

# CATHOLIC WORKER

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## Four-Acre Farming Hears Department Store Strike

By JULIAN and MARY PLEASANTS

A couple of four-acre farmers would like to be heard from, not to tell of our experience in getting on the land, but to tell of the ideal that took us there. So many people seem to think that full-time farming is the ideal of every rural lifer, and that part-time farming is only a compromise forced on him by his inexperience. For us, however, part-time farming is the ideal pattern of rural living, and full-time farming a compromise of the very ideal that took us to the land.

We were not looking for a pattern of living that might be the best for our own family. We were looking for a pattern of living that would make it possible for every family to share the values of rural life. We were not hoodwinked by the phrase "family-type" farm into thinking that such a farm would be good for the family. (We mean the kind of farm that provides a family's whole income.) It might be good for our family, yes, though there are doubts on that score. But it could not possibly be good for the 10 to 20 families who had to live in the city to make full-time farming possible for us.

Urbanism and full-time farming are opposite sides of the same coin. One lives by the other. Once you admit that some people should specialize in growing food for everyone else, you have condemned the majority of the population to urban or suburban living. Specialization in food production is the most dangerous of all types of specialization. Many types of specialization harm only the special-

izer. Full-time farming harms everybody else.

Father M. V. Kelly, C.S.B., spent a lifetime comparing the faith of country-reared and city-reared Catholics. He compared them in both city and country parishes, and he found that it did not make much difference where they were living, but it made a tremendous difference where they grew up. Nine times as many city-reared as country-reared Catholics give up practicing the faith. Sorokin and Zim-

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Under the banner of anti-communism Albert M. Greenfield, who controls Hearn's, has set out to destroy the Distributive, Processing, and Office Workers union, Local 65, CIO. Mr. Greenfield controls Oppenheim-Collins, Franklin-Simon, Bonwit Teller, John David, Loft's, eight out of ten of the leading hotels in Philadelphia, The Philadelphia Transit System, Botany Mills, and the Albert M. Greenfield Real Estate Institute. Mr. Greenfield of Bankers' Security Corporation bought Hearn's

about four years ago. In that four years he reduced the number of employees from 2,000 to 800. The employees accepted the self service program which he instituted even though it caused severe hardship to many, because business had been dropping off steadily. In February 1953 the contract between DPO and Hearn's expired. The union was prepared to renew the contract without increases in wages and for the past few years had already accepted smaller increases from Hearn's as a special

consideration in view of the decline in business. The company refused to grant any union contract. The union reports that the company asked the union in private sessions to agree to eliminate minimum wage standards, waive seniority provisions, eliminate all grievance machinery, and do away with the health and welfare program which existed. In other words Hearn's wanted a free hand to fire old employees with twenty or more years of service and hire youngsters at 75 cents per hour wages and completely eliminate all the benefits which the workers had gained through their union during the sixteen years they had been members. The company also proposed to eliminate severance pay. During this session the union pointed out that the elimination of grievance and arbitration machinery would mean that every grievance could end in a strike. The answer they received was that they could go ahead and strike when they pleased and that if the union at Hearn's dared to strike he wouldn't rest until the officers of the union were jailed and the union destroyed.

The company refused to recognize seniority rights, refused to arbitrate grievances, became delinquent in payments to the health and welfare fund. On May 14 the strike was called, the workers went out solidly. It has continued for well over two months. The com-

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## EASY ESSAYS

By PETER MAURIN

### 1. Institutions and Corporations

1. Jean Jacques Rousseau says: "Man is naturally good, but institutions make him bad, so let us overthrow institutions."
2. I say "Man is partly good and partly bad but corporations, not institutions make him worse."
3. "An institution," says Emerson, "is the extension of the soul of a man."
4. When institutions are no longer the extension of the soul of the founder they are no longer institutions, they are corporations.
5. Institutions are founded to foster the welfare of the masses.
6. Corporations are organized to promote the wealth of the classes.
7. So the question is not to organize bigger corporations but to found better institutions.

### 2. Ethics and Economics

1. Lincoln Steffen says: "The social problem is not a political problem; it is an economic problem."
2. Kropotkin says: "The economic problem

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## Poverty Is the Pearl of Great Price

By DOROTHY DAY

Maritain, when he spoke at a Catholic Worker meeting a few years ago urged us to read the Gospel. Therese Martin, the little saint of our day, carried it next to her heart. Even if we read only the Gospel for Sunday, several times—God sends us a special message for our need. I thought of that a few Sundays ago in the parable about the lost sheep. Certainly the men around the Bowery are lost sheep. They are our brothers in Jesus. He died for each one of them. They were bought with an infinite price. What respect we should feel for them. But while working as we do at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality, which we thought of at first as a headquarters for the paper, as a place for round table discussions, for learning crafts as well as books,

for studying ways of building up a new social order, new institutions of communal family villages, agronomic universities, studying what is being done all over the world by others, God has made it much more than all this. He has made it a place for the poor. They come early in the morning from their beds in cheap flop houses, from the benches in the park across the street, from the holes and corners of the city. They are the most destitute, the most abandoned.

It is easy for people to see Jesus in the children of the slums. "Let us start with the young ones. There is some hope there," and institutions and schools are built to help them. It is a vocation in itself. But these hopeless and abandoned grown men are looked upon as

hopeless. No good will come of it. We are contributing to laziness. We are feeding people who won't work. These are the accusations made. God help us, we give them so little. Bread and coffee in the morning, and soup and bread at one o'clock in the afternoon. Two scant meals

We are a family at 223 Chrystie Street, a family of forty or 50. We keep emphasizing that. But we are also a house of hospitality. There are so many that come, that it is impossible to give personal attention to each one; we can only give what we have, in the name of Jesus. Thank God for directing our vocation. We did not choose this work. He sent it to us. We will always, please God, be clambering around the rocks and briars, the barren-

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## CHRYSTIE STREET

By TOM SULLIVAN

The last hospital case from the April fire, Henry Sanborn, is back home with us for the past month. Henry is still heavily bandaged about the chest, shoulders and back, consequently has to report to Bellevue hospital each week for a change of bandages. Henry has endured the horrible experience of the fire and the ensuing suffering with tremendous fortitude. He appears to be getting along fine and has been a noble example to all of us.

The two floors of the men's side of the house are still in the process of repairs. The building contractors have been on the job now for over two months. During their first month on the project they didn't appear to accomplish anything more than get the feel of the place. Although I must admit that they did succeed in covering the two flights of stairs and corridors below them with plaster. We accepted this treatment with sickening politeness since we were in no position to press the work: we were still waiting for the check from the insurance company which would cover the overall job.

Upon the arrival of the insurance company's check, we not only phoned but sent a written message to the tardy contractor and demanded that the repairs be completed at once. We learned that our builder was an old hand at this game. He was profuse with apologies and promised to have this matter attended to immediately. The following day about six of his men went to work on the

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## A Thanksgiving for Peace

It is with the most profound thanksgiving that we can write, at this moment of going to press, that an armistice has been signed and that firing has ceased in Korea, after three years of bitter suffering, terrible loss of life and destruction of property. There is peace of a kind, "a peace without victory" such as Benedict XV plead for. It is a breathing spell, a time when every attempt can be made to reach accord through negotiation instead of through armed might. We have all prayed each noon, at St. Joseph's House of Hospitality on Chrystie Street, saying the rosary for peace. Prayers have gone up over all the world, in Russia, China, in all the countries behind the iron curtain as well as in our own.

When the announcements came Sunday night at nine o'clock, and when later the President's short address was broadcast, together with that of Secretary of State Dulles and others from the United Nations, both Eisenhower and Dulles with reverence thanked God that the armistice had been brought about. We are grateful too to the President that from the time of his inauguration, he first of all visited Korea and then set about to make an armistice his first duty to the people. He, of all men, should realize the horrors of war, and we hope and pray that he will spend the rest of his time in office using all his energies to bring about peace in the world.

## Hilaire Belloc

"May the Angels Lead Thee Into Paradise"

At a time when life is cheap and casualty lists have mounted again in Korea, it is good to contemplate the long and full life of this great writer who died last month in his home in England. He visited us in 1937 when the Catholic Worker office was on Mott street and talked briefly to our Friday night meeting, and we remembered him with awe as a Johnstorian figure with a long life of fruitful and pleasurable literary activity behind him, a life of walking trips and pilgrimages, of long conversational evenings in coffeehouses, of travel in Europe and America. It was said that he walked across the United States to propose to his wife, a California girl. He was not an Englishman, though he lived his life in England. He was born of a French father and an Irish mother in Paris and he married an American. He had five children. His oldest son was killed in the first World War and his youngest in the second. There is another son living in Canada, and two daughters, one of whom, Eleanor, also visited us in New York and has been a dear correspondent since. Belloc himself served as an ambulance driver in the first world war.

We have more often spoken of his two books, "The Servile State," and "The Restoration of Property," than other of his hundred or so books. But his "Path to Rome," to our mind was his greatest, the story of a pilgrimage made on foot to St. Peter's. His verses and sonnets, his essays on everything under the sun, show always his great zest and joy in life. He was the forerunner of our Ogden Nash, and his nonsense verse reminded one of Lewis Carroll. His interests took in the whole of life, and if we differed from him politically there were fundamental agreements that overcome any such differences. He was an apostle to this world, recognizing the importance and beauty of this life, here and now, today and tomorrow; he was the layman always, dealing with the things of the lay world, and while he saw how wrong things were in man's world, he saw also how very good things were in God's world, and his gratitude to God was shown in his happiness and zest. May he rest in peace.

DOROTHY DAY

## Catholic Worker Conferences

Aug. 23 - 28. Fr. Marion Casey. Basic conferences on the obligation of the Christians to aim at perfection; on nature and the supernatural; The glory of God; on the Folly of the Cross. Given at Maryfarm, Route 17 K, Newburgh, N. Y.

Sept. 5 - 7. Labor Day Weekend. Discussion of Pacifism. Ammon Hennacy, Robert Ludlow, Dorothy Day, speakers. Given at Peter Maurin Farm, 469 Bloomingdale Road, Pleasant Plains, Staten Island, New York.



## Meditation on the Death of the Rosenbergs

By DOROTHY DAY

At eight o'clock on Friday, June 19th the Rosenbergs began to go to death. That June evening the air was fragrant with the smell of honey suckle. Out under the hedge at Peter Maurin Farm, the black cat played with a grass snake, and the newly cut grass was fragrant in the evening air. At eight o'clock I put Nickie in the tub at my daughter's home, just as Lucille Smith was bathing her children at Peter Maurin farm. My heart was heavy, as I soaped Nickie's dirty little legs, knowing that Ethel Rosenberg must have been thinking with all the yearning of her heart, of her own soon-to-be-orphaned children.

How does one pray when praying for "convicted spies," about to be electrocuted? One prays always of course for mercy. "My Jesus, mercy." "Oh Lord Jesus Christ, son of the living God, have mercy on them." But somehow, feeling close to their humanity, I prayed for fortitude for them both. "Oh God let them be strong, take away all fear from them, let them be spared this suffering, at least, this suffering of fear and trembling."

