

CATHOLIC WORKER



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Price One Cent

Freedom On the Land

By Peter Kropotkin
Arranged by Peter Maurin

Such Farmer, Such Land

1. I once took a knapsack and went on foot out of London through Sussex.
2. In the Weald I could walk for twenty miles without crossing anything but heath or woodlands rented as pheasant-shooting grounds to "London gentlemen" as laborers said.
3. Ungrateful soil, was my first thought but then I would come occasionally to a farm at the crossing of two roads and see the same soil bearing a rich crop.
4. My next thought was as the Master, so the Land—"Tel seigneur, telle terre," as the French peasants say.

The Most Fertile Lands

1. In England, thousands of acres which only need human hands to become a source of golden crops lie idle, and they say to us, "Heavy clay."

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As You Sow—

The *New York Times* of April 17 began a dispatch of the same date from Guam thus: "Fire-blackened and burning Tokyo is emerging today from a week-end of misery and horror visited on that crowded, inflammable metropolis by incendiary-laden super-fortresses and long-range fighters . . . it is estimated that 17,650 acres of the Tokyo industrial area was in gutted, smoldering ruins. This amounts to 27.5 square miles . . . for three days or longer, the fires have raged out of control in many localities, through tinders, jam-packed 'shadow factories' where Tokyo's millions do piece-work for the Japanese war machine . . . a staff officer said that not even in Europe had the reduction of a city proceeded so swiftly."

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

But I say to you that hear: Love your enemies. Do good to them that hate you.

Bless them that curse you and pray for them that calumniate you. . . . And as you would that men should do to you, do you also to them in like manner. And if you love them that love you, what thanks are to you? For sinners also love those that love them. And if you do good to them who do good to you, what thanks are to you? For sinners also do this. . . . But love ye your enemies; do good, and lend, hoping for nothing thereby: and your reward shall be great, and you shall be the sons of the Highest. For He is kind to the unthankful and to the evil. Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.

Judge not and you shall not be judged. Condemn not and you shall not be condemned. Forgive and you shall be forgiven.

Give and it shall be given to you: good measure and pressed down and shaken together and running over shall they give into your bosom. For with the same measure that you shall mete withal, it shall be measured to you again.

And He spoke also to them a similitude: Can the blind lead the blind? Do they not both fall into the ditch? . . .

And why seest thou the mote in thy brother's eye: but the beam that is in thy own eye thou considerest not?

Or how canst thou say to thy brother: Brother, let me pull the mote out of thy eye, when thou thyself seest not the beam in thy own eye? Hypocrite, cast first the beam out of thy own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to take the mote from thy brother's eye. . . .

And why call you me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? . . .

But he that heareth and doth not is like to a man building his house upon the earth without a foundation: against which the stream beat vehemently. And immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great. (Luke VI, 27-49.)



You Will Reap!

PM on April 22 reported in a dispatch carrying the dateline, "With 5th Army in Italy, April 21"; "Censorship was lifted yesterday in Italy about a new weapon that was secret when it was first used last Summer (sic!) and has been doing valuable and unpublicized work ever since. It is a fire bomb that is practically impossible to extinguish. It is especially effective against men dug into bombproof positions because it is a kind of flaming jelly that runs down into holes and burns them alive." A note from the editor of PM follows: "These are the bombs used to burn out great sections of Tokyo."

DAY BY DAY

A cold, rainy May, and now June is beginning the same way. Coats and sweaters are still necessary. The men that come in on the line need shoes and socks, coats and shirts. Not many clothes coming in right now. The last two days it has rained. I asked one young fellow how he got that way, and he said he had missed his ship, been "rolled," had slept in doorways and eaten on the "line" while waiting for his ship to come back to port. Every day those come in who have fallen among thieves and been robbed. Some with cracked heads, with black eyes, some with hospital pallor.

On the farm visitors begin to come over week-ends, and during the week. There are two long tables in the long dining room under the barn which we have turned into chapel and dormitories and Hans presides over the tables. Planting, building, a general clean-up goes on all the time. Always plenty of work to be done. But the physical work is a relief after seeing many people at Mott street, after the desk work, the din of the telephone, the many sad and woe-

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Pope Pius XII Speaks

AS we very gratefully acknowledge, venerable brethren, the good wishes which the venerable and beloved dean of the Sacred College has offered to us on your behalf, our thoughts bring us back to this day six years ago when you offered your congratulations on our feast day for the first time after we, though unworthy, had been raised to the See of Peter.

The world was then still at peace: but what a peace and how very precarious!

With a heart full of anguish, perplexed, praying, we bent over that peace like one that assists a dying man and fights obstinately to save him from death even when all hope is gone.

The message which we then addressed to you reflected our sorrowful apprehension that the conflict which was ever growing more menacing would break out—a conflict whose extent and duration nobody could foresee. The subsequent march of events has not only justified all too clearly our saddest premonitions but has far surpassed them.

Today, after six years, the fratricidal struggle has ended, at least in one section of this war-torn world. It is a peace—if you can call it such—as yet very fragile, which cannot endure or be consolidated except by expending on it the most assiduous care; a peace whose maintenance imposes on the whole church, both pastor and faithful, grave and very delicate duties; patient prudence, courageous fidelity, the spirit of sacrifice!

All are called upon to devote themselves to it, each in his own office and at his own place. Nobody can bring to this task too much anxiety or zeal. As to us and our apostolic ministry, we well know, venerable brethren, that we can safely count on your sage collaboration, your unceasing prayers, your steadfast devotion.

[Here the first half of the Holy Father's speech deals with the history of the church's struggle against Nazism. Then he continues with warning, with hope and with a plea for prayer.]

A hard-learned lesson surely, that of these past years! God

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Peace Now with Japan!

ACCORDING to reliable authorities, peace proposals have recently come from Japan. They have been discussed by reputable reporters in two Washington newspapers. They have, according to the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom, been checked and rechecked with Government officials who admitted that these proposals had been made.

Opinion in the government seems to be divided between two courses of action. On the one hand, there are those who say we should explore these proposals and come to some kind of terms with Japan. On the other hand there are the advocates of unconditional surrender who contend we must invade Japan, force the Japanese into abject humiliation and submission to any kind of terms we may care to dictate to them, beat them and their industries and cities to the ground, burn and destroy everything and everybody in Japan.

That vindictive course is sheer paganism prompted by God alone knows what kind of mentality or reason. There are those who say that it is prompted not merely by hatred, vindictiveness and blood lust, but by greed and trade lust. Irrespective of what the motives are, there are a lot of human beings, including the sons of American mothers, being needlessly sacrificed for the satisfaction of the vicious personal desires and whims, the pride and the ruthlessness, of men of hatred and violence.

There are many people who do not approve of this un-Christian, in fact anti-Christian, desire for destruction, humiliation and revenge. They are not and have not been vocal, due largely to the intimidating and smearing tactics used by the disciples of violence and hate to silence them. As a result Christian ideas have apparently all but disappeared from the American scene. There are few brave enough even to mention them in case they might be called names. The pagans and the men who sow hatred and advocate violence are in control. At any rate they control the communications.

Isn't it time for the people who believe in Christ's teachings to stand by those teachings and to refuse to be intimidated or scared by anyone? Isn't it time to practice those teachings, or do we really believe in them or think them or their Author worthy of following?

Are we Christians, or just hypocrites and cowards?

Let us read the Sermon on the Mount, and particularly that

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And Now June

SUDDENLY the sun is out. After a week of constant drizzle and overhanging clouds, the air is clear again. The oppression which has been hanging over everyone is lifted.

Everything has been going on as usual, of course. Rosie upstairs has been washing clothes and hanging them out, even though there seemed no prospect of their drying. Katie on the corner has been setting out her vegetables in most attractive array, while she went around in raincoat and the kind of garb one would expect the Gloucester fisherman to be wearing. Children have been going to school and people have been going to work; and yet there was that in the air as though everything had come to a standstill, because June was so long in arriving. Now it is here. And the kind sun warms the heart as well as the body. The burden of pain which each of us has to bear is lightened, the load is adjusted, made bearable. The trouble with such weather as we have been having is that one gets bowed down with the illusion of the weight of many crosses, not just ones own, a grim deception of the devil to bring about discouragement and temptation to despair.

* * *

Here is a quotation from Fr. Russell Wilber: "Reality—if one has the courage to scrutinize it without rose-colored glasses and to smell it without previously sprinkling it with rose water—is grim and terrible. 'Our God is a consuming fire, a jealous God.' 'It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God.' And we fell into His hands when we were born. Reality is often grim and terrible on its surface; it is almost always grim and terrible beneath the surface, and until one penetrates to its innermost core. At its innermost core reality is infinitely tender, infinitely strong to sustain, to console, even permanently to delight and enrapture the heart of man. Only heroism can penetrate to the innermost core of reality—only realism fused with humility. Life, then, is a call to heroism and humility. In them lie its only possibility of peace, its only chance of joy. The overwhelming majority of mankind is incapable of active, aggressive, audacious heroism. But all who will can, by God's grace, learn at least to suffer heroically the ills that press upon them from without and the still more terrible restlessness of their own hearts, the wild, indeterminate, infinite appetite for happiness that torments each human soul.

"Thou hast made us for Thyself, O Lord, O jealous, terrible, fiery insatiable Reality as a whole—and our hearts are restless until they rest in Thee.

"The secret of a happy life: to learn to suffer in patience, in humility and in confidence that suffering has a meaning and a purpose, not perhaps the only meaning and purpose but the supreme meaning and purpose of human life. Those who learn by God's grace thus to suffer are God's "elect," those who learn to make the right response to life in the deepest things of life. And as they learn thus to suffer, they discover within the depths of their own soul a Mysterious Presence, One who comes to suffer in them, with them, the eternal Christ, the Comrade perfect, the joybringing Spouse and Bridegroom of the Soul. And His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the Mighty God, the Father of Eternity, the Prince of Peace."

Peace with Japan

(Continued from page 1)

part of it which has reference to our enemies. It will be found in St. Luke VI, 27-49. When we have read it, let us decide whether we are Christians or not. If not, well and good. Let us follow the lead of the people who believe in "flaming destruction," hatred and revenge. If we decide we are Christians then let us express ourselves to that effect and let our government know that we disapprove of and dissociate ourselves from a pagan war policy towards a beaten enemy now seeking peace.

