World Protein Crisis:

More Than Bread Alone

BY MICHAEL DE GREGORY

After the dramatic events of recent months, no one is likely to deny that there are limits to the earth's natural resources. Since October we have been in the midst of an "energy crisis" which, while largely centered by the oil industry, has made us realize that the supply of oil is indeed finite, that previous consumption patterns of oil can never be the same. Earlier, last spring, ever-increasing food prices and expected meat shortages led to a nationwide consumer boycott of meat. This latter phenomenon was only a minor foreboding of a much graver developing world protein crisis.

Most discussions of the world food shortage conclude that the causes for predictions of famine and human starvation are remote from human control: the scarcity of food is determined by population explosion. In this view, world poverty and hunger are seen in a tug of war between the availability of food and the needs of a growing population. Ultimately, there are natural limits to how many people the earth can adequately nourish. But in terms of present world food shortages, a more important perspective is to see the situation as a manifestation of the division of mankind into a rich minority and a poor major­ity, an imbalance which converts an adequate food supply into a glut on the one hand and starvation on the other. Economic and political decisions are to blame for this inequity and it is our everyday concern.

Diet and Culture

"Grow what you eat and eat what you grow." In brief, thiscapitalize Peter Maurin's thought on food and the green revolution. His gentle populism led him to understand that the kind of food we eat (our diet) is related to the kind of people we are (our culture). In any case, the "world problem today," in the words of the old, "(a society which would thus necessarily address itself to the world food problem), diet would be a point of examination.

"In the tradition of the American middle class...it is meat. It has become an essential food commodity, served at least once and often several times daily. Since World War II the per capita consumption of meat in the United States has doubled. An average American eats about 212 pounds of meat and poultry a year. (The average inhabitant of India consumes less than three pounds yearly.) Nutritionally, meat is eaten not for its taste but for its protein content. While a 25 percent protein diet contains a high quality protein, it is false to believe that meat is the only ade­quate source of protein. As the great Spanish cook Miguel deUnamuno once wrote, "There are just as effective non-meat sources of protein. Besides certain ethical objections to eating meat tradi­tionally advanced by vegetarians, there is now growing evidence that a meat-based diet squanders the earth's productivity.

A recent book, Diet for a Small Planet by Frances Moore Lappe (Ballantine Books, New York, 1971), substantiates this view and sheds light on the consequences of present-day eating habits.

Three of the four parts of Diet deal with protein theory and its applications. The book emphasizes the necessity of protein for good health, particularly during early human development. In order for the body to assimilate protein from food, two amino acids must be present. Eight essential amino acids must be obtained from sources outside the body. They must all be present simultaneously and in proper proportion. If one is deficient, it limits the others and reduces the net value of the in the body. Thus the book, in its own way (and the food) determines how much protein is available for the body to utilize. Simply stated, animal products (meat, eggs, milk) contain a higher quality protein than do vegetables, beans, and nuts. Vegetable products are often deficient in one or more of the essential amino acids. However, by proper combinations the protein quality of vegetables and grains can be enhanced— the whole becoming greater than the sum of its parts. For example, the protein in grains complements the beans, matching one's strength with the other's weakness. Taken separately, both are insufficient, But taken together, they increase protein quality so that it becomes comparable to that of meat.

Diet contains protein charts for various foods (meats, seafoods, dairy products, legumes, cereals, seeds and nuts). These charts list the amino acids and the amounts of usable proteins in the natural state of the food. While combinations of non-meat sources of protein are possible the book concludes with over 100 pages of complementary protein recipes that put protein theory into practice through various combinations of rice, soybeans, wheat, legumes, sesame, nuts, and dairy products.

"Earth's Labor Lost"

In less than twenty-five pages (the last section of Diet), Lappe explains why a meat-centered diet is wasteful, why a non-meat diet is perhaps wiser for our small planet earth. This is the most thought-provoking section of the book, and the facts are不容置疑. The book can be the basis for educational purposes and practices of American culture.

It may not seem obvious that essentially (except for seafood) all nutrition comes from the ground. Even livestock graze or are fed grains in order to produce milk or meat. The average person in a developing nation consumes about 400 pounds of cereals a year. Americans each person eats the equivalent of 2,000 pounds of cereals; most of this is consumed indirectly as meat. This great inequity in consumption is the direct result of agricultural policy.

