we sometimes tend to lose sight of the fact that there is probably no type of socially useful work (individual or organizational) being done under the withholding tax set-up which cannot also be done outside it. And, too, this raises the important question of what social usefulness really is. Can "socially useful" firms or organizations remain socially useful to any real degree when their one rigid requirement is that the first portion of a worker's earnings be set aside for war? Can a "socially useful" person remain socially useful in his job to any real degree when, in order to do with one hand the work of building a better society, he has first to do with the other hand the work of destroying it (like a church constructing a brothel)? Conscientious workers in such employment may reason after a while, as some have, that the effect of this operation is that they are working in a munitions factory part of the time.

Men go to prison rather than join the armed forces and support conscription. Should not the people with these principles (especially the people not subject to any draft) face the imperative of sacrificing a little economic security (or convenience), especially when not facing it means continuing to pay substantial sums of money for terrifying weapons and conscript armies?

Ernest Bromley lives in Sharonville, Ohio, with his wife, Marian and family. He keeps his earnings below the amount where any tax has to be paid. Around 1942 he refused, when a Methodist minister in North Carolina, to purchase an automobile tag (not a license), for his car and did three months in jail. His wife worked for the Fellowship of Reconciliation, the leading pacifist group in this country, and quit her job rather than pay the withholding tax for war which this and all other peace organizations take from their employees. He has been head of the tax refusal committee of Peacemakers. He supplements his income by an apiary in his garden. I have visited there several times and respect the effort which he and his wife are making to live up to their ideals. They live a few miles from the Grail farm at Loveland, Ohio. The Jehovah Witnesses and the Catholic Worker are two groups where all work for their keep and no salaries—and no taxes—are paid. This basis of voluntary poverty could be approximated by others if they wished to make the necessary adjustment between faith and works and try to live in community.—A.H.)

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Parce Domine—

Last month Bayard Rustin spoke at one of the Friday night meetings, on the situation of the Negro in Mississippi, particularly where there is such tension right now, and only a Negro could have spoken as he did, could have dared, with holy daring, to speak. We begged him to write out his talk for us to print in this issue of the Catholic Worker, or in any issue, because he could write what it was all but impossible for us to write, since we were of those who had sinned against their brothers, in the past, and were continuing to sin to this day. Who are we to say that Mrs. Till should have forgiven the murderers of her son instead of crying out for justice. Who are we to beg forgiveness when we go right on sinning in North and South, and there is existing such a reign of terror in Mississippi that even today as we pick up the paper, February 22, there is the account of another murder, this time of a Negro physician.

Bayard Rustin, who himself has been beaten for testing out legislation aimed at doing away with segregation on buses in the south, spoke of the need for a gesture of love, a great and tremendous gesture from the insulted and injured, as the only thing that would relieve the tension that is worse now than at any time since the Civil War. And now at the time of going to press he has not been able to write his piece (which after all was delivered on the inspiration of the moment and would have been hard to write) so we can do no more than suggest what he said and thank him for it. Certainly one must seek after justice for one's fellows and even for one's self for the sake of one's brothers, but it must be with a large and loving heart and with the simplicity and unjudging forgiveness of the child. Not even with the attitude of calling to mind "I will repay, saith the Lord," but interceding and begging forgiveness for the guilty brother.

Personalism

By TOM CAIN
PART II

God is in Himself transcendent, yet He makes Himself knowable and effectively available to creatures. Moreover, according to Catholic faith He does so doubly, in the order of nature and in the order of grace—a duality which nevertheless constitutes a single plan. The former is the order of the interrelations of creatures according to their own natures. The latter is the order of God's communion with creatures. For the present, it is still the order of nature that is under attention.

A man using his natural reason and his natural virtues can achieve even a high degree of perfection and happiness in the natural order, and in respect to God can prepare himself in a certain negative way for the operation of grace. It is customary to say in this connection "unaided" reason and virtue, but that is said from the viewpoint of grace. Even from the viewpoint of nature, there are no "unaided" powers. A creature of any kind exists and operates only by the sustaining and cooperating power of its Creator—that is, by the continuous momentum of creation.

As every creature is in its degree an image of God, this momentum is mirrored by analogy within the creature itself, as a momentum toward

the full expression of its own nature, toward the completion of God's image in itself and the world. More than self-preservation, self-perfection is the first law of nature. Irrational creatures proceed thus by blind necessity, blindly follow their specific natural laws. "Natural laws" in the physical sense are the particular necessary tendencies or principles of action implanted by the Creator in the natures of things—in the first place, as they originate in the mind of God, in the second place as they are operative in creatures, in the third place as they are discovered and formulated by human minds. Taken collectively, a creature's "natural law" is the whole developed pattern of its dynamic relations. More collectively yet, the "natural law" is the total pattern of the created world.

A rational creature as such has but one specific natural law in the physical sense: the law of freedom and rationality, which makes further inner compulsions impossible, and is even retroactive upon itself: a man can act unfreely and irrationally. But a human person as a whole person, dominated by rationality, can have no physically compulsive inner drive beyond the aforesaid first law of nature, which is inseparable from existence. By this omission God makes him as it

Peter Maurin Farm

By BETH ROGERS

When you poke your head in the doorway of the greenhouse down back of the barn, the bright green of very early, young shoots greets the eye, and then it does seem as though winter is almost over. John has begun transplanting cabbages to the cold frames. It is a good launching into Lent to see the young plants, making us anticipate the results we want to achieve with our own personal inner Lenten plowing and sowing. John has put in 1800 tomato plants, which seems an incredible number, but he says that he has several varieties, which bear at different times through the summer. There are also peppers, chard, spinach, beans, peas, etc. It will be a good, big garden we have this year. Hans has already started talking about quitting the kitchen temporarily to help John and Joe Cotter build a cannery.

Father Foley is in the hospital. He has been quite ill, and we ask your prayers. He is in St. Vincent's Hospital, Bard Avenue, Staten Island.

Due to a number of exigencies, there was no February report from these parts, so I should mention the New Year's square dance here. Julie Lien came out from Chrystie Street to call the dances, and there was a good group, including such old friends as Larry Evers, Joe Monroe, Bill Sullivan, Johnnie Olsen, Emma Greiner, and from Chrystie Street, Tom Cain, Tom Powers, and Annabelle. Some of the group were able to stay after supper, and spent the evening in the children's room popping corn, roasting marshmallows, and listening to the recording of Handel's Messiah.

February 6, we celebrated Dorothy's feast day. Late the night before, inspiration struck the household, and a magnificent poster was devised, with appropriate symbols, stuck on. St. Dorothy being the patron of gardeners, there were flowers, garden tools, birds, and so on, and in one corner a ladder that according to the maker was a cross between Jacob's Ladder and the twelve steps of humility. There was a sun and moon, and on the sun the word Peace written in Hebrew.

A week later, we feasted for Shrove Tuesday, primarily on Beth's donuts. In the evening, Dorothy, Mary and Chris arrived from Chrystie Street with some of the cake and rolls that had been sent by friends.

Black Diamond has again added to the kitten population, with three solid black babies and one gray. They were born in the wood box in the dining room, but only a few days later she moved them up to Philip's quarters in Hogan's Alley, otherwise known as the little attic.

The other small fry of the household, seven-months-old Clare, is beginning to walk, holding on carefully. (Continued on page 7)

were a discretionary associate in the detailing of creation, and thus His own nearest mundane image.

So a man's nature considered statically cannot be the vehicle of a developed pattern of behavior. The vehicle has to be his nature in action. It is his active reason that perceives and assembles indications of the pattern in himself and his environment of men and things. It is his active will that freely imposes it, or rejects it, as the case may be. It is the essence of personalism to insist that this means his own reason and his own will. This does not preclude a judicious recourse to authority, but as already noted, such recourse does not void one's own responsibility.

If ethical law has to become subjective in order to become (Continued on page 8)

IN THE MARKET PLACE

By Ammon Hennacy

On the streets the average of sales is about 25 copies an hour, although at times 20 minutes will go by without a sale. My experience as a salesman for a dozen years house to house and to retailers and wholesalers comes in good for I know that if you put in the time "Old Man Average" as they say will produce the result. So even if my feet and hands are cold I warm up in some nearby building for a few minutes and stay my allotted time at either one of my ten outdoor stations. At Fordham, New School, Jefferson School and Cooper Union I have interesting conversations with students, resulting often in an adjournment to several hours of discourse in a restaurant. On one such evening a student of psychology who had the common idea that unless we radicals could take over the world and run it our daily witness was useless, found himself finally justifying the position of the one-man-revolution as being that rare thing these days: an integrated personality.

Sales of papers at St. Patrick's and St. Francis are much smaller but I go there because so many out of town people go there to Mass. The majority of those whom I met at Union Square, 43rd and Lexington and Wall Street are strangers to the CW, although a few who know me stop with a word

have an income from securities and do not work for wages and who keep their money in a bank where the tax man comes and gets it.

There are millions of people who dislike paying taxes and who may write a letter to the government about it, but they pay. There are others like Governor Lee of Utah who put a certain amount of the tax due which comes from income other than wages in a bank and dare the tax man to sue to get it. But the government always will evade a moral issue, so it is likely that the Governor's money will be taken the same as others who keep money in banks.

I plan to picket the tax man here in New York City for one day, Friday, April 13th, and then fast and picket the 11 days from Aug. 6th through the 16th in penance for the bomb we dropped at Hiroshima 11 years ago. The T men have interrogated me and what they want to do about my tax arrears is up to them. With more H bomb tests scheduled for the spring by politicians and militarists it is increasingly the responsibility of the individual pacifist to think and to act about being a part of this terrible destruction planned by those who will soon be asking for votes because they have "kept us out of war."