Rev. Clarence Duffy.

RETREAT AT MARYFARM

The next retreat at Maryfarm, Easton, Pa., starts Sunday evening, June 24, and continues until the following Saturday evening, June 30. Please arrive for the beginning of the course, which is fundamental. The retreats which follow begin July 8 and July 27.

What to bring: Sweaters, sheets, a towel. No slacks or shorts. Bring work clothes and heavy shoes. These things can be mailed ahead by parcel post, or expressed. You can also mail your belongings home at the end of the course. Bring a New Testament, notebook and pen.

How to get there: Many bus lines come through Easton—Greyhound, All American, Edwards, Martz, etc.

From Pittsburgh, the Pennsylvania Railroad goes to Philadelphia, and there is a branch line up to Easton, which is about sixty miles from Philadelphia. A bus is more convenient from Pittsburgh.

From Buffalo, the Lehigh Valley has many trains daily to Easton.

If you are coming from Chi-



cago, you may arrange your ticket through Buffalo to Easton.

From New York the Lehigh Valley leaves the Pennsylvania Station on Sundays at 8:50 and 11:05 A. M., 6:20 and 6:52 P. M., and takes an hour and forty-five minutes to reach Easton.

When you reach the bus station or the railroad station in Easton, telephone Easton 9479.

Please remember that you will have to sleep in a barn dormitory, and that there are only out-houses for toilets. So be prepared for "camping out". But remember, too, that refugee camps are not so comfortable.

What to contribute: Whatever you can afford to sow. If you are unable to contribute, do not worry, but spend your money on bus fare and get here anyway. Let us know, however, so we can prepare for you.

Be prepared for hard work. The women will be expected to help cook, clean, wash and bake bread. The men will have ditch-digging, harvesting, road mending and other hard work, between conferences.

After the close of the retreat, try to stay for some days of conversations.

Holy Father Speaks:

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grant at least that it may have been understood and be profitable to other nations!

"Receive instruction, you that judge the earth!" (Psalm Two, Ten.)

That is the most ardent wish of all who sincerely love mankind. For mankind, now the victim of an impious process of exhaustion, of cynical disregard for the life and rights of men, has but one aspiration: to lead a tranquil and pacific life in dignity and honest toil. And to this purpose it hopes that an end will be put to that insolence with which the family and the domestic hearth have been abused and profaned during the war years.

For that insolence cries to heaven and has evolved into one of the gravest perils not only for religion and morality but also for harmonious relations between men. It has, above all, created those mobs of dispossessed, disillusioned, disappointed and hopeless men who are going to swell the ranks of revolution and disorder, in the pay of a tyranny no less despotic than those for whose overthrow men planned.

The nations, and notably the medium and small nations, claim the right to take their destinies into their own hands. They can be led to assume, with their full and willing consent, in the interest of common progress, obligations which will modify their sovereign rights.

But after having sustained their share—their large share—of suffering in order to overthrow a system of brutal violence, they are entitled to refuse to accept a new political or cultural system which is decisively rejected by the great majority of their people. They maintain, and with reason, that the primary task of the peace-framers is to put an end to the criminal war game and to safeguard vital rights and mutual obligations as between the great and small, powerful and weak.

Deep in their hearts the peoples feel that their rule would be discredited if they did not succeed in supplanting the mad folly of the rule of violence by the victory of the right.

The thought of a new peace organization is inspired—nobody could doubt it—by the most sincere and loyal good will. The whole of mankind follows the progress of this noble enterprise with anxious interest. What a bitter disillusionment it would be if it were to fail, if so many years of suffering and self-sacrifice were to be made vain, by permitting again to prevail that spirit of oppression from which the world hoped to see itself at last freed once and for all!

Poor world, to which then might be applied the words of Christ: "And the last state of that man becomes worse than the first." (Luke 11, 24-26.)

The present political and social situation suggests these words of warning to us. We have had, alas, to deplore in more than one region the murder of priests, deportations of civilians, the killing of citizens without trial or in personal vendetta. No less sad is the news that has reached us from Slovenia and Croatia.

But we will not lose heart. The speeches made by competent and responsible men in the course of the last few weeks made it clear that they are aiming at the triumph of right, not merely as a political goal but even more as a moral duty.

Accordingly, we confidently issue an ardent appeal for prayers to our sons and daughters of the whole world. May it reach all those who recognize in God the beloved Father of all men created to his image and likeness, to all who know that in the breast of Christ there beats a divine heart rich in mercy, deep and inexhaustible fountain of all good and all love, of all peace and all reconciliation.

From the cessation of hostilities to true and genuine peace, as we warned not long ago, the road will be long and arduous, too long for the pent-up aspiration of mankind starving for order and calm. But it is inevitable that it should be so.

It is even perhaps better thus. It is essential that the tempest of overexcited passions be first let subside: *Motos praestat componer fluctus* (Virgil, Aeneid 1, 135).

It is essential that the hate, the diffidence, the stimuli of an extreme nationalism should give way to the growth of wise counsels, the flowering of peaceful designs, to serenity in the interchange of views and to mutual brotherly comprehension.

[Here the Holy Father offered the Prayer for Peace which we have printed elsewhere in this issue.]

But before reaching this peace it still remains true that millions of men at their own fireside or in battle, in prison or in exile must still drink their bitter chalice. How we long to see the end of their sufferings and anguish, the realization of their hopes! For them, too, and for all mankind that suffers with them and in them may our humble and ardent prayer ascend to Almighty God.

Meanwhile, venerable brethren, we are immensely comforted by the thought that you share our anxieties, our prayers, our hopes; and that throughout the world Bishops, priests and faithful are joining their supplications to ours in the great chorus of the universal church.

In testimony of our deep gratitude and as a pledge of infinite mercies and Divine favors, with sincere affection we impart to you, to them, to all who join us in desiring and working for peace our apostolic benediction.

Day by Day

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ful tales that oppress the spirit. One afternoon last week I went up to the Museum of Modern Art on West 53rd street to see an exhibition of Georges Roualt, the great religious painter of the present day. A modernist, a Frenchman, a friend of Leon Bloy. A review in the Commonweal had called attention to the exhibit or I would have missed it. He portrayed especially three types, the review said—that of the judge, the prostitute and the clown, and into those types we all fall. Besides we have some of each in all of us. The judge is the Pharisee, the righteous, the bourgeois materialist. The prostitutes are those who are fornicators in the sense that they are unfaithful to their spouse, Christ, and turn from love of God to love of creatures. There is the possibility of salvation, of conversion, here, of course. We are all sinners. The clown is the fool for Christ, one who lives the folly of the Cross, the Idiot, the Don Quixote, the tragic fool.

Poverty

Certainly any one who chooses poverty in this world is considered a fool. So in this classification fall such friends as Dr. Elizabeth Walsh, who lives in Fides House down in Washington, in the Negro section, a little house, two rooms on a floor, which she shares with several Negro co-workers, and which is thrown open every afternoon and evening to all the children in the neighborhood. Several other young women are working with her, Ruth Ann Brennan, Eleanor Horner; also some of the Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity come several afternoons a week and direct the activities of the boys.

Down the alley in back of the house at 1123 New Jersey avenue (that avenue is tree-shaded and wide) there is a barren stretch of alley houses and a cluttered vacant lot which Dr. Walsh and her friends are going to clean up for the children. The back and front yards of Fides House are about ten feet square and do not allow of any extensive activities.

Dr. Walsh teaches at the Catholic University. She is the author of "Saints in Social Work." And she believes that while there are poor, she is one of them; while there are slums, she will live in them. She, and Dr. Furfey, who works with her, are true personalists.

I had occasion to visit Fides House last month, when I spoke to a group headed by Dr. Furfey, the aim of which is to hold meetings to call for the speedy termination of the war, by a negotiated peace rather than by demanding unconditional surrender.

While in Washington I had the great joy of being present at the ordination of Henry McDyer, who used to work with us on Charles street and who picketed the German embassy with us back in 1934. He is now Fr. Cajetan and it was a great joy to receive his blessing. He also is one of the fools for Christ. He rejoices in manual labor, in menial tasks, in the idea of being a servant of all. And what else is this but folly in the eyes of the world? Especially in these days of modern machinery, the white collar job, the leisure state.

Baltimore

I visited some more "fools" at Baltimore during this week's trip. These are the conscientious objectors who are stationed at Owings Mills, Rosewood Training School, and who in their fight against war and conscription work twelve hours a

day, (no pay) and little time off. The children in the training school are imbeciles and idiots, feeble-minded and cripples and epileptics. Here is one of the "camps" for C. O.'s under the auspices of the Association of Catholic Conscientious Objectors. There is also a "camp" at the Alexian Brothers Hospital, Chicago. There are also many Catholic C. O.'s at Trenton, North Dakota, where there is a building project under government auspices.

The issue of peace-time conscription is coming up and hearings are going to be held in Washington before the Senate and House committees these first weeks in June. Many Catholic organizations, and the Bishops of the country have issued statements against the passage of such a bill at this time, when the country is still in the midst of war. They have recommended the postponing of the consideration of it until some time after the war.

And Greater Fools

Most foolish of all are those who have refused to accept conscription altogether and have gone to jail because of their beliefs. We have not the exact figures as to how many there are in this category, but thank God there are a few who have withstood the State.

If such a conscription law passes, then indeed, accepting the point of view set forth in Fr. Hugo's article, "The Immorality of Conscription," we will try to build up a mighty army of fools willing to go to jail rather than submit to the tyranny of our enemy the State.

Wanted

We would like very much to have those copies of the Dominican monthly Blackfriars which contain articles by Fr. Gerald Vann, which deal with War and the State, and which takes recognition of the necessity of such a propaganda as ours in a long-range program of education for peace. We were talking of these things to a distinguished priest visitor, a chaplain in the Navy, one Monday morning during the month, and it is difficult to speak along these lines to men with ribbons and stars on their breasts, indicating the suffering and horrors they have been through. I always make an act of contrition after such visits, for overmuch speech and presumption. A few days after this visit, I picked up the morning paper to find that our visitor had been Father O'Callahan, the Jesuit chaplain of the Franklin.