In the United States we have farmed 90% of the land is devoted to feed crops. American farmers feed about 80% of all grains to animals. This includes 89% of the corn crop, 75% of all rice, 70% of all soybeans, 50% of all wheat, and nearly 50% of the wheat harvest. (In contrast, in the developing countries less than 10% of the grain harvest is fed to livestock.) This policy of using protein-rich grain as feed results in enormous nutritional waste. For every 21 pounds of feed used to keep one cow, only one pound is returned for human consumption. As Daniel Zwerdling recently

(Continued on page 7)
It is March twelfth as I write this and it is cold. Outside it is 30 degrees and a harsh wind makes it feel like minus ten. So says the forecaster on the radio as I start this column for March Twelfth, just as it is always darker just before dawn. Which reminds me that my sister and I used to go outside whenever there was a change of weather to watch the fires burning in the dark. That is what we did when the weather was cold and we would see the fires burning in the dark, and we would think of them as the fires burning in the dark, and we would think of those people who had no place to go, except inside. Our mother used to speak to us in aphorisms which always made us cheer up.

At Home

Folks who come to us in their need are "at home" with us. That is the only cheerful thing I can say when I see constantly the human misery around me. I come back from a short speaking trip (short in time if not in distance) to see one woman sleeping on a chair just inside the door, with her head on two telephone books resting on a heavy stone statue of St. Joseph which is on the window sill. On still another row of chairs against the wall, another is prone, covered with her hands above her head, the maiming and television room, there is still another woman, who is wearing a coat, with a heavy scarf covering her head and face. Sometimes when I have climbed the stairs to the third floor, I have seen the same woman, with all their belongings, fall in our limited spaces, I may pass another woman lying against the wall in the hall.

The city shelter for women holds forty-seven. The women in charge do the best they can with the limited space they have, and they take in the most difficult cases. Why all this attack and homelessness? Because there are ever more disgusted, insanely structured buildings going up (instead of homes for the poor) constructed of glass it would seem, no windows which can ever be opened. I remember how Smokey Joe used to complain of the new Tomba with never a window that opened. I remember my blood rising up and fresh air. "Air conditioning, to bell with it," he would cry out. Higher and higher the buildings go, and the people are plunged into destitution.

Park Bench

A priest came to see me in January. The end of the month was mild and reminded me of the old song, "It's June in January." He had been singing in 1933 when the CW started. The president of the university, then, had thrown a party to encourage us to go on with the索狂欢", and there was J.E. and the Foreign, 160 Yale Street. Subscription rate of one per copy per year is $2.00; single copies 50c each month for one year in one to one address.

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By DAN CORLEY

Dr. Mary Lou Rose, M.D.

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Tanzania and Collective Responsibility

By JONATHAN POWER

When I first went to Tanzania it was in the autumn of 1965, a fresh, wide-eyed graduate from Manchester University, the product of a Liverpool suburbian middle-class upbringing. I had not found the life of the farmers and townfolk I was to work with. Their wattle and thatch houses, huts, and even their own dead, were not as much unpleasantly as strangely, with only a low stool to sit on, were not immediately appealing. To me so distant from the world of soft chairs and tiled bathroom.

Now, I was revisiting it from my Holloway home, the second moat over-crowded neighborhood in London. And how different it all seemed. Many of my neighbors in Holloway live in one or two rooms, and that is considered a very pleasant kind of bathroom, come to that. The vast majority of the houses are damp. Usually the rents are high. Security of tenure is precarious.

Traveling around Tanzania this time I realized that development is very much in the eye of the beholder. My Liverpool suburban vantage point had given me a very false picture of what economic development was all about. But with Holloway eyes the African houses did not look quite so poor. Now I looked more for what the economist calls the "hidden costs and the "social costs": the price of space, for example. How much is space worth in a family? Whether it be the space of the average rural Tanzanian house with its five or six rooms, or the unlimited area for children to play in without fear of motor accident or falling on broken glass. (The costs I am constantly fearful of for my own children.) Then Neighbors in Holloway would pay a lot on broken glass. (The costs remain constant.

African night to visit his parents who lived 30 miles away in the country near Barnsley and Cannbury a mile or so away would be prepared to pay quite a lot to know the new London superhighway that threatens to tear their neighborhood "in two. Ugly—a especially so when they are in endless rows as in the town. But if they do they keep the insect population down in the way thatch never did. Tin roofs apart, I was impressed just how pleasant these houses now were. The changes were not that many. But they made a crucial difference.