Meetings

A student house at the rear of Judson Memorial Baptist Church in the Village provides rooms for students from over the country who come here to work part time and to study. One young man had been in prison at McNell's Island, Washington, as a conscientious objector and had met a Catholic CO who read the CW. He had a group from this church come over last fall to have me explain here at the CW what we were, trying to do. Recently I spoke to another group of students in the basement of their student house. Three present were Catholics and the group was of several races and a dozen beliefs about religion. Many of them asked questions until midnight. Few could go as far as the CW absolutist position against the system, even in thought, for they still had illusions about the value of violence to remedy conditions caused by this very violence; and nearly all of them felt that if they did not vote for a good man then the bad men would be running the country. I replied that the whole history of politics was of good men being elected and finding out that unless they log-rolled and compromised with machine politicians they could never get their good legislation out of committee. So they ended up always choosing the lesser of two evils and forgetting any ultimate ideals for the common good. For good people don't need laws to make them good and bad people don't obey the laws, so what good are they?

One Sunday afternoon a girl from California who was studying social work here came in to the office and wanted to know about the CW and what she could do to help us. I invited her to accompany me that night to Carnegie Hall where some "government Hopi" were putting on some dances. This was arranged by white friends of the Hopi. We distributed at the entrance marked copies of my recent article on the Hopi.



of good cheer. I meet about 20,000 people a year in this street apostolate. Soapboxing on the street I do out of duty but I really enjoy this meeting of all kinds of people, for it is better than a Gallup poll as to the attitude of the public toward the CW and the unpopular ideas that we emphasize.

Soldiers going to school on the G.I. bill tell me that they know more about the evils of military life than I could tell them, and several of them have come down to our Friday night meetings.

Taxes

For the first time since 1943 when the withholding tax began I have not earned enough money to owe the tax man anything. I only made \$310 lecturing and as my Autobiography is not copyrighted and I want no royalties from it, the sales go to pay for the printing and whatever is left over will go to the CW. There is no status of limitations on income taxes so I owe for 12 years. I told the tax man that I would not be foolish enough to tell him where I was going to lecture so he could be there and get the money. There is practically nothing that I have to buy as all of us here at the CW work for our keep. However, if I was to purchase anything in a store and give the cashier a \$5 bill for a dollar purchase the tax man, if he were present, could garnishee the change from the cashier right then without any legal proceeding.

In this idea of tax refusal there are ways by which pacifists have to act according to their web of circumstances. Some, like Ernest Bromley, limit their earnings to the amount they are allowed because of dependents and have no tax to pay. Others like Rev. George Hauser, because of being ordained in the clergy, do not have a withholding tax taken from their pay, but at the end of the year make a statement of their earnings. Then the amount of tax is taken by garnishee from the pay with added penalties. There are others who



ON PILGRIMAGE

By DOROTHY DAY

We are happy to announce that the snow drops, the hyacinths, the irises, the crocuses are up in Tamar's garden and have to be protected against the wicked chickens and geese who are ready to gobble them up. Last Sunday the children found pollywogs in the brook at Peter Maurin Farm. Spring is just around the corner. I can remember one March when I planted radishes, peas, and lettuce on the fourth, and I can remember another March when there were three blizzards. No telling what this month, this most unpredictable month, has in store for us.



On this day of writing, I look back on a month spent mostly in the city, with weekends on the farm. This coming month there will be plenty of visits, because people are always dropping in to see us from all parts of the world, but it will be a Lenten month with the quieter pleasures and recreation of walking and reading. We saw and heard Boris Goudonoff one night, Michael Kovalak, Bob Steed and I, and we went early, waiting in line for the dollar and a quarter standing room. It was a mild night and the line moved quickly, we got good places where we could look down that vast dark mysterious cavern of an opera house and see the gorgeous sets and choral effects of the Mousorgsky opera. In case our readers will exclaim about voluntary poverty I hasten to say that Agnes Bird contributed one dollar toward my admission, and Ammon Hennacy fifty cents! One evening at the theater I enjoyed even more. Checkoff has always been one of my favorite authors and a new translation by Stark Young of his plays have been put on this winter at the Fourth Street Play House, a few blocks away, one of the many little theaters springing up in the neighborhood. Ammon had used some of the money from the sale of his book to take me to *The Three Sisters*, *The Cherry Orchard*, and last week to *Uncle Vanya*. In all of the plays there is a curious emphasis on work—the need of the human being to work in order to redeem himself and achieve some measure of happiness and satisfaction out of life. We are living in an age when there is such a sense of futility and purposelessness, such a sense of individual frustration, that these plays are curiously apt. That is why they have achieved such popularity. Every night there is a packed house, and it is a none too comfortable a house at that. The two-dollar seats are cramped but still near enough to make one feel an intimate part of the group on the stage.

Paradoxes

On the one hand to be humble, to acknowledge one self a "grain of sand" as St. Therese used to say—"dust thou art and unto dust thou shalt return" and on the other hand to recognize one's dignity as a son of God, with particular talents and vocations, which must be developed. To know that each one has his own contribution to make to our age, that none else can make, and work is necessary to develop it! How many writers, teachers, doctors, musicians, singers, there are among us who have not developed their capacities for lack of some spirit, some energy, some sense of the importance of what each one has to do! I know this very well, and I am sure other writers do, this need to prod oneself on to work. The closing lines of *Uncle Vanya*, are most appealing. Sonya says,—

"There is nothing for it. We must go on living! We shall go on living, *Uncle Vanya*. We shall live through a long long chain of days and weary evenings; we shall patiently bear the trials that fate sends us; we shall work for others, both now and in our old age and have no rest; and when our time comes we shall die without a murmur, and there beyond the grave we shall say that we have suffered, that we have wept, that life has been bitter to us, and God will have pity on us, and you and I, uncle, dear uncle, shall see a life that is bright, lovely, beautiful. We shall rejoice and look back at these troubles of ours with tenderness, with a smile—and we shall rest. I have faith, uncle; I have fervent passionate faith. We shall rest."

And the old nurse goes on with her knitting, and the intellectual old mother goes on reading her pamphlet, and Sonya kneels by her uncle's side and comforts him in his unhappy love, and the deserted husband who has supported his wife, her lover and their children, like Osee of old, sits to one side, playing on his guitar.

Neither Turgenev nor Tchekov those great masters of short story and play commit themselves, but they write of people of faith with such tenderness, such beauty, that one could almost say they believed, because they wished to believe.

Happenings

What else happened during the month? On the day we last mailed out the February Catholic Worker, Eugene Exman and Victor Gollanz and his wife came to call, the latter two from England. Gollanz is the compiler of several anthologies, the most famous GOD AND MAN,

and is a publisher himself in Britain. He has also won fame for his relief work after the war both in Germany and China. Eugene Exman is religious editor of Harpers, and at present he has my finished manuscript on *The Little Flower*. Whether or not it will be printed is another matter. There may be much more work on it to do, who knows.

Speakings

On Friday, February third, I spoke at St. Joseph's College in Brooklyn and had dinner beforehand with the young women of the Grail, at Monica House. To even go for dinner in that atmosphere, is a foretaste of heaven, and the weekend of conferences that they were preparing made me envious. I thought of delightful visits I had had in Loveland where one is transported into an entirely different atmosphere. The Christian mentality, rather than that of the world predominates. The kind of society, as Peter Maurin used to say where it is easier for man to be good.

The following week I spoke at St. Thomas' Episcopal Church auditorium at Farmingdale, L. I. for Brotherhood Week and the Sunday after that, at the Rutgers and Douglas Colleges' Newman Club at New Brunswick. This coming weekend, just before the paper goes to press, I am speaking at Syracuse at a conference on peace, at which the two other speakers will be Cecil Hinshaw and Owen Lattimore.

On the Bowery

With all these evening engagements, and days on Staten Island, which is only a couple of hours, and fifty cents carfare away, I was much of my time at St. Joseph's House, which is the heart of the work, the headquarters, the place where the paper is gotten out, where discussions are held, all because we try to show our love for God by our love for our brother. That love is pretty well pruned, time and again, by the little conflicts that come with daily living, with community. One cannot be a personalist, taking upon oneself the care of one's brother in need, without becoming a communitarian, and St. Joseph's House of Hospitality is our community.

We have become in a way famous, not as a settlement house, or a mission, but as a place where we all live together as a family, in close and intimate association of daily life, even though according to our policy no questions are asked, and often we know people only by their first names. This is to insure that respect for men as brothers and to prevent people from having to tell those little lies, make those evasions, by which they try to retain their privacy and their self respect. In a number of modern novels our work has been pictured as houses which are sinks of iniquity, into which the young leaders of the work throughout the country have plunged, if not to rehabilitate, at least to share in that hell of poverty and sin and disease. As followers of Christ, who, "when He ascended up on high led captivity captive, and gave gifts to men. Now that He ascended, what is it but that He also descended first into the lower parts of the earth?" (Ephesians 4, 8-9).



Too often however, all that the outsiders see in our poverty is the blackness of hell, and they see men as a mass, not as individuals, as persons, made in the likeness of God, creatures of body and soul, temples of the Holy Ghost. It is one of the reasons why I like to write about people to try to make others see these things. (John McKeon did this superbly in his series *Poverty Progress*.)

Michael

Just now I passed Italian Michael in the hall. We have had a Ukrainian Michael, a Polish Michael, a Carpatho-Russian Michael, an Irish Michael, and now recently there is a Puerto Rican Michael. I also know a Japanese Michael. May St. Michael the archangel bless them all. Italian Michael was shuffling through the hall in his stocking feet and I asked him if he had a cold. But no, it was because he was trying to warm his feet, after walking up to 9th street and back to buy the day-old bread for ten cents a loaf. (No baker in our midst right now!) Every morning Mike gets up at four to help one or two others to serve the coffee line.

Just last week he did a wonderful job of cleaning up our yard making it ready for meetings. Mike spent some time with us on Staten Island, and when he wasn't working with Fr. Duffy, he chopped wood for the two or three wood burning stoves we have in the barn and house. One time I found him sitting outside during dinner, and when I asked him why he did not come in and eat, he said that he had done no work, and if he didn't work, he wouldn't eat!

Larry and Roy.

How can I describe the soup that these two put out every day? What with the donation of about a ton of lima beans, we have a thick bodied soup full of chopped vegetables and meat stock and whatever else they can find left over in the ice box from the dinner before. Many a time when the pan cakes which Smokey Joe calls

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A Bishop Speaks

Note. Here is a letter written by the the Bishop of Martinique (French West Indies) concerning racial prejudice. This letter was written for a Catholic newspaper in Paris and was intended for West Indian students living in France. We think that it might interest all those whether colored or white, who are concerned with relations between races.