Maritain and the Pope

Another news story of the month which filled our hearts with expectancy was the account of Jacques Maritain's being received by the Holy Father. Several months ago there had been a farewell party for M. Maritain at the New School of Social Research to which Peter and I received invitations. With great boldness, I decided to ask him to present some issues of the CATHOLIC WORKER to Pope Pius XII.

On our first meeting with Maritain, when he came to see us at the Fifteenth street store where we started our work, he won the hearts of all the little group who were there working with us. When he returned to France that time, Margaret Stasavage, the Lithuanian girl who was helping us cook, insisted that we give him a box of home-made fudge to take on the boat to his wife as a little going-away present. In the spirit of tradition, I took a loaf of home-made, unleavened whole wheat bread and a pair of socks which

On the Land

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2. People don't know that in the hands of men there are no unfertile soils.
3. People don't know that the most fertile soils are not in the prairies of America, nor in the Russian steppes.
4. The most fertile soils are in the peat-bogs of Ireland on the sand-dunes of the northern coast of France on the craggy mountains of the Rhine where they have been made by man's hands.

Truck Gardeners of Paris

1. In market gardening the soil is always made, whatever it originally might have been.
2. In the renting contracts of the truck gardeners of Paris it is sometimes stipulated that the gardener may carry away its soil down to a certain depth when he quits his tenancy.
3. He himself makes it and when he moves to another plot he carts his soil away, together with his frames, his water-pipes and other belongings.

The Case of Mr. Ponce

1. In two and seven-tenths acres Mr. Ponce cultivated every year 20,000 pounds of carrots more than 20,000 pounds of onions, radishes and other vegetables sold by weight 6,000 heads of cabbage 3,000 of cauliflower 5,000 baskets of tomatoes. 5,000 dozen of choice fruit 154,000 heads of salad in short, a total of 250,000 pounds of vegetables.

1,000 Acres for 1,000 People

1. It is utterly impossible to foresee at the present moment what are the limits as to the maximum number of human beings who could draw their means of subsistence from a given acre of land or as to what a variety of produce they could advantageously grow in any latitude.
2. Each day widens former limits and opens new and wide horizons.
3. All we can say now is that even now 600 persons could easily live on a square mile
4. And that with cultural methods already used in a large scale 1,000 human beings

I had knit and presented it to him, with the issues of the CATHOLIC WORKER, as a parting gift from us here at the Catholic Worker. He promised, with his usual gentle cordiality, to make selections from the papers and give them to the Holy Father.

Another Distinguished Speaker

Our Friday night meetings are continuing and we are going to have to find more chairs, or build more benches to accommodate the guests. Monsignor Nelson, pastor of St. Andrew's, comes on the dot of eight, and leaves on the dot of nine-thirty, so we beg visitors to be prompt. There are conferences on the Bible, enlightening the eyes, warming the heart. We are afraid to say how much we wish to thank him, for fear of depriving him of an iota of heavenly reward.

How Much Land Does a Man Need

By FR. CLARENCE DUFFY

"Russian troops are in Vienna and Berlin. Our Christian civilization of the West is menaced. In fact, Christianity itself is threatened and may succumb to the onslaughts of barbarian hordes from atheistic, anti-Christian and communistic Russia, the new terror from the East, unless . . ."

There is talk like that going the rounds at present. Whatever the motives of the people who indulge in it may be, one thing is certain. They are talking nonsense.

It is possible that sooner or later a war may come between Russia and other countries in the West. It is probable that such a war would end in the destruction of human institutions which have long been associated with what is called western civilization, but it is NOT true that these threatened institutions or this over-rated civilization are Christian, that Christianity would succumb to the impact with Russian people or ideas, or that it needs or approves of the defense that it would get in a war of any kind, not to speak of one between Capitalism, or any other kind of *ism*, and Communism.

The chief characteristic of our western civilization, i. e., the way of life generally that prevails in

—not idlers—
living on 1,000 acres
could easily
without any kind of over-
work
obtain from that acre
a luxurious vegetable and
animal food
as well as the flax, wool, silk
and hides
necessary for their clothing.

The Jersey Peasants

1. The small island of Jersey, eight miles long and less than six miles wide, still remains a land of open field culture.
2. Although it comprises only 28,707 acres, rocks included, it nourishes a population of about two inhabitants to each acre or 1,300 inhabitants to the square mile.
3. There is not one writer on agriculture who, after having paid a visit to this island, did not praise the well-being of the Jersey peasants and the admirable results which they obtain in their small farms of from five to twenty acres—very often less than five acres—by means of a rational and intensive agriculture.

Jersey's Economy

1. The successes accomplished in Jersey are not entirely due to the amount of labor which a dense population is putting in the land.
2. It is due to a system of land tenure, land transference and inheritance very different from those which prevail everywhere.
3. It is due to freedom from State taxation.
4. It is due to the fact the communal institutions have been maintained down to quite a recent period while a number of communal habits and customs of mutual support are alive at the present time.

the countries of western Europe and in other parts of the world colonized or peopled by emigrants from these countries, is GREED, which manifests itself in the uncharitable, unjust, and, therefore, un-Christian manner in which people, exceeding the bounds of their needs and ignoring the needs and rights of others, grab, retain and lay claim to the personal ownership or possession of things created by God for the use of all, and deprive others of the exercise of their God-given right to the use of things which God intended for the enjoyment and benefit of all.

Our western civilization is furthermore characterized by the manner in which aggressive, greedy and selfish people (and nations) are encouraged and protected by greed-sanctioning man-made laws and practices (mostly of Roman and Anglo-Saxon origin) in their unjust, uncharitable, and un-Christian violations of the rights of others less powerful, or less aggressive than themselves. Not charity, or justice, but the satisfaction of greed and the might, and false law, that accompanies it, are right in our western civilization.

Let us come down to cases. In every part of the western world, including, of course, the Western Hemisphere, there are millions of people who have not, as things now stand, the remotest chance of owning or using a piece of God's good earth for themselves and for their children. God made it all, but men have so arranged things that His plan is thwarted and His creatures deprived of the exercise of rights which He intended them to enjoy.

In all parts of the western world there are landlords, under one form or another, who have a very mistaken idea about who created the earth and for what purpose it was created. Whether these landlords lay false claim to the ownership of thousands of acres and demand rent from the users of those acres, or whether they are merely "monarchs of all they survey" and hold to the exclusion of others, if they are in possession of more land than they can or do use, and than is necessary for their needs, they are, as St. Augustine remarked many years ago, in possession of the goods of others. If others are in want, and they refuse to move over and make room for them, they are not Christians, and neither is that civilization Christian which not only permits such injustice, but which is chiefly characterized by approval and sanction of it.

In all parts of western, or so-called Christian Europe, in North, Central and South America, in Australia and New Zealand, there are, apart from the parasitic landlord class wherever it exists (it exists in many parts of the western world yet), hundreds of thousands, nay, millions of people who claim to the ownership of large ranches and estates, and keep others from using one square inch of them.

In their unjust, dog-in-the-manger, selfish, greedy and un-Christian attitude they are supported by the rulers, governments and laws of every one of these countries, and by every one in these countries who has a hope that one day he, too, may need the support of law for his own greed and selfishness.

In every one of these countries, too, there are still more millions—they are in the majority—who are permitted to own nothing,

(Continued on page 6)

'To Sing Is to Pray Twice'

By ARTHUR SHEEHAN

IT was St. Augustine, I believe, who penned the above words. St. Basil contended that people who sang together wouldn't fight, and some poet has said something about music having charms to soothe the savage breast.

Shakespeare has many quotations concerning music, and in one of the most famous he opines that the man who hasn't music in his soul is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils—his motions dark as Erebus, which is just about as dark and forbidding a place as one could mention.

My thesis is simple: music is a way to mental health. I mean, of course, participated music. I'm not so sure about "canned" and "just listened to" music. Some of the first named undoubtedly will create anything but the correct mental attitude, but participated music is unquestionably a tonic.

We can and sadly often do listen to ideas until we have mental indigestion. It is well to have a time for talk and a time for silence, a time for discussion and a time for debate, a time for laughing and a time for weeping—and it does seem important to have a time for singing.

Why?

I cannot give you all the reasons, but here are some. I know that singing persons are happy persons even if their singing consist only of sad songs. The singing acts as a catharsis—a high-sounding phrase which means a cleanser. It is when you find that deadly serious note creeping into a person's voice—unrelieved with shade of smile or laughter—that you have to beware—a mental state has been added.

When men and women are happy at their work and all their faculties have that sense of release, particularly when hand and head are coordinated in work—song unconsciously comes to the lips. All of which makes us believe that music, like beauty, looks after itself—if only the work and the person are in harmony.

Music teachers tell us that children are often nervous because music talents are repressed by parents who because of ignorance or impatience fail to understand the children's need for musical expression.

Children have a way of bringing music into their games. Listen to them and you will find that they are just as creative in their small way as Gilbert and Sullivan were in a larger manner. Come upon a baby silently and many times you will find it humming a tune softly to itself. That is, until it sees you and becomes self-conscious.

With grownups this business of self-consciousness often reaches the stage of a disease, and because of it—a form of pride—they are afraid to sing for fear of ridicule, and the last state of these proud persons becomes worse than the first.

Nations which have a difficult time understanding one another rarely experience this with each other's music. Music is as international as food. It sweeps across border lines just as if they didn't exist. The world has accepted Finland's Sibelius, and no one, or very few Americans have had any inhibitions about listening to Wagner because he was a German. We have never heard of a nation going to war because another nation appropriated its songs to add to its own cultural store.

Plato taught that children should be brought to the idea of God first through music and then through poetry.

Dorothy Thompson once wrote that when Fascism came to Italy song ceased in the fields, and it was an ominous sign.

The church has always insisted on the importance of participated singing in the church services. St. Paul said we should pass our time in heavenly conversation and the singing of hymns. It has

been noted by some historians that the reformers had their most difficult task in blotting out the Mass in the rural districts of England where the congregations sang the Mass. Almost a hundred years passed before it could finally be extirpated.

Puritanism seemed to hate song—not so much for intrinsic reasons but because it was so closely associated with Catholicism. Milton—so pointedly referred to as the "organ-voiced"—was still under the Catholic inspiration and had traveled in and loved Italy very much.

Many persons wonder how the Trappists can stand to be closed off in their communities, rarely ever speaking to each other. What they fail to take into account is that these men spend long hours in their chapels singing the Divine Liturgy. If you should ever hear them singing their evening hymn—the *Salve Regina*—you are to be considered a privileged person, for it is as near a heavenly song as we could hope to hear.