(Weary lost home, M.S.

Unlike their counterparts on the peripheries of Europe's economic growth, these African cottagers in Tanzania have a future. At least there do if they integrate themselves into what is known as "ujamaa." Thirty miles on the other side of the long train was Ujamaa village. There are 800 real Ujamaa villages in Tanzania. (The government claims 3000, but this is clearly in

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Nonviolence in Latin America

BY EDWARD GUINAN, C.S.P.

(Rather, this is from the Conference on Nonviolent Liberation in Latin America held at Medellin, Colombia, February 22-26, 1974.)

Medellin Valley with its gentle mountain and hilly business that affects the magnificent expressions of God, while the value of the area of the people is subjected to exaggerated indifference and greed of the human kind. Nearly six years ago, in this same location, in Latin American Bishops gathered and began their critique of the social conditions around them. "We find ourselves in a situation of sin," in Colombia alone, 1,000 children of school age, 4 will become professional; 3/2/5 of the country's people do not have access to even an acre of land; 30 people totally control the sugar industry—the litany could be expanded.

Intensity of Commitment

Nearly 65 participants from over 20 countries gathered in this Conference 15 being from Latin America, the others as delegates from international Worker support groups. The conference was ecumenical, and consensus was audible and visible on the floor. The theology-politics-economics is well documented and embraced as three levels of liberation. From the floor: "We find it required to escalate the continental process of change. Non-violence would be both the creed and the method of such change." The most inspiring fact of the conference was the diversity of people and the intensity of their commitment. The campeñas, industrial workers, organizers and Bishops working in small groupings toward agreement and expression of their hopes; aging Bishops being instructed by peasants; and mums applauding struggling steel workers. As a first World delegate, one is embarrassed by the riches, environs of the Latin family, and blessed by being present—most of all, one is humbled.

The beginning of this conference went back nearly ten years and are credited to Hildegard Goss-Mayr and Jean Goss, along with a tradition of others who have been visioned and embraced non-violent liberation. Two former Conferences in Montevideo and in Costa Rica laid the groundwork for this conference; in the interim personal contact was made with hundreds of individuals and groups—culminating in an agenda drawn up by the standing committees.

The Conference was divided between plenary sessions and four working groups. Professor Alfonso Gregory's Rio de Janeiro provided the socio-political analysis of the situation in Latin America. A steel worker from South Africa outlined his moving personal and group's struggle toward liberation through non-violence. Jean Goss delivered his paper: "Christian Nonviolence—Force of Liberation." One of the leading liberators of the Congo related the organization and struggle which he had experienced. I had the honor of presiding over the history and dimensions of the United Farm Workers along with a cable of solidarity from Cesar Chavez. We are unable to expand because of these critical times for the Farm Workers.

The conference indicated its suspicion of talking in grandiose terms such as a "movement", "seizure of power". Coordination was selected over movement—a coordination of communication, training and concrete projects. The seizure of power was pictured as a triangle standing on its apex—a complete illusion. Instead, the liberation process was seen as those at the base of the triangle (the oppressed and poor); to those who are now the instrumentaries of those who sell their freedom for the privilege of being in power. There must be a broadening of the base and a re-valuation of the isolation that technicians and experts have in the politics of the powerless, while the base itself is going through conscientization and revaluation.

The conference was conducted within the radical and liberation dimension. I chose you in the life of the world. A daily Eucharist and three major eucumenical services provided the center of faith that nourished and supported people in their intensity and encouraged a world for all people. The final morning service was spontaneously keynoted by one of the campesinos who had come to the conference in near poverty. A hand full had sold their blood to help the travel expenses of their family. He was climbing on a bus for a three-day ride into his remote diocese in Ecuador—a young organiser as committed as any other. There is an extremely clear fact and truth under God's heaven—People must be and will be Free.

"They call us mad men, yet here we are alive; rendered to be executed before we are sentenced; thought most in the world, we are always re-thought; taken for paupers, yet we make many rich; and for people having nothing we have everything." (St. Paul, Cor. 6:18.)

