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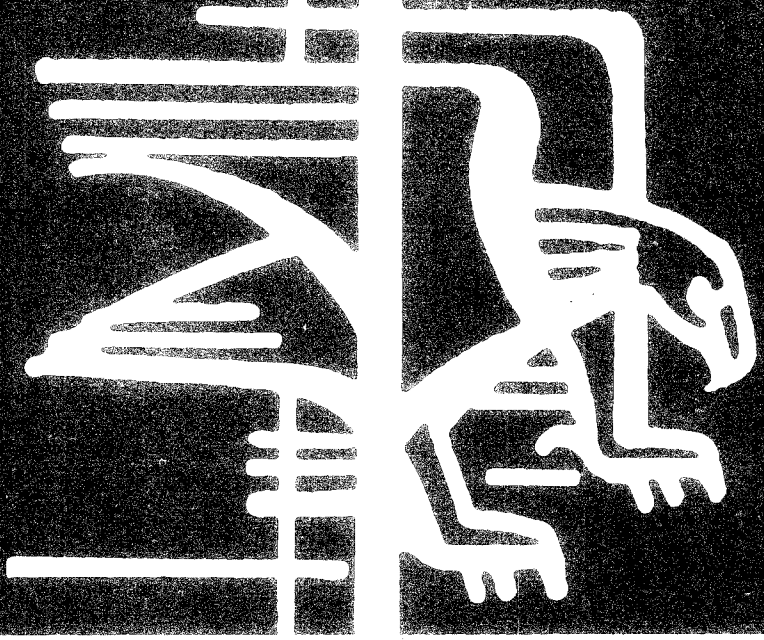

CIVIL WAR: 1955

WILLIAM JOHNSON

Now when Jesus was born in Judea,
Herod the King was troubled.
And when he had learned that the Child
was born under the star of Bethlehem,
He gathered together all the chief priests and scribes and said,
Go and search diligently for the young Child.
For Herod wanted to destroy Him.
But Joseph and Mary and the Child departed into Egypt.
And the King was exceedingly wroth,
and sent forth and slew all the young children
that were in Bethlehem.

For Herod was sore afraid
that the people of Judea would worship the Child,
and he was troubled, knowing there cannot be
two kingdoms in one country.
Therefore he sought to slay his chiefest rival.

As it was in the days of Herod the King, it remains unto this time.
Man seeking to rule his brothers,
wars against the Kingdom of God.

But in that season when our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
some say man's heart can hear the spirit of benevolence
singing all night long.
And then, they say, on that day when ruled by God,
Man loses the lust to rule his brothers,
and does not fear to love them,
so hallowed and so gracious is the time.

(A Christmas card, bearing this message, accompanies all Faith and Freedom Christmas gift subscriptions.)

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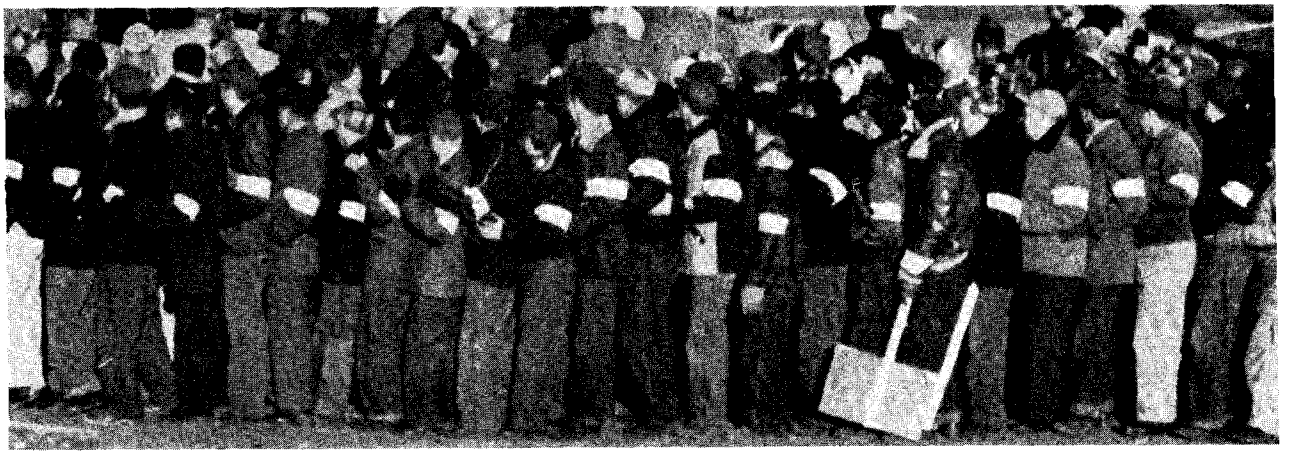
CIVIL WAR: 1955

