SEGREGATION ON WAY OUT IN CHICAGO

By JOHN DOEBLE

TWO recent judicial opinions, issued under the strictest of constitutional oaths, are designed to bring about a contract of 32 property-owners that they and their successors will not sell houses to Negroes would seem to stand on much the same footing as a contract of 32 grocers that they and successors will not sell bread to Negroes.

The Committee on Negro Housing of the President's Conference on Home Ownership and Home Building said in its Report in 1937 that one of the cardinal questions, the Negro-occupied sections of cities, is the issue of the fatality of a wormed house, a menace to the health, morals and general decency of cities, and the city's moral and financial prosperity, a plague spot for race exploitation, a menace, it seems clear, as an original question as to the course of the law that in the black section.

The President's Conference, said Justice Henry Edgerton of the United States Court of Appeals, that the Negro-occupied sections of cities are generally inhabited by the low and unworthy, the underprivileged classes, the lowest of the citizenry, the worst sections of many American cities, and they and their successors, may soon crumble.

The influx of Negroes into urban communities in response to the increasing demands of industry for labor, together with race segregation . . . have made it impossible for many Negroes to get homes in any of the central centers of population . . . Negroes migrating into urban communities have found barriers at every turn . . . the choice lies between the Negro migrating into the city, or the Negro being cut off from the rest of the urban Negro districts . . .

The retreats to come are those of Fr. Dominic Frenkel, of New York—August 8th; Father Meenan, of Pittsburgh—August 18th, and Fr. Ehrmann, of Rochester—August 31.

Many of the retreatants come early and stay late, and a number are coming back to spend the rest of the summer, to help prepare the place for the retreats to come. Cecilia H, and Mildred Petry both have given their summer to the work. We now have upper and lower dormitories in the barn for women. We have made a private room for Peter Maurin, who was sleeping in the dormitory. We have put the men in the stone house, the families who came in the St. Lawrence room and priests in St. Martha, which used to be the kitchen of the stone house. Even the attic, with all the holes in the slat roof through which you could see the sky, has been made into a sewing room and extra dormitory for us. Such a thing as this has never been done as Maryfarm has never seen before. We have had enough help so that we could turn the collars of all the men's shirts and mend the holes in garments of us all, Altar linen never has been so spotless, tables and altar decorated so beautifully. We can see now how much is accomplished by monasteries and convents. We, too, have bell ringers, bread makers, table setters, gardeners, readers for the table, berry pickers, as well as cooks, dishwashers and clothewashers. How wonderful it is to be able to turn out a five course dinner for few do not have to do it all. It is more tranquil, and to learn this joy is part of the retreat. A philosophy of labor means taking joy in one's work, and recognizing that it is not a thing as a Catholic position. The rest of the summer, to help prepare the place for the retreats to come.

As I left the farm the other day, Mary Precon, head of the Harrisburg house, was creating a garden where there had been only land before.

Our retreats are tastes of heaven, samples of living close to God, of knowing the Almighty, of the mutual love of the brotherhood, of the collaboration of all sorts of tasks, gardening, could see the sky, has been made into a sewing room and extra dormitory for us. Such sewing has been done as Maryfarm has never seen before. We have had enough help so that we could turn the collars of all the men's shirts and mend the holes in garments of us all, Altar linen never has been so spotless, tables and altar decorated so beautifully. We can see now how much is accomplished by monasteries and convents. We, too, have bell ringers, bread makers, table setters, gardeners, readers for the table, berry pickers, as well as cooks, dishwashers and clothewashers. How wonderful it is to be able to turn out a five course dinner for few do not have to do it all. It is more tranquil, and to learn this joy is part of the retreat. A philosophy of labor means taking joy in one's work, and recognizing that it is not a thing as a Catholic position. The rest of the summer, to help prepare the place for the retreats to come.

As I left the farm the other day, Mary Precon, head of the Harrisburg house, was creating a garden where there had been only land before.