Hallowing the Earth

P.O. Box 116
Camper, Cal. 95420

Dear Dorothy Day,

Enclosed is a small contribution for this year. Please also enter subscriptions for 1 following for the children and I know the CW will make them know they are not alone. Their concern for the poor throughout the world and they are of heavy heart.

Each issue makes me want to write to you, 1, as well as to do something to share the spirit you represent with others here on the Mendocino Coast. I am a somebody the people don't know; they are afraid of the inherent evil of the profit system, and as a former silversurger am more conscious of the inherent strength of workers working together for change or in the labor movement. Refusing to be (and thus working together) for change, the general strike may be our ultimate struggle. If the world is to be renewed and the spirit of this magazine is to be transmitted, it must be to the people who our interests are the same, and for people who are

(Continued on page 6)

LETTERS

Apartheid

3099 Magnolia Way
Wheat Creek, Cal. 94589

Friends:

Your note on "Operation Manna" in the January Worker led me to send you a copy of a letter I received some months ago.

"I still have the names of a number of families waiting for help. We are already helping many, but there are many more who long for help. I arrived here once you have settled as best you can somewhere else, your next task starts again and you have made your way out of the terror the world knows as Apartheid and therefore must continue to tell the whole world of what you have been able to do.

This is the reason for this letter: In South Africa we see a new system of "concentration" camps. The only difference is that the gas-ovens are absent. But then there is always a method and technique that we can exploit to the utmost. Where there are children and I know the CW will make them know they are not alone. Their concern for the poor throughout the world and they are of heavy heart.

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Jackie Deane
Tivoli: A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWENER

Intimations of Spring trail through March winds, prognosticating daffodils. Cardinals, breaking the stillness with their tachy­turnity, anticipate the melodious antiphon of April. After a mild Winter, grass — in places already resurgent — promotes the Lenten witness to resurrection. Yesterday we lounged on pan-cakes sweetened with maple syrup, sallie­lected from our own trees by Susie, Jack, Jerry, Betty and me. It is our final tolk on God's gifts, is still our first provider, our best gardener.

Nevertheless, Nature is post-Rene, and reminds us that we must make our own gardens if we expect to have enough to eat during the long, trying months that face us. To this end, we are working with intricate footnotes to an ancient text; and with semitic culture and custom (he who “immerses himself” rather than “be baptized” with water which is inconceivable without a life of charity). With which is inconceivable without a life of charity.

During another afternoon’s walk, Joe and I encountered a suburban family from New Hampshire busily pruning the rasp­berry canes, which Fr. Andy usually looks after. They are glad to find so much work done when he returns from his vacation.

Five young women with one of their teachers, Dorothy Albright, from the Montessori School, New Hampshire, have been spending a three-weeks between terms vacation with us. This school, where materials are used in many areas and are particularly enthusiastic about all aspects of organic farming. I hope that their efforts and those of John Filliger — our best and most persevering farmer for so many years — will be rewarded with a truly bountiful harvest.

Clarification

On the first Sunday in March, Ed Turner, who had spoken about Peter Maurin on our regular third Sunday in February, gave a special talk on this theme. He began by saying that the young women of New Hampshire and others who wished to hear him. Among these was Irene Wil­liams, of the Montessori School, Deer­field, Massachusetts, who has been send­ing us ten dollars a month out of her salary for the past several years, and had finally decided to come down and take a turn at work. We enjoyed her visit; appreciate her support, and hope she will return for other visits. Such friends are an integral part of our large Catholic Worker family.

Although Ed, who has spent several years with the Workers, cannot himself not repeat himself, he gave an excellent analysis of Peter’s thought, on — as Helene Iwolsky said, quoting Peter’s own phrase — a real “clarification of thought.” Ed emphasized that Peter Maurin, who came of an ancient French Catholic peasant family, devout most of his ideas from the best (the most radical because truly rooted) Catholic tradition. The Sermon on the Mount was the most important source. After that the Fathers of the Church, the best of St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Francis of Assisi. Peter’s train­ing as a French Christian Brother was particularly rewarding, as he had learned from Catholic thinkers of his own day, especially Poug, Bloy, Mari­

Liberation and BlossoMmg

Religious development very seldom proceeds along a straight, gently ris­ing line. After a person has crossed a certain plateau, he comes to a border, comes up against a wall. For the most of his life he must “jump” this wall, or be trapped in the “unconverted” life. The earnest Christian in particular constantly seeks new ways on which new depths and new heights may be plumbed and taken possession of.