WILLIAM JOHNSON

If you slice a knife across the men and women's lives caught in this conflict, you can look into their souls—as into a house torn open by a bomb. They are soldiers in a Civil War. In newspapers you read about them—here you can feel about them. The worst kind of war ripped them apart—a war between brothers of the same race—it eats into their souls.



Dale Huysman looked past the dark silhouettes of his four friends, out the car window at the night sky. Small lakes of moonlight washed the fields around islands of darkness where the big clouds dragged their shadows. Dale pulled his jacket tighter around him. He scanned the landscape carefully. Herman Brubeck brought the car to a halt noiselessly, the keys turned off, and Dale opened the door.

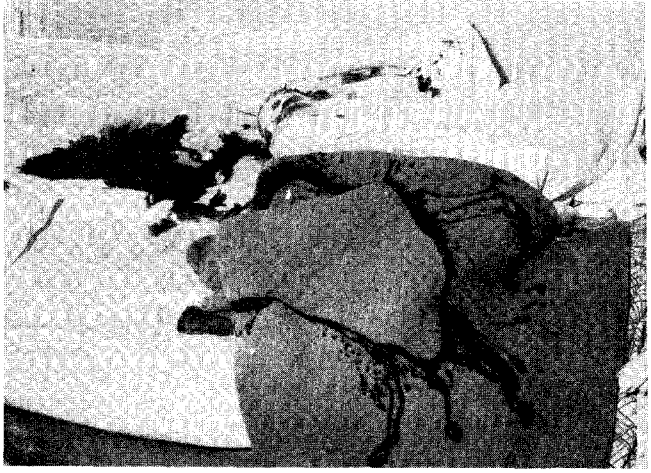
Dale knew they had to make their way swiftly and quietly across the open field to reach the gate without being seen. He knew they could make it. At least they hoped they could. Man, they had to make it.

Dale hit the dirt, and saw the other men follow, crouched low, almost crawling, fanned out. The earth crawled beneath his face, grass blades, clods, dead weeds that you had to skirt to keep them from crunching loud as broken bones. One hundred, two hundred, three hundred yards, three hundred years.

Then Dale saw the wall with the lights on it, and then the gate hove into his view, the Northeast gate, their goal.

Dale had been careful, and the other men had caught his caution. Nobody had so much as broken a twig. But now the lights on the wall could reflect on their faces, or buttons. Dale flattened out and inched along by digging his elbows into the damp earth. Seventy-five yards. Fifty. Not a sound. Not a soul up ahead. They might make it.

A twig snapped. Ahead, to the right. The



Acid ruins a nonstriker's summer cottage. Also wrecked: outboard motor and boat.

men lay motionless. The light caught the whites of their eyes as they swiveled their heads slowly toward that small sound that cut through their ears like the crack of a rifle.

Nothing. No shadows. No silhouettes. Maybe a rabbit broke that twig. Slowly Dale began to slide forward and the men edged after him.

Then Dale saw blurred shadows appear before him. He jumped and cried out. Dark figures sprang up all around him. Run for it. We're surrounded. We've been ambushed.

"There they go! Get the SOB's."

Dale tried to dodge them. He felt his stomach tighten like when the roller-coaster took that first plunge. He tried to side-step a lunging man. The man tackled him. He fell. As he staggered, somebody's knee caught him in the groin. He doubled up and gasped for air. Then somebody jumped feet-first on his back and the shock left him limp. Now they pulled him up. A big fellow pinned his arms. A smaller man threw a fist into his right eye.