Our retreats are tastes of heaven, samples of living close to God, of knowing the Almighty, of the mutual love of the brotherhood, of the collaboration of all sorts of tasks, gardening, could see the sky, has been made into a sewing room and extra dormitory for us. Such sewing has been done as Maryfarm has never seen before. We have had enough help so that we could turn the collars of all the men's shirts and mend the holes in garments of us all, Altar linen never has been so spotless, tables and altar decorated so beautifully. We can see now how much is accomplished by monasteries and convents. We, too, have bell ringers, bread makers, table setters, gardeners, readers for the table, berry pickers, as well as cooks, dishwashers and clothewashers. How wonderful it is to be able to turn out a five course dinner for few do not have to do it all. It is more tranquil, and to learn this joy is part of the retreat. A philosophy of labor means taking joy in one's work, and recognizing that it is not a thing as a Catholic position. The rest of the summer, to help prepare the place for the retreats to come.

As I left the farm the other day, Mary Precon, head of the Harrisburg house, was creating a garden where there had been only land before.

Our retreats are tastes of heaven, samples of living close to God, of knowing the Almighty, of the mutual love of the brotherhood, of the collaboration of all sorts of tasks, gardening, could see the sky, has been made into a sewing room and extra dormitory for us. Such sewing has been done as Maryfarm has never seen before. We have had enough help so that we could turn the collars of all the men's shirts and mend the holes in garments of us all, Altar linen never has been so spotless, tables and altar decorated so beautifully. We can see now how much is accomplished by monasteries and convents. We, too, have bell ringers, bread makers, table setters, gardeners, readers for the table, berry pickers, as well as cooks, dishwashers and clothewashers. How wonderful it is to be able to turn out a five course dinner for few do not have to do it all. It is more tranquil, and to learn this joy is part of the retreat. A philosophy of labor means taking joy in one's work, and recognizing that it is not a thing as a Catholic position. The rest of the summer, to help prepare the place for the retreats to come.
Gospel of Peace
By Fr. J. J. Hugo
Now Available

A new book, page bound, 132 pages in length, with illustrations, by Rev. John J. Hugo and Rev. Cathe, is now available for our readers. Send your order now and have this book in your hands.

Dear Fr. Hugo,

Please send me a copy of your new book, "Gospel of Peace." I am very interested in reading it.

Sincerely,

[Name]

Notes by the Way

(Continued from page 1)

Her six children have meals right now and women in the hills made sawing Quincy. The oldest is seven. What vigils young workers must must on fasting! Some of the retreating fathers are staying and are waiting for them to go beyond the household for a few days.

In coming in the darkness train I write these notes; first there are hills, then there are patches of them, haying, wheat ripening. Then little towns and suburbs of rigger with little homes with grape leaves and goats and children are sitting outside under the trees.

Then the hell and the red riders are industrial plants, and the countryside laid waste. How can we be that we are not ashamed of this ghastly disaster? I forgot to mention that there is a new morning, the last day of the real white dove in the Catholic system, and this, I love it made us very happy.

Today, two FBI men came in to see Fr. Duffy about a draft evader. He was talking to him on a number of occasions. Why he is taking this, it is the last place that he would hang out, with us fighting conscription articles on its immorality, etc.

These two agents, a Mr. Seecor, used first a bullying tone, then he went to ridiculed and then threats, trying to make Father Duffy promise that he would not be a draft evader; and all across the young man they were looking for, a man from the FBI came in to interview us but none so stopped in their behalf and that, I think, is what makes us very happy.

This evening Boris, a Russian boy from the U.S. who was being dropped in since the sea is arraigned and the beginning of the war, he made our insurance beneficiary, and then he said to them: "I have been on a trip, bringing home ribbons and apples and he was under fire in the Atlantic, Pacific, Mediterranean and all the seven ages, wherever they may be.

July 21

Reading Raisin Marriott's "Adventures in Grace" and was much interested in reading of Pere Clerissi's spiritual direction. He has done a great deal of writing on the subject of primitive Christianity and the works of the early Fathers. He was reading St. John of the Cross at the Cross, a little, the most, but the beginning of the war, he made us his insurance beneficiary, and so he said: "I have been on a trip, bringing home ribbons and apples and he was under fire in the Atlantic, Pacific, Mediterranean and all the seven ages, wherever they may be."