I could not help but think of the story in Dostoevsky's *Idiot*, how Prince Myshkin described in detail the misery of the man about to be executed, whose sentence was commuted at the last moment. This had been the experience of Dostoevsky himself, and he had suffered those same fears, and had seen one of his comrades, convicted with him, led to the firing line, go mad with fear. Ethel and Julius Rosenberg, as their time approached and many appeals were made, must in hoping against hope, holding fast to hope up to the last, have compared their lot to that of Dostoevsky and those who had been convicted with him. What greater punishment can be inflicted on anyone than those two long years in a death house, watched without ceasing so that there is no chance of one taking one's life, and so thwarting the vengeance of the State. They had already suffered the supreme penalty. What they were doing, in their own minds no doubt, was offering the supreme sacrifice, offering their lives for their brothers. Both Harold Urey and Albert Einstein, and many other eminent thinkers at home and abroad avowed their belief in the innocence of these two. They wrote (Continued on page 6).

## A Jubilee

Written for the Seventh Centenary of the Birth in Heaven of St. Peter Martyr

St. Peter Martyr, one of the first Dominicans, was murdered by the Albigensians in 1252. Struck down, he dipped his finger in his blood and wrote upon the ground the words "Credo In Unum Deum."

He lived the long gestation of the Word;  
That was the birth that drove him.  
His death approaching out of his earliest years  
Grew in him toward the ultimate emergence  
His every act must verify, his whole speech affirm:  
City to city the stamp of recognition  
Struck on the consciousness of men.  
Everywhere the luminous delineation of the Real  
Swept him in the seizure of its power.  
How could he rest until the truth were told  
Though the Truth surpasses telling?  
But there were those who knew  
What a thousand vain equivocations never could contradict  
One stroke of the billhook could.  
Up from the bugling heart  
The testament that was his total life,  
But seemed to him no more than a thin  
Beginning-to-be-heard, was stifled in his throat;  
And the great speechlessness at last upon him,  
An agony of death and deliverance grappling in his bones,  
He wetted the waning finger in his blood,  
And in the blindness of the dust,  
As on the obdurate heart of man,  
Gravened with his passion and his love,  
He there set down his creed.

Springtime broke north. In backwater dells  
The late-gone brant has left but the moulted pinion-feather  
sodden beside the stone,  
Half-earth already. Deep in the body of the thriving quail  
The malebird's volatile faculty  
Achieves its provenance, and the procreant shad  
Thrusters its roe out in the silt-beds of its birth.  
All things—Instinct and Idea,  
The flashseed and the soul,  
Nature and Supernature in the single grasp,  
Oned in the mighty impluse—all things  
Seek source. His great heart's bursting cry,  
Froth-choked and gulped with air,  
Floated toward Paradise,  
But his soul gleamed there. And there his stunned sight,  
That went about him as he weakly roused,  
Perceived old friendship in the hosted dead  
Wreathed round in welcome; as mother's might  
Back from the birth-death darkness,  
Open their eyes into the swimming faces of their kin,  
And have no words, only they reach, frall-handed,  
Clasping and reaching, and all  
Weep welcome. . .

Oh hosts and angels! Multitudes of joy!  
Dominions and Thrones and Principalities!  
God, who tempers all the angels in His gaze  
Has swept him there. The great Eye, radiant,  
From out Whose scopeless orb all being pours,  
Prints now His final impress on His saint.  
How speak for Peter Martyr? name his griefs?  
Who now may pity him his poor cleft skull?  
Back there, the immortal oath he had no strength to say  
But quickened with his passion in the dust,  
Gathers behind him at the narrow Gate.  
But his new eyes, opened unto Life, look only in.  
Deeper than the deep star-mackerelled night  
The fugal ranks of angels have drawn back,  
And the fiery seraphim no more for a moment  
Pass and repass before the imponderable Face.  
Gathering up his dazed divested wits  
Still half-involved in the urgency of his act,  
Dumb Peter tries to finish his great say.  
It is not needful. But the round O of faith,

Begun back there before the billhook cropped it,  
Is fashioned in his face.  
As in the very instant of its birth,  
Its lung as yet sealed off from the loud  
Intercourse of earth, the infant  
Mouths for a wall, but makes none:  
So hangs his soul—  
Until, merged in that last earth-parted cry,  
That now, like the long articulation of his love  
Arrives around him,  
There swells in Heaven's hush  
The uncontainable tumult of his joy.

BROTHER ANTONINUS, OP.

## A Declaration of Conscience

"These Are Times That Try Men's Souls"

By AMMON A. HENNACY

These are days of despair! Because we have depended upon politicians to solve our problems and have accepted their impossible promises of more benefits and less taxes, of peace while building the mightiest war machine in the history of the world, and of trust in the government instead of in ourselves—for these reasons we have brought upon us and we really deserve such freedom-destroying inquisitors as the demagogue McCarthy. In the name of freedom he destroys freedom. In just such

ways have the Hitlers, Mussolinis, Francos and Perons enslaved the world.

Because as individuals we have felt out of our depth in the muddy waters of power politics, we have let the politicians run the world. We have taken advantage of the attractive false war prosperity, and kept busy about many things to hide the fear away back in our minds that this Atomic Age may be the last Age of all. And to keep from thinking about this, we do (Continued on page 6)



# + + + BOOK REVIEWS + + +

## Cardinal Suhard

**THE CHURCH TODAY.** The Collected Writings of Emmanuel Cardinal Suhard. Fides, Chicago. \$4.75.

Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

Unlike many members of the European hierarchy, Emmanuel Cardinal Suhard's name sounds with familiarity for American Catholics. This admirable Archbishop of Paris is perhaps most justly famous for his unorthodox "Mission of Paris," better known as the "worker priests," but as early as 1948 his "Growth or Decline" was published in the United States and won an enthusiastic audience among priests and laity concerned with the future of the Church in a deChristianized society.

Other of his pastoral letters were translated for the benefit of English-speaking Catholics, and we have now in one volume his three great pastorals, "Growth or Decline," "The Meaning of God" and "Priests Among Men" together with several short letters to his flock and his spiritual diary. It is a meaty book and one which will not bear hasty reading.

One's strongest reaction upon finishing the late Cardinal's book is that if the Church has lost a great spiritual leader, probably one of the greatest in our time, she possibly has gained a saint. This book could only have been an outgrowth of intense prayer and constant communion with God. The diary reveals this most specifically but it is implicit in all of the writings.

Taking into consideration that the Cardinal was addressing himself to the French people, particularly to those in his diocese, his analyses and judgments have a surprisingly universal application. Thus if at the time of the writing of "Growth or Decline" Paris, that ancient center of Christianity, had been declared a mission diocese, the inroads of paganism had surely been as deep and corroding far beyond the boundaries of France. The words of Suhard ring with truth in the ears of Catholics the world over; his call to action is as clear in America as it is in France.

This great pastoral, the heart of all his writings, is his general analysis of the situation, his judgment of it, and his program for meeting it. In it is all his love for the Church, for souls, his distress at the despair and meaninglessness of life without God and his careful structural plan for combatting the "inner crisis" with which the world is struggling.

Moreover, this central thesis gives the following pastorals their impetus. "Priests Among Men" is a development of the Cardinal's thought on the meaning of the priesthood and its ultimate duty to souls. It is directly related to his "Mission of Paris." "The Meaning of God" explores the personality of God both transcendently and immanently in an attempt to dispel false notions, and deepen in Christians their sense of their relationship to the Creator.

The shorter letters on such issues as the Church's attitude toward private property, the Christian Family, the parish, are truly the writings of a holy man; their originality, however, is not so marked, and the Cardinal relies strongly on recent and well-known encyclicals which have dealt with these problems.

The diary, though, is completely the Cardinal's own and here is the record of his soul. Mark his humility, his charity, his desire for sanctity, and above all his strong faith. It does not seem strange after reading these few pages to sense the sweetness of the Holy Ghost in Suhard's work and life. The tremendous inspiration he gave to the revivification of Christianity in France had its roots in the dynamism of his interior life; the flowering of French Catholic Action was a direct result of his holiness.

It is all here in these collected writings—what he was and what he did. Let us hope it will be widely read and thought about.

## Psychoanalysis

**PSYCHOANALYSIS AND PERSONALITY—A Dynamic Theory of Normal Personality.** Rev. Joseph Nuttin—Sheed and Ward, 840 Broadway, N. Y. 2, N. Y. \$4.00. Reviewed by Robert Ludlow.

The first half of this book is concerned with an analysis of depth psychology with particular attention to the Freudian school. It is, despite the claims of the introduction, the most interesting part of the book. Father Nuttin's thesis is, quite correctly, that concentration on the abnormal has produced an unbalanced psychology and that we stand much in need of a psychology of the normal. And that he develops in the second half of the book.

In view of the recent papal statement on psychoanalysis, in which the Holy Father takes issue with the pansexualists, it is interesting to note Father Nuttin calling attention to the fact that Freud always denied that his system was pansexualist and that Freud also stated "It is a grave misunderstanding, only to be excused by ignorance, to pretend that psychoanalysis expects neurosis to be cured by sexual abandonment. On the contrary, the awareness through analysis, of repressed sexual desires tends to encourage a mastery over those desires which could not be achieved by the old kinds of repression." Father Nuttin personally doubts the validity of Freud's assertion that his system is not pansexualist because, he states, Freud reduces everything (including the Adlerian

will—to power) to the libido. There is the possibility, however, that Father Nuttin does not give sufficient treatment of the libido concept in terms of vital impulse or energy not necessarily of narrow erotic significance. I also fail to see the importance of spending so much time attempting to prove that spiritual values do not stem from the libido as though, if they did, this would somehow invalidate them. The fact that one may transfer his libido from infantile (Oedipus Complex) objects to adult social relationships or to God would hardly seem to reduce those relationships or God to mere substitutes for mother and father. That is an entirely unwarranted conclusion but one which, unfortunately, is assumed by some Freudian and anti-Freudians. The Canticale of Canticles is surely a great poem of the love of man for God, but it is also quite evidently clothed in libidinous language.

Father Nuttin is quite correct when he takes those Freudians to task who have made a religion out of the system and who apply the idea of emotional resistance to all who reject their theories—the contention being that a resistance to Freudian theories is itself indication of neurosis. This is much too handy a weapon in the hands of one school of psychoanalysts. But Freud was himself a complex character and while assuming an intolerant attitude at times could also pause and give such healthy advice as "the analyst respects his patient's personality, he does not try to mould it, according to his

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## James J. Martin

**MEN AGAINST THE STATE — The Expositors of Individualist Anarchism in America 1827-1908,** by James J. Martin—The Adrian Allen Associates, P.O. Box 413, De Kalb, Illinois, \$6.25. Reviewed by Robert Ludlow.

The fact that I or anyone else should recommend this book should be a real compliment to the author because I have seldom run across such an atrocious job of editing. For a book costing \$6.25 (how many working class people can afford that?) you are given a bad printing job and an unpardonable clumsy handling of the footnotes.