In the particularly noteworthy chapter, “Hesitations To Be Overcome”, Dom Hel­der echoes many of his Latin American contemporaries — some of whom are in prison, some of whom have already given their lives in this work — when he calls not for individual re­forms, not for petty adjustment of griev­ances, but for a general reform of the structures that foster oppression. He says that a person of Peter Maurin’s stamp will not seek to “turn inside out the race, or make a bad thing into a good one.” A person of Peter Maurin’s stamp will not seek to “turn inside out the race, or make a bad thing into a good one.”

This book, slight in size, contains eight photographs which complement the text. These pictures show Dom Helder in his daily ministry to the poor of his diocese in Recife, Brazil.

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The Desert is Fertile


Dom Helder Camara’s most recent book in English, The Desert is Fertile, is a struggle against oppression, slavery, and exploitation. It is an attack on the particular type of oppression faced by women, those of the Third World as well as those of the rich countries, it is rem­iniscent of Pope Paul’s encyclical Pop­ularum Progressio. The theme common to both is that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer, and that the condition that throws fuel into the fur­nace of violence in which violent prayer is met with violent repression by power­ful governments.

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The desert is fertile when peace and justice are not an easy one:

To share the desert with the poor of the Gospel, with the poor of our own day, with those of the Third World as well as those of the rich countries, it is rem­iniscent of Pope Paul’s encyclical Pop­ularum Progressio. The theme common to both is that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer, and that the condition that throws fuel into the fur­nace of violence in which violent prayer is met with violent repression by power­ful governments.

The Desert is Fertile


Dom Helder Camara’s most recent book in English, The Desert is Fertile, is a struggle against oppression, slavery, and exploitation. It is an attack on the particular type of oppression faced by women, those of the Third World as well as those of the rich countries, it is rem­iniscent of Pope Paul’s encyclical Pop­ularum Progressio. The theme common to both is that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer, and that the condition that throws fuel into the fur­nace of violence in which violent prayer is met with violent repression by power­ful governments.

Twilight: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWENER

A new impetus, a rending of the invis­i­ble cords that hold him fast, can save a person of Peter Maurin’s stamp from sliding back again into the “unconverted” life. The earnest Christian in particular constantly seeks new ways on which new depths and new heights may be plumbed and taken possession of.

In the particularly noteworthy chapter, “Hesitations To Be Overcome”, Dom Hel­der echoes many of his Latin American contemporaries — some of whom are in prison, some of whom have already given their lives in this work — when he calls not for individual re­forms, not for petty adjustment of griev­ances, but for a general reform of the structures that foster oppression. He says that a person of Peter Maurin’s stamp will not seek to “turn inside out the race, or make a bad thing into a good one.”

The desert is fertile when peace and justice are not an easy one:

To share the desert with the poor of the Gospel, with the poor of our own day, with those of the Third World as well as those of the rich countries, it is rem­iniscent of Pope Paul’s encyclical Pop­ularum Progressio. The theme common to both is that the rich are getting richer and the poor poorer, and that the condition that throws fuel into the fur­nace of violence in which violent prayer is met with violent repression by power­ful governments.
---running errands, taking people to the train, taking people to visit the sick in the hospital, and even going to a funeral. They are retired college teachers who, since then, have been running The Catholic Worker from time to time whenever someone looked in on a man, not called the ambulance attendants to make him conscious. Marge, a valiant woman in time of crisis, who always does what needs to be done, called the ambulance for her.

We are so isolated from shopping, bus trips, and train travel that our group, and hopefully many others will join their prayers with ours, God will help us find the way to procure one.

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Prayer to Saint Raphael

O RAPHAEL, lead us toward those who are waiting for us, those who are waiting for us, and lead us by the hand towards those we are looking for. May all our movements be guided by your Light and transfigured with your Joy, Angel, guide of Tobias, lay the request we now address to you at the feet of Him on whose unveiled Face you are privileged to gaze. Lonely and tired, crushed by the separations and sorrows of life, we feel the need of you and of pleading for the protection of your wings, so that we may not be as strangers in the province of joy, all ignorant of how to bear member the weight, you who are strong, whose home lies beyond the region of thunder, in a land that is always peaceful, always serene and bright with the resplendent glory of God.