St. Francis might have had his bride, Poverty—so forbidding to many—yet he had Sister Song too, and he has come down to us as the Singing Saint. To sing is truly to pray twice, and when the song is of a religious nature we must be very close to those angels who sing always before the heavenly throne—*sine fine clamantes*—saying with one voice, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Sabaoth, Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest.

The Buzz-Rig Versus The Hand-Saw

A review of Wilfred Wellock's "A Mechanistic or a Human Society?" Introduction by Ralph Templin. A Decentralist Press Publication. 25c.

By JOHN CURRAN

DURING the course of my attempts to learn what Peter Maurin means by "organic living" I have cut firewood at Maryfarm, Easton, Pa.; at St. Benedict's, Upton, Mass., and at Alcuin, near Lander, Pa. And always the wood-cutting has been accompanied by questions in my mind as to whether it is better to do the work by hand with a buck-saw or two-man saw, or to get out the power buzz-saw and get it done in a hurry. The buzz-saw, of course, is "machinery" and the other merely a tool, or the extension of a man's hand.

This question is always good for an argument, and there are excellent "authoritative" opinions all along the line. Ralph Templin (of the School of Living) favors more rather than less machinery, but holds that the machinery of the future must be designed as an aid to a man engaged in activities proper to him as a man, instead of as at present, where man is merely part of the machine. Eric Gill says that the workers should themselves decide whether they will be crafts-



men or machine tenders. Peter Maurin says, "Let it rust; we must be organic."

Mr. Wellock, who was one of the early contributors to "GK's Weekly," has done some useful spade work toward the clarification of our thinking with his booklet, "A Mechanistic or a Human Society?" It is an excellent comprehensive study designed primarily for the enlightenment of the man in the street, who is wondering what it is all about. I have enjoyed reading it and would like to have many others read it as a book to begin with.

From it the Catholic should graduate to Eric Gill, who uses the more orthodox terms. I prefer Gill, who comes out flat-footedly for W-O-R-K, which he says is itself a major means to "holiness," that is to making us "whole" persons in whom this life is integrated with the life to come. So, in the last analysis, the question of the machine (like the question of war) can turn out to be a theological question and it will be years before a final conclusion is reached (if ever).

A pretty good case can be made for the "scientific mind" and its offspring, machinery. They have together done wonders in comforting the body, in curing our ills and in making things easier for man. (Or have they?) The important question, is, however, can we have both "machinery" and the Kingdom of God? What would a truly Christian society do about machinery? Gina Lombroso points out somewhere that the ancients knew the principles of machinery, but because their minds were oriented differently than ours, they were not greatly interested in labor-saving devices. The curse laid on Adam was that he should earn his bread with the sweat of his brow, and if we are not careful with our gadgets we shall put that curse (or blessing) in the same category with Santa Claus. How nicely the push-button fits in with Berdyaev's interpretation of the bourgeois mind! We all knew that it is the love of money, not the love of God, that creates machinery. Take a look at the faces in the subways and on the conveyor belts if you want to see frustration. Dead pans, no inner light, no soul-fire. Are they being cheated in more than money?

PRAYER OF S

SORROW on me, beloved, that I unapt and reluctant in my will abide, and behold winter hath come upon me and the infinite tempest hath found me naked and spoiled and with no perfecting of good in me. I marvel at myself, beloved, how I daily default, and daily do repent. I build up for an hour and an hour overthrows what I have builded.

At evening I say, tomorrow I shall repent, but when morning comes, joyous I waste the day. Again at evening I say, I shall keep vigil all night and I shall entreat the Lord with tears to have mercy on my sins.

[Here is a favorite prayer of ours, that of St. Ephrem the Syrian, whose feast comes on June 18. St. Ephrem was a Father of the Desert, but that doesn't mean he was a priest. He was a deacon and the only one honored with the title of Doctor of the Church. He lived in the desert, but came back to the city when there was a famine and ran a house of hospitality and bread line. When the need was over, the

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They are robbed of creative work, robbed of putting their own personalities into the products of their hands and, naturally, they are called "hired hands."

Sure, electric light is wonderful. It and electricity will soon take all the sweat from our brows, but we shall lose our ability to think. Today the world is full of plotters, planners and schemers. Thinking is hard work and it must be conquered like tap-dancing or playing the violin. Everything in the world is against thinking. Speed is against it and all the mechanical thrills and diversions. The newspapers, sports, and even most of our "popular devotions" hold our minds down to a dead level of uniformity thickly adulterated with sentimentality. On the other hand, the psalms came from an "organic" life and they hit us between the eyes. The mind is an organism, not a delicate machine. It grows and it must be fed.

Dom John Chapman claims that a country-bred child can never become a real atheist because it sees too much of God's hand about it. In the same sense I offer the theory that the noises and speed of our mechanistic life hamper the development of personality, which is necessary to any real thinking; that the mind of a man subjected to such mechanical diversions as those of today may well fail to grasp the organic diversity of Christianity and as a consequence enter eternity narrow and stunted.

Regional living and decentralization should make much of our mass-production machinery unnecessary, for if we are to have a diversity of culture and cultural products it will mean that New Orleans and San Francisco will have a different breakfast food than "Wheaties" or a different kind of suit for men. The advocates of the small machine for so-called craft work ignore the fact that these machines, in order to be practical, must be made by larger machines and that each of us is responsible in some degree for inhuman working conditions in any place.

But, to be organic pioneers we must be organic in becoming organic and that means that we do not destroy the machinery right away. We gradually shift from one way of doing things to another.

THE SIM

By AMMON

WHEN people complained about personal problems which was intended to Claus idea of life, was: "You short of the ideal which I envy try to approximate my ideal."

The easiest and best way is if we have to go the long way will be 52 next month and am born on a farm in Southeast parents, sat through long Baptist theological sermons, and—mostly through the fear of hell—was baptized in the creek, gazed upon by a crowd on the nearby bridge, at the age of 12. Spent years in cities and several in colleges, organizing people in the Socialist Party and in unions, and attending endless meetings. Was locked up in solitary in Atlanta in 1918 for engaging in anti-war propaganda, with only the Bible to read, and overcame the envy and hatred which generally accompanies secular radicalism. The revolution most worth while was to change myself and measure my life as near to the Sermon on the Mount as possible.

A Long Hike

In 1921, as a natural reaction to imprisonment, my wife and I leaving good jobs in New York City, inspired by Walt Whitman's "Song of the Open Road" and Thoreau's "Walden," began a hike which lasted four and a half years and covered every State in the Union. "How foolish, what

Time After Per

The love of God is abroad in Quiet love, strong love, peace Touched by the Finger of G Great love, burning love, glo Spread by His Spirit who dv

For who can be good unless Patient love, steady love, h Or continue in good unless f Believing love, hoping love, Spread by His Spirit who dv

SAINT EPHREM

BUT when night has come I am full of sleep. Behold, those who received their talents along with me strive day and night to trade with them, that they may win the word of praise and rule over ten cities. But I in my sloth hid mine in the earth, and my Lord makes haste to come and behold, my heart trembles, and I weep the days of my negligence and know not what excuse to bring. Have mercy on me, Thou that alone art without sin, and save me who art alone pitiful and kind.

desert called him again. There is a story he wrote in the edition of the writings of the desert fathers, edited by Helen Waddell, and published by Sheed & Ward for a dollar. Those who love music should honor St. Ephrem because he was the author of many compositions included in the liturgical books of the Syrians, Byzantines, the Slavs, the Armenians and the Copts. He died in the year 379 at Edessa.]

CULTURE VATION ::

PLE LIFE

ON HENNACY

ed to me about conditions and
lems the answer I always gave,
to jolt them out of the Santa
u do what you want to." I fall
visage, but I offer no alibi, and I

is the hardest to find. Seems as
ay around to get to essentials. I
just beginning to learn. I was
stern Ohio, of Quaker and Irish

an uncertain life!" said our
friends. We left with \$100, and
replied that if we waited until
we had money enough to go in
style we would be too old and fat
and contented to desire to go. If
we really wanted to go then the
thing to do was to go. Otherwise
we were just talking about it.

We carried our packs on our
backs and slept in our small bal-
loon-silk tent where night hap-
pened to find us. We never asked
for rides but accepted them if of-
fered. Unless we arrived in a
town late at night we always
camped near a farmhouse and
sought to get acquainted with the
people there. We stopped to
work much of the time: picking
apples, oranges, potatoes, cutting
corn, teaching high school history
in Fairhope, Ala., selling brushes,
and working on a bee ranch. My
wife worked on a paper in At-
lanta for a time.

In The Woods

Tired of tramping, we took our
cash, \$100, and deposited it on a

land contract for ten acres, part
of which was wooded, in Wis-
consin. We built a house a room
at a time with the help of
friendly relatives. We had a cow
and a calf, a sheep and a lamb,
two police dogs, and chickens.
Here in 1927 and in 1929 our
girls, Carmen and Sharon, were
born. Losing this small place in
the depression, we lived in Mil-
waukee for eleven years. More
meetings; more "saving of the
world" by exterior activity.

Another War

In 1938, seeing another war
coming, and wishing my girls to
travel a bit before I had to go to
prison again, we spent a three
weeks' summer vacation in New
York City. My wife and the girls
stayed there to further their mus-
ical education and I returned to
Milwaukee. They continued their
travels and education in Los An-
geles and Denver.

As near as it is possible to do
so in a city I lived on a voluntary
poverty budget, feeling that this
would in part make up for the
precarious financial situation a
war resister would have. As re-
ported in the CATHOLIC WORKER
of May, 1942, I refused to regis-
ter for the draft and expected to
get five years. (I resigned from
my job the same day, not wish-
ing to take pay from a branch
of the government when not will-
ing to dance its war tune.) Those
of us over 45 were arrested, an
attempt was made to trick us in-
to registering, but no further ac-
tion was taken by the govern-
ment.

Then came back-breaking
work in a corn mill in Milwau-
kee. Next work in a large dairy

in Denver (with the exception of
four days when I was arrested
and held "incommunicado" for
selling THE CATHOLIC WORKER and
The Conscientious Objector and
not carrying a draft card.)