The pain seemed to shoot rage into his brain and now he wanted to fight. He struggled, breaking loose, lashing out. Hands grabbed him from all sides. They cursed him. When his hands were safely pinioned, they beat his face, ears, struck him in the nose.

They dragged him to a car, held him down, sat on him on the back seat; when he struggled, they kicked him. From the front seat, he heard Herman Brubeck's voice: "You can't get away with this."

He wondered if the others had escaped.

If you read this in a novel you might think the scene depicted life behind the Iron Curtain. But this scene took place in Kohler, Wisconsin, sixty miles north of Milwaukee.

Dale Huysman and Herman Brubeck were trying to sneak past the pickets to get to their jobs in the plant of Kohler of Kohler.

The dark figures who ambushed them were strikers. Dale and Herman hadn't been able to push through the picket lines during regular hours; they thought they would try to get in under cover of darkness on off hours, when the picket lines weren't heavily manned.

Now the strikers had caught them. They were dragged out of the car and up the stairs of a grimy building.

Dale looked around trying to identify the faces and the surroundings.

"Sit down or I'll knock you down. That's better. If you know what's good for you, you'll do what we tell you. Here, scab, write your name, address and clock number."

"No," said Dale. He tried to get up. They shoved him back down.

"I just want to telephone my wife."

"Are you kiddin'?"

You Might Be Dead

Over a loud speaker Dale heard a voice shouting: "Scab hunting is good tonight! Let's go out and grab some more damn scabs."

"What's the matter with you, Dale? Why are you trying to go to work? You need the money? Don't you think we need it? Don't you know you're spoiling it for the rest of us? You could get somebody mad at you. Go back now and you can't tell what kind of accident might happen. When the strike is over, somebody is liable to drop a 7,000 pound ram on you."

"You're a lucky guy, scab. If you were in Detroit and tried to get into work, you'd be lying in the field dead. Why don't you join up with us? We'll forget about the whole thing. You've got a family, haven't you? You wouldn't want to see them suffer."

Dale wondered why they were using this reasonable tone of voice to cloak threats of violence. Did they think threats would persuade him?

A flashbulb popped in Dale's face. They took three pictures of him, torn clothing, eye puffing up, mussed-up hair.

"We'll post these all over the country. Let the people see the scab who thought he'd sneak back to work."

Finally they seemed to get tired of molesting him. They told him and Herman to go home and "think it over, scabs."

Frustrated, beaten, humiliated as he was, Dale said months later when he was able to take up his job at the plant:

"I have no grudge against them. If they want to strike, let them strike. But why don't they leave us alone?"

Lloyd Keating, deputy sheriff, finished his sandwich and fished the keys to his patrol car out of his leather jacket. He looked up into Harold O'Connor's wrinkled face. He started for the car but O'Connor stood in his way.

"Tell me something," O'Connor asked. "Why don't you guys close down that picket line so we can get back to work?"

"Look, Harold," deputy Keating began, "you know the facts of life. Why do you want to start up a lot of trouble? We don't want anybody to get hurt."

"I thought you were supposed to protect us. Isn't that what you're here for?"

"Look, Harold, would you like to trade jobs with me? No? I didn't think so. We gotta tangle with tough situations every day of our lives. Like this one. You think it's a picnic dealing with a mob? One false step, somebody gets slugged. Somebody else gets trigger happy. Before you know it, you're up to here in blood. How much good would my badge be —or my gun—if I provoke a riot? But that's what you're asking me to do."

"I'm asking you to enforce the law."

"Sure, I know there's a law against this," Keating gestured toward the long mass of pickets, blocking the factory gates. "But how can we enforce it without a lot of people getting hurt? We try to keep the picket line peaceful. When you scabs try to crash it, then the trouble starts. I've got to prevent trouble."

"You keep the line peaceful," said Harold, "but we can't get in. The way you look at it, there isn't any trouble in a hold-up either, until the guy being held up fights back."

"I gotta admit you got a case. But what can we do? The governor says he won't send help until we try to enforce the law. But we don't have enough men to prevent an outbreak. So why make an attempt to enforce the law, when you know you're gonna fail? When it gets too bad we run some of them in. That's the best we can do."