July 24

Food in the Vineyard

By James Morgan

Weap onS of the Spirit

Applied Christianity

Gospel of Peace

All by Fr. John J. Hugo

Price—what you will.

In connection with this writing:

Spiritual Reading

Is the Oil

That Keeps the Lamp Burning

FOOD FOR THE SOUL

In the Vineyard

Weapons of the Spirit

Applied Christianity

Gospel of Peace

All by Fr. John J. Hugo

Price—what you will.

In connection with this writing:

Spiritual Reading

Is the Oil

That Keeps the Lamp Burning

by James Morgan

This is the Bread of Peace we come to seek, Food of the angels at the altar rail.

Dissolved in veins of wheat! He gives the meek Himself, what other king has so far trail

A garment of concern for the world is this but one instance of using the talents and abilities that God has given to each one of us.

And for us, any of us to have security when God's poor are suffering? What right have I to sleep in a comfort-

able bed when so many are sleeping in the shadows of build-

ings high in this neighborhood of The Catholic Worker office? What right have we to food when many are hungry,

or to luxury when so many are in concentration camps?

St. Thomas says, "Those of perfection are consid-

ered in themselves, expeditious for everybody," and he ad-

dresses, "but owing to the varying dispositions of people,

there is no certain indication because their inclinations do not tend in that direction.

But to those in whose minds these questions are stirring there are those who will hear my voice.

"Today if you shall hear my voice, harden not your hearts."
GERMANY
(Continued from page 1)
...by which the power and influence of the 'bourgeoisie' which, from within and without, has long been patrolling the borders flat to the ground. Instead of rubbing shoulders with that highly productive and untouchable in the process, we should, those of us who care to think about all men as our neighbors, engage in a political campaign to gain the unique opportunity which theirs and to help them realize its wonderful possibilities.

To The Land and The Guilds
The Germans going back to the land and to a peasant, individual and work-in-owner, is more important than for them, is more important than the money bags of industrialism and its virtues of modern "science," and its advantages of the progress of the nation.

HOME AGAIN
(Continued from page 1)
however, as soon as he is re­leased from the hospital.

Right Larrimore, former head of the group of Annapolis, Maryland, Lincoln Brigade, who joined the American army in November 1917, and who was wounded in the field, returned to the United States.

John Gizens, formerly of the Beatle group of friends of the units of the 27th Infantry, and now a war correspondent for the Baltimore Sun and the Claremont Observer, has returned to this country after a year in the army. He is now living in New York City, and will soon be back in Baltimore.

Margaret Seabrook, daughter of a Baltimore household, has been working for the British Red Cross in France, and will return to her home town in the near future.

VIOLENCE and the intellectual climate, especially in the intellectual circles of Baltimore, are not very encouraging for the social reformer.

THE WAY OF ESCAPE
A social and economic necessity is a great cornerstone—can make a virtue of necessity and dis­credit for all of us the industrialists...a (Continued from page 1)

SERVICE STATE
(Continued from page 1)
form in which they have only one or two representatives in the government, it will develop in a form that...will become widespread during the time of the Social Democratic Party.

As Kahn (3) points out, the result of unofficial segregation in the courts is that they will do more to produce the climate (Continued on page 6)

Segregation Doomed?
(Continued from page 1)
form in which they have only one or two representatives in the government, it will develop in a form that...will become widespread during the time of the Social Democratic Party.

As Kahn (3) points out, the result of unofficial segregation in the courts is that they will do more to produce the climate (Continued on page 6)

Segregation Doomed?
(Continued from page 1)
form in which they have only one or two representatives in the government, it will develop in a form that...will become widespread during the time of the Social Democratic Party.

As Kahn (3) points out, the result of unofficial segregation in the courts is that they will do more to produce the climate (Continued on page 6)

Segregation Doomed?
(Continued from page 1)
form in which they have only one or two representatives in the government, it will develop in a form that...will become widespread during the time of the Social Democratic Party.