The Simple Life

Two influences brought me to
living the simple life. Activity
with the CATHOLIC WORKER group
in Milwaukee for six years and
the example of self-sacrifice of
many who supported it, as well
as the central inspiration of Dor-
othy Day and Peter Maurin made
bourgeois life seem empty. A re-
reading of Tolstoy's "What Is to
Be Done?"—from a man whose
social and religious explanation
of life I had followed since prison
days—brought to me a debunk-
ing of the value of the intellectu-
al and his precious "division of
labor." The dignity of manual la-
bor and its action as a balance
wheel to theory was Tolstoy's
basic idea.

Today a man asked me: "Why
does a fellow like you, with an
education, and who has been all
over the country, end up in this
out-of-the-way place working
for very little on a farm?" I ex-
plained that all people who had
good jobs in factories, etc., had a
withholding tax for war taken
from their pay, and that people
who worked on farms had no tax
taken from their pay. That I had
refused to pay any tax last year
and this year, and would pay
none in the future. He was a
returned soldier and said that he
did not like war either, but what
could a fellow do about it? I re-
peated that we each did what we
really wanted to do.

Penalizing my wife and daugh-
ters by my low income on a farm,
it is necessary that I send them
as much as possible. This is an
added reason for voluntary pov-
erty. My wife did not expect to be
a "jail widow" again and does
not, of course, "appreciate" my
absolutist stand, although she
and the girls do not buy war
stamps. My girls have a right to
think and act as they wish.

Mother Earth and Father Sun

My daughters were furthering
their musical education in Santa
Fe, so at Christmas in 1942 I ob-
tained work on a farm near Al-
buquerque. At times I boarded
with a farmer, but most of the
time I have done my own cook-
ing. For the last seven months
I have lived alone in two rooms



Homily for Trinity Sunday

St. Augustine: Sermon 15 on the
Gospel of Matthew of the words of the Lord

"There are two works of mercy which set us free, and these the Lord has briefly laid down in the Gospel: Forgive and it shall be forgiven you; give, and it shall be given to you.

"Forgive, and it shall be forgiven you; this refers to the pardon-
ing of offenses.

"Give, and it shall be given to you; this refers to the giving
of alms.

"As to what he says of pardoning offenses, you desire to be
forgiven for what you have done wrong, and you have some one
whom you on your side can forgive. Again, as to what regards
almsgiving, a beggar asks something of you, and you are a beg-
gar of God.

"For when we pray, we are all beggars of God. Before the
door of the great Father of the family we stand, we even cast
ourselves down and groan in prayer, wishing to receive some-
thing; and this something is God Himself. What does a beggar
ask of you, but bread? And what do you ask of God except
Christ, who says, 'I am the bread of life which came down from
heaven?'

"If you wish to be forgiven, do you yourselves forgive others.
Forgive and it shall be forgiven you. Do you wish to receive
something? Give and it shall be given to you."

of the oldest house in this vic-
inity.

Father Sun, as the Indians
speak of the ball of fire, rising
over the Sandia (Spanish for
watermelon) mountains to the
east filters through the mulber-
ry and cottonwood trees to my
open door. I turn in bed and re-
lax. A prayer for those near and
dear and for those loved ones far
away; in and out of the prison
and C.O. camp, and in and out of
man's holocaust: war. The night
before I cooked unpolished rice
sprinkled with raisins. With milk
and the whole wheat bread I
have baked my breakfast is soon
finished. It is now 8 o'clock. I go
to the dairy to see if any change
has been made in plans for work
for the day. If my student friend
in the milk truck appears he will
take my letters to the mail box;
otherwise I take them myself.

In the Orchard

Now the German prisoners
have arrived from the nearby
prison camp. Paul is to continue
his work with me in the orchard
pruning dead wood from the
trees. Each of us knows a little
of the other's language and we
each aim unconsciously to please
the other by speaking in the lan-
guage native to the other. "Guten
morgen, what speak you?" I say.
"Hello, Hennacy," he smiles,
"nothing much."

In this high altitude it is chilly
for perhaps an hour, then we
take our shirts off. Perhaps the
branches scratch us, but we do
not need to worry about tearing
our shirts. He wears his North
Africa cap and I wear my white
Gandhi semi-turban. The or-
chard has not been pruned thor-
oughly for some years. We are
late with the work, for 5,000 trees
have accumulated much dead
wood.

Mourning doves have now
commenced to build their make-
believe makeshift nests. They
will contain two eggs which will
hatch out a little brother and a
little sister; the former com-
bative and the latter as quiet as
the proverbial mouse—that is
unless the owl or roadrunner
gets the eggs or the young birds.
This road-runner is a carnivor-
ous bird, killing snakes and small
animals also. It is streamlined,
runs swiftly after its prey, and
is mostly bill and tail.

As Paul views the countryside
from the tree top he says that
hardly a house can be seen, and
contrasts this with the many
houses in sight of his father's
farm near the Polish border. A
quarter of a mile away we see
the morning train coming from
Los Angeles. Today we have a
row of trees with bits of dead
wood scattered near the tops of
the trees, which takes more time.
Yesterday we had old trees, half
dead, which required but several
large limbs to be severed. Fido and
Borso follow us to the orchard,

and it seems they must lie un-
der the very tree where limbs are
falling, gnawing a bone or a bit
of frozen and dried apple; but
they lead a dog's charmed life
and are never hurt. Soon it is
noon and Paul goes to the dairy
to eat his lunch with Fred, Frank
and Karl, and the guard who
carries a gun but never uses it.
I have cooked a kettle of pinto
beans, and not having planted
any chili peppers last summer I
have added some vegetable
shortening and onion for flavor.
Orthodox vegetarians do not
drink coffee, but not being
orthodox in much of anything I
have some coffee in cool weather.
And of course the balance of my
loaf of bread with oleo. For a
few minutes I may finish writing
a letter which I have begun
earlier, or finish an article in a
paper. I do not take a daily
paper, getting the news from two
weeklies. I would not have the
noise of a radio around.

Lipa

Then I usually walk across
the road a block to say hello to
my Spanish friends; especially
my four-year-old Lipa. She will
be kneeling on a bench eating
tortillas and beans from the
table and will greet me with a
mixture of Spanish and English
in precise, quick words. The
father and older brother are em-
ployed on the farm also and I
have worked with them at odd
times. The older sister passes
the orchard on the way to school
and likes apples. Now I have to
forget my German and see if I
can remember a few Spanish
words. Lipa will proudly say
"apple" and I will say "man-
zana." She will point to my
pocket and say "pocket," and I
will reply with "bolsa."

Soon it is time to go to work.
As I leave, Lipa or some of the
family will give the traditional
Spanish "Come back again." It
would be well if I would reply,
"Come over to my house," but
the accommodations of a bache-
lor are not conducive to visiting.
Brother Joe has been over to
practice typing letters, and Lipa
has come running several times
desiring to "See your girls" (the
pictures of my daughters). See-
ing the typewriter, she took great
pride in saying this long word.
Another English word which de-
lighted her, in taste and in
tongue, was "gingerbread."

Evening

The mailman comes in the aft-
ernoon. Perhaps today I receive
several letters from boys in C.O.
camps discussing Tolstoy and
bringing up questions which puzzle
them. It is 6 p.m. and I go to
the dairy for my quart of milk,
perhaps carry a can of water
also, and chop wood for half an
hour. Evenings are cool and even
in the summer a cover is re-
quired. The apple, cherry and
(Continued on page 8.)

Two Poems

By JAMES ROGAN

Antecost

in our hearts,
aceful love,
God into flame
lowing love,
wells in us.

s loving good?
umble love.
fervent in love?
enduring love,
wells in us.

Corpus Christi

Beggars of God, we ask for bread
Will He give us a stone instead?

With honey of rock and fat of wheat
He fills us in the noon-day heat.

Bread that is Life and blood of wine
Word of the Father in either sign.

Beggars all, at our Father's door
Kneeling, we seek to be fed once more,

By Him who bids the hungry stay
And sends the empty rich away.

How Much Land

(Continued from page 3)
are supposed to be satisfied with the crumbs that fall from their masters' tables, and to be willing and ready to fight and die for their country (in which they can own nothing) as often as they are called upon to do so. They are the dispossessed, deprived victims of a system which battens on and supports human greed, legalizes injustice, and then, prates about its passionate devotion to justice, freedom, democracy, and even to Christianity which it denies and ignores.

No human being has a right to occupy more land than he uses or can use for his or his family's needs. Occupancy or ownership of land is or should be dependent upon use and needs. That is a Christian principle proceeding from both Christian charity and Christian justice. If our civilization were Christian, if our laws were influenced by Christian principles, if the majority of the people were Christian, then greedy, selfish people who do not voluntarily control their greed and unjust aggressiveness would be controlled by law in the interests of the common good of all.

Such laws are a long way off, and in any event we must not look to governments or man-made laws to put Christianity into practice. Only individuals applying to their daily lives the teachings of Christ, especially His greatest and first commandment, love of God and love our neighbor, can do that. There are many people in the United States who have more land than they need or can use. Many of them do not advert to the objective injustice that they are doing to others in holding on to land

which they did not make, which was made by God for others as well as for them, and which, backed by unjust laws, they are preventing others from using. Accustomed to, and growing up in a certain way of living and thinking, especially with regard to the occupancy or ownership of land, they accept things as they find them and others have accepted them for generations.

They have been told that man has a right to private ownership. That has been stressed. What has not been stressed is that man, in the exercise of that right, must control his greed so that others may exercise and enjoy that right, too. When he does not voluntarily control that greed it should be controlled by public authority in the interests of the common good. That has not been stressed either. In fact it has been ignored.

Many of these people who are legally in possession of too much land or who are not using the land which they legally own would be among the first to disown any intention of wronging others. They are not conscious of the injustice and would right it once they were made aware of it. There must be many of them who, from the motive of Christian charity, more even than from strict justice, would be both glad and willing to give their surplus land and, where possible, living accommodations to men and women who, in the days of unemployment and want that lie ahead, desire to become farmers and enjoy the security and freedom of the land.

In this way, the way of Christian charity, we can begin to lay the foundations of a Christian civilization.

THE BEAN

Bean flowers have so sweet and so carrying a fragrance, the pod that comes later is so sleek and so furry, the skin of the bean is so tough and the bean itself so tender and so nutritious in its youth and so hard and durable in its very old age, that it is not astonishing that it should have played such varied parts throughout the ages.