Prayer of Erastus Helio, quoted by Hoyosman

such an accident should befall George. From time to time someone looked in on Tom who seemed to be doing all right. Although he has been much worse and was taken to the emergency ward of the hospital. He was given an injection of a drug to keep him covered and the hospital was badly crowded when he was admitted. Then in the afternoon George Collins, one of our most faithful workers and one whose family was long-time friends through his helpfulness and kindness to others, went for his usual afternoon walk through the woods. On the near edge of the hill he slipped and fell on the ice. Since he could not get up, he crawled to the chicken house area, where someone found him forty-five minutes or so later. A visitor from Indianapolis was up there with a bunch of children, and all who were there discovered he had broken his hip. I can now report that George has been operated on and is recovering. But that Saturday afternoon we were all and that

Farmworker Struggle

(Continued from page 1)

pututs, but subsequent anti-labor amended the law.

Several injunctions have hit the UFW boycott of Gallo wines in California in recent weeks. California is vitally important to the UFW as a large majority of picketers from Mexico who have been striking for three years have claimed priority from me, but some recent game before begging off. That really just about tore me up—'

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Diet and a Hungry Planet

By DAN FLAVIN

(Continued from page 1)

noted in the New York Review of Books, "To put it in grossly simplified terms, (this means) that every pound of steak we eat denies an equal amount of protein to twenty other people.

In the U.S. alone in 1980, 20 million tons of protein from sources that could have been consumed directly by man were used as feed. As the average conversion ratio for all livestock (including dairy cows) is 10 to 1, only 2 million tons of protein were available for human consumption while 18 million (or 90%) were wasted. This amount is equal to the total protein available on earth.

Another way to evaluate this inefficiency is to compare the amount of protein produced by an acre of plants to the amount produced by an acre devoted to livestock. On the average, five acres of crops were set out to produce an acre devoted to meat production, while legumes (peas, beans, lentils) and leafy vegetables can produce ten to fifteen times more protein per acre. For some vegetables the differential is even greater—spinach can yield twenty-six times more usable protein per acre than can beef.

The relationship between agricultural policies in the developed nations create a tremendous misuse of the earth's capacity to nourish. As an official of the U.S. Department of Agriculture put it: "...the billion people in the developed countries use practically none of the international protein resources that are available to the billion people of the developing countries use directly as food" (emphasis added).

The trade relations of the United States with some Third World countries is a further illustration that the world protein deficit results more from political decision-making than from natural distribution. An average of 760,000 tons of corn was shipped to the United States 700,000 tons of high protein fishmeal which was used as feed. This contained enough protein to supply 15 million people—more than the population of Peru. The United States, which is not on the list of countries that are to be fed, sold Peru 28,000 pounds of inedible tallow and grease!

In the Third World the world's productivity takes a different form from the meat-producing pattern of the United States. While the undernourished populations of the developing nations subsist on a far-from-adequate diet of starch and protein, the cultivated land in the developed countries is planted in crops for food at all. Rather, it is planted in "cash crops," that is, in crops which literally grow money for the rich nations. These cash crops (coffee, tea, rubber, cotton, tobacco) are grown by millions of people on their cash crops for survival. Coffee alone is the economic lifeblood of 40 developing nations. It is their chief product and export, yet the population consumes very little of the fruit of its labor.

The New York Times recently reported that coffee is the second most lucrative commodity in the world next to petroleum. Big businesses in the rich nations, which literally grow money for the rich nations. These cash crops (coffee, tea, rubber, cotton, tobacco) are grown by millions of people on their cash crops for survival. Coffee alone is the economic lifeblood of 40 developing nations. It is their chief product and export, yet the population consumes very little of the fruit of its labor.

The New York Times recently reported that coffee is the second most lucrative commodity in the world next to petroleum. Big businesses in the rich nations, which literally grow money for the rich nations.