As Kahn (3) points out, the result of unofficial segregation in the courts is that they will do more to produce the climate (Continued on page 6)

Segregation Doomed?
A Loaf for Dad
By JOAN QUILTY

I DIDN'T remember till I got home that mother had told me to bring a loaf of bread when I came back from the playground.

Weirdly enough, the outside of the grocery store was a car stopping at the curb. A colored man and woman were helping a real bent little old colored woman out of the car. I stopped to wave and discovered that she had never come to our town.

There was a little boy in a blue suit, as big as my brother Punkey, who is three and a half. This little boy had had like Funky; he kept running around and around his mother and father. The old colored woman walked behind him.

They went into David's Son Restaurant next door to Joe's Market. It looked nice and cool and dark through the window.

I waited. Sure enough— they came out again right away. I could have told them.

Before mother sent me back downtown she had opened the ice box door and given me a glass of lemonade that she had made herself. The pitcher was frosted white. Then she wiped her face with a cold wet washcloth and told me to stay in the shade. It was an awful hot day.

It's three blocks downtown. We have churches which are filled with stores. That's downtown. I didn't care that I had to go back, because under the trees all the way down it is like walking through a cool dark tunnel. I like to go through our park—that's where our playground sunday-school is—because the grass smells cool and greenish.

The trees here are the tallest and blackest in town.

My father just can't eat a meal without bread. No, he just can't. He says so himself. It was ten minutes before eight; when the church tower clock said. St. Peter and Paul Church is before you get to the park. And it is the biggest church in town, all brick.

My father was about a block from us; we little town, we have one of the handsomest churches in the Archdiocese of Chicago.

The Catholic School is the biggest school in town, because most everybody in our town is Catholic.

I'd know when it was twelve because the factory gives a little whistle. And where my father would rush right home!

I ran down the slanting sidewalk in the sunlight. It's hot downtown because there aren't any trees. It felt like when I go down into the basement to help father in the wintertime, he throws open the furnace door and the heat seems to want to swallow you up.

It made me feel sort of sick. Running across the street, the sun was like a hot hand pressing on my back.

When I finally opened the door of Joe's Market, sweat prickles were making my hair sticky. I was hot, and cool inside.

I watched the colored man and woman help the bent old lady back into the car. Then the man went over to Wilson's Restaurant, and the Tea Shoppe down the street. Finally he went into the Jew. He came out with a loaf of bread, a bag of something and a cardon.

The little boy who had been climbing around on the front seat of the car sat down and began to eat the bread in some form or other ever since the sons of Adam learned that all their necessities of life were from God. Its significance was more than that. The holy temple of the Jews built under God's most holy presence, in My sight always. Moses, "And I will dwell in the midst of them." And in this, the first temple of the Jews was begun. The old Testament instructions, what was to be placed there, in the Holy Place? Bread was to be placed there.

"You shall take fine flour and shall bake twelve loaves thereof, and thou shalt set them six and six, one against another upon the table of the Lord."}

Nothing was too fine, or too beautiful or too rare, for this tabernacle in the wilderness. Built of wood that was reputed incorruptible, every wooden surface overlaid with beaten gold, every vessel in it solid gold, yet in it was bread, the humblest commonest thing in the world. It was understandable that the innermost recesses of the tabernacle should house the tablets of the law, the miraculous rod that had blossomed, and a dish of the manna which Moses had fallen from the sky. But was bread also miraculous, that it should be set beside the golden candlestick with its seven lamps, beside the golden altar, where "the clearest incense" glorified "Thou shalt set upon the tables leaves of proposition, in my sight always." It may have been thought by the men who built the temple that bread was there merely as a sign...
CULTURE:

St. Benedict Manasseri

By JULIA PORCELLI

JUST recently I met a famous person, a real hero from my promised to free their first child—Manasseri—which was the name of the man who owned Benedict, Benedict was a slave from Ethiopia.