In Ancient Greece there was a special god of the bean and a Bean Feast was held in his honor every year, this ancient custom being adapted in Christian times to a Twelfth Night ceremony for which special Twelfth Cakes were baked, each containing a bean. When portions of this cake were distributed the man whose slice contained the bean was proclaimed King of the Feast and to him was assigned the duty of honoring the Three Kings. In Ancient Rome the bean was considered to have such beneficial qualities that some were always planted in a wheat field to ensure a good harvest. The runner bean, however, because of its black spots, has been looked at askance: Pythagoras refused to allow his followers to eat it because he said that the spots had a funeral significance; and in Egypt, too, it was in disfavor.

The bean is said to have a narcotic influence, and those who do not fear it from the digestive point of view have been advised to eat a dish of beans last thing at night as a cure for insomnia. It sounds an odd treatment and, personally, I should doubt its efficacy. It is more likely to be the root of the bean that would be useful in this connection, and there is an old belief that sleeping in a bean field is a cure for bad dreams. This is probably quite true, for sleeping out-of-doors—whether in a bean field or not—is always healing and refreshing.—Julian, in the London Catholic Herald.

BOOK REVIEW

BLACK BOY, by Richard Wright; Harpers, \$2.50.

By Jack English

FOR the first time the plight of a Negro boyhood and youth is presented by a master craftsman who views from a standpoint no writer could ever assume. In "Black Boy" Richard Wright employs autobiography and not fiction to tell us the gruelling history of a young southerner. He uses this form without softening the tale, without sparing himself, or without mentioning the so-called "Negro problem."

Apparently Mr. Wright is aware that the "Negro problem" is in reality a "white problem" for Negroes.

How a sensitive boy copes with the hostile environment in which he finds himself, how he tries to reconcile himself to the panderings of members of his own race to the prejudices and cruelties of lighter pigmentation, and how he finally struggles north in the hope that he will find the brotherhood of man which he has been reading about, all this forms the framework, but not the substance of the book.

At white heat and with immense insight Mr. Wright describes the impact of all these things on a sensitive youngster. And the impact of his art is so strong, the things he must work with so hideous, that the reader is left stunned into examining his own conscience. The cumulative effect is much the same as the reader receives when he has finished one of Dostoevski's novels.

Somewhere Dostoevski tells us

PIUS XII

PRAYER FOR PEACE

May the Holy Spirit, light of intellects, gentle ruler of hearts, deign to hear

the prayers of His Church and guide in their arduous work

those who, in accordance with their mandate, are striving sincerely, despite obstacle and contradictions, to reach the goal so universally, so ardently desired:

peace,

a peace worthy of the name;

a peace

built and consolidated in sincerity and loyalty, in justice and reality;

a peace of loyal and resolute force

to overcome or preclude those economic and social conditions

which might, as they did in the past,

easily lead to new conflicts;

a peace that can be approved by all right-minded men

of every people and every nation;

a peace which future generations

may regard gratefully

as the happy outcome of a sad period;

a peace that may stand out in the centuries

as a resolute advance

in the affirmation

of human dignity

and of ordered liberty;

a peace that may be like

the Magna Carta

which closed the dark ages

of violence;

a peace

that under the merciful

guidance of God

may let us so pass

through temporal prosperity

that we may not lose

eternal happiness.

RETREAT SCHEDULE

Maryfarm, Easton, Pa.

June 24-30

6:00 a.m.—Rising bell

6:30 a.m.—Prime

7:00 a.m.—Father Gerhart's

Mass

Father Roy's Mass

8:00 a.m.—Breakfast

9:00 a.m.—First conference

11:00 a.m.—Second conference

Lunch

2:00 p.m.—Third conference

4:00 p.m.—Fourth conference

6:00 p.m.—Supper

7:30 p.m.—Rosary—Litany

Compline

9:00 p.m.—Lights out.

Peguy: "There is nothing better than the baked bread of daily duties."—From "Men and Saints."

that, "He who has no people has no God. You may be sure that all who cease to understand their own people and lose their connection with them to the same extent lose the faith of their fathers and become atheistic or indifferent." Mr. Wright surely asks us—Are we not your people?—Do you understand us?—Have you lost your connection with us?—To what extent have you lost the faith of your fathers? And those are rough ones to answer.

A Woman Distraught With Much Weeping

By DAVID MASON

This would be a story to burn your heart out if I had adequate command of words to tell it as it should be told. Because I do not have that ability, I can only ask you to try to follow me, in imagination, a short distance along Mott Street. It is not quite two blocks from St. Joseph's House to the tenements we are looking for. We

make our way slowly through the crowding throng of Italian women and children. They are shopping for the vegetables and fruits heaped so bountifully on the pushcarts lining the curb, and for groceries in the Italian-American stores that shoulder each other along this block. I'm not writing this just for atmosphere to color my story. It is an important picture to hold in your mind while you come with me to visit Rose and her family.

Turn in at this doorway and follow down the long dark hall all the way to the rear. No sunlight ever gets in here. The place is always damp and chill. Many generations of dogs and cats have had free run of the hall, and it smells like a neglected cellar.

Here is the door of Rose's flat. It's a forbidding, metal-sheathed door, something like those which seal solitary confinement cells in jail. It is opened cautiously by a shy little black-haired girl, Mary Ann. "It's the man, mama," she announces.

Rose is sitting at a table in the glare of an unshaded bulb. You seen an anxious, attractive face when your eyes are adjusted to the glare, a young face framed in red-gold hair. It expresses determination, but without the hardness that usually accompanies that quality.

Just now her attention is on the baby on her lap. He has his mother's saucer-round, liquid brown eyes. So have his three sisters, playing on the floor with a big rag dog somebody brought to St. Joseph's House a few days ago.

So here are Rose and four of her children. They live in two rooms so dark that the electric light must burn all day. There is a radiator which furnishes heat when and if the janitor fires the boiler. The two rooms are furnished with a table, and ice box, chairs, one bed. One bed for a mother and five children, but Rose sleeps in a chair, and the oldest boy, going on fifteen years, doesn't stay home very much. Is it to be wondered at? He is big for his age, and he doesn't want to go to school with "little kids." He wants to work at a full-time job to help his mother, but the law says no. So he plays truant, goes over to Jersey, where he used to live with his aunt. He likes that neighborhood, and dislikes this unfamiliar one.

Now you are wondering about the father of this family, and how he fits into the picture. The answer is that he decided to get out of the picture more than a year ago. Family responsibility was too much for him, and he deserted his post. He earns good wages at his trade, but so far has been able to evade every effort to make him support his wife and children.

Rose had to go to a hospital after her husband left her. Worry, lack of food, inadequate clothing, substandard living quarters, all had their effect, and she developed a bad heart condition. But somehow she pulled through and got home to her children.

Home to her children! That is the keynote of Rose's character, and you don't have to know her long before you're sure she would take care of her

young ones through hellfire and high water. No orphan home will get her offspring while Rose has an ounce of strength left. She knows they belong with her, and she is determined to keep them.

Keeping them means battling against overwhelming odds. She can't take a job. Her health and the necessity of caring for the children make that impossible. Then what help can she get? Home relief, and that amounts to so little that it is pitiful. Seventy-two dollars a month. Out of that she must pay \$28.00 rent, and about \$7.00 for gas and the electric light that burns all day. Who can support five children and herself on \$72.00 a month?

Maybe you think the family should not pay so much rent, but the relief office specifies the kind of home they must have. Rose must not have rooms above the second floor, on account of her heart condition. The rooms must have heat. Oh, they have everything figured out—on paper. But the family is living in a damp, sunless hole, two rooms that you wouldn't keep animals in. There is no place to hang the washing outside. The relief office is satisfied, but the relief office doesn't have to live there.

Rose wants to get a better place to live, but so far her efforts have failed. She believes that her boy would be willing to stay with her if they had a decent home. There was a place down on Catherine Street that she liked, and a friend was willing to lend her enough to make a deposit on the rent, but someone else got there before her. When she does find a place, there is the problem of furniture. She has none of her own. The relief office says, "Find a better apartment, move in, and we will allow you more for rent." That's just fine, but they won't lift a finger to help her to do all that. They know her condition, know what she's up against, so why don't they give her immediate assistance now, today, when she needs it most? It's because they see her as just another unit in a "case load," a file card in a cabinet, a serial number, one figure in their endless columns of statistics. All this can be proved true by one pertinent fact: Her "investigator" told her to cut down on the family's milk allowance from three quarts a day to two.

I say that Rose's family is starving on relief, and I know what I'm talking about. This is right here in New York, on Mott Street, not in some European concentration camp. Out there on the street are the pushcarts, remember, loaded with fruits and vegetables. Not as much as in other years, no, and the prices are high; but they're still loaded with plenty. So what can be done? Now, here's the screamingly funny part of the whole situation: If anyone lends a helping hand, financially, the relief check will be immediately withdrawn. (Laugh at that if you are able!)

The CATHOLIC WORKER is not a family relief agency. We have not the means to carry on such work. The relief office says, in effect, "If you give these people partial assistance, you (or someone else) must take the full re-

(Continued on page 7)

The Simple Life

(Continued from page 8)

which is stored here and not in use, but is mouseproof. In the morning half of a small loaf goes to Reyes and Lipa and half a loaf to the growing son of my employer, who prefers it to store bread. A good slice is given as a token to Pat, the bookkeeper on the farm, who kindly brings my groceries from town, as she goes there often in her car. Readers of the CATHOLIC WORKER should enjoy the story that Eric Gill tells in his Autobiography of "store bread vs. home-made bread."

Tortillas

I have been unable to purchase any buckwheat flour and make my own everlasting dough, added to each day during the winter months. The prepared stuff you buy is a travesty on the name of buckwheat. In the winter I make hotcakes from flour, baking powder, salt and sugar and shortening. Have fried mush often for breakfast. When I am out of bread and do not have any yeast I can make fairly good tortillas. One day Lipa said that she had made two for me, but "they are not nice and round like my mother's." (The saying among the Spanish people is that until a girl can make perfectly round, good tortillas, she is not ready to be married.)