We draw attention to the fact that the author is a white man from Normandy, who has already spent thirty years among colored people and who has always been interested in literature concerning colored people in Africa or in America. His testimony is therefore worthy of consideration.

EAR West Indian and Guianese students,

Your chaplain and friend, for you all appreciate his generosity and services, has asked me to write an article for "Altesa," your newspaper, which has already published some of your remarkable studies.

The recent ones dealt with racial prejudices. Many of you would like to have my opinion on the subject.

I find racial prejudice absurd and outrageous. In this error which was condemned by the Church when Hitlerians and fascists were at the height of their power, I see a radical contradiction of the doctrine of Christ.

All men are children of the heavenly father; the SON of GOD died on the cross for the salvation of all, and the Holy Ghost sanctifies them with his gifts. All men are called to the same eternal life and to direct them the Church of Christ opens to all and places at their disposal the same means of salvation. Such are the great Christian truths and there is not one which does not contradict racial discrimination.

Why the racialism of negrophobes is particularly outrageous.

If the discrimination which the colored people were and are still victims, ought to be particularly hateful it is because in every situation where there is an oppressor and one oppressed the sympathy of a man who has some feelings goes instinctively and naturally to the one who suffers especially if the sufferings were always on the same side.

The remembrance of the Slave Trade, the mockeries and vexations which survived the abolition of slavery, the legalized discriminations of the government of South Africa, the exploitation of too many of the African peoples, all this ought to give us, a priori, if we are Christians or if we have a heart, a deep feeling for the colored race. It is no doubt this feeling which prompted Pope Pius XII to express in a message addressed to the Bishops of the United States in 1955 his special liking, certainly inspired by divine Providence, for the American colored people.

The Venerable LIBERMANN, the Blessed mother JAVOUHEY and so many other apostles in the service of the colored race have never hidden their particular fondness for the people of that race.

The inferiority of the colored race has never been proved and so the colored people have a right to our esteem and sympathy.

Naturally religious, devoted to those who love them, desirous to learn, gifted, so they appear to us. The Negro Spirituals, these religious hymns, composed by the colored people when they were slaves in the United States, are deeply impressive not only by the melody which is well adapted to the words, but by the feelings themselves full of faith, hope and charity. It is true they expressed their actual sufferings, oppression, and the hope of a forthcoming liberation, especially that true liberation which consists in the death of God's children, but never a word of hatred for their oppressors and that is why the Negro spirituals contain true Christian sentiments.

Negro spirituals! Hymns which are by far superior to so many European hymns and they were composed by slaves, illiterate, ignorant, exhausted by hard labor, scoffing and all sorts of hardship. Let us then pity the intellectual and moral poverty of these individuals who consider as inferior those capable of composing such works full of genius.

In the history of colored Americans we find a population which was kept in a state of total ignorance; after the War of Secession, it was completely poor. Struggling unarmed for life, they met with prejudice and hostility from many white people. In spite of these obstacles the colored American population has made headway in nearly every sphere; many hold coveted positions in art, science and industry. In America they actually direct 14 banks, own 200 loan offices, 60,000 firms, 200 insurance companies, publish 200 newspapers and 100 periodicals, own 10½ million acres of land, in other words an area equal to that of the Netherlands. 90% of colored Americans can read,

(Continued on page 7)



+ + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

EARLY AMERICAN LAND STRUGGLE

TIN HORNS AND CALICO by Henry Christman (Henry Holt & Co. 1945) Reviewed by Elbert R. Sisson.



MOST textbooks of American history describe the "Whiskey Rebellion" of 1794 and "Shays' Rebellion" of 1786, usually briefly, as unsuccessful challenges of the fledgling Federal Government. In these conflicts the linking of the central government in its financial policies with the wealthy and propertied classes of that day by the Federalists under Alexander Hamilton's guidance was in effect being protested by the poorer classes composed of small farmers, artisans, and laborers. In spite of the obvious iniquity of Hamilton's plan to let the rich ride free but to tax the poor, even to the extent of wiping out the yeoman class in some areas, it is probably fortunate that the rebels were put down after a few months' uproar in both the Pennsylvania and the Massachusetts episodes. The success of either uprising might have been the death of the young Republic. But both Daniel Shays, the veteran of Bunker Hill and leader of the Massachusetts rebellion, and Alexander Hamilton, the arch reactionary of post-Revolutionary politics, were to be ranged, in spirit at least, on opposite sides of a far more significant fight of the poor man against a growingly oppressive plutocracy.

Until Henry Christman's *Tin Horns and Calico* appeared a few years ago, the incident of the Anti-Rent War, beginning in 1839 and lasting nearly half a century, between the Hudson Valley manor lords and the upstate New York farmers in the regions about Albany and the Catskill and Helderberg Mountains, was unknown to the average reader of American history. It is a story that, because of its significance to democracy's development, every schoolboy should be informed of and one, by the way, that will appeal to any boy's imagination, for like the patriots at the Boston Tea Party, the yeoman farmers of Albany, Rensselaer, Schoharie, and the other counties wore Indian disguises made of calico by their mothers, wives, and sisters. To one familiar with the hill country of the upper Hudson it is easy to understand, moreover, how effective the tin dinner horns, in those days hanging in every farm house kitchen, must have been as alarm sounders, their echoes reverberating from hill to hill as each in turn relayed the warning of the approach of sheriff's posse or militia.

If, as one historian has said, the most significant thing about the settlement of North America was that it changed the ratio of land to people, the Anti-Rent War truly deserved the attention given it by such distinguished friends of democracy and the rights of man



as Horace Greeley and William H. Seward, as well as other liberals of that time. Certainly the friends of special privilege for the wealthy who looked with complacency upon the long entrenched plantation system of the South based upon Negro slavery and the emerging factory system of the North based upon a landless proletariat, regarded the farmers' revolt against the patroon system as a grave threat to the supremacy of property rights. Consistently on the oppressors' side throughout this long and bitter struggle were ranged the members of the economic and social class that in Hamilton and Jefferson's day opposed a Bill of Rights in the Constitution, universal suffrage, and popular election of the President; and favored a heavily centralized government (in Hamilton's own case, a monarchy), the sale of public lands to the wealthy and to financial speculators, and in general a close liaison between the financial class and the government. The same class in pre-Civil War days favored slavery in the territories; and in our own era has opposed public low rental housing for the poor, minimum wage and hour laws, child labor restriction, price control, unionization of labor, stock market regulation, public control and ownership of utilities, enforcement of anti-trust laws, conservation of natural resources; and in general has espoused a "public be damned" social philosophy.

The patroon system that was established along the Hudson by the Dutch West India Company, and that was continued under English rule of the New York Colony, was the historical egg from which the Anti-Rent chicken was hatched. Under it members of the company were given large grants of land with absolute power as patroon on condition of starting a colony of at least fifty persons in four years. The patroon had baronial authority; with civil and military control over the people, who were bound by contract to fealty and military service as vassals. Tenants were required to purchase all supplies from the patroon's commissary at exorbitant prices, grind their grain at his mill, and turn over to him a portion of their produce and livestock. One is reminded of the company coal towns in Kentucky and West Virginia of a few years back with their company owned houses, company stores, company script, and company police. The revolt of the farmers against patroonery met with the same lack of understanding, by the way, on the part of many good pious middle class folk, especially men of the cloth, that the miners later encountered in their bloody wars with the operators.

Now the Van Rensselaer land empire that was to be finally broken up by the Anti-Renters was founded in 1629 by Killian Van Rensselaer, a member of the Dutch West India Company, who in violation of the terms of settlement carved out a holding on the Hudson around what is now Albany (then Fort Orange) far larger than the prescribed legal purchase from the Indians. The question of proper title was to haunt the Rensselaer descendants; the later question of the legality of the so-called "quarter sale" device, by which Stephen Van Rensselaer III defrauded several generations of farmers of rightful ownership, was to be crucial in the final victory of the yeomanry over the landed aristocracy in a court decision of 1852. The patroon system went unchallenged until 1766, but the tenants' revolt of that year was crushed by the King's troops. Such Federalist reactionaries as Alexander Hamilton and the Liv-

ingstons worked to insure that New York State would remain a conservative stronghold and that patroonery would survive even the American Revolution. Moreover, during the period of chaos and unemployment after the Revolution, when men like Daniel Shays in Massachusetts were protesting the Hamiltonian tax policy enforced by the Federal Government, and when hungry veterans were seeking land, prominent Federalists in New York State took the choicest of the land tracts confiscated during the War, and corporations took what was left. As Christman points out there was more than the issue of freedom from English rule at stake in the American Revolution:

"Even the Revolution did not weaken the feudal hold of the big landowners. It merely stripped them of baronial honors and privileges. The rent-distressed tenants of New York State gave themselves and their supplies to the struggle; they fought at Saratoga, Oriskany, and Valley Forge for the right to be independent landholders. Side by side with men seeking freedom for capital enterprise to exploit the wealth of the New World,



farmers and wage earners fought for the principles of individual political and economic freedom. With a common rallying cry, two wars were fought, one within the other—and one was lost. The farmers and the wage earners found themselves betrayed in victory, when the new government became a bulwark for the rich and the middle class against the 'despised proletariat' and the rising tide of democracy."