But the material in the book is invaluable. For here we have gathered together the stories and ideologies of Josiah Warren, Ezra Heywood, William Greene, J. K. Ingalls, Stephen Pearl Andrews and Benjamin Tucker. All representing various phases of individualist anarchism. And, despite a few chauvinistic phrases extolling the purity of native American anarchists, it is important, if only as a matter of justice, that the public in general be disabused of the clichés about anarchism that has made it synonymous with chaos and violence. Not that any of these anarchists treated in the book were out and out pacifists, but that all of them were firmly opposed to the use of violence to pursue their aims. There were and are a few anarchists (more properly nihilists) who justify violence. But these gentlemen were not of that school of thought.

Not however that these gentlemen were right in their general outlook, they were right here and there, they had such varied opinions on many subjects (there is not the uniformity of the Marxists) that, in concrete cases (like opposition to the centralized State) they could not help but be right. But, like all people who ride an idea to death, their insistence on individualism applied to everything led them astray. In the social field they needed the corrective influence of anarcho-syndicalism, in the philosophical school they were too much the products of a crude nineteenth century materialistic arrogance. As for religion, they rejected a god who indeed does not exist because they did not know the true God of Christianity. But, subjectively, they served Him as everyone serves Him who loves and serves justice. And that they did according to their lights.

But they were victims of words. If they must reject authority in one field nothing will do but that they reject it in all fields—it becomes a monomania. And their minds are closed because of this to all those regions of man which transcend the rational or even to the reasonableness of believing that man is not the measure of all things, that there will always be many things we can never comprehend with our unaided intellects.

Despite their theories of individualism most of these men, unconsciously paying tribute to man's natural social inclinations, tried out various schemes of co-operative living. Without too much success. But here you have the story of it and here are points of view which should serve as healthy correctives to our day when social reform is the order and the State is looked upon as the sole agent of these reforms.

## Cardinal Newman

**NEWMAN'S WAY,** by Sean O'Faolain. Devin-Adair Co., New York. \$4.50.

Reviewed by Elizabeth Bartelme.

With shelves of biographical material available on John Henry Newman, it would seem defensible to argue that nothing new could be unearthed to present the eminent Cardinal in a fresh perspective. Sean O'Faolain's probing and provocative study of Newman's early years effectively quashes such an argument. Its insight is remarkable and should prove arresting to devoted Newmanites; its wit and style will delight the most casual reader.

Mr. O'Faolain's original intention was to produce a sort of "conversation piece" or family portrait. This idea has been considerably expanded to include a serious, subtle consideration of the unfolding of Newman's spiritual struggle, without, however, losing sight of the intricate relationship which prevailed between John Henry and his family. "Newman's Way" places its hero squarely in the center of his family and fans out from there into psychological study of a man who was "not of this world," and yet was as important to the world of his time as Gladstone, Palmerston, or Cardinal Manning.

No detail of Newman history has been too minute for O'Faolain to overlook. He has stripped the family tree bare. In doing so he has provided the perfect jumping-off place for his psychological conjectures—the Newmans en masse are the stuff of biographers' dreams. There is John Senior, good, conventional, ineffectual in his business affairs, bewildered by his boys; Mrs. Newman, devoted to her family, worried by her sons' religious and political deviations, pleasantly triumphant over her older daughters' romances, grieving over Mary's death; Aunt Betsy, a most amusing and trying member of the family.

The children have obviously captivated their biographer. He juggles hilarity and paths in his account of the unsuccessful flirtations of Jemima and Harriett with the Wilberforce brothers—the notes which fly back and forth, the thrusts and counter thrusts, the advances and retreats. One suspects that it is no coincidence that there is a strong flavor of Jane Austen about this comedy, this "parsonical plot" engineered by John. There is a touch of melodrama contributed by the tragicomic antics of Charles whose employers coldly classified him as "weak in the head" and of whom the author speaks more charitably as "sensitive and ineffectual . . . one of the worst possible disharmonies in any man." Poor Charles—with all his faults and weakness he is a lovable character, and one cannot get so fond of Francis with his absolute righteousness and his narrow outlook, though, like the rest of the Newmans there is no stamp of mediocrity on him—like John he was brilliant; unlike John he was eccentric and the willing victim of the most eccentric fads.

And at last John Henry, great churchman and possible saint. Here there are no disharmonies; intellect and imagination are in delicate balance. Mr. O'Faolain's projection of the mind of Newman is a creative tour de force. He is convinced that Newman tells the absolute truth in his "Apologia" about himself and his progress toward Rome. He is equally convinced that Newman was too subjective a personality to reveal himself wholly. He had what O'Faolain calls a "post-cognitive mind," that is, his highly rational powers caused him to view his attitudes and emotional storms in retrospect in a much calmer manner than that in which they had been experienced. He applies this theory consistently from Newman's first conversion to Evangelicalism until his entrance into the Catholic Church. He examines the writings and letters of Newman placing them in context with the subject under discussion and analyzes thoroughly the variations which occur, depending on the

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## Conscription of Conscience

**CONSCRIPTION OF CONSCIENCE —The American State and the Conscientious Objector, 1940-1947,** by Mulford Q. Sibley and Philip E. Jacob—Cornell University Press, Ithaca, New York, \$6.50. Reviewed by Robert Ludlow.

It was on January 10, 1940, that seven representatives of the historic peace churches (Quaker, Brethren, and Mennonites) proposed to President Roosevelt a scheme of alternative civilian service for conscientious objectors and complete exemption for absolutists. And it was then they became aware of the deep prejudice and hostility towards conscientious objectors on the part of Roosevelt. A hostility which in great part prevented any intelligent handling of this problem during World War II.

For one thing the very wording of the Selective Service Act of 1940 arbitrarily granted rights of conscience only to those who were C.O.'s because of religious training and belief which, if strictly adhered to, would limit C.O.'s to members of the historic peace churches. The authors point out that congressmen claimed that dropping the "religious" test would open floodgates to Communists seeking to evade their responsibilities and how this "illustrated a curious logic which seemed to hold that while Communists ought not to be objectors, they should be in the army." p. 51.

Faced with this situation some pacifists, predominantly of the peace church type, thought to meet the situation by what was termed the philosophy of the second mile.

Accepting the fact that General Hershey was unalterably opposed to payment of C.O.'s for their services, they volunteered their services without pay in civilian public service camps. Feeling that if a man compels you to go one mile you go two. But the sad part about this was that the government took them up on this, agreed to setting up the camps to be administered by the church groups, but involving all C.O.'s in this set-up. And the sad part was that over one-third of the conscientious objectors had dependents who were left without any means of support, and because they had these dependents to think of, these obligations, they were in no position to offer their services for nothing. Nevertheless they were compelled to do so and it is understandable that they should have some bitterness towards the peace church groups whom, they felt, acquiesced too readily to the demands of the government. The authors state "if anything the bitterness of pacifist towards pacifist was more acute than that of pacifist towards a conscripting government." 319. This book is written by Professor Sibley, who feels that the peace churches should not have volunteered or agreed to help administer conscription and by Professor Jacob who feels that they did right in so doing. So we have a judicious book with both sides of the question ably presented.

But the book is more than just the recital of these conflicts. It is in fact the most complete presentation in book form so far of the story of C.O.'s in World War II. (Continued on page 8)



## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 1)

demolished parts of the house with much hammering and running up and down the stairs. This burst of activity continued on for several days. At the half-way mark of this expression of good will the superintendent walked into our office requesting a check which would cover a little more than half of the total amount of our bill. He explained very softly, "I have to get money for purchasing building material."

We, above all, would not stand in the way of the completion of his fine work. We said we thought we could have the money for him in three days. We had the sum he wanted and could have given it to him on the spot but we were fearful of conveying the impression to him that we were free with our money, besides we wanted to see something accomplished in the way of repairs. Convinced that there was no way out of this bill, we wrote out a check and turned it over to him on the promised date. Within twenty-four hours Operation-Repair ceased. None of the workmen showed up here for the next two weeks.

Ten days ago the plasters, electricians and carpenters put in their appearance. Their work is finished now and the painters descended on us yesterday. As a result of a short conference with the painters we learned that they intended to paint the walls of eight rooms, two flights of hallways and the two toilets, the same color. When we finally convinced them that we expected human beings to occupy these quarters, they agreed to use at least three different color schemes.

As a result of the fire there has been a shortage of sleeping space in our house and we have been putting up between eight and ten men in our library each night. In that room the men have been sleeping on chairs, tables and beds. Since the library serves as the one recreation center of the house where people in the house and those from the outside congregate from early morning till late at night, the men occupying these quarters have a difficult time getting a decent night's sleep. For numerous reasons, perhaps valid, we were against permitting these individuals to use the library for sleeping quarters, however they preferred it to sleeping outdoors. It is a fairly common occurrence for men who are found sleeping on park benches or in doorways to be badly beaten by thieves despite the fact they have no valuables to be stolen from them. There is also the risk of being arrested and jailed as a vagrant for one sleeping on the streets.

Chin Chu, our invaluable cook and member of our family, is back in Bellevue hospital. Chu is being operated on for a double hernia. Two operations were necessary for his condition and the second was completed yesterday. I am sure that Chu's strenuous tasks in our kitchen would be prohibited to anyone with Chu's troubles. However we have beseeched him for the past six months to enter a hospital for the required attention that we knew he needed.

Visiting Chu in the hospital is something we are all eager to do. He is an exceptionally fine man and we all owe him such a terrific debt for the outstanding part he plays in carrying on the work here. There just wouldn't be any house of hospitality without a cook. However when visiting with Chu you never quite know when it would be time for you to depart from his bedside. You arrive in the ward and he greets you. You greet him. He says, "How is everybody?" From that question on, you are on your own. You talk for five minutes, maybe ten, but there is no help from Chu. You become self conscious and stop. He continues to look at you and then

stares up at the ceiling. You look out the window or at the other patients. Sometimes a half hour visit with Chu will yield ten words. It is finally penetrating my mind that as far as he is concerned, conversation is practically unnecessary. I have tried every ruse to cause Chu to become voluble. One day I asked him what he thought about while he lay there hour after hour. He turned his head towards me, smiled and said nothing.

Last Monday afternoon while Bob Ludlow and I were reluctantly engaged in running off our subscription list on the addressograph machine in the basement office George came down from the upper office and said that there was a lady visitor upstairs. He said that this new arrival entered the office claiming that she wished to see our establishment and wanted to help with the work. She had no sooner announced the purpose of

I was there a year ago they have completed a beautiful chapel on the third floor. I understand that the bulk of the work on the chapel was done by the guests in the house. The overall appearance of the house is clean and attractive and there is a wonderful spirit among the members of the household.