A cup of flour, a teaspoon of salt and the same of baking powder and shortening, with enough milk or water added so the dough will not be sticky, will make three tortillas. Roll the dough out rather thin and place on top of the wood stove. Do not have the fire too hot. Keep turning from one side to another until light brown. Then put between the folds of a cloth. Spanish people break the tortilla in bits and dip up beans with it. I have learned to do this fairly well.

One night last year when I had taken apples to Lipa I stayed for supper. Lipa jumped up from the table and rolled out a rather lopsided tortilla and placed it on the stove. Chattering in her snappy Spanish and English, she forgot it and it was badly burned. With a nonchalant gesture she said: "That's o.k. Hennacy, take it along and eat it on your way home."

Distributing Papers

It is Sunday morning. I get up at 5:45, eat a hurried breakfast, take my good clothing in a grip along with about 50 CATHOLIC WORKERS and go to the orchard to look over the situation of the water, which has been running all night. Here the water has gone into another row and missed half a dozen trees; there it is dammed up with weed and a furrow. I channel the water in the proper places and look over the next row for potential breaks, and turn the water into this new row. I oil the pump, and then a dash of cold water livens me up. Change my clothes, and walk a mile down the road to the seminary chapel, where I give a CATHOLIC WORKER to each person as they enter for 7:30 mass. Then I walk the five miles toward town. Many times a workman picks me up. If I am early, I visit my Lutheran pastor friend in his study for half an hour and give him a paper. Then I go in the rear of a large church and say my prayers. The old Irish priest here says what he thinks, his sermons being short and to the point. Some people know me as I stand in front of the church after Mass with the CATHOLIC WORKER, but most of them are busy with other affairs. As people go in for the 11 o'clock Mass some get a paper from me. Then I hurriedly walk two miles to a church near the University. I have met this younger priest personally; he was formerly a social worker, so we have something in common. Here the people coming from the 11 o'clock

Mass and entering and leaving the noon Mass can obtain papers from me if they like. I do not shout the name of the paper, but hold up copies in order that they may be seen. Some military men eye my Gandhi cap warily as it bears a neat inscription in red, "Free India Now."

On my way home I leave a copy with my partly pacifist minister friend of the Christian denomination and chat with him a few minutes. Then I deposit a copy with my Jehovah Witness friends, to whom I have previously explained the mystery of one who is not a Catholic giving time and energy (as they give time and energy for their cause) to distribute a Catholic paper. The fact that I was in prison with Judge Rutherford in Atlanta in 1918 commands their respect. They see the pacifism of the CATHOLIC WORKER, but it has the name "Catholic." How could that church be for "the Truth"? There must be something wrong! I have met the Jehovahs in other cities; they have courage, and that pardons much of their intolerance.

Coming home the other Sunday afternoon I stopped in to say hello to Lipa. Seeing me with a shirt and coat she asked, "Hennacy, you been to Ecclesia?" I said that I had. "You say Name of the Father?" "Not very much, but I say benedice for my honey." I replied. Quickly she took me into the bedroom and proudly pointed to two small candles burning at either side of an image and said, "See Santa Ninnio!" (the Holy Child).

Woman Distraught

(Continued from page 6)

sponsibility for them." That we are unable to do, but neither can we sit with folded hands and ignore their plight. That's why I'm telling you about Rose and her children, in the hope that there may be, somewhere, a family with means enough and heart enough to take over that responsibility.

It is the part of Christian charity to assume personal responsibility for the relief of need. Here is a case where the need is beyond doubt. There is no other solution. It isn't possible to go after the father with a club and force him to return to his duty. No one can move the cold, impersonal relief office to act outside its self-imposed rules and regulations.

Who, then, will give Rose the real immediate help she needs so desperately? Who but you, who-over you are, who have the means and the inclination. Or perhaps you have the means but not yet the inclination. Then listen to Rose express her determination to keep her children with her. Hear this mother tell of her anxiety about her boy, who is just at the age when boys begin to get into trouble. She will burn your heart out, this woman distraught with much weeping.



ST. JOHN

Here in our neighborhood the Italians sell the huge pods of the locust tree on which St. John feasted and fasted. Locusts and wild honey. Probably a very balanced diet. Perhaps he dried the locust beans and ground them into flour and made bread, as the Indians made cornmeal tortillas, or as we make soy bean flour these days. Everybody ought to eat locusts and wild honey.

Our Lord Jesus Christ Himself canonized this saint. He pointed him out to the people as the greatest among all the prophets, and among all those born of women, the new Elias, the burning and shining light.

St. John tells us "Do penance! Bring forth fruit worthy of penance. Don't go around saying complacently to yourself that you are Catholics. God can raise up Catholics out of the stones. He can make the Japanese and the Russians and the Germans Catholics. He can raise up children to himself anywhere. Don't be so sure you are the saved. Every tree that doesn't bear good fruit will be cut down. Is war good fruit?"

One of the things I meditate about in regard to John the Baptist is that when he was arrested and thrown into jail, our Lord did not organize a defense committee and agitate to get him out. He took it for granted that all those who worked for the kingdom were going to be persecuted, thrown into jail and eventually killed, either little by little or all at once.

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OUTLINE OF LIFE

By J. W. BAGIACKAS

I. INTEGRATION and SPECIALIZATION

1. Integration is the process of unifying multiples into a unity.
2. Specialization is the process of multiplying units into a multiplicity.
3. Integrators are despecialists because unification destroys multiplication.
4. Specialists are disintegrators because specialization destroys unification.

II. MAN and GOD

1. Man is a prodigal son of God to whom God has given a PROMISE at a price.
2. God spoke through Christ, the greatest integrator "Who did all things well" for One—"THE FATHER."
3. Christ said: "Follow me" (that was the price) "And I will give you Everlasting Life" (that was the PROMISE).

III. INTEGRAL CHRISTIANITY

1. Christians must know the price (Christian life) before they can pay the price.
2. Eric Gill integrated knowledge and action when he explained: In seeking to know things we reach out to them in order to become one with them.
3. Integral Christians can know Christian life by reaching out to it in order to become one with it, by unifying their lives in Christ.
4. Specialists cannot become one with life because their specialization disintegrates life

A Litany

(Continued from page 8)

Lighthouse of the persecuted and the disgraced,
Hidden Chamber in which the gentle dead yet breathe,
All-Knowing Heart, All-Guiding Heart, Ultimate Heart:
We ask Thee for Thy love.

VII. Heart that takes up all to Itself,

Heart that strikes the center of all our hearts,
Heart that breaks the proud hearts of us all:
We ask Thee for Thy love.

Heart that makes solitude into a great people:
We ask Thee for Thy love.

Heart that makes discord into an united people:
We ask Thee for Thy love.

Heart in which the whole world becomes Thy people:
Overflowing Heart, Overflaming Heart, Overstorming Heart:

Be loved, Everlasting Love,
Be everlastingly loved!

VIII. That Thy dawn may break with kindling light:

We consecrate ourselves to Thy love.

That Thy day may bring fire into our hearts:

We consecrate ourselves to Thy love.

That Thy day may burn all our hearts into Thine:

We consecrate ourselves to Thy love.

by separating part of it from the whole of it.

IV. INDUSTRIALISM and the URBANITE

1. Industrialism is a system of life based upon specialization of the multiples of material life in order to supply the necessities and luxuries of material life.
2. The urbanite is a specialist who has acquired a habit of specializing a part of his life and of disintegrating his whole life.
3. Some urbanites:
 - (a) The factory worker may become a machine specialist—but he usually ends up at the door of a nerve specialist with a disintegrated mind.
 - (b) The miner may become a mining specialist—but he usually ends up at the door of a lung specialist with a disintegrated body. (It would be far better if they both went to the door of a brain specialist).

V. AGRARIANISM and the FARMER

1. Agrarianism is a system of life based upon the integration of the multiples of natural life in order to supply the necessities of natural life.
2. The farmer is an integrator who has acquired the habit of uniting his life to a natural life for the necessities of natural life.

VI. THE CHRISTIAN FARMER

is an integrator who has acquired the habit of unifying his natural life with the Christian life (the price) for supernatural life (the PROMISE).

Mighty Heart,
Ineluctable Heart,
All-Consuming Heart!

IX. Fire! Fire! the Angels' wings are burning.
The swords of the Seraphim are aflame!

The lights of heaven are burning, the depths of earth are burning rocks and yesterdays are all aflame!

The expectation of all creatures burns—

The spirit burns in the darkness of high thought:

All has been taken from Love, All must become Love:

Sing "Holy! Holy! Holy!" rustling
Flames of the Seraphim!

X. Heart from which the heavens draw their glory: AMEN!

Heart from which the suns and constellations draw their beginning and their end: AMEN!

Heart from which the souls of the blessed draw their blessedness: AMEN!

World-Ordering Heart, World-Conquering Heart, Thou Only Heart of Hearts: AMEN! AMEN!

May the Day of Thine infinite love come quickly! AMEN!

[Reprinted from HYMNS TO THE CHURCH, Sheed & Ward. \$1.50]

THE LAND

The Simple Life

(Continued from page 5)

peach wood burns brightly in the fireplace. Even twigs burn well in the range.

It is now early April and asparagus which has come up for years throughout the orchard presents a fine supper for the vegetarian. Many times, with a half pint of milk a little pepper and shortening added, it makes a filling and delicious meal. At other times, slowly fried and mixed with rice, it gives a flavor resembling oysters. (Some meat-eater may correct me, for I have not tasted oysters for thirty years.)

Perhaps a letter or article in the Christian Century, which a friend kindly subscribed to for me along with several other papers, suggests an article which I feel impelled to write. Perhaps I am writing another Tolstoy booklet, corresponding with my Doukhobor friends in Canada, or writing a digest or review of a book which a friend has loaned to me. My only luxury, a semi-stuffed armchair, is in front of the fireplace; the stove to the right and a table of apple boxes to the left where my typewriter and current correspondence is scattered. A large table to the back which has been used for apple sorting is used for bread mixing, hektographing, and a general place for material I want within easy reach. I use a board across my lap for a table and have the food handy at the stove.