The situation in 1785 when Stephen Van Rensselaer III, the sixth lord of the manor, came of age was made to order for a slick deal to make the rich richer and the poor poorer by exploiting the hunger of the war veterans for land and security. Stephen, who for his piety and deceptive easiness on over-due renters came to be known as the "Good Patroon," married Alexander Hamilton's wife's sister. Hamilton quickly apprized his brother-in-law Stephen of a plan under which the poorer hill lands of his domain could be exploited without losing title, and at the same time Hamilton's own scheme of saving the nation from the "rabble" by increasing the power of the wealthy could be furthered. How successful the Hamilton plan was, may be judged by the fact that by 1838 Rensselaerwyck had a population of between sixty and one hundred thousand tenant farmers. Briefly the scheme by which the "Good Patroon" populated the uncleared and less fertile parts of his holdings where few settlers hitherto had gone are as follows: He deceitfully dangled the promise of ownership under easy terms before the eyes of the landless and impecunious pioneer; but once the victim had stepped into the trap by settling on the land without a clear understanding of the terms, the Patroon, having allowed time for clearing of land and raising of buildings,

closed the trap by informing him of the "lease," which in effect tied the would-be owner to the land as a permanent tenant. Stephen first had the rugged hill country about the Helderbergs to the west and the Petersburg Mountains to the east cut up into 120 acre tracts. He then announced a "liberal" program to make available the wilderness part of his seven hundred thousand acre kingdom. The Revolutionary veterans would be "given" homesteads without cost; when the farms became productive compensation would be asked. The usual real estate ballyhoo was made about the high fertility of these rock strewn hills and the salubrity of the Upstate climate. As eager settlers appeared they were told to locate a plot and that they could occupy it for seven years free, at the end of which time a durable lease would be given with a moderate wheat rent. But the "lease," which the skillful Hamilton had invented, bound the new tenants permanently to the Manor, and was identical in spirit to the feudal system of the first patroon, Killian Van Rensselaer. Although feudalism had been outlawed in New York State, Stephen III, the "Good Patroon," evaded this ban by calling the contract an "incomplete sale." Christman describes the specific terms of the "sale" as follows:

"As purchase price for the title to and the use of the soil, the tenant was to pay ten to fourteen bushels of winter wheat annually and four fat fowls; and he was to give one day's service each year with team and wagon. He was to pay all taxes, and was to use the land for agricultural purposes only. The patroon specifically reserved to himself all wood, mineral, and water rights and the right of re-entry to exploit these resources. The tenant could not sell the property, but only his contract of incomplete sale, with its terms unaltered. A 'quarter-scale' clause restricted him still further: if he wished to sell, the landlord had the option of collecting one-fourth of the sale price or recovering full title to the property at three-quarters of the market price. Thus the landlord kept for himself all the advantages of land ownership while saddling the 'tenant' with all the obligations, such as taxes and road-building."

And so the unsuspecting settlers went to work, grubbing and burning out stumps, erecting cabins and outbuildings, plowing and seeding to wheat, oats and barley, and even erecting small water mills. At the end of seven years they were given the terms. Loath to leave after the sweat and toil invested, most of them stayed. Offers by the settlers to purchase the land outright from the manor Lord were laughed to scorn. Refusal to pay the rent could be met by seizure and sale of crops and livestock. Thus did Stephen Van Rensselaer, the "Good Patroon," the "successful man," the upholder of law, order and morality, perhaps the wealthiest man in America, add to his stature. Meanwhile, in politics he fought Jeffersonian democracy, including measures for relaxation of property qualifications for voting.

In 1839 the "Good Patroon," Stephen III, died. His tenants were not long in learning with bitterness and sorrow the full falseness of his reputation for beneficence. Contribute to the poor he had done, churches had he built, and agriculture science he had fostered. All these, with coffers made fat from the rents of his vast domain, he could afford to do, and thereby win a name for goodness. But in his will he directed that



the back rents were to be collected, many of which he had let run for years, in order to quiet tenant discontent. The rents so collected were to be used to pay some four hundred thousand dollars in debts. A premium was put on immediate collection by requiring his heirs to pay the debts if the tenants fell short. The two principal heirs were Stephen IV, who inherited the land west of the Hudson, primarily Albany County, which included the rocky Helderbergs; and William, who held Rensselaer County and part of Columbia. Both men had been educated as gentlemen and had no sympathy with the common working class. Stephen was to prove an arrogant and lordly master. The attempt to enforce collection of the rents at first by threats, shortly followed by forcible attempts at eviction, finally exploded the powder keg that the years of quiet desperation had manufactured. The explosion first occurred in the Helderbergs, where the tenants were mostly sons of American Revolutionary veterans who had chosen the hardships of the wilderness rather than work for wages in the city. Many of the leaders of the revolt were farmers not in arrears to the Patroon but who, as followers of Jefferson and Jackson, objected to a servile system on grounds of principle, and who pointed out that settling for back rents would perpetuate the vicious tenant system and insisted that the so-called tenants had morally a better right to the land than the Patroon. The purchase price had been paid many times over in the form of tribute and the taxes as well.

The history of the Anti-Rent War that followed is told by Mr. Christman dramatically, with proper attention to documentation, with excellent portraying of the leading figures, locally and nationally, on both sides, and with a fine regard for the high poetry of the situation as well as its social and political reverberations. *Tin Horns and Calico* tells a story of a fight that ranks with all the great struggles of common folk, for freedom from tyranny. It was a fight by ordinary working folk, who tried beyond endurance, took up arms to throw off a yoke put upon them by a smug plutocracy, who had as little in common with American democracy as did George III in 1776 or as does Joseph Stalin in 1952.

The heroes of this forgotten American epic were of two types: simple yeoman farmers ordinarily not interested in public questions, but who stepped out resolutely and led their friends and neighbors against an injustice done to one and all; and idealistic men from near and far who recognized the Anti-Rent issue as one basic to the cause of human rights. The organizer and for a long time mysterious leader of the "Indians," who in their disguises of calico and feathers were the picked militia of the Anti-Renters, was one of these idealists. "Big Thunder," as the Anti-Rent chieftain was called, was a young country doctor, born in Rensselaer

County, and at the time of the final rupture between the farmers and the Rensselaer over-lords, living in Alps, a small village in the mountains east of Albany. He was Smith A. Boughton, the son of a "Yankee trouble-maker" (the New Englanders were not welcome in the Rensselaer kingdom) who had fought in the American Revolution. He had already been tried in the fire of



lost causes, having in 1837 joined the Patriot's War in Canada, and had lost as a result both money and health. Growing up under the rent system and serving the medical needs of the farm families, Dr. Boughton saw clearly the wrongness of the perpetual tenant system imposed upon the yeomanry by the Hudson Valley aristocracy. With a vision unusual in a man whose professional training was mainly scientific, but not so remarkable when one considers his ancestry, which numbered a father and two uncles in the Revolution and a longline of French Huguenots before them, he saw the larger and more national issue at stake in this local affair. Of the basic issue involved, Dr. Boughton said:

"If a civilization such as ours (which professes respect for the individual man) is to endure, it obviously cannot become the monopoly of an elite. It must become so far as possible the common enterprise of all. The purpose of our society is not for the few of maximum strength and ambition to lead lives of Byzantine glory but for all men to make the most of their common humanity. We are pledged to a general diffusion of culture, of independence, and self-respect and the means to a good life!"

For his generous giving of himself to this cause Dr. Boughton was to be separated from his young wife and their new-born child, was to mortgage his home to meet court expenses and spend almost two years in prison. He and his fellow prisoners were to witness violation of their civil rights by the courts under the influence of public hysteria and political pressure, not the least of these violations being refusal of bail and detention in jail without issuance of a writ of habeas corpus. The jail conditions were such as to severely affect Boughton's health. Boughton and his farmer followers were treated to the spectacle of political mugwumpery and turncoatism. By 1844, four years after the outbreak of the Anti-Rent War in the Helderbergs, the trouble had spread throughout Van Rensselaer's counties and into the neighboring counties of Delaware, Greene, Ulster, Sullivan, and Schoharie where the Livingstons, another great Hudson Valley landed family, had large holdings. But in the fall of that year one Silas Wright came to the governorship of New York State. Wright, the candidate of the Democrats, craftily avoided open commitment on the anti-rent issue and so gained support from both sides. Once in power he proved a staunch friend of the landlords, winning for himself the nickname "King Silas" from the Anti-Renters. Meanwhile the Whigs followed the bandwagon of public opinion reflected in the press and from the pulpit in favor of "law and order." The slender young idealist, Dr. Boughton, in his prison cell, was presented to the credulous reading public in the same terms as one might describe a maniac or a murderer.

Perhaps the most colorful figure in this chronicle by Mr. Christman is Thomas Ainge Devyr, an Irish patriot, author of a pamphlet *Our Natural Rights*, active in the Chartlist movement for parliamentary reform and extension of the franchise in England, supporter, like Dr. Boughton, of the Canadian Patriots' War, and throughout his life as journalist and agitator a crusader for the underdog. Devyr was the William Cobbett of the Anti-Rent War. It became at one point necessary for him, like Cobbett, to flee to America and it was not long before his keen nose for injustice smelled out Patroonery, and he was in full cry on the trail of the Hudson Valley tyrants. Devyr became editor of the *Williamsburg Democrat*, and through its columns he agitated for public ownership of railroads, laws restricting wealth, freedom of access to public lands to actual settlers but not to speculators, and land holding limitations. From the platform also with fervent oratory he carried the fight in behalf of the Anti-Renters to the public. Devyr persuaded such American anti-monopolists and agitators for social justice as John Windt and George Henry Evans, the latter having been active in the shortlived Working Man's Party, that anti-rentism and land reform were associated causes. The *Working Man's Advocate*, journal of the party, was revived. Of Devyr's activities in 1844 Christman says "... Weekly gatherings filled Croton Hall at Division Street and the Bowers. Thomas Devyr stumped the streets, speaking from a wagon platform. Not since the turbulent days of Chartism and the magnificent oratory of Fergus O'Connor had Devyr's life been so full..." Devyr saw the anti-rent struggle through to its final triumph. Christman paints a splendid picture of this passionate Irish rebel, who became a familiar platform figure to the Helderberg farmers, for he did not confine his crusade to the sidewalks of New York, but went into the enemy's territory frequently to address great tenant mass meetings.

Tin Horns and Calico is an important contribution to American folk history as well as to social, economic and political history. It was appropriate that Mr. Christman included a collection of songs and ballads of the Anti-Rent War. Of these, most famous in its day perhaps was "The End of Bill Snyder," sung to the air of "Old Dan Tucker." This ballad, so popular with the Anti-Renters, developed from the routing of one Bill Snyder, a hard-drinking, bullying sheriff, who infested the Helderbergs in the early days of the rebellion.