While I was in Chicago I did a good bit of travelling around the city. I am always extremely interested in whatever changes have been made. One afternoon I took a long walk west on Madison street. I started at the Lake front and walked as far as Western avenue. Most of Chicago's Skidroad is located on West Madison street from Clinton street out to Ashland Boulevard. Both sides of the street are lined with bars, cheap hotels and religious store front missions. I have always been intrigued by these missions and consequently stopped and studied each one. The earnestness and the zeal of the people conducting these evangelical centers have always



her visit when she grabbed a broom and began to sweep like mad. When she had finished this selected task she crossed over to our library and began to dust off the shelves and the books. When the supper bell rang I found her sitting across from me at the table. A few minutes later she stopped me in the corridor and said, "There was a man in the office a short time ago who was very drunk. I asked him why he didn't join Alcoholics Anonymous. And you know he gave me the strangest look and walked away."

For the past month we had a Puerto Rican girl and her nine month old baby living with us. She had no place else to go since her husband was out of work and unable to support her due to an injured hand. He was staying with his parents who were terribly crowded without having him in the house. Consequently there was no room for his wife and child. In the hopes that the husband might secure a job in the near future, two of our staff were searching for an apartment for this family of three. The fact that these people are Puerto Ricans has seriously crippled the chances of this family in acquiring an apartment. While the wife was seeking an apartment the husband was looking for a job where he wouldn't be refused because of the injured hand. However the twin search has proved fruitless and they are now considering relief from the city, something that they avoided as long as possible.

I spent the first ten days of last month, June, in Chicago. It proved to be an enjoyable vacation for me in my home town and I saw quite a few friends. I paid a visit to Peter Maurin house of hospitality at 1146 N. Franklin street which is directed by Bob Boshart. Since

won my sincere admiration. Although I must add that I deplore their frequent techniques of coercing individuals to proclaim that they believe in Jesus Christ in order to get a cup of coffee or a meal or a night's lodging. However, I did have a feeling down deep that we Catholics would do well if we opened up similar store fronts on all the Skid roads across the country where these poor men could, if nothing more, get in out of the cold during the winter. Maybe a few books plus a radio could be installed in such places. There are other things, sometimes more important, than this endless preaching.

Despite some difficulty with our station wagon three of us were able to drive from Chrystie street out sixty-five miles to Pilgrim's State Hospital. We made this trip last Thursday afternoon to see our dear friend and fellow worker John Pohl who is a TB patient in the Edgewood division of Pilgrim's State Hospital.

John Pohl had been one of the chief mainstays in the Catholic Worker office here for the past sixteen years. He said that he had first come to the Catholic Worker through the morning coffee line when he was unemployed and had no place to eat or sleep. That same morning he offered to help out in the kitchen and has been here till his entry to the hospital five months ago.

John's absence from the house and the office has created a hole which we have not found anyone to fill as yet. I suppose we never will until John returns. John would be in the office from morning till night and could always be counted on to answer the phone. He could always be relied upon to take the outgoing mail to the post office each afternoon. The cutting and the counting of the paper for

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## Psychoanalysis

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own personal ideas, he is satisfied when instead of giving advice he can obtain his results by arousing the patient's initiative."

Father Nuttin does not mention a useful distinction that has been made by some psychoanalysts between the primary and secondary super-ego. Freud seemed to be preoccupied almost exclusively with the primary super-ego which is largely irrational and unhealthy, whereas the secondary super-ego is based on the rational and is the expression of a genuine morality. Nevertheless Father Nuttin seems to recognize this when he asserts "Even when these unsatisfactory spiritual conditions of mind are really bad from the moral point of view, some sort of emotional liberation from the moral aspect of his behaviour and state of mind can often be a good thing for the patient in the early stages of

from the compulsive "morality" of the primary super-ego and that such liberation would lead to the development of a rational ethics to which the individual would adhere without neurotic complications.

Father Nuttin treats briefly of the Jungian and Adlerian schools but especially interesting are his comments on non-directive therapy and quite relevant his warning that not all patients should have the same yardstick applied. For some the short methods of French and Alexander are sufficient while others call for the long and tedious therapy of orthodox Freudianism (this refers to length of treatment, not ideology). Nor, he states, is it good for normal but weakly integrated personalities to have brought back into consciousness traumatic experiences from their past life. This would not hold true for cases of definite neurosis. But even there, and for particular individuals, Father Nuttin remarks truly that "it is often a bad thing for a patient during treatment to concentrate for months on end on his own psychic life." p.111.

I believe that Father Nuttin makes an immaterial criticism of the Oedipus Complex theory when he points out that there are cultures where the sister assumes the importance of the mother and the maternal uncle the importance of the father. If, in such a society, there is temporary or permanent fixation on the uncle or sister it would seem to uphold rather than disprove the Freudian concept.

Father Nuttin points out well how the depth-psychology of Adler and Freud supplies us with data that can enrich our psychological insight. "With its help," he states, "we can rid ourselves of certain illusions about our freedom, and so become more truly free from the compulsions of the secret mechanisms in human nature through which men so often lose their personality." p.140. He goes into the problem of free will in relation to the unconscious which is valuable material for priests and laity concerned in matters of conscience.

It is good to see a "non-hysterical" treatment of psychoanalysis such as is this book by Father Nuttin.

## Cardinal Newman

(Continued from page 3)

time lapse between the event and its subsequent discussion. He makes a strong case for his theory; his thoroughly documented evidence piles up convincingly.

O'Faolain is intent to prove that in Newman's conversion the artist frequently triumphed over the intellectual. This is in line with his investigations and connotes no lack of respect for Newman's intellectual gifts. The latter have been exhaustively explored by previous biographers and it is Mr. O'Faolain's role (dictated perhaps by his own artistic sensibilities) to show the part which emotion and imagination played in Newman's odyssey. When he speaks gaily of the final step of conversion as a necessity to "levitate a little," he does not underestimate the powerful intellectual impulse toward truth which preceded Newman's final "levitation" over the peak of reason and into the arms of the Church.

Perhaps the saddest thing about Newman's spiritual pilgrimage is, that while it led him straight to the Church, it estranged him permanently from his family and many of his closest friends and followers. Though his parents died before his conversion, his mother was aware of the direction he was taking and was without sympathy toward it. With his brothers there was no rapport; Harriett cut him off entirely, and only Jemima remained his friend though even she, after his reception into the Roman Church, allowed twenty years to go by before asking him to her home. If John with his temperamental leaning toward detachment found this bearable, he was nevertheless acutely lonely. He was misunderstood to the end by his family and no amount of admiration or honor compensated for this emptiness in his life. Mr. O'Faolain's brief epilogue contains a poignant account of the Cardinal's last meeting with his brothers; it is a fitting end to the story of a family in which what O'Faolain speaks of as "a shift of emphasis" drove immovable wedges between each member.

### BOOKS FOR SALE AT THE CATHOLIC WORKER

223 Chrystie Street, New York 2, N. Y.

The Long Loneliness by Dorothy Day  
Published by Harper & Bros. \$3.50

On Pilgrimage by Dorothy Day  
Published by the Catholic Worker \$1.00



# FROM THE MAIL BAG

## Novice on the Land

Big Springs, Mo.

Dear Editors:

Every once in a while I review all the circumstances that led Frances and me to our present set-up. Collectively, they sound like something Horatio Alger dreamt about after a sardine and cake nightcap. First of all, let me say that I've always wanted to be a farmer from paper route on down, but friends and family succeeded in convincing me that a big city guy from Green Bay, Wisconsin, shouldn't dream about pitching manure. The idea settled comfortably in the subconscious and waited for future references. I think I almost flunked out of high school. If my Latin teacher hadn't died a month before graduation, I would have. The war came and I confused patriotism with indecision and found myself in the service at a very tender age. These years went fast though, and after it was all over I still had my indecision. College looked appetizing and so did the subjects. Let's see now, believe I started with Electrical Engineering as a major, switched to pre-med the second semester, over to English the third, and rounded off my dabble in education by sampling Jesuit psychology. After that, I had nothing left to do but enter the Trappists, which I did, for an alternately stupendous and miserable four months. Everyone was very kind to me there and sometimes the thought that I would ever leave seemed absurd to say the least. I kept hounding the novice master to let me dye my brown shoes black but he wisely forestalled such a move. I think I co-operated with God's grace one afternoon out in the cow barn at Gethesemane. I crawled into a pen with a couple of little newborn calves, let them suck my fingers and wondered why in the heck I couldn't have the simplicity of the monastery, the beauty and quiet, the dedication somewhere outside.

My mother lived in Chicago now, and that's where I headed after leaving. Father Louis had mentioned Friendship House, so I contacted them and started spending three afternoons a week, working in the clothing room and helping out on their soup line. It was there that I met Fred O'Connell, Will Mische and Johnny Cronin and the beginnings of Peter Maurin House in Chicago. We worked together about a year, trying to take care of ten or twelve men at two houses and dishing out about twenty gallons of soup down on skid row each night. During this time we held little meetings each week at some home or rectory or tavern, discussed our progress, our aims. I argued the city was no place for man. I talked of a lay monastery, lay community, a place where these fellows from skid row could live for a while, where they wouldn't feel the ostracism of the city, where they would be just as much at home as they were on skid row. I felt that, as they were already in a more or less de-materialized state, instead of trying to rekindle the dying flame of safe and sane living by getting them jobs on docks or in hamburger joints, renting them rooms in flea bitten bird cages, we should make their monk-like reforms work for them. Everyone was patient with me and my ideas. An idea is one thing, its fulfillment quite another. I needed land for my project and I had no money. I tried to work at different jobs and save what I needed or thought I needed. I'd get a few bucks together and we would suddenly need a new soup pot or the gas bill would have to be paid or the rent, or someone else would need dough to pay their rent. Well, after about a year of working and saving, I wound up with a bank book.

I wrote to Dorothy thinking she might have some ideas and she suggested I go to some Worker farm and try out and see if I was headed in the right direction. She sent the

names of twelve or fifteen and especially suggested Marty's. I wrote him and he told me to come down as soon as I wanted. That was in February of '51. It was snowing when I arrived, and Marty was working on Ruth Ann Heaney's new home. The first time we met, he reminded me of Burgess Meredith but after knowing him a while, he reminded me of Marty. We worked that spring and all that summer together. I thought about my farm but things didn't look too promising.

One June morning, Marty decided to go into town. He planned on leaving at seven thirty and as Mass was at seven, I told him I would meet him at a certain crossroad about a mile from church. After Communion, I kept right on walking out of church and down the road in order to catch him. I was making my thanksgiving while walking and didn't notice a truck pull up behind me. A long lean face leaned out of the window and asked me if I could use a lift. I said I was only going a short distance but would accept the ride. We hadn't gone fifty feet before he knew I was interested in buying a farm and I knew he had one to sell. His name was Ben Fischer, a legendary figure in these parts, and he asked me to take a run up to his place some day. This I did and what I saw, I liked. It was a little on the huge side, almost four hundred acres with several nice fields, a good strong barn, deep cistern, three ponds, two big steel granaries and excellent fencing. He wanted ten thousand dollars and I thought surely it must be worth it.