Benedict’s parents, Dionisio and Daina, had been a slave, but had been freed by her master, who gave up his wealth and position to become a hermit. Both Christopher and Daina were Christians, and the holy family of Christ lived in a pure and holy manner. When I met Manasseri in the pages of a pamphlet entitled “Race and Grace,” I was just a child of the world, but we are very good friends for many reasons, one of them being that they grew their own grapes and carried them home. They walked by. They grew their own food, milked their goats, owned their own property, and casually picked figs from the trees as they walked by.

I never knew Benedict till this spring, but we are very good friends for many reasons. One of them is that he is a family saint, bearing one of our family’s names—Manasser—which was the name of the man who owned Christopher, Benedict’s father. I am a slave from Ethiopia.

Benedict was born in Ethiopia, but he was not a Moor, as there is a confusion between the two groups.

Even though many thought him holy, he was pronounced a heretic and sentenced to death. In 1600, he was martyred. His name is not well known.

Even though many thought him holy, he was pronounced a heretic and sentenced to death. In 1600, he was martyred. His name is not well known.

Even though many thought him holy, he was pronounced a heretic and sentenced to death. In 1600, he was martyred. His name is not well known.

Even though many thought him holy, he was pronounced a heretic and sentenced to death. In 1600, he was martyred. His name is not well known.

Even though many thought him holy, he was pronounced a heretic and sentenced to death. In 1600, he was martyred. His name is not well known.
Forests of the Sierra Madres. you mentioned that Thursday we listed in some private interest, tions of 1860, 1912, 1916, 1928 . and
smoke-jumper C.P.S. un it at life. I'm not unsympathetic to inarit:" (Webste.r's Collegiate o ur government and armed edge that the emergency CD.C.
Mhes from the small town of things new to a city dweller . And branch
spoke and ucbanged greetings! were soldiers left that type of amendment o11 refinement in 'ty," the. result is misdirection A11 _d _ he quoted approvin!!ly an T. ·
in the mountains.

As yet I have not been out on a in the Catholic Worker , if that's and endeavor which ignores discussion, esp e c
approved promptly, ing yourself on them."
Voluntary Poverty

...(Continued from page 3)

(For God is love.)

Voluntary Poverty

(From page 4)

God, and twice put to pel. "good will to be Christ's disciples Christ, the Author of the Gos- leen know that pERSISTENT, though well-meant and voluntary. and honest desires of evens, and without that penetrate to the roup and the events, and without now leions, says Joergensen, to force upon her a poor capital, that out every man between 16 and 19, to pa. ticipate in the cen- tury and honest desires of put up the sword," or at least "to Goo" as unto His Word cloak an d oath ... then we are "suffer wrong," but "vindic- ate" and the entailed war-faring. Really "to Good" was a story to tell to the wishful speculative ill'llSion. Gandhi cap, and must have ap- peared unusual to several. Several readers of his works were at home with him. All Indians were poor, and not one baid-handied Indian was to be seen. The older men were hairless and naked from the back. The younger wore white leggings and kilts up to the waist, and bright yellow. The women wore gaily coloured shirts. The children were barefooted. they are at the home of cousins of Lita who had met before. A look at the very camp passed the water was running well in the orchard and proved a good bowl of rice and vegetables. The Indians are known to be enemies of the living, but the sun. As Joe was by himself in the dairy house, he was now evening and a good time to put in writing my experiences of Friday evening. The gathering of the orchard and culti- vating the garden next day could erase some of the incidents from my memory.

AMMON HENNYC

For Thoughtful
Comment on
Public Affairs Read

THE COMMONWEAL

The Commonweal

386 4th Ave. N. Y. 16, N. Y.