Henry Christman has written history as it should be portrayed, dramatically, and replete with song and story. To entice the reader of this review to a further exploration of this book I quote the following description by Christman of an Anti-Rent "rising" in Livingston County:

"Young Stephen Miller mingled easily with the spectators assembled under the Tachkanic Hills, moving from group to group without exciting attention. He stood wide-eyed as the masked army tramped over the broad meadow to the strains of 'Old Dan Tucker' played upon a single fife and accompanied by a small drum. He overheard a farmer say that Big Thunder had brought his best upriver warriors to lead the drill. Finally the garish army stopped before the raised platform, and Big Thunder stepped forward. There was no mistaking him. He threw back his head and lifted his hands; bright bands of colors hung down from his long full sleeves.

"Down with the rent!" he shouted. Blasts from the horns were drowned by the echoing cheer of the farmers. 'You have paid rent to Livingston long enough,' he continued, in his clear, eloquent voice. 'The aristocrats have taken from us and our fathers in rent many times what the land is worth. They

will take no more. We have ten thousand Indians ready at the first blast of the horn to drive their paid agents from our farms. The Indians are at your command, and they are ready to spill blood if they have to. They are sworn to protect you in your home!"

Graham Greene

THE QUIET AMERICAN by Graham Greene. Viking Press, New York. \$3.50. Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

In *The Quiet American* Graham Greene has taken a new tack. For the first time in his novels, as distinguished from his "entertainments," he has veered away from the problems posed by religion and, specifically, by Catholicism. He has, instead, cast a cold eye on the conflicts that arise out of the impact of a new culture on an old. Moreover he has taken a stand that is going to curdle the red blood of a good many Americans, although there will probably be less hue and cry than was aroused by Scobie's possible salvation or damnation.

Thomas Fowler, the narrator of the war-haunted, unhappy story, is a British correspondent in Saigon who has left behind him in England a wife who will not divorce him, and a pattern of unsatisfactory love affairs. He has settled down more or less comfortably with a Vietnamese girl whose beauty, passivity and absence of demands are his guarantee against loneliness. This loosely-woven co-



coon splits sharply and painfully when Alden Pyle, the "quiet American," falls in love with Phuong and takes her away from Fowler. Fowler's outrage at his loss is the cry of a man who, having accustomed himself to fleeing from another's pain before he himself can be injured, finds himself vulnerable as the next one.

But the deprivation is more than this. Phuong has been taken away by the American. At once new tensions are apparent. Pyle is almost a caricature of the clean-cut, clean-living American boy. He is Harvard educated, wears his hair in a crew cut (this seems to annoy all Englishmen, oddly enough), is addicted to beer and/or Coca-Cola, "milk bars" and is a thorough-going theoretical idealist. It is this latter quality that lands Pyle in serious trouble. He cannot keep from involving himself politically. And it is this trait in Pyle on which Greene pounces most savagely for his general denunciation of all that is wrong with the United States and with Americans abroad. Inexorably he brings out point by point the damage done through Pyle the naive, through America the blind. He produces a devastating picture, the more so because of the backdrop of misery and horror of Vietnamese life, added to by Pyle's muddle-headed attempts to right a world he does not understand.

Greene's characters are not lovable. Fowler is a Don Juan gone to seed, cynical, dissolute, tired, shying from involvement or commitment. Pyle is humorless, dull, unbelievably obtuse. But their relationship precipitates a situation taut with personal and international significance, with bitter realization of the meaninglessness, and stupidity of war, and with dry knowledge that a "happy ending" is never quite what it seems to be. There are few writers today who

have so tight a control of their material as Graham Greene and this story can do nothing but add to his stature as a novelist. Unlike *The End of the Affair*, which petered out to a thin, mawkish conclusion, the resolution of *The Quiet American* is logical, characteristic, completely fulfilling the development of the novel. If one dislikes his people it is a mark of Greene's talent that they are strong and vivid enough to dislike. If he carps too much at Americanisms, such as the triviality of ridiculing American spellings, in the end the piling up of detail contributes to the intensity of feeling that decides Pyle's fate. With superb, technical brilliance he unfolds his drama of innocence and irony, leaving no doubt that however much his attitude may irritate or delight, he has written his most consistently absorbing book since *The Power and the Glory*.

Bakunin

Dear Helen Iswolsky:

I send this letter to the CATHOLIC WORKER office for I do not know your home address. Thanks very much for your article about Bakunin. You have carefully pointed out Bakunin's characteristic traits: his immense stature, his passionate appeal to destruction, and his childish good nature. You probably know that Herzen called Bakunin "Big Liza" because of his childishness. It would be well if you wrote such an article (or another one) for DIELO TRUDA PROBUDEHYE.*

The student song "Swift like waves" which you mention makes me recall L. Andreyev's play, "The Day of our Lives." Could you write something about Andreyev? Apropos, that year will be the 200th anniversary of Godwin. You are probably familiar with the works of this English thinker. Could you write something about him?

Respectfully,
J. Karpish
Chicago, Illinois

*Cause of Labor Awakening.

Thanks

Benedictwar Roman Catholic Mission
Dhonor P.O., Rajshahi Dt,
East Bengal, Pakistan
January 25, 1956

Dear Miss Day,

Many thanks for having published in "The Catholic Worker" my appeal towards buying a new horse to help me in my missionary journeys. The response has been most satisfactory and with the help afforded me by the generous benefactors I am now able to purchase the horse and thus do more efficient work in the villages. Please offer my best thanks and vivid sentiments to all those concerned, if possible, through a small line in your appreciated paper. Some benefactors have preferred to write to me simply as "Catholic Worker" without giving their names and addresses. That is certainly an act of humility which God will highly reward—on my part not a day will go by without me praying for you, your work, your colleagues, and the benefactors. I wish you every blessing in your noble work in favour of the Catholic Workers. Jesus is smiling on you and He is preparing for you an unperishable Crown of Glory after the trials of this life.

I am always working among these poor aborigines and am glad to have become a missionary.

Blessing you and always in sweet union of prayers,

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
Father Joseph Cavagna

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A CATHOLIC
ANARCHIST
By AMMON HENNACY
Paper, \$2; Cloth, \$3.

LETTER FROM A BISHOP

C./O. Rev. Bartholomew Snella
St. Hedwig's Church
3245 Junction Ave.
Detroit, Mich.

Miss Dorothy Day

Recently I heard from some people that you are very sympathetic to the people of the cities, suffered of the A-bomb. So I would ask you your kind attention and help if it is possible to my endeavor.

Ten years after the A-bomb destroyed Nagasaki City all the large buildings have been reconstructed. All except one: the Catholic church of Urakami. I am very anxious to rebuild this church because all thru Japan, Nagasaki still is known as the center of Catholicism. It is not therefore good for the reputation of Catholicism to leave this best known church in ruins. And though many non-Catholics think it should be kept as it is to remind the Japanese people of the war and the bomb, I think it is not a good souvenir for my people and perhaps for these countrymen either. But my Catholics are too poor to rebuild themselves that church. So I came last May to this country to appeal to the Catholics of good will. I met many kind people and received their generous help, but as my appeal has been very limited, I am still very far from my purpose. I would therefore ask you to kindly help in the name of Our Lord and for the reputation of Catholicism in Japan. May I hear from you.

Wishing you every grace and blessings,

Paul Yamaguchi
Bishop of Nagasaki

E. I. WATKIN

Dear Miss Day:

May I be allowed to call your attention to the life of Blessed John of Montmivall in my Neglected Saints. I came upon him quite accidentally after receiving a volume of the French *Vie des Saints et Bienheureux*—and he is, I think, so completely unknown outside France that I suppose you don't know about him. I feel sure you will appreciate this Cistercian Benedictine. He had begun his life as a peer of France and the King's friend. I don't anticipate that you could agree with my comments of St. Thomas of Villanueva, the great almsgiver who most emphatically didn't want a classless society. But Blessed John should appeal to you very strongly. In my life of Martin I emphasize the fact that he was a conscientious objector to war and take occasion to write the stories of the C.O. martyr St. Maximilian. My conclusion is that since the Church has placed on our list of Saints both soldiers and conscientious objectors the Catholic is entitled to choose either way as his own conscience bids him. As you know I believe modern weapons have made wars unjustifiable. Never never can it be right to kill civilians, and wars can no longer be waged without doing so. I thank you and all around the Catholic Worker for so kindly sending me the paper.

Yours sincerely,
E. I. Watkin



Our Troubled Conscience

THE JUDGMENT OF JULIUS AND ETHEL ROSENBERG by John Wexley. Cameron and Kahn, 100 West 23rd St., N. Y. 11, N. Y. \$6.

It has been a puzzle to me this book. How to review it. I am told that Cameron & Kahn are Communist publishers, that the author of the book is a Communist. I don't know if this is true; but it would not surprise me. The difficulty comes in the fact that I have arrived at the same conclusion they have—that Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were not proven guilty of what they were charged. I arrived at that conclusion mainly on the basis of the record of the trial as contained in the Columbia Law Review, and quite apart from Mr. Wexley's comments. But we live in sad times, exciting times perhaps but sad in that truth is seldom valued for its own sake and unfortunately many of my fellow-religionists will discount the facts which show the Rosenbergs had an unfair trial simply because the cause of the Rosenbergs was championed by Communists. My own opinion on the Rosenberg case ante-dated the reading of this book and, as far as the Communist party is concerned, I believe that it also has small concern for the truth, or rather that truth to them is whatever serves the cause. I do not think that the party as such had concern with Ethel and Julius as persons but, like so much of their concern for "cases," had concern insofar as this might serve a propaganda purpose. However, I do not believe that every individual Communist is as such a liar. There are Communists who are concerned with the truth, despite the party. And I see no reason to doubt Mr. Wexley's sincerity, his interest and concern for the Rosenbergs.

But we live in sad times. When people are prepared to condemn without a hearing. Or if there is a hearing don't really listen. Or listening do not pay heed to the facts but are preoccupied with asking who you are, where do you come from, what is your national or racial origin. And if you don't come from the "right" sources you are of necessity suspect, a liar. Given the temper of the times the Rosenbergs didn't stand a chance. Even the Judge couldn't refrain from inserting his prejudices into the trial. You have only to read the record to know where Judge Kaufman's sympathies lie. And yet if it had been a fair trial this should not have been apparent.