Toward the end of July, I heard that Ag. school under the G. I. bill had only a few days to run, at which time there would be no more openings. I had completely forgotten about my remaining schooling under the G. I. bill and hurried down to the nearest V.A. headquarters. The area was experiencing one of the worst floods and had you been anywhere near highway nineteen that day, you would have seen a tall lanky guy, holding his shoes over the water and propelling his skinny legs through the whirling muddy Missouri. They told me they were all filled up and as Marty's farm wasn't very large, my chances of getting in anywhere else were slim. I asked where anywhere else was and they told me to go to Montgomery City, about twenty miles away. So back across the muddy Missouri and three rides later, Montgomery City and sixty-five dollars a month for thirty months. That was July 25th, that night was the deadline but that day I started to hope a little.

A few weeks passed and then one day my mother came for a visit. She stayed several days and we talked about my future and I asked for suggestions. "Why don't you ask Aunt Clara to help you?" This I did and within a few days I held a check for three thousand dollars in the morning sunlight, payable as soon as my head broke water. It wasn't long before my status changed from looker to buyer in the eyes of the populace. They knew I was thinking of buying the Fischer place and each day someone would tell me what a mistake that would be. I became confused and started looking for an out. I met Ben one afternoon, told him ten thousand was out of reason. He kicked a stone and asked how much was in reason. I responded quickly, thinking this was that "way out," and said eight thousand. He accepted.

This was August. Ben told me I'd better put in some wheat. I borrowed a sulky plow from Marty, his town horses, and a horse trader down the road made it a trio by giving me a horse and two

sets of harness. Plowing was slow but wonderful. At one corner of the field I could look down into a valley for twenty-five miles. I spent a lot of time there. A few weeks passed and one day Ben held a public auction of all the farm machinery and livestock he had on the place. I had paid two thousand down on the farm and had a thousand dollars left for equipment. I knew one thing. I wanted some Jersey cows and Ben had some on the sale bill. I told him I would rather buy them outright and would give him three hundred dollars apiece. He laughed and said they weren't worth it but he'd take 200. I agreed, bought six and a heifer and the remaining Jerseys averaged \$140 at the sale. I felt like a big wheel bidding on sows and cows and plows. At one pen, I bought a registered Shrop ram and then bided my time until they got down into the yearling stuff. The Auctioneer said wether lambs. I asked a fellow what they were and he said females. I bought thirteen of them and then discovered I had thirteen castrated males. I was too proud to ask for a recount. I had a start though and with Marty's help plowed, disced and



planted my twenty-three acres of wheat. One field had clover in it and I'd let Katy, my yellow mare, the cows and little lambs graze the part I hadn't plowed as yet. This proved a tragic practice. Thinking two little lambs would skitter away from the oncoming horses, what with my yelling and their snorting, I found that lambs don't skitter and the horses trampled them into the dirt. I don't think I've ever felt as miserable as I did then. They didn't let out a whimper. One died an hour or so later and the other hung on for a week. I lost some more from worms and marketed seven out of the thirteen. While discing that field I had a bit more trouble. I bought a so-called field disc from a neighbor. It proved later to be nothing but a little go-devil used to disc between rows of corn. I had no seat for it so stood over the blades while bouncing over the field. I'd fly off every half a round and one time slipped in between the blades and horses, burying my leg underneath. Between digging down to my leg and keeping three horses pacified under the maltreatment of horseflies, I managed to lift the thing off of myself. I must have sat there fifteen minutes shaking.

I had been visiting St. Louis and Msgr. Hellriegel's Holy Cross Parish on the big feasts and it was here that I met Fran. She had just returned from a Poor Clare Monastery, was working in the office of a mirror manufacturer. Either the mirrors were driving her crazy or she had a weak moment, at any rate, we became man and wife not many months after. Fran was born and raised on a farm but she knew no more about it than I. We found our biggest problem is in organization. I still have the trouble, but not as seriously. There must have been a hundred different things to do on the place but some days I'd just stand there scratching my head.

We try to pray in an organized way too. This has its problems. We say the Office, sing it during the slack seasons and our record is spotty. We have been able to dust ourselves off and try again up to now but the flesh is weak. We want to evolve a rule for married people. We've worked several out and, though difficult to maintain, they

## Aids To The Land

634 E. Garcia

Santa Fe, New Mexico

Dear Friend:

... Apropos of the piece entitled "Five Years on the Land," it seems to us that you would do well to establish contact with the "decentralist" movement, whose best representative is now Mrs. Mildred Jensen Loomis, Lane's End Homestead, Brookville, Ohio. There is an extensive literature already existing on the technique of homestead establishment and country living, and it seems a shame that anyone should go through the hardships and confusions that this couple did because of lack of some preliminary study.

With warmest greetings,

Peter and Florence von Dressen

always bring refreshment. We'd like to have a chapter of faults twice a week, prime on rising, terce and sext before and after breakfast, none before dinner, vespers before chores and compline before bed. Matins and lauds optional, lessons mandatory. We've tried to set aside a certain period each evening for study. Transformation in Christ, Divine Pity, Mysteries of Christianity. I murder the latter. We've tried to study encyclicals, insert a half hour meditation, read the Bible for fifteen minutes but most of the time we end up unconscious on the bed with the radio going. We know this, it is possible but it takes will power and one must supply where the other fails. God has been very patient with us on this score. I hope His patience pays off.

After purchasing the farm, I heard of a plan whereby the government refinances farms on a forty-year basis. (This is where Ammon stops reading.) I went and had a talk with the representative. Come back when you've had a year's experience, he said. I filed it and forgot about it. A year passed and once again I paid him a visit. This time he pointed out that my farm was a bad risk, being in a red area and having little corn ground. He was sorry, but I thanked him and didn't bother to file it this time. It must have been about a month later when a car pulled up into our yard. Three men got out, took off in different directions

with tripods and things and after a thorough examination of the farm, I was told I could get a loan. They would take over the debt, all chattels, improve multa acres of pasture on a forty-year basis, buy me a tractor and fifteen head of cattle on a five year basis. At this point, they all piled back into the car and took off in a cloud of chalky dust. I felt like I could use a drink.

Just what God wants of us, we do not know for sure, nor does anyone. We've had men from skid row out here, some for long periods of time but we've seemingly contributed little toward the solving of their problems. Sometimes I get so wound up with problems at hand I get a long distance look in my eye. During these periods I don't even get my rosary said. Father Louis always emphasized balance and plasticity. As long as we balance our everyday problems with quiet and prayer and as long as we remain plastic to God's wishes, I don't think we need fret over the future. At any rate, if we are fretting, we must be doing it between compline and prime.

In case anyone would care to visit us, we would be happy to have them. We've plenty of work to do, a pond to swim in, woods to walk in. The farm is ninety miles west of St. Louis, eight miles straight west of a little community called Big Springs, Missouri.

Jack Woltjen

## Cross Currents

Dear Friend,

Do you believe CROSS CURRENTS is worth continuing?

After almost three years of publishing, we are far from fully satisfied with our accomplishments, and recognize that much remains to be done. Nevertheless, it is quite obvious to us that we will be able to offer better service to our readers if we can be somewhat freed from constant concern over meeting immediate bills, in order to give our time to more properly editorial concerns. Since it was clear from the beginning that the audience for a review like CROSS CURRENTS was limited, it was understood that all editorial work should be done on a voluntary basis, and we have had no paid employees. Even at this rate, however, the review has operated consistently at a loss, and there is no endowment or organizational support to make up the deficit.

Only our subscribers, therefore, can insure the future of the magazine. If you feel that there is some importance in giving CROSS CURRENTS an opportunity to grow, we urge you to help us NOW, in any way you can. The quickest way we can find the audience we need to survive is for you our subscribers to give gift subscriptions to friends, libraries, or for us to bestow. Some of you may be in a position to enter a Patron's Subscription (\$20), or a Charter Subscription (\$100), or might be able to influence some organization or school library to take such action. Any financial assistance—no matter how small—will be appreciated. We will be glad to send sample copies of CROSS CURRENTS to those of your friends whom you believe might be interested in our work.

Thank you for your past support of CROSS CURRENTS, as well as for your understanding of our present difficulties.

Sincerely, Joseph E. Cunneen

Managing Editor

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## A Declaration of Conscience

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these two things: (1) We boast of the mighty strides of our machine age and the fact that in this respect we are the biggest, the quickest, the richest, the most powerful nation in the world, losing sight of the fact that our technology has outstripped our morality; and we compare our wealth with the poverty of Communist Asia. (2) We multiply our possession of gadgets, and push-button ourselves around instead of joyfully engaging in really creative work and play. We have become parasites in a nation of parasites.

\* \* \*

Tom Paine seems almost prophetic in that his words, used in the above heading, are so appropriate for today. In his day, when people had to work very hard for long hours and when the means of communication were not one ten-thousandth as effective as they are today, his stirring pamphlets and Committees of Correspondence awakened enough people for them to do something about their despair. Our governments are as man-made today as they were in 1776. We have let ourselves get in this fix, so let's see what we can do to get ourselves out of it.

\* \* \*

Before a society can be changed for the better, one must have a positive philosophy generating individual action. And while such actions usually appear destructive to the interests of the old society Tom Paine awakened Americans to take such actions. Henry David Thoreau, in the 1840's, urged an even more positive action when he wrote:

"How does it become a man to behave toward this American government today? I answer, that he cannot without disgrace be associated with it . . . If a thousand men were not to pay their tax-bills this year, that would not be a violent and bloody measure, as it would be to pay them, and enable the state to commit violence and shed innocent blood. This is, in fact, the definition of a peaceful revolution, if any such is possible."

The essays from which this quotation is taken is *The Duty of Civil Disobedience*. In 1845 Thoreau refused to pay taxes because they would be used to pay for the return of escaped slaves to their masters (which was then legal), and to support the Mexican War effort by means of which we stole from that country a vast territory to add to that we had already stolen from the Indians. Thoreau was put in jail, and Ralph Waldo Emerson came to see him, asking, "Henry, why are you in jail?" Thoreau answered, "Waldo, why are you outside? . . . A prison is the only house in a slave state where a free man can abide with honor."

\* \* \*

I have been practicing this same kind of Civil Disobedience for the past ten years by refusing to pay income taxes for war. And as a penance, as well as to focus the attention of alert-minded people to our present danger, I am fasting and picketing from August 6th to the 13th, as it is the eighth anniversary since we threw the atom bomb on Hiroshima on the Sixth of August, 1945. We are still stockpiling A Bombs, and I protest by continuing to refuse to pay any income taxes for further destruction.

Thoreau's famous essay on Civil Disobedience was read fifty years later in South Africa by a lawyer (who had been earning \$25,000 a year) who was leading thousands of South African Hindu and Moslem coolies into open disobedience to restrictive laws. His son, Manali, continues the same program of disobedience against the Malan terrorism in South Africa today. Thus this man, Mahatma Gandhi, received the training which enabled him to lead the masses of India during the next 34 years in peace-

ful disobedience to British authority, and finally gained freedom for India.

\* \* \*

Before World War II only a person here and there refused to cooperate with war efforts. Their actions might properly be called the functioning of tender consciences and brave spirits.