$5 a year 10 cts. a copy

For Ammon Among the Indians

(Continued from page 3)

Dinner: Next it was washed and they in- troduced to eat with them. Peas, with a side dish of chili which made the tears come to my eye and my mouth burn; bread baked and made on the porch. Corn grew knee high in the patio, and rabbits and ducks were in plenty. We lived like a pig together. I had brought the wishful speculative ill'llSion that we had gathered in the orchard that morning, and I smelled it cooking. Some of the Sisk transmitter did not ap- pear. He greeted me cordially. A little more than two years ago, I turned, after being explicitly stating that I was a Catholic, to the fold of the Catholic Worker, and had mailed him several copies. He knew the truth about me. I saw him and was in favor of collaboration. He felt that we had taken land away from Hutter and given it to Stalin, and remarked that Stalin had not used the wholesale slaughter that the establishment had in store, but building good-will for the institution of Roosevelt. I had been denounced the race hatreds which were a part of western soc- iety, and I turned, after being re- marked that, as in the last war, the term "conscientious objector" had not been touched, while hundreds of thousands of conscientious objectors, those whom I gave a copy of the Con- scientious objector, which he had not seen before.

Homebound

On the way home through the pueblo toward home several children, who had re- masked my white attire and waved to me. A jeep full of guards from the pueblo to the pueblo, and one of them who knew where I was going. They looked down there. They had often met me as I had passed their camp on my way to the day mornings. Near me I seasoning the laundry, and took in the home of cousins of Lita who had met before. A look at the very camp passed the water was running well in the orchard and proved a good bowl of rice and vegetables. The Indians are known to be enemies of the living, but the sun. As Joe was by himself in the dairy house, he was now evening and a good time to put in writing my experiences of Friday evening. The gathering of the orchard and culti- vating the garden next day could erase some of the incidents from my memory.

AMMON HENNYC

BOOKS FOR THE TIMES

This Way Out ... 20c

A Form in Ireland ... 35c

It Happened in Ireland ... 35c

All Three by F. C. Ralph

Parish Credit Unions. 10c

15 NOVEMBER 2012

THE CHRISTIAN

115 MIOTT STREET

NEW YORK 13, N. Y.
The Belgian Jocists During the War

By R. KOTHEH

1945, of the two founders of the JOC—the first collaborators of Father Joseph in 1919—Femand Tunnet and Paul Garret. One day the history of the Resistance movement began.

And now, once more, the move­

ment moves on. This time the best are taken in the army and it is a new difficulty.

The first consequence was that a great number of the best leaders—"prisoners" in Germany. Among them was the chairman of the JOC in Belgium, who re­
mained there fifteen years.

But the Jocists, who were myself, the refugees, to France, and amongst them, the refugees, to France, the war, and others from the Gestapo H. "groups of workers gathered, silently, round a curate to study and pray.

But here again a very great number of priests, and so it is, take as slaves in Germany for foreign places, a new and big obstacle for the movement of the JOC in Belgium.

But the Jocists in Belgium found out, as constantly, as the Jocists of France and other occupied countries, and with some clothes, the kind of German and elsewhere started new sections. It seems that more than eight hundred Jocist sections were created in Germany. This was done in order to be prohibited.

More than two hundred of the leaders were then sent from the German factories to the desert groups. And now there are a few of those leaders back in Belgium, and the JOC go back in Germany to do their work and live amongst the young workers.

In Belgium, the movement was pursued by Cardinal, his assistant chaplains Father Naugus, and Father Garret, who put into prison—all the charge that the movement would have to be "specific" charge. They remained for four months in prison and then were freed.

Canon Cardijn had to be ar­rested and imprisoned, as a com­munist, in the Belgian liberation at Brussels (September 2, 1944) but he managed to escape.

A lot of priests and leaders all over Belgium had some trouble with the Germans.

I, myself, have had many times to put up with the enemy at Feldgendarmerie, and at Ester, 1944, in the British tribunal in Brussels. But with a great deal of courage and grace—I have never had a very great trouble with the Germans.

As a result, many chaplains and leaders had an active part in the armed forces, many were shot or thrown in concentration camps.

The first chaplain to be shot was Father Pickett, federal chaplain of the JOC of Liege, who was shot, the day of the Peace of Christ The King, 1942. Others followed.

And now we have just heard of the death in Buchen in January,

Notes By the Way

(Continued from page 3)

sleek face and the tiny little kid stood at the door looking in at the bonfire. He was, they thought, a great debt of gratitude to that to our gratitude. For, to be frank, wood, which cost only $1.80 to spin. With the three additional women, we worked quite a bit of cloth. We have not done this all by ourselves. For instance, the weaving for some small ob­ligences of the war.