The Court of Appeals stated (Record p. 1648) in reference to the testimony of the Greenglasses, "Doubtless if that testimony were disregarded, the conviction could not stand." Well, after reading the testimony of the Greenglasses I can only agree with Elmer Davis who states "Assuming that the record is here correctly cited (and I have no reason to suppose that it is not) I cannot believe the testimony of Elitcher and the Greenglasses, or much if any of that of Harry Gold." And I would agree also with the statement of Dr. Harold C. Urey (who was involved in the Los Angeles project) who, in a letter to Judge Kaufman, writes "The government's case rests on the testimony of David and Ruth Greenglass and this was flatly contradicted by Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. I found the testimony of the Rosenbergs more believable than that of the Greenglasses."

There are certain factors one must consider about David Greenglass. Factors that would not of themselves destroy the truth of what he testified but, if what he testified had no basis in fact, these factors might help in explaining why he did what he did. Turned against his own sister and his brother-in-law and sent them to their death. In an inner-office memorandum of Rogge's (the lawyer for the Greenglasses) dated June 19, 1950, here is what Ruth Greenglass said of her husband (doubtless thinking it would not go beyond her lawyer's office)—"she stated that he had a tendency to hysteria." At other times he would become delirious and once when he had the gripe he ran nude through the hallway shrieking of 'elephants,' 'lead pants.' She had known him since she was ten years old. She said he would say things were so even if they were not. He talked of suicide as if he were a character in the movies but she didn't think he would do it." I feel sorry for a person like that but I would hate to have my life depend on his testimony. But that is just what the Rosenbergs had to do.

Or you take what the government asked us to believe. That Greenglass, who flunked all eight courses in elementary science that he took in school, was able, almost six years after working at the Los Alamos project, without notes of any kind, entirely from memory, to draw a cross-section of the Bomb. A feat which some of the scientists directly connected with the work said they would be unable to do without notes. Bear in mind that Greenglass was not "in the know" at his job there, he was not told what he was working on and, in fact declared he never knew his work was connected with the bomb until "Julius" told him. All of his information was supposed to have been gathered by eavesdropping or casual conver-

sation with scientists. I think what the government asks us to believe in this instance is quite preposterous.

Then there is the business of Morton Sobell who was tried with the Rosenbergs despite the fact that there was no connection shown between what he was charged with and the disclosure of atomic information. In other words, his was a separate case. But the government was in such haste for convictions (and particularly Judge Kaufman was in such haste for convictions) that they would not go to the trouble of granting Morton Sobell what was his right—a separate trial. The evidence against him rests solely on the testimony of a perjurer (it is curious how people in our day are very prone to believe perjurers and people who confess that most of their life they have lied about things, if only they are anti-Communists). If there is anything to be gained by writing the powers that be it would be fine if the readers of this review would request that Morton Sobell be given a new trial. For, though Judge Kaufman did not have the nerve to include him in the death sentence meted out to the Rosenbergs, he yet sentenced him to thirty years, and now he is at Alcatraz. He quite deserves our sympathy and prayers.

Someday I think the Rosenbergs will be vindicated. After the hysteria of our times has gone by. But then it will be too late to rectify the mistake, too late this side of things. But should it not make us hasten to emulate the British and abolish capital punishment? For when you put someone to death and human judgment being as it is prone to error, and then find a mistake has been made it is too late to rectify it. Death is a final thing. If we are as yet too uncivilized to find some other means than prisons it would yet be preferable, this imprisonment, to the death sentence—then at least when a mistake is found some attempt can be made to undo the injustice. But you cannot call the dead back, or you may call but they will not come, there is never any answer from the dead. There was One who came back from the dead, but He was God and He rose by His own power. That we cannot do. When the Roman Pontiff made his plea for the Rosenbergs he mentioned their children, he asked for clemency especially in view of the children. It is too late now, they have been without their parents for some time now. But I hope they know this. That Julius and Ethel Rosenberg died in dignity. They could have invented stories, they could have implicated others, they could have pretended guilt to save their lives. They did none of these things. They died in dignity.

ROBERT LUDLOW.



8,000 Communions

Ursuline Convent, Samtoll
P.O. Simdega, Dt. Ranchi,
Bihar, India
January 8, 1956

Dear Friends:

Some time ago we received your five dollar note as a donation to this needy mission together with an extract of the appeal for help you kindly consented to be printed in "The Catholic Worker." Later on we received also another donation. We thank you most heartily for all you do for the missions and for this large country in particular. May the Lord bless your work and all your readers.

We send you also our best wishes for a prosperous New Year. By the end of this month we have to clear off a debt of \$800 for purchased provisions. We hope that some generous people will come to our aid.

A little news from here might interest you. This extensive parish has 17,000 Catholics. About Christmas the people from far-off villages come in turn to Holy Mass and to receive Holy Communion. There were 8,000 Communions during that time. As the church building is too small for the Midnight Masses, these are celebrated in front of the Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes. The faithful kneel on the ground in the shelter of the trees. About four thousand were

present. The Proprium of the Mass was sung by a mixed choir. They were shivering with cold as they have no woollen clothing to protect themselves. During forty minutes five Priests distributed Holy Communion. After that each went to kiss the feet of the Infant Jesus.

In this mission the Catholics who live more than three miles from the Church are not obliged to attend Mass on Sundays, but they have to go to the nearest village-chapel where the catechist gives an instruction and leads the prayers. When they come for Mass they arrive in the evening and spend the night in a shed, there is no other accommodation for the women. There on the Friday night before Christmas a second child was born to a woman who had walked ten miles to hear Mass the next day. The baby was baptized Maria Goretti. On Christmas night the happy mother returned home with her two children.

A few weeks ago we heard of the appointment of the second native Bishop. He is the eldest brother of one of our Sisters. He was a pioneer of the faith in the Western part of the Chota Nagpur Plateau, a region which formerly was ruled by native Kings. He had to suffer very much from persecution and imprisonment. For two years he lived in a tent because he was not allowed to build a house. How grateful his old mother is for the great honor God has bestowed upon her! She has given three of her children to God's service. When her husband died the eldest son had just joined the Major Seminary and there were six more children to look after. The Consecration of the new Bishop will take place at Ginnebahar on March 11. He will be Coadjutor to the aged Bishop of the diocese of Raigarh-Ambikapur.

With renewed wishes and thanks to all your generous readers, but especially to the editors of "The Catholic Worker."

Yours very gratefully in Christ,
Mother M. Laurentine

P.S. Thanks to your kindness we have already received \$200 for our rice and I trust the remaining \$500 will also follow.

FROM CANADA

London, Ontario
Feb. 9/56

Greetings to all of you who stand firm for the one-ness and the freedom of man in the non-violent anarchist cause of opposing the Prince of Darkness.

We all take much encouragement from Brother Hennacy who it seems was almost providentially brought on to the stage of the world scene to fill the shoes of Peter Maurin of blessed memory.

We sure feel bad though to see the good old Trappist Order literally kidnapping all our budding revolutionaries just when we need them most in the very middle of the world-wide mess of compromise and muddle.

Personalist action is still alive here. We had a poor Irish widow with eight children burned out in a disastrous fire in this East-End workers section on Friday. The good Irish pastor here, Fr. Costello, organized a personal drive for blankets, bedding, pillows, mattresses, children's clothing and cash.

We drove out Sunday to see the family, taken in by a sister of the woman. We took all we could scrounge up, clothing, sweaters, blankets, pillows, etc.

It was grand to see the look of hope in these children and the

mother's faces as the goods began to come in. The good Redemptorist Father of St. Patrick's church here in the East-End, arrived on the scene with a personal gift of \$20 for this distraught and worried mother with a brood of eight children.

All this is good to hear about and a wonderful sign in this age; it shows so much good and so much goodness in the hearts of many noble souls in the Mystical Body of Christ.

Kindest regards to Dorothy, Brother Ammon and the rest,
Sincerely for the Catholic Worker in Canada,
Patrick O'Brien
Sylvia O'Brien
Baby Dennis O'Brien

APPEAL

Here at St. Jude's in Sumter, South Carolina, we have a handful of parishoners. We have one hundred and five children in school—eight grades—taught by the Sisters of St. Mary of Namur. Fifteen of these children are Catholic. All are colored. In our school, we give free soup to the children. We give food when necessary. We distribute clothing to the needy, which is donated. We can use all the used clothing you can send.

We have a Hall which needs repairing to the extent of \$1,000.00. It is imperative that we repair this Hall. Then it can be used for Parish events—dances—socials—and for the children. Since Hall space is at a premium here, it will prove to be invaluable to these poor people. Then we can have a decent Hall for Parish purposes and for recreation for all.

We must also put water in the Hall. At present there is none. We need to put in two wash rooms. When we have done these things, then our people will have a place they will be able to use, and it will do so much for the Parish generally; for their education, for cultural purposes, and for their advancement in all things.

To those of you who will help these people attain this necessity, we shall have our school children remember you and your intentions



in their Novena to St. Jude, which they offer the first nine days of each month. Please God, and St. Jude, that these petitions will be granted. All the children, Catholic and non-Catholic, attend Mass each morning before school. The Novena is offered immediately after Mass. All the children will be praying for your intentions.

Please send your donation or used clothing to:
St. Jude's Colored Shrine of the South—Box 1582, Sumter, South Carolina.

Alfred C. Delea, O.M.I.

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SEND FOR OUR SPRING
FOLDER FOR OTHER ITEMS



A Bishop Speaks

(Continued from page 3)

a proportion superior to certain regions in Europe. In 1950, 2,250,000 colored children attended the primary schools; 300,000 went to high school and 125,000 studied in the different universities.

We must not forget the part played by the authorities and many white people in the U. S. to attain such results. But without their intellectual and moral resources, the colored population would never have attained such a high standard of living.

Education and welfare alone cannot qualify any race. We must consider their moral qualities and they are very high among colored people.