Two events have occurred which now make *The Duty of Civil Disobedience* something every thinking person must consider: (1) The last war saw the indiscriminate destruction of civilians by block-buster bombing which, in Dresden, killed 250,000 people in three nights, and by atomic bombing which levelled the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. To condone further stock-piling of A Bombs and H Bombs is wholesale immorality of such magnitude that it can be ignored by no moral person. And for the leaders of any country to talk righteously about the spies and tricks of any other country is rank hypocrisy, for isn't the chief function of all modern governments finally to wage war and murder their "enemies?" (2) During the Nuremberg Trials, Germans were sentenced to death or imprisonment for having obeyed their government by performing "atrocities." It was held to be a tenet of International Law that their duty was to have disobeyed orders. If this reasoning is valid, then it is equally our duty today to disobey our Atom Bomb politicians and militarists.

The bombardier who actually dropped the bomb at Hiroshima has realized his awful guilt. When he returned home, he entered a monastery to do penance for the rest of his life for his crime. We may not be bombardiers, but when we pay income taxes we do buy bombs and pay for the murder of untold thousands of innocent people. Their blood is upon our hands. If we buy war bonds, we increase our investment in this crime. When we work in factories making war material, we become accessories before the fact to murder. When those of us who are of draft age register for the draft, we put our approval upon the immorality of war as we sign our names for war. Just where shall we draw the line to begin our Civil Disobedience? Draw it where you must! And then stand firm!

\* \* \*

I began drawing the line when, at the age of sixteen, I became a Socialist in the Ohio town where my father was the Democratic mayor. I drew it again by refusing to register for the draft in World War I, and I was sent to Atlanta prison. Again I drew the line while in prison by leading a sit-down strike to protest the Friday diet of rotten fish. I was locked up in solitary confinement for 8½ months with nothing to do and only the Bible to read. After months of reading the Sermon on the Mount, I felt that I could love everybody in the world but the prison warden; but if I could not love him, the Bible made no sense. When I saw that I loved him too, then I became a Christian.

\* \* \*

World War II disturbed my bourgeois life as a social worker, and again I refused to register for the draft. Then Beardsley Rummel's Pecksniffian withholding tax caught up with me in 1943. Since then I have worked as a day-laborer on farms in order that this misbegotten tax should not be taken from my pay. I have minimized my needs, so I pay very few hidden taxes, and haven't bought War Bonds or Stamps, or worked in war industries.

I have refused to register for the draft because I have drawn a line against all war and violence. While as an anarchist I disavow the state also, I live in this country, and out of courtesy to my enemy, the state, I make a true report of my income but refuse to pay the tax. I owe the government \$169

for 1952, and over \$1,000 in all for the past ten years.

\* \* \*

I would also draw the line at testifying before any Congressional or other committee, and would not hide behind the Fifth Amendment. As a Christian Anarchist I do not believe in government, and consider such men as McCarthy unfit to judge the conscience of any person.

It is obvious that war is the greatest evil that we have today, and it is equally obvious that no government or any association of governments such as the United Nations will ever do away with war. Naturally they will say "Peace, peace" when they start a war, and will blame it on their opponents. True patriots such as Thoreau and Gandhi who achieve the betterment of mankind by peaceful means will be called subversives

### SAINT JEROME



and traitors by the phony patriots in power. It would seem, therefore, that encouraging individuals to oppose war would be the best way to provide for the growth of a free society without government, without exploitation of man by man, and without war.

\* \* \*

Albert Einstein has stated another application of Civil Disobedience, as follows: "The problem with which the intellectuals of this country are confronted is very serious. The reactionary politicians have managed to instill suspicion of all intellectual efforts into the public by dangling before their eyes a danger from without. Having succeeded to suppress the freedom of teaching and to deprive of their positions all those who do not prove submissive, i.e., to starve them."

"What ought the minority of intellectuals do against this evil? Frankly, I can see only the revolutionary way of non-cooperation in the sense of Gandhi's. Every intellectual who is called before one of the committees ought to refuse to testify, i.e., he must be prepared for jail and economic ruin; in short, for the sacrifice of his personal welfare in the interest of the cultural welfare of his country. This refusal to testify must be based on the assertion that it is shameful for a blameless citizen to submit to such an inquisition and this kind of inquisition violates the spirit of the Constitution. If enough people are ready to take this grave step they will be successful. If not, then the intellectuals of this country deserve nothing better than the slavery which is intended for them."

\* \* \*

Any system of society, whether capitalist or Communist, which provides soft jobs for bureaucrats and other parasites and debt-ridden subsistence living for most people must necessarily have continual wars. These dispose of the surpluses which workers cannot buy back, and postpone depressions.

## Meditation on the Rosenbergs

(Continued from page 2)

that they did not believe their guilt had been proved.

Leaving all that out of account, accepting the verdict of the court that they were guilty, accepting the verdict of the millions of Americans who believed them guilty, accepting the verdict of President Eisenhower and Cardinal Spellman who thought them guilty—even so, what should be the attitude of the Christian but one of love and great yearning for their salvation.

"Keep the two great commandments, love God and love your neighbor. Do this and thou shalt live." This is in the Gospel, these are the words of Jesus.

Whether or not they believed in Jesus, did the Rosenbergs love God? A rabbi who attended them to the last said that they had been his parishioners for two years. He followed them to the execution chamber reading from the Psalms, the 23rd, the 15th, the 31st. Those same psalms Cardinal Spellman reads every week as he reads his breviary, among those 150 psalms which make up not only the official prayer of the Church, but also the prayer which the Jews say. We used to see our Jewish grocer on the east side, vested for prayer, reciting the psalms every morning behind his counter when we went for our morning supplies. I have

They keep the people fooled with the false idea that their enemy is from without the country instead of the parasites who govern them. The lust for power, and the keeping of power by a political faction, may result in what looks like a cooked-up war, but it is many times only a blundering into war. Tacit approval or not, the result is the same for the common soldier and civilian.

\* \* \*

Most of the people in Asia and Africa have not had one decent meal in their entire lives. All that we offer them is the continued exploitation of their lands and natural resources by the white conqueror—and belatedly give them surplus foods at times. All that the Communists offer them is the right to be exploited by their own bureaucrats for the benefit of Russia. Of course Russia cloaks her imperialism by offering the people "Land and freedom from capitalist domination." Our smoke screen is "Christianity and peace-loving nations."

\* \* \*

The positive course of action toward a society devoid of fear and exploitation is to follow the teachings of Christ, and to base our lives on the Sermon on the Mount as did the early Christians. Although we call ourselves a Christian nation, our acts in Asia and Africa, where all missionaries support the imperialism of their respective countries, proves that we really worship the dollar and the devil. If we actually believed in Christ, we would do as He told us: "Love your enemy . . . put up your sword"; and we would follow Him in refusing to call down fire from Heaven against unbelievers, instead of throwing that fire as we do with our bombs.

Thoreau showed Gandhi and the rest of us the way when he said:

If 1,000, if 100, if ten men whom I could name—if ten honest men only, if one honest man, in this State of Massachusetts, ceasing to hold slaves, were actually to withdraw from this co-partnership, and be locked up in the county jail therefore, it would be the abolition of slavery in America.

Route 4, Box 727  
Phoenix, Arizona

August 6 through 13, 1953

Should you wish a free copy of my letter to the Director of Internal Revenue as reprinted in the February, 1953, issue of the CATHOLIC WORKER (223 Chrystie St., New York City), ask me for it or send your request to my mail address.

seen rabbis on all night coaches, praying thus in the morning. Who can hear the Word of God without loving the Word? Who can work for what they conceive of as justice, as brotherhood, without loving God and brother. If they were spies for Russia they were doing what we also do in other countries, playing a part in international politics and diplomacy, but they indeed were serving a philosophy, a religion, and how mixed up religion can become? What a confusion we have gotten into when Christian prelates sprinkle holy water on scrap metal, to be used for obliteration bombing, and name bombers for the Holy Innocents, for Our Lady of Mercy; who bless a man about to press a button which releases death on fifty thousand human beings, including little babies, children, the sick, the aged, the innocent as well as the guilty. "You know not of what spirit you are," Jesus said to his apostles when they wished to call down fire from heaven on the inhospitable Samaritans.

I finished bathing the children who were so completely free from preoccupation with suffering. They laughed and frolicked in the tub when the switch was being pulled which electrocuted first Julius and then his wife. Their deaths were announced over the radio half an hour later, jazz music being interrupted to give the bulletin, and the program continuing immediately after.

The next day the New York Times gave details of the last hours, and the story was that both went to their deaths firmly, quietly, with no comment. At the last Ethel turned to one of the two police matrons who accompanied her and clasping her by the hand, pulled her toward her and kissed her warmly. Her last gesture was a gesture of love.

They were children of that race to which Mary, and Jesus and Joseph, the Holy Family, belonged. In their humanity they more closely resembled Jesus than we do who are not Jews. For that, too, we must love them. "Spiritually we are Semites," Pope Pius XI said. For that we must love them. "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do." For that saying we must love them.

Let us have no part with the vindictive State and let us pray for Ethel and Julius Rosenberg. There is no time with God, and prayer is retroactive. By virtue of the prayers we may say in the future, at the moment of the death which so appallingly met them, they will have been given the grace to choose light rather than darkness, Love rather than Hate. May their souls, as well as the souls of the faithful departed, rest in peace.

## Chrystie Street

(Continued from page 4)

wrapping and mailing each issue of the Catholic Worker was correctly attended to by John.

All of these things and John's other wonderful qualities crossed our minds as we visited with John. That afternoon's visit with him made us realize very deeply how close a member of our family John really is. John said he was feeling fairly well but is sorely distressed at being away from us, besides the place he is in is a literal prison. Our greatest concern right now is to have him transferred to Newview Hospital on Staten Island where he will be happier.

### DIFFERENT PLEASURES

"There is this difference between spiritual and corporal pleasures; that corporal ones beget a desire before we obtain them and a disgust when we have obtained them; but spiritual ones on the contrary are not cared for when we have them not."

St. Gregory



# Poverty Is the Pearl of Great Price

(Continued from page 1)

ness, the fruitlessness of city life, in search of lost sheep.

## Even Our Farms

Even our farms take on this aspect of hospitality. There is a reproach again. "Peter Maurin wanted agronomic universities and farming communes. You have houses of hospitality on the land." "Why are you not self supporting? With all those people about, you ought to be able to get more done."

I am writing this moment at Maryfarm, Newburgh. There is a most beautiful scene out the window, of a field full of mounds of fresh cut hay, and John Filliger, Louis, Joe and Rockie with pitchforks piling a truck to fill our barn. Helene Isvolsky was just visiting us and she wanted to take a hay fork too, but there were not enough to go around. Neighbors come this good haying weather and beg for help and the men go out in all directions, helping others. (One reason why we do not get much done.) We need rain, the vegetables are coming on apace but the ground is dry and the tomatoes look wilted at the top. Down in a far field crows are making havoc of the green tomatoes. They eat out all the inside.