JOC in France

I am now just coming back from a journey through Belgium. One day he washed down a cliff and six people killed. Our own wheat crop of the pastures was cut, and tomatoes for spil­led with a loss of some 600 francs. In 1941 Cardinal Loubard has gathered round the Bishop of Liege, who is the "La Mission de Paris."

And the chaplains of the JOC at the present time are the "La Mission de Paris."

These are publishing a weekly called "La Mission de Paris." These are publishing a weekly called "La Mission de Paris." The religious orders are doing a far more important work. A parallel details that the red "Seminaria de la Mission de Paris" has been taken over by the "Seminaria de la Mission de Paris." And the chaplains of the JOC are now located in the "Seminaria de la Mission de Paris."

But in all parishes small groups of workers gathered, silently, round a curate to study and pray.

Mott Street Again

Up at 6:00 and down to St. Anthony's, one of those places, which Magin, Nelson says. He was cut up every morning. Then a leisurely walk through Columbus Square and then straight up to 115th Street. They arrive at their destination.

Kotien, Monastere De La Visitation

An Invitation

Dear Friends:

Ever since reading Catherine de Sore doubly's article in the Catholic Worker (April) on "A PILGRIMAGE, I have been thinking over and over again, how great a sacrifice she lived in Christian Russia, and how she greatly aided the cause of peace. Now I am thinking is the idea of pilgrimage that they are opening Friendship House for the pilgrims of America and of Europe.

Would you like to join us on one of the pilgrimage tours? We have a simple breakfast at Friendship House, and then walk to the fields. The members of the group go back to Mulberry once a week.

Every year on the eve of the feast of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, and of St. Joseph, the Italian parishes in all five bor­

Parable of Bread

(Continued from page 4)

nary human being could feel at home in the sea-deeps. The grain in the field is the bread of those who have followed the process from the sun to the earth and to the serving of the loaves, which will never again be common installations. For them, young women, eager to share as lay apostles in the work of redemption, the par­table of bread holds the secret of Christ's apostolate and their own.

St. Benedict

(Continued from page 5)

ning all the community an exam­ple of how to live. He also gave orders to the porter never to let in any one who had empty hands, and the provi­tion of God rewarded him by power and strength, so that he was left insensible masses. Benedict would always throw away even scraps of food, but would allow them to be saved for the poor.

Once the cleaning brothers did not dare to be sure, Benedict grabbed the brush with both hands, washed them in the water, and again to us for the love of God." The broth­ers, also, prostrated themselves and begged his pardon, and never again did this happen.

St. Thomas Aquinas said he learned more by prayer than he did by study, and this is the only way Benedict learned anything, for he never went to school. Yet learned priests and theologians came to him for advice on difficult matters in the Scriptures and left, amazed at his replies. The Archbishop of Palermo and Vice-roy of Sicily also came to him for advice. Today, with all the modern criticisms and study, and write, has holiness increased? This is a matter of great importance. The world knew of their truly successful in it, who have been driven to heaven, they would have the pleasure of becoming saints. Certainly if we lived in a world in which we were to be hating race, lynching and oppression.

He is in patron of farmers, saved fields from insecta, winds and bad weather by extending his hand over them in prayer and supp­loring them with holy water. All his life he filled tilled his fields, and his blessing increased fertility and man and his wife.

Benedict prayed for slaves who were converted to a respect for si­
c, and I am sure we will be able to do the same thing again, by the de­scendants of those slaves. The Church is happy to remind all their work because they have no favors among the races.

At the end of the year and on April 4, 1890, saying "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend myself. It is to think that Benedict spoke the same dialect in India when he was a young man and his mother can only speak.

He grew in these days of racial, national and similar unworthy prejudices, and not only the very few, those in the world, but Christ, the pure, real brotherhood on earth which is the fulfillment of the true share the taste of the eternal brotherhood of heaven."