Rendering assistance comes naturally to them. Child victims are unknown in colored homes. Even the poorest families will not hesitate to adopt orphans from a neighboring house. It would be very difficult to find in Europe or in Asia people as devoted as the "grannies" of the West Indies or the south of the U. S.

Colored men can also follow in the footsteps of martyrs and saints, pride of the church of Christ. They had noble souls those children of Uganda who were proclaimed blessed by the Pope, who preferred an atrocious death at the stake rather than deny their Christian faith. They are generous souls those colored priests, nuns and faithful who in Africa or America, form a very fervent body of Christians.

Causes which explain the racialism of negrophobes.

How then can we explain the hatred and contempt which the white people show so often, towards the colored men?

There are many reasons which certainly do not honor mankind. The chief reason seems to be sordid gain. This was recently explained in an article published by the United States Information Service, a publication which cannot be accused of partiality in favor of colored people. When slavery existed, explained the author of the article, the slave trade furnished the country with workmen at a cheap rate, but all the same this debasing and inhuman situation often disturbed the conscience of slave owners. As it usually happens in such cases they had to find an excuse, a motive to stifle or at least attenuate the reproaches of their conscience. And so they succeeded in persuading themselves and tried to persuade others that colored men though unfortunate were not quite the same as other people and therefore this process of having cheap labor should continue. All they needed was to believe that.

Hence all the prejudice which the U. S. is trying to shed off a bit too slow to our liking.

In South Africa, racial discrimination is also an easy way for the Boer farmers and mine owners to have labor at starvation wages. Base exploitation which they try to justify in saying that colored men are not the same as other people. Is not cupidity one of the reasons why Europeans in French Africa intensify racialism?

This also explains why racialism exists not only among capitalists who abuse colored labor, but also among the white laborers or farmers in the U. S. or in South Africa who fear competition.

Cupidity is therefore in many cases one of the principal reasons which explain racialism. Pride and conceit are others.

Not all those who want to can be superior in virtue or culture, and so to show one's superiority in one way or other, some imagine that they can raise themselves by lowering the colored people. Up to now colored people find themselves in the position of the weak man before the strong man.

What attitude should we adopt towards racialism.

Firstly, colored men should not be ashamed of their race or origin. Are we grandchildren of slaves? Were our ancestors Africans? So what! Where is the dishonor in all that? On the contrary he is worthy of esteem, he who does not hide the servile condition of his ancestors and who does not disown the African soil as his native place.

If a descendant of slaves becomes "someone" all the merit goes to his parents and to himself. The honor goes to them.

Never bear in oneself the kind of racialism which exists too often in the West Indies and which was recalled by M. LASTEL. We often hear this statement, "I will not marry one darker than myself." Absurdity! As if the

color of the skin had anything to do with the choice of a companion for life.

Later on, dear friends, some of you will hold government offices in French Africa. Some will be doctors, administrators, professors, officers, etc. You should have the same respect for Africans as you would like the white people to show towards you. As Christians ought to do, you will do unto them, what you would like others to do unto you if you were in the same situation. No matter whether your personal interests are not at stake. You will defend them against all kinds of injustice or provocations that you might witness. Lack of action in such cases would be a betrayal.

Finally you will not practice any discrimination against white men. "Counter-racialism is not better than racialism, even it seems temporally and temporarily efficacious in the economical, political or social struggle," wrote in this same paper L. ACHILLE.

And now, my dear friends, though running the risk of not being followed by all my readers, I am convinced that the best way, if not the only way, to destroy prejudice is to establish in oneself and in others the religion of Christ.

The religion of Christ alone, for some religions can be compatible with discrimination and slavery. See what happens in countries where the gospel has not penetrated the customs of the people. The castes of India with its "untouchables" and "pariahs"; in China where the trading of woman exists and children abandoned; the harems and slave trading in Moslem countries.

Will material progress or instruction destroy racialism? See Hitler's Germany or South Africa.

Is democracy incompatible with racialism or does it preserve people from racialism? Again no. They have existed for so long in the U. S. The rise to power of the masses, unions, will they bring an end to racialism? But the most prejudiced people in the south of the United States or in South Africa are precisely the workers. Colored workers are banned from their unions and they are firm supporters of the color bar.

Should we then despair? No! Let us turn towards the religion of Christ which contains all that is necessary to destroy slavery, discrimination and social injustices. Christ gives us principles and requirements directly opposed to prejudice. "Love one another . . . as long you did it for one of these, the least of my brethren, you did it for me." RENAN has aptly remarked speaking of Christian antiquity that from the day masters and slaves prayed together, received communion together, slavery had received its death blow.

Some will object I know that slave owners and prejudiced people existed among Christians; that so-called Christian governments tolerated slavery up to the middle of the last century. Yes, the church is human in its members and where there are men there also will be found selfishness, profiteers, silly persons, fatuity, but to be just we must judge a society by its principles, its moral code, its authentic representatives who are the saints. We judge the value of a tree from its lively branches and not by its dried boughs which all trees have.

Then, does not Christian doctrine condemn racialism? Were not the saints opposed to discrimination? St. Peter CLAVER always signed his letters thus: "Peter, slave of colored people forever"; and Father LIBERMANN wrote to his missionaries: "Become colored with the colored, make yourselves to them as servants towards their masters." His heart he tells us, "was with the Africans."

Right now, many young men from Martinique are preparing for the priesthood; we have different shades of color among us, from the very white to the very dark, and it is good that it be so. Colored, whites and mulattos form one clergy, one apostolic family bringing to their countrymen of different color the message of the love of Jesus. May this example given by the Church and this message of unity be received, understood, and so hasten the disappearance among us of all discrimination.

Let us hope that one day we will all be united in the kingdom of the Father, who will judge each one of us not by the appearance of his perishable body, but by the value of his soul and of his life. Such is the true and only value of man, and it has nothing to do with the color of his skin.

HENRI VARIN de la BRUNELIERE,
Bishop of Martinique.

On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 3)

collision mats are served, or hash, people beg for the soup too, or take it as an alternate. Ammon Hennacy just about lives on it. It is truly a holy soup. One of the reasons it is so good is that it is prepared with love and friendship.

Anna

I have written of Anna before, how she bundles herself up in dozens of coats and scarves and covers her hair with a silk stocking pulled down nunlike over her brow and head to cover all her hair and then drapes over that a multitude of scarves. For many years she only came to our door for something to eat, and would take her soup or coffee standing out in the entry. Now she comes early in the morning and often as I am on my way to Mass, I pass her, walking in the street in her heavy men's shoes, pulling behind her one or two heavy cartons in which she carries all her belongings. Now she spends her days in the library, smoking, rolling her own from her allotment of Bugler which the men all get, and when she gets tired of the society there, she goes out in the hall and sits in a little rocking chair by the door. Often as I come in late at night she is still there, murmuring about the cold outdoors, and when we beg her to stay she flees. One night I found her lying on the floor of the hall, and when I covered her with a blanket she waited until I was upstairs and then got up, folded up the blanket, returning it to the night watchman, and went off into the night. "I got places to stay," she always says.

Pilgrims

I could write about so many of our friends, those who live with us, and those who work elsewhere and come to visit us. John Murray, living on a tiny pension, for instance, who has helped us build up Peter Maurin Farm, cementing the dirt floor of the basement to make a kitchen and a laundry, digging up the garden when everyone sat around talking of tractors and horses, digging ditches for pipes for the tubs installed in the basement, staying with us between jobs at Mt. Loretto, St. Vincent's and countless other places where he pushed a heavy mop or handled heavy pots and sacks and did other work with phenomenal strength for a man of his years. He is in St. Vincent's in New York right now and almost recovered and ready to go out again to his room on the Bowery. There is Stanley Borowsky who also helps us between jobs, and who last week walked from Brooklyn to Pleasant Plains in Staten Island. He stayed a week with us and during that time walked to the end of the island, fourteen miles and back again to visit Fr. Faley. And with his hard manual labor, he fasts and he prays. Stanley Borowsky, Mike Kovalak, Mary Roberts, Ammon and I and the girls in East Harlem, and Pat Rusk, all have a sense of the intimacy of shared suffering, what with having been in jail together last June. It is the only way in which we have ever been permitted to perform that work of mercy of visiting the prisoner as well as the sick.

Pray

There will be two days of recollection, one on Friday, March second, at the Peter Maurin Farm, with Fr. Carabine, S.J. giving us conferences morning and afternoon. We are hoping he will come the night before, offer Mass at seven-thirty the next morning and have conferences during the day which will be spent in holy silence, ending at supper at five-thirty. There will also be our usual monthly conference, from Fr. Guerin, Marist. His last conference was attended by friends from Dayton, Ohio and Philadelphia. It was well worth coming for. He is trying to teach us how to develop in the spiritual life, how to grow as sons of God. If we do not grow it is as though we were like a child in the womb who says to himself, "I am quite comfortable here, why should I try to grow. How do I know if there is any other life. What need have I to walk or to breathe. I think I will continue in my present comfort and not worry." We are here in the womb of time, and we will be born to eternal life. We must begin to develop, to grow. This is done by good works, done for the love of God, not for the love of self, and by the Sacraments, those channels by which divine life flows into our souls. These are some of the things Fr. Guerin is talking to us about every first Sunday of the month, and after the hour's conference there is benediction and an hour of questions.

Peter Maurin Farm

(Continued from page 2)

fully, crowing triumphantly with each step.

The month of February is the signal for the round of birthday parties to start again, there having been a breather of almost two months. Theresa Scarpulla was two years old recently, and on the twentieth, Eric Hennessy was eight. With the four little Scarpullas, the seven Hennessys, and young Clare and Magdalena from the Peter Maurin household, there is quite a supply of birthdays scattered through the year.

The first months of 1956 have brought us visits from many old and new friends. Andy Spillane, our seaman friend who is in New York after another trip around the world, has come several times for the afternoon. Kate White, who spent some months at Chrystie

Street two years ago, stayed here overnight just before leaving for Paris where she is now living. Joe Fratalli, who lives and works in New Jersey, has dropped by several times on his day off. Over New Year's week end, we welcomed a young French exchange student-teacher from Brown University, Nadine Caretin, and one of her colleagues, Leonard Maximon. George Brayson was here for several days, and we had the pleasure of a week's visit from Stanley Borowski. On Lincoln's birthday, the Petrillo family drove down from Newburg to pay us a visit, and then went to visit Father Faley in the hospital.