But to go on with my meditation about the Gospel, and the men who are all about us. We are told to put on Christ and we think of him in his private life, his life of work, his public life, his teaching, and his suffering life. But we do not think enough of his life as a little child, as a baby. His helplessness, his powerlessness. We have to be content to be in that state too. Not to be able to do anything, to accomplish anything. One thing children certainly accomplish and that is they love and wonder at the people and the universe around them. They live in the midst of squalor and confusion and see it not. They see people at the moment and love them and admire them. They forgive and they go on loving. They may look on the most vicious person, and if he is at that moment good and kind and doing something which they can be interested in or admire, there they are pouring out their little hearts to him.

O yes, I can write with authority. I have my own little grandchildren with me right now, and they see only the beauty and the joy of the Catholic Worker and its activities. There is no criticism in their minds and hearts, of others around them. It is easy to see Jesus in them. And there was my daughter, too, raised among the poor and most abandoned of human beings from the Bowery. She was only seven when The Catholic Worker started, and now she has a daughter of seven and four others besides. And they are growing up, in a way, with The Catholic Worker. So we will always have children about. (There is our much loved Smith family at Peter Maurin farm with their eight children too.)

It is good to be able to write with authority about the family, about poverty in our day, the involuntary poverty which all families must endure, about insecurity and unemployment. A few years ago, visiting my daughter, I was lying awake at two a. m., that hour when one worries about leukemia, polio and rheumatic fever and other terrible ills which afflict the children of our groups all over the country, and praying for them all. On this special occasion I was worrying because David had just lost his job, and Tamar was about to have her fifth child and the former boss, who also owned the house they lived in had come bearing oranges for the children, but also to tell them to move at once. What a strange, ghastly, juxtaposition of gestures! And I was torn between wrath and the necessity to train oneself in loving one's enemies, hating the sin but loving the sinner.

But then I thought, "thank God, I have this suffering of joblessness and insecurity and homelessness together with others. This day, for the sake of the family there are so many compromises. People give

their assent to a Mussolini, a Hitler, a Malenkov for the sake of their families. But we must learn to accept this hardest of all sufferings, the sufferings of those nearest and dearest to us. Thank God for this training in suffering. To accept makes it easier at the time to go back to sleep. But it is no guarantee that the suffering will not go on through life. Since then there has been more of the same. Thank God for everything.

One delightful thing that happened this month has also to do with the family and with responsibility and hospitality. Jack Thornton, who wrote a rather doleful letter in the CW a few months ago which brought forth a burst of responses, came by to see us a few weeks ago. He is not at all a doleful person. "He underestimates his own accomplishments," one of my friends said, on reading the letter. Anyway, he is a graduate of Fordham, worked with us at Easton, Maryfarm, and Newburgh, Maryfarm, married one of the girls who was working with us and now has a farm, a job and four children. They are both beautiful young people, John and Mary, and in spite of many moves and many trials, are scattering seeds as well as trying to build up a life for themselves on the land. They are one of those families I referred to in the May Catholic Worker who are on their own, rather than in a group of families which would make it easier for everyone. Right now, at Springboro, Pa., the priest is friendly and cooperative, Mary sings in the choir, Jack works with a construction gang and they farm as they can.

He was paying us a flying visit with a friend from Minnesota who had read his letter in the paper and came to help him. His visit at Maryfarm was announced by the barking of King, our dog, at midnight, which also served to summon one of the men who dispensed hospitality, so I did not see him until the next morning. Then he stayed only an hour after Mass and went on to New York. I had a sudden inspiration while he was here. We had a young boy with us who had been inexplicably cast out by his family and was staying with us, one of a group of twenty or so, and not having it too easy. So I asked Jack to give hospitality for awhile, and his response was immediate. May God bless him a hundred fold. I hope Charlie will not only earn his keep in helping Jack, but more too. He should be with young people. If every family had a Christ room, as the Fathers of the Church said, there would be little destitution but plenty of holy poverty.

It was not the New Testament I was reading last month, but the old, that gave me light on the importance of hospitality. Aaron was ready to sacrifice his daughters to the men of the city, rather than give up the strangers in their midst to the hostility of the mob at his door. It doesn't speak much for the status of women at the time, but it does speak for the importance in which hospitality was held. It is a part of that theology of hospitality which Fr. Danielou wrote of in the article which we printed in a former number of The Catholic Worker. The journalists in those days wrote in extremes too. But it is evident that God considers hospitality of the utmost importance.

## Community

The fundamental means of the Catholic Worker are voluntary poverty and manual labor, a spirit of detachment from all things, a sense of the primacy of the spiritual which makes the rest easy. "His praise should be ever in our mouth."

The reason for our existence is to praise God, to love him and serve him and we can do this only by loving our brothers. "All men are brothers." This is the great truth that makes us realize God. Great crimes have been committed in the name of the

brotherhood of man, that may serve to obscure the truth but we must keep on saying it. We must keep on saying it because Love is the reason for our existence. It is what we all live for, whether we are the hanger on in Times Square or the most pious member of a community. We are seeking what we think at the time to be the good for us. If we don't know any better, often it is because radio, newspapers, press and pulpit have neglected so to inform us. We love what is presented to us to love, and God is not much presented. It is as hard to see Jesus in the respectable Christian today as in the man on the Bowery. And so, "the masses have been lost to the church."

Someone said once that the needs of the day were liturgy and community, and truly there is not



much of either in the form that reaches the masses. There is a great groping for new forms and new institutions (meanwhile hanging on to the best of the old lest we throw out the baby with the bath water) among people like the worker-priests, the little Sisters of Charles de Foucauld, the communities of work. Great things have come to us from France, including Peter Maurin, our own leader, who was a French peasant. All of these new groups emphasize poverty. There are two Benedictine communities in India. There is the Family of Jesus (not Catholic), in China, there is a Christian community in Nigeria, there is the Bruderhoff in Paraguay and Uruguay and England, there is Abbe Crenier and his monastery in St. Pierre, Martinique; there are all these movements to be studied and written about, to be ready for. We who stay in this country cannot be as poor as those who go out to other countries. This is so rich a country that luxury has developed at the expense of necessities, and even the destitute partake of the luxury. We are the rich country of the world, like Dives at the feast. We must try hard, we must study to be poor, like Lazarus at the gate who was taken into Abraham's bosom. The Gospel doesn't tell us anything about Lazarus' virtues. He just sat there, and let the dogs lick his sores. He would be classed by any social worker of today as a mental case. But again, poverty, and in this case destitution, like hospitality, is so esteemed by God, it is something to be sought after, worked for, the pearl of great price.

## Charlie Smith

I write about the family, about liturgy and community, about poverty and manual labor, and before sending this article to the printer. I am forced from the depth of my heart to write of more suffering too—much a part of our lives. A week after writing the above article, little Charlie Smith, six years old, who also had gone on vacation to Maryfarm, was drowned in the swimming pool at Friendship House, Martin de Porres Farm. It was on the feast of the commemoration

# Hearns Department Store Strike

(Continued from page 1)

pany refused to meet at the State Mediation Board, refused a call to the Mayor's office for a conference. Its bag of tricks included a vicious advertising campaign accusing the strikers of being un-American, the union of being communist dominated. They plastered signs all over the store windows about the un-American strike, boasting "Business continues at Hearns in the American Way." As an added incentive to the public to cross the picket lines they advertised 20% off on all the merchandise.

DPO was thoroughly investigated by the CIO before being admitted into the organization, and its leaders have condemned these attacks. Walter Reuther, Pres. of CIO and well known for his anti-communist activities and sentiments issued a statement regarding the strike. He stated, "In an attempt to defeat these sincere trade unionists the Hearns management has engaged in a misleading propaganda campaign which seeks to undermine the confidence of these union members in the union . . . There is no truth to the Hearns Co. charges that the union is Communist dominated . . . This strike is not a strike about Communism, nor was it called by Communists. It is a legitimate strike over important economic issues. They are the sort of issues which arouse every worker, every union in America."

The strike had the full cooperation of the AFL Teamsters union. No merchandise was delivered to the store except by undercover scab truck drivers who receive thousands of dollars for their work. The strikers have the full support of the CIO, and also such organizations as NAACP who condemned the company's efforts to utilize the Negro community as a source of scab labor. A public statement was issued by the Association of Catholic Trade Unionists and the Women's Trade Union League stating that the company was falsifying the real issues. It read in part, "We have investigated both sides and find that the demands of the workers are not excessive. In fact they have leaned over backwards to reach an amicable agreement. The crux of the dispute is management's refusal to recognize seniority in lay-offs, and its demand to cut wages and cripple the welfare program of the Hearns workers." The New York ADA sent a fact finding committee to investigate the strike and after getting all the information they wanted from the union, went to Hearns, which declined the invitation to discuss the strike. The chairman of the New York chapter stated, "This silence on the part

of St. Benedict, and Charlie's father, a Benedictine oblate, from the depths of his grief, recalled that St. Benedict had saved the life of a little pupil from drowning, and he added, "If God wanted my Charlie to live, he would have saved him for me too. God wanted him, and He took him. He gave me eight children, and another is on the way, and He has taken one away. I give him to Him willingly."

The funeral was on the feast of St. Bonaventure, and the child is buried in St. Joseph's cemetery, Rossville, a little cemetery near the Peter Maurin farm, in a plot which we had obtained, hoping to transfer the body of Peter Maurin to that resting place some day. We all sang the Mass of the Angels, the parents singing too. Our Lord might well say to them, "I have not seen such faith in all Israel." They know their child is in Heaven, waiting for them there. He has brought heaven closer to them, so that in spite of their great and unutterable sorrow, they can say, "The Lord gave and the Lord took away. Blessed be the Name of the Lord."

of the Hearns store management to our mind cannot only be called poor public relations, but makes us wonder what it is they are afraid to have exposed to the public."

To the embarrassment of AFL, which has been cooperating with CIO in discussions which could lead to a merger of the two, the unpopular RCIA-AFL union has been organizing the scab workers under the approving eye of management. Mr. Greenfield is reported to have claimed that he dominates this union and its reputation in labor circles is well known. They have filed a petition with the National Labor Relations Board seeking certification on the grounds that they represent the Hearns workers. After this petition was filed Hearns sought an injunction to prevent the Hearns strikers from picketing on the charge that it was a jurisdictional dispute between rival unions and not a legitimate strike. This is a perfect example of the Taft-Hartley law being used to break strikes. The scabs having legal status can bring in another union and throw out the union of the strikers. This can be repeated over and over again to get rid of legitimate unions. Unscrupulous unions can be used to help the companies to defeat unions that won't "cooperate." Judge McNally ruled that it was definitely not a jurisdictional dispute but a bona fide labor dispute. Picketing was limited to 200 at the downtown store and 50 at the uptown store. The company had also claimed that a sit down strike had taken place and that property had been seized. Judge McNally did not accept this charge. At the beginning of the strike Mr. Greenfield announced over the loudspeaker that all of the employees were fired. He later claimed that he "forgot" whether or not he had done this and was ordered to reinstate the workers on strike as employees. The picketing was not stopped although he had claimed that the workers on the picket lines were strangers, that all of the employees on strike had been fired before the strike was begun, and that the only real Hearns workers were the scabs inside. The judge dismissed this claim and also stated that the pickets were orderly and peaceful.