Metaphysics

Before me above the fireplace are oil paintings by the former owner of the orchard. This man was a Christian Scientist, whose mother knew Mrs. Eddy. Neighbors tell of his reading "The Book" to sick animals and saying that the power of right thought would make grain instead of weeds grow in his fields. There are undoubtedly metaphysical laws little understood by most of us which show the relation between the great waves of hatred, fear and war which sweep over

and surround the atmosphere of this world and the waves of epidemics, blights, floods and so-called "Acts of God." St. Francis could tame the man-eating wolf of Gubbio at a glance, but he had first tamed the passions, hatreds and materialism which had previously held sway in his being. Christian Scientists or any of the cults springing from that premise cannot expect to control weeds, insects and wholesale epidemics as long as they bless war and the economic system which feeds on war. When they have the courage and the spirituality of the early Christians then they can surely "take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them." But war-mongers and Mammon worshippers need not expect miracles.

My Saints

A picture of Jesus at the carpenter's bench finally wore out after I had put it up and taken it down when moving around. My half-pacifist young Lutheran minister friend in town gave me Sallman's Head of Christ. My un-orthodox array of "Saints" on the wall are Tolstoy, Debs, Thoreau, Jefferson, Abdul Baha, St. Francis, Vanzetti and Gandhi. The pictures of my own girls and family and that of an Indian maiden is the only touch of femininity in my house. This room is 14 by 16 feet with two windows and three doors, and the bedroom is 13 by 13. The walls are nearly 4 feet thick, made of native adobe, and the ceilings are 10 feet high.

My House

Tradition tells of treasure hid here in this house at the time of Indian raids. For the house was once an old fort in the times when the whites were encroaching upon the Indian country. The treasure that I have found here was buried, all right—buried deep within my personality, and it took the peace and quiet, the productive labor

among kindly, common and everyday sort of people to discover it.

Originally all doors led upon a small patio in the center open to the sky. The east wall is now torn down. Part of the house was used as a Catholic chapel in the early days. Enough cracks here and there allow Brother Mouse to come and go. At a former place where I lived by myself, I was able to stop up all cracks and holes within two months so that mice did not enter. It was their home before it was mine. They have a right to live, to chew and gnaw, but they do not need to do so in my two rooms. There is plenty for them in nearby fields and farm buildings. They do not bother old copies of the CATHOLIC WORKER or other pacifist or radical papers.



ST-ANTHONY

Here is a picture of St. Anthony talking to the fishes. We believe that it was on an occasion when no one wanted to hear him and went away and the fishes rose up in the sea and listened courteously as he persisted in his preaching. The same story is told of birds. St. Anthony is a favorite saint in our neighborhood. When we have a statue of him in the window, the Italian neighbors curtsy as they go by and throw kisses at him. Also they bring him flowers. I often wondered why Italian housewives had such a devotion to him. Then I read a story of his life and learned how he had to spend many years in the kitchen among the pots and pans, cooking and cleaning, and perhaps that is why women love him. He had been a learned Augustinian monk and became a Franciscan because he wanted to wander the highways and preach poverty and the love of God. He wanted to be a martyr, and went to Africa seeking this fate, but failed in his quest and came back to Italy, where he was a poor unknown among the great number of Franciscans there were then. It was only by accident that he was asked to preach one day and then his eloquence converted many. After that he was sent around on preaching missions everywhere. His feast is on June 13.

Their especial taste seems to be for the Christian Century—but then they may have developed certain tastes from the former owner of the place.

Orchard and Garden

It is now a bright morning in early May. By this time my skin is nearly as brown as that of Hans. Last year the blisters on my back worried others much and myself but little. This year not a blister came from my exposure to the sun.

Two electric pumps bring water from the irrigation ditch and from a well to irrigate the 100 rows of trees. For a short distance, the water runs between banks uphill until it reaches the trees. (The saying here is that only a Mormon can make water run uphill. They understand irrigation, are good workers and their system of helping each other could easily be studied and used by all of us. I have some Mormon friends who like to read the CATHOLIC WORKER. The gopher has made holes in the ditch bank and this is a continual trouble until they have all been stopped up. Hans watches the ditch bank for leaks and I see that the water reaches each tree.

Melons have come up from some left in the field last year. I plant onions, parsnips, rutabagas, tomatoes, carrots, lettuce, blue Indian corn from nearby Isleta pueblo, and the native pinto bean. Later sweet potatoes and peppers will be planted. Last year I planted a small patch of wheat but soon afterward came to work here so did not harvest it. My employer has doubts about my ability as a wheat farmer, but I planted about an acre. Much of it is up but some of the ground is black alkali where even weeds will not grow.

Watermills on the Rio Grande

Old-timers here and there along this Rio Grande have watermills where corn is ground between two stones. They go with exceedingly slow motion but there is no cost, and these stones have been grinding for centuries. If it is possible to get my blue corn and wheat ground at such a mill I will do so; if not, the hammer mill of my employer can grind it. The primitive way of cutting wheat, binding it by hand (for few people raise wheat and use a binder here) and threshing it out by hand on canvas seems queer. By itself it may seem foolish, but taken as part of a pattern of life it has meaning. Orthodox economists tell us that the farmer who uses a horse and plow and very little machinery cannot afford to compete in the market with the farmer who uses up-to-date, half-paid-for machinery.

It happens that I do not care to own property and have it taken away by the Government for non-payment of taxes, for most of the taxes in my lifetime will go to pay for World War II and to prepare for World War III. One who eats meat can raise a few hogs and chickens in the country and here turkeys do well. For a vegetarian who simplifies his needs, the cash that is needed for certain purposes can be earned as a farm laborer; and most of the food to be consumed can be raised on an acre or two. To raise food for animals and then eat the animals is expensive. Why not raise the grain and eat it yourself?

I am not competing on the market with others any more than I am losing an election when I do not enter the lists of voting. My ideals are above and

beyond that nose-counting which takes place at the ballot box, and the economic system which myself and other free spirits follow is above and beyond the market place. The B-29's roar over my head hourly. These planes of death exist, as do the market place and the voting booth, but they do not need to be a part of my life if I do not choose to help pay for them or live in fear because of the war-monger's security in these false gods.

My Budget

I keep ten dollars for expenses and send the remainder to my wife and girls. During the month of May my expenses were as follows:

Whole wheat flour, 25 lbs.	\$ 1.25
(could grow own wheat)	
Vegetable shortening, 3 lbs.	.68
Cornmeal, 5 lbs.	.46
(could-grow own corn)	
Oleomargarine, 2 lbs.	.38
Rice, 4 lbs.	.58
(price is too high)	
Raisins, 2 lbs.	.23
Syrup, 5 lbs.	.47
Yeast, salt, sugar, etc.	.50

Total	4.55
Electric light bill	1.00
Bundle of C.O. and C.W.'s	2.40
Postage stamps, haircut, etc.	2.05

Total	\$10.00
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I bought a quantity of pinto beans (seconds) last year and still have some left. Have few jars of apple butter which I put up last fall. Get a quart of milk free from the farm daily, and asparagus, wild lettuce, and later fruit and vegetables. Irish potatoes do not grow well here. The ones that you buy at the store now are not worth the money, so I buy rice instead. Another year I should get a few hives of bees.

Whole Wheat Bread

Reading of the bread-baking at Mott Street and of Cobbet's old-fashioned way of bread-making, and of Catherine de Hueck's rye bread encouraged me to persevere until I can now say that I make as good bread as I have ever tasted. Here is my method, developed at last after getting the yeast too hot, the oven too hot, and the dough raised too quickly. At noon I put 13 cups of whole wheat flour in a pan. Heat a pint of milk until it commences to bubble, then add water until it is a little more than lukewarm. Crumble in 2 cakes of yeast and stir until dissolved. - Add 2 tablespoons of salt and 4 of sugar to the liquid and pour liquid in the flour. Mix and add 4 tablespoons of shortening. Knead it a bit and add more water if necessary until it is not too sticky. I then put it in the pan, cover it with a cloth and take it over to Lipa's mother, Reyes, and leave it in her warm kitchen until 6 p.m. (If I left it in my room, Brother Mouse would nose around and perhaps get in the habit of searching for such good food—and my room is too cool for the dough to rise properly.)

At night I knead the dough lightly and make it into four loaves according to the size of pan I happen to have. (The Spanish word for bread is "pan.") I leave these loaves for about an hour and a half by the open oven door where a wood fire is burning. When the loaves have raised sufficiently I put them in the oven; but it must not be too hot or the outside will burn and the inside be doughy. In about 45 minutes the bread will be done. Shortening applied to the top of the loaf as it is removed from the oven keeps it from cracking.

I place the loaves in a roomy and airy oven of another stove

(Continued on page 7)

A Litany of the Feast Of the Sacred Heart

By Gertrude von Le Fort

Now I will pray the ardour of the soul as a great litany is prayed!

Now I will raise the song of praise that is not sung but loved:

I. Blood-red Secret of all that is, Holy Heart, Divine Heart, Almighty Heart:
Be loved, Love,
Eternal love,
Be Thou eternally loved.

II. Hearth in the darkness of the frozen world:
Be loved, Love!

Flame-Shadow over all the false brightness of the world:
Be loved, Love!

Burning sign in all the false rest of the world,
Lonely Heart, Flaming Heart, Unquenchable Heart:
Be loved,
Everlasting Love.

III. Heart deep as the nights that have no face:
Be loved!

Heart strong as the waves that have no shore:
Be loved!

Heart tender as little children that have no bitterness:
Be everlastingly loved!

IV. Rose from the flower-garden of the Invisible:
Rose from the chalice of the humble maiden:

Blossoming Rose-Bush in which heaven and earth combine:
Be loved,
Everlasting Love.

Royal Heart in the flowing mantle of Thy blood:
Be loved!

Breaking Heart in the stark ornament of Thy Death wounds:
Heart dethroned, Heart betrayed,
Heart cruelly martyred:
Be loved,
Everlasting Love!
Be everlastingly loved.

V. Heart before Whom the mighty find their knees:
We ask Thee for Thy love.

Heart before Whom the careless find their tears:
We ask Thee for Thy love.

Heart in Whom thieves and murderers yet find forgiveness:
Great Heart, Heart of Mercy,
Heart of Glory:
We ask Thee for Thy love.

VI. Red Thorn of our gladness, Sorrow-Thorn of our repentance,
Fair Evening Glow of our setting,
We ask Thee for Thy love.

Crimson Cloth that turns sin pale as death:
We ask Thee for Thy love.

Ruby Stream after which the sick souls thirst:
We ask Thee for Thy love.

Comforting Lamp for the distressed,

(Continued on page 7)