We have added to the library a number of the new Image Books published by Doubleday. This is a remarkable series of paper-bound Catholic books, mostly reprints, some of them books that have been out of print. All of them sell for a fraction of the price of hardcover editions, and they are one answer to how anyone with a mod-

erate income can build a good library of Catholic books. All of the Image Books have been first-rate, and can be recommended wholeheartedly. The latest ones we have received are:

The World's First Love, by Bishop Sheen, on Our Lady; 75c.

Parents, Children and the Facts of Life, by Fr. Henry V. Sattler, C.S.S.R.; a manual for parents and teachers that is both complete and practical, not just theoretical; 65c.

St. Thomas Aquinas' Summa Contra Gentiles, Book II. A new translation made for Image Books by James F. Anderson, professor of philosophy at Marquette University; 95c.

The Sign of Jonas, by Thomas Merton. Father Merton's journal kept over a five-year period in the monastery; 95c.

Light on the Mountain, by John S. Kennedy. The story of Our Lady's appearance to two shepherd children in France, which preceded by several decades her appearance at Lourdes; 65c.

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The fact that this is the fifth edition of this little work in its present format is perhaps an indication of how widespread is its recognition as a convenient introduction to the intellectual world of St. Thomas Aquinas. Not only is an English translation set side by side with the Latin text, but a commentary in the light of the Angelic Doctor's teaching on the art of learning is provided by Fr. Victor White, O.P. 25 Cents

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Personalism

(Continued from page 2)

operative, in itself it remains none the less objective. One's own nature is there. The world is there. God is there. All are interrelated by a plan which is His. If the subjective plan is to work, namely if it is to implement the "first law," it has to match the objective plan. One's own plan becomes, in intention, a copy of God's plan, and one's own good is bound up with the good of everything else.

* * *

As a product of reason, divine in first instance, human in second instance, the developed natural law is the whole illimitable set of logical consequences of the principles above, down to the minutiae of daily life. There are important positive consequences concerning relations with non-rational creatures, animate and inanimate, which must be passed over here in favor of those concerning interpersonal relations.

Every other man has the same essential freedom and the same requirement for self-fulfilment that any one man has, and is equally an image of God. This is the basis of all laws of equality. What one does to impede or impair another's freedom or fulfillment is directed against what is equally an image of God, against the fulfillment of a portion of God's plan. By the distortion of one's own copy of God's plan which it implies, it is directed more effectively against one's own self-fulfilment. Again, one's own good is bound up with the good of everything else, and there are divers and devious ways in which nature brings harm back to its source. So the law of nature requires a man to harm no man, and if he has done harm, to undo it.

This is the negative side, the law of justice. The positive side, the law of love, is broader and more demanding. Now the law of self-perfection is inescapably a law of self-love. But an enlightened and expanded self-love can become all-encompassing. From the love of God's image in himself a man can pass to the love of its original. He can love his own likeness in those who are equally with him the images of God, and so pass to love of them for their likeness to God. Thus the law of love is a law of likeness, of community.

To have a meaning, love

IGNAZIO SILONE

"My way of understanding socialism is fairly close to the Proud-honists; my way of considering men, and their 'foolishness,' comes from the Christian-Popular tradition . . . I am for liberty for all and even for imbeciles . . . I would now be more cautious in affirming that in totalitarian countries the oppressed are not able to protest: the facts of June 17 in East Germany and the Vorkuta strikes have demonstrated the contrary. For the liberties of oppressed countries, I put my hopes in revolution and not in war."

Quoted from an article in Jan. 30, 1956 LABOR ACTION and written in Rome Jan. 15, entitled "My Political Faith."

must be an active love. Actively, the law of love requires a man to remedy any impairment, whatever its source. More broadly, it requires him to supply any deficiency regarding any creative undertaking; in other words, to cooperate. If the benefit resulting to him from such an undertaking is direct, the demand is not one of love but of justice.

* * *

It is especially in regard to the law of love that the limitations and liabilities of human nature become apparent. For a creature's natural powers have their limits which can be indefinitely approached but never attained (unless the power of grace is taken into consideration). And a man has his special liabilities which follow from the quasi-duality of his nature.

A human being as a whole is dominated by rationality, but he is not a detached rationality like an angel. His animality is there with its drives which can become compulsive when rationality is inactive. Though good in themselves, in the absence of an overall control of their own they can be at variance with each other and the long-range good of the whole man. Right evaluation demands an attitude of detachment to neutralize their attraction, and a habit of recollection, a readiness to come to attention when a choice is to be made. In practice, an attitude of detachment will mean a habit of repulsing their initial impulses until a rational choice can be made. This is the natural level of justification for concrete acts of "self-denial." It is here also that the need arises for the corrective process already described as the interior "one-man revolution."

The terms just introduced have highly enhanced meanings in the order of grace. In fact everything that can be said of the order of nature acquires an enhanced meaning in the light of grace. Nothing is contradicted, everything is expanded. Most notably, the order of grace is emphatically and exclusively a personalist order.

(To Be Concluded)



Easy Essays

(Continued from page 1)

college professors may enable people to master subjects. But mastering subjects has never enabled anyone to master situations.

SPECIALIZATION

A few years ago, I asked a college professor to give me the formulation of those universal concepts of universal universities that will enable the common man to create a universal economy. And I was told by the college professor: "That is not my subject." Colleges and universities give to the students plenty of facts but very little understanding. They turn out specialists knowing more and more about less and less.

ANOTHER EXPERIMENT

General Johnson says that the NRA was like a horse trying to pull in different directions. And when the Supreme Court examined the "whole thing" it came to the conclusion that the "whole thing" did not make sense. The Prohibition Law was called by Hoover "A noble experiment." The National Recovery Act was considered by all "A noble experiment."



To live by experiment is known in philosophy under the name of pragmatism. The doctrine of pragmatism was exploded by Van Wyck Brooke. If the doctrine of pragmatism is wrong philosophically it must also be wrong economically.

CHRISTIANITY UNTRIED

Chesterton says: "The Christian ideal has not been tried and found wanting. It has been found difficult and left untried." Christianity has not been tried because people thought it was impractical.

And men have tried everything except Christianity. And everything that men have tried has failed. And to fail in everything that one tries is not to be practical when they try to practise the Christianity they profess to believe in.

THE WISDOM OF GIVING

When people invest money they increase the producing power. When people spend money or give it to the poor they increase the buying power. To feed the hungry, clothe the naked, shelter the homeless at a sacrifice is what God wants us to do. "When man dies, he carries in his clutched hands only that which he has given away." says Jean Jacques Rousseau.

Spiritually, We Are All Semites



GOD'S WORD is enough for me. Even if all Jews—what an absurdity!—were rascals with the exception of one alone who would be righteous beneath the velamen, this single man would bear upon him the Promise, God's word of honor in its fullness and power, and nothing in it would be changed.

In addition, let me tell you that each morning I partake of the Body of a Jew named Jesus Christ, that I spend a part of my life at the feet of a Jewess whose heart was pierced and of whom I have made myself the slave, and finally that I have put my confidence in a band of Sheenies—as you call them—one offering the Lamb, another bearing the Keys of Heaven, a third commissioned to teach every nation, etc., and I know that it is only with such feelings that one can be a Christian. Anything else one might say is trite and contingent and absolutely does not exist.

From "Le Pelerin de l'Absolu," by Leon Bloy.

Editorial--

(Continued from page 1)

bers of this group were taken to the police station, fingerprinted and released on \$300 bond. We hope that the Negroes of Montgomery will keep up the good fight for their rights. They have our wholehearted support and our prayers.

ANTI-SEMITISM

The forces of reaction and hate and racism are not in the South alone, though. A group of young fascists paraded up and down in front of Carnegie Hall on the evening of Washington's Birthday with anti-semitic posters. The occasion was a meeting where Senator McCarthy and Senator Jenner were speaking in praise of General McArthur and against U. S. foreign policy. The leader of the anti-semitic group outside was a member or official in the Nationalist Party of the United States. He said that his group was isolationist and was sympathetic to Sen. McCarthy because of his anti-Communism but that the Zionism was worse than Communism and that McCarthy was not far enough to the right!

Ammon and Eddie Stevens and I handed out hundreds of copies of the WORKER to the crowd as they went in. Most of the people were very well dressed and carried copies of the National Review but they were very polite and seemed to be very eager to read our paper. Only two people made scenes by screaming "Communist" at us.

MEN'S CLOTHES

Our need for men's clothes cannot be exaggerated. At present we have only: 1 old shirt, a thin bath robe, 2 vests and 1 pair of pants. It is still very cold here in the world's largest city and every morning men come to us for overcoats and on rainy days for shoes and for the past few weeks we have had to show them our empty clothes room (often they cannot be convinced in any other way) and turn them away. Jesus said the saved that He would lead into the kingdom would be those who had clothed the naked, etc. If He came to your door and asked you to give Him a pair of shoes or a coat to ward off the cold you would not delay a moment; please don't delay a moment in sending what ever you have that you don't need so that we can give it to Jesus who knocks on our door dozens of times a day. ROBERT STEED.

Lenten Thought

"And Andrew, catching sight of his cross in the distance, saluted it, saying:

"Hail cross, which in the body of Christ didst receive a dedication, and wast adorned with his members as with pearls! Before the Lord clomb up on thee, thou didst inspire earthly fear; but now, since thou obtainest for us heavenly love, thou art embraced with devotion. At peace, therefore, and rejoicing unto thee do I come, that lifting me up from the earth, thou mayest receive me as a disciple of Him who hung upon thee; for I have ever been thy lover, and have longed to embrace thee. O excellent cross, which didst receive grace and beauty from the members of the Lord, long desired, earnestly loved, sought incessantly, and now at length made ready for my soul which pants for thee, receive me from among men, and restore me to my master, that He, who by thee redeemed me, may by thee also take me with Himself."

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