It is interesting to see the influence of Mr. Greenfield and the swiftness with which the officers of DPO were subpoenaed to appear before the House Un-American Activities Committee. The officers appeared and invoked the Fifth Amendment, not because they are Communists but because had they answered "no" to the usual, "Are you a member of the Communist Party?" they would have had to answer all other questions asked or be held in contempt. If they answer that one question it could result in the union having to turn over membership lists and other information which could be used to the advantage of those who want to destroy the union. They would probably be asked to name every one they know who is or was a Communist, and then be in danger of going to jail for perjury if a strong enough case could be made that there had been an error or omissions in their statements. Therefore, although they are not Communists, and have made public statements to that effect on other occasions the papers have used their refusal to answer at the hearings as an admission of Communist dedication and membership, a complete distortion of the facts. The swift action of the Velde Committee brings to mind the threats to throw the leaders of the union in jail. The issues of the strike are not related to Communism but to the workers right to a union contract, at least a minimum of job security, and a more reasonable wage than 32 dollars a week. To make this clear DPO offered to step out since it had been smeared

(Continued on page 8)



## Hearns Department Store Strike

(Continued from page 7)

so thoroughly, and allow Hearns to form its own CIO local, independent of DPO, providing that the company agree to the union's basic demands that the strike be ended, the strikers put back on their jobs, and that the National CIO be allowed to negotiate for a contract with all unresolved issues being submitted to arbitration. Hearns said it could not deal with DPO, and would welcome another union but when it came to a showdown the company reneged and said that unless CIO agrees in advance to wage cuts, no seniority rights, etc., they would reject the offer.

\* \* \*

The forces unleashed against the Hearns strikers grow each week. The major newspapers are absolutely silent on the strike because of pressures and because the advertising space bought by the department store pay for many of their expenses. One reporter stated off the record that the department stores were "the sacred cows of the press." The Hearst paper had an editorial screaming for an investigation and a very mysterious series of articles on the DPO officials and their radical backgrounds. One went so far as to cite the usage of the term "Anti-Zionist" by both union officials and the Daily Worker as evidence of the official Communist affiliation. Even the official Communist party publications in this country made scathing statements against the union.

\* \* \*

A new ruling by Judge Cohen has limited the pickets to three at each door and the strength of the strike is being sapped from all sides. The way is clearing for RCIA's petition to be granted and an election held. The sit-down strike issue was dragged out again. Judge McNally's decision was overruled. The NLRB decided to dismiss the union charge that Hearns had refused to bargain with the union. Charles Douds, regional director of NLRB said, "One of the major bases for this determination is the illegal conduct of the union in ordering the sit-down strike of May 13 with the consequent seizing of the property of Hearns." The president of Hearns stated, "The board's action now clears the way for our employees to express their freedom of choice by a government supervised election." He said also that Rep. Velde, chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee had said that the NLRB should not

recognize any union "whose officers refuse to say whether or not they are engaged in subversive activity." How far is this farce going to go before the people realize that an honest strike by workers who are as much Communists as Eisenhower can be broken directly or indirectly by laws, personal and collective slander and obviously biased decisions? The three lonely strikers at each Hearns door and the rest of the 800 people of Hearns who are carrying on despite hardships of every description, most of them well on in years and facing the possibility of never being able to get jobs again, deserve the support of every worker. They may succeed in closing the store if the public wakes up, but if RCIA is used successfully to break the strike they will have to face defeat not only at the hands of the millionaires but unfortunately for the labor movement at the hands of other workers. Unions too can become businesses run for profit, selfish, overbearing, and corrupt. The answer to all this sickening evidence of the power of money and position, the use of Communism as a club over the workers' heads, is that the workers have to get out of the corner they have been pushed into and demand that true issues be discussed and justice done. If Albert Greenfield is going to succeed in bringing the workers' condition to a barbaric level, the whole retail industry will follow suit, and soon all that our unions have worked for will go down the drain. The Hearns strike is affecting negotiations at other stores, arrogance is spreading, the money-men are looking forward to a golden age when all they have to do is yell, "Communist!" and the club falls. All workers, all union men and women, must resolve that this treatment be stopped, that they be treated as free human beings with intelligence and not as dangling puppets who collapse at the will of bosses of every description. The puppeteers have got to see the strength of the workers, that they are capable of standing alone, of standing firmly when their rights are threatened. They must work not only for petty gains but for the ownership of the means of production and distribution so that exploitation may cease and it is no longer necessary to walk around in circles with signs on them to get what God intended them to have, the harvest of their own labor, the right to call no man master.

## Insensate Worship

"Bolshevism is the necessary result of modern materialistic civilization. The insensate worship of matter has given rise to a school which has been brought up to look upon materialistic advancement as the goal of life and which has lost touch with the final things in life . . . I prophesy that if we disobey the law of the final supremacy of spirit over matter, of liberty and love over brute force, in a few years' time we shall have Bolshevism rampant in this land which was once so holy."

Mahatma Gandhi

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DAVID HENNESSY

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The Hand Press, (1953 edition) by Hilary Pepler . . . . .	\$2.25
Wood Engraving, by R. J. Beedham, with an introduction and appendix by Eric Gill (1948 ill.) . . . . .	1.25
A Short History of England, by G. K. Chesterton . . . . .	1.50
Rich and Poor in Christian Tradition, by Walter Shewring . . . . .	2.50
On Kingship, by St. Thomas Aquinas . . . . .	1.75
Property and Poverty, by Rev. A. M. Crofts, O. P. . . . .	2.25
The Restoration of Property, by Hilaire Belloc . . . . .	.75
The Sun of Justice, by Harold Robbins (a study of Catholic Social Principles refuting the so called Industrial Council Plan) . . . . .	1.50
The Making of a Moron (man and work under industrialism), by Niall Brennan . . . . .	2.50
Holy Work (1953 paper edition), by Rembert Sorg, O.S.B. . . . .	1.60
Social Justice and the Stations of the Cross, by Eric Gill . . . . .	.30
Hilaire Belloc: No Alienated Man (a study in Christian Integration), by Frederick Wilhelmsen . . . . .	2.75

## Easy Essay

(Continued from page 1)  
is not an economic problem; it is an ethical problem."

3. Thorstein Veblen says: "There are no ethics in modern society."
4. R. H. Tawney says: "There were high ethics in society when the Canon Law was the law of the land."
5. The high ethics of the Canon law are embodied in the encyclicals of Pius XI and Leo XIII on the social problem.
6. To apply the ethics of the encyclicals to the problems of today, such is the purpose of Catholic Action

### Works of Mercy

1. The best kind of apologetics is the kind of apologetics people do not have to apologize for.
2. In the first centuries of Christianity pagans said about Christians:



see how they love each other."

3. The love for God and neighbor was the first characteristic of the first Christians.
4. This love was expressed through the daily practice of the Works of Mercy.
5. To feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to shelter the homeless, to instruct the ignorant at a personal sacrifice was considered by the first Christian as the right thing to do.
6. Superfluous goods were considered to be superfluous, and therefore to be used to help the needy members of the Mystical Body.

### Books to Read

1. The Bourgeois Mind by Nicholas Berdyaev (Sheed and Ward)
2. The Making of Europe by Christopher Dawson (Sheed and Ward)
3. Society and Liberty by Jacques Maritain (Desclee de Brouwer)
4. The Great Commandment of the Gospel by His Excellency Giovanni Cioognani Apostolic Delegate (McVey)
5. Social Principles of the Gospel by Alphonse Lugan (Macmillan)

## Four-Acre Farming

(Continued from page 1)

mermann, after studying rural and urban religious patterns, also concluded that the real threat to organized Christianity was the urbanization of society. A whole gallery of authors have proved the bad effect of city living upon family life. When city life is such an occasion of sin, we cannot advocate a pattern of rural life which makes rural life possible only for the few. If all the land of the country were divided up into balanced "family-type" farms, 19 out of 20 families would still be living in the city, an occasion of sin.

Those who say that the moral and spiritual values of rural life are very important for the Christian family, hardly prove their sincerity when they go out and buy up for themselves a 100-acre farm that might otherwise provide those rural values for 20 families. And they are not even getting the good life for themselves, for they are victims of the very thing that has made American farming as inhuman in its way as city life—the isolation and loneliness of the big American farm, a dreadful and unnecessary price to pay for rural living.

Peasant-type farming was a totally different thing. The peasant neither bought nor sold much of anything. He did not live off the city. He lived close enough to his neighbors to share a real community life with them. But he often lived in such poverty, drudgery, and disease, that we can hardly blame him for making a change when the chance was offered him. I don't know if many people could or even should go into peasant type farming, but there is another, and to our minds a better way of making rural family life and rural community life possible for all. That is the way of the part-time farmer:

He raises all or most of his family's food, and gives his surpluses to his neighbors. He buys most of his clothes, building material, and "conveniences," such as electrical appliances, and a car or truck. Being willing to use these things, he is equally willing to pay the price, the real price of such things, which means doing the kind of work that produces them.

6. The Franciscan Message to the World by Father Agostino Gemelli, O.F.M. (Burns Oates)
7. Nazareth or Social Chaos by Father Vincent McNabb, O.P. (Brown and Nolan)
8. Fields, Factories, Workshops by Peter Kropotkin

Unfortunately, he finds himself spending full time at his job and part time on his land, a killing pace which leaves him far too little time for apostolic work and even for his own family life. That is his temporary compromise, and it helps to keep him an ardent advocate of decentralized, worker-controlled industry which could suit its schedule to the worker's convenience. His ideal remains part-time farming for the good of his family, coupled with a part-time specialty for the good of the community. It may be a long way off, but it offers hope to every family that realizes its need of rural living, rural family work, and rural community life.

## Conscription

(Continued from page 3)

Well written and well documented (with one exception which I shall mention) it is an invaluable work. The exception is in the scanty treatment of Catholic C.O.'s. For one thing the authors were apparently not aware of the publication THE CATHOLIC C.O.—at least they do not list it. And it is unfortunate they did not contact Dr. Gordon Zahn who wrote his masters thesis on Catholic C.O.'s and who wrote his Ph.D. theses on some aspects of C.O.'s in general. Dr. Zahn, who is a pacifist and a Catholic, could have given them valuable and accurate information which is lacking in this book. For example the authors state that after the "Catholic camp" was discontinued "thereafter Catholics were assigned to other C.P.S. camps with no attempt to group them together apart from others." However, the fact was that, before the camp at Warner was closed, there was already a Catholic Unit at Alexian Brothers Hospital. And when we left Warner about all of us were sent to the camp at Oakland, Md. Then a group of Catholics went to the camp at Trenton, North Dakota, after Oakland closed. Finally most of us who had been at Warner ended up as a Catholic Unit at Rosewood Training School. However, these inaccuracies are minor to the book as a whole. Those of us who were part of this story during World War II cannot but rejoice that it has been written about so ably.

### GOD OR MAMMON

"Love creates a likeness between that which loves and that which is loved. This is true whether the object be God or mammon. St. John of the Cross

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