There is no need to tell anyone that food prices are out of this world. While many people don't know is that the price gap between the farmer and the consumer is from 200% to 500% markup. How can the consumer beat this? One answer could be direct buying from the farmer by the community afffiliating the food-buying club. The food-buying club is necessary because of the purchases made in wholesale quantities, in order to eliminate the 200% to 500% markup. The consumer benefits by paying less.
Notes & Commentary

(Continued from page 7)

again reprints the speech itself. But as with the CONAME publication, "Libera­
tions" adds further commentary on the whole Mideast question by Noam Chom­
sky. Curtis, the company which published my Love which has just now come out in
paper back (Doubleday Books, $1.95). It can be obtained in any paper back store which carries good books. Unfortunately, Curtis, the company which published my three paper backs at the more modern price of $1.25, is not well known. (It had always been my ambition to appear in paper back in bus stations and drug
stores, but I came across my books only in the backs of churches, paper back (Doubleday Books, $1.95). It can be obtained in any paper back store which carries good books. Unfortunately, Curtis, the company which published my three paper backs at the more modern price of $1.25, is not well known. (It had always been my ambition to appear in paper back in bus stations and drug
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Able Nathan has returned to the United States to raise $120,000 to keep the Peace
Ship afloat and broadcasting. The white­
painted red ship is a voice of modern­
tion in the Middle East, broadcasting to
those who were our ancestors, "develop
our own self identity."
The foundation upon which the center stands is the conviction that social justice is obtainable only through radical reor­
ganization of the system of ownership, production and distribution. To achieve
this, West believes, will people must learn to express more, speak, and think in con­
currence with the urban poor, the Indians, the farmworkers, all those who share common imprisonment. The Falk­
fike Center plans to continue with a full schedule of activity this sum­
mer. In the Macedonia, they have taken
first in the Mideast. They have helped en­
lighten and clarify our understanding of Therese, and now our New Eng­
land friend Graham Carey sent us a book Small Is Beautiful by E. F. Schumacher which will be reviewed in a later issue.

Washington I also visited the Franc­
ciscan Monastery, to see our old friend Fr. Kevin Mooney, who with his brother Fr. Denia spent last summer in East. I visited Fr. Denia's grave there, re­
membering gratefully the retreats he gave us in Jesuit center which is only a few
miles from Theresian, and then our new Old Eng­
land friend Graham Carey sent us a book Small Is Beautiful by E. F. Schumacher which will be reviewed in a later issue.

In accordance with Peter Maurin's statement, "You cannot look to the back of the village which the Abbot himself served us in
Tivoli, one hour away.

I visited my daugh­
ter's house, the Scorpas, who have lived there for years (though Arthur did a lot of wan­
ting and Retarded. To include the spect. She is mother of a large family and has always had aged relatives in her home. There is peace and quiet there. I admire the commitment of the monastic life of the Re­
ligion of the University, and then went by bus to Saranota where our old dear de­
scended five months of the year.

On November 17, Arthur Sheehan ran the Boston House of Hospitality for many
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scended five months of the year.

The next day another bus ride took me through Danville to Durham where I was met by Sue Dodd, whose aunt, Anna Dodd Price, is a close friend of mine. We went to Conyers, Georgia to visit the Trappists where I spoke to the monks and ex­
pressed our great gratitude to the Abbe­
for all he had done for our former asso­
ci ate editor, Jack English, who joined the order when he returned from World War II.
The next morning, after a breakfast which the Abbot himself served us in
the women's guest house near a little
lake, we set out for Atlanta where Sue­
wanted to visit the Visitation nuns who had been her teachers in Kentucky. Their order was started by one of my favorite saints, Francis de Sales. His writings nourished me in the early days of my conversion. It is a very severe, disciplined order, or perhaps I should say that this foundation of the order is living a life of real poverty and prayer in the heart of Atlanta, in very confined quarters.

Parting with Sue, I took a bus for Tal­
halasse where I visited Dr. William Mil­
er, who wrote A Harsh and Dreadful Love which has just now come out in paper back (Doubledub Books, $.85). It can be obtained in any paper back store which carries good books. Unfortunately, Curtis, the company which published my three paper backs at the more modern price of $1.25, is not well known. (It had always been my ambition to appear in paper back in bus stations and drug
stores, but I came across my books only
in the backs of churches.

I have gone home from the South in time to fill an engagement at Vassar where a
goodly crowd of students listened to me talk about the possibility of peace in the Mideast which is still going on, with the famous Indian just this country, Danilo Dolci in Sicily, Vincent Biau in India—all non-violent. Their work and life style is practically a school of non­
violence for us to study.

The very idea and work towards an alternative to nationalistic life is also a vital part of the peace movement which is still going on, with the famous Indian just this country, Danilo Dolci in Sicily, Vincent Biau in India—all non-violent. Their work and life style is practically a school of non­
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