"That's great," said Harold. "You arrest the picket, that's true. But you also arrest the worker trying to get to his job."

"We gotta be neutral. The sheriff has gotta get elected. He can't favor one side."

"I'm not asking you to favor one side. Just arrest the lawbreakers."

"You think that's easy?"

"Sure, you got problems. But so have I. If my wife and kids eat, I've got to get through that line to go to work."

"I know you want to work," said deputy Keating, "but you want to live too, don't you? So do I."

Mary Dornbeck opened the suitcase that lay on the bed. The pile of Jim's clothing

When ordered to stop violence at plant gates pickets converged on nonstrikers' homes, welcoming them with "peaceful persuasion."

would never fit in—besides she was afraid, the more clothing he took, the longer he might stay away. Jim Dornbeck was going to Chicago to look for a new job.

Jim had explained it to Mary:

"Will Vandercook in Chicago told me he's practically got a job lined up for me. Soon, a few days, a week, perhaps, I'll be sending for you—so don't you worry."

Mary had said nothing, had merely turned away so he could not see her face and said:

"You'll need clean shirts." And now she was packing for him, slowly, feeling a weight like an anvil dragging at her chest.

He Drew Her into His Arms

Jim came over to help close the suitcase; their hands touched; her hand trembled. She could not look at him. Then she felt his fingers tight on her wrists drawing her into his arms. She pressed her face into his shoulder, hoping the tears would not spot his good suit.

"Things will work out, Mary, don't take it so hard. I told you Will Vandercook has this job lined up for me and it's only a matter of—"

"This is your home, Jim." Mary sat down on the bed, holding onto his arm for support. "We went to school in Sheboygan. Our friends live around here. Our life is here. I prayed that the strike would not come. It came anyway."

"You understand why we've got to leave, don't you, Mary?"

"I know. Even if you wanted to go back, Kohler might not take you. You've been out on strike too long. Besides you couldn't very well turn your back on the union now. We've taken help from them for too long. Rent, food vouchers every week, health insurance, even the clothes on our backs."

Jim nodded, but frowned.

"They've helped us—yes. But it's like I sold my soul to them. Once I took it from them I had to go along with them on everything they told me to do. They started the strike saying it was going to be all over in three days. Then it was just going to last another two weeks. You know? It's been a year and they're no nearer to settling it than they ever were. If I'd known the strike was going to last this long, I wouldn't of tied us to their apron strings by taking their groceries. I might of even gone back to work."

Mary shook her head violently. "You couldn't be a scab," she said, "not when you think what happened to Ray Shaeffer's car. They blew it up, because he went back to work."

"I know," said Jim. They sat together on the bed for a long moment. Finally Jim got up. "Well, no use whining about it. I agreed in the beginning to strike. I thought it might do us some good. It just didn't work out, that's all. Kohler isn't going to give in, I know. There's no future around here for us. I'm not going to walk the picket line any more. In Chicago we can make a clean start. This new job . . . I got practically lined up, will—"

Suddenly Jim grabbed his suitcase, gave Mary a quick kiss and hurried out to the car. He drove swiftly away.

Mary watched the car until it turned the corner. She went slowly into the empty house; her arms hung limply as if she had no strength to lift them. She sat in Jim's reading chair for several minutes. Finally she picked up the phone and dialed her mother's number.

"Mother? Jim's gone. He tried so hard to make me think he has a job. What could I do? I pretended to believe it. I want him to know I have faith in him. But, mother, he's thirty-five. I know he can't just walk into another job. Drop-forgemen are unionized everywhere I know of. He'll lose his seniority and have to start at the bottom wherever we go. But he's right. We can't stay here—unless we go on living off the union and doing what they say."

Kathleen Dougherty looked up. Big buttons of rain began to blot the tombstone. She bent over her husband's grave and pulled the last few weeds.

Nearly thirty years now, she had kept flowers on his grave. She straightened up, pulled her coat collar tight; but she didn't feel the drops of rain that struck her cheek.

"Ah, Joe Dougherty, what would you think now, if you were alive today and could see me putting up a fight? We had our fights. But, when you left, there was no fight left in me."

She remembered that day: how she gath-

ered the children around her, clutching them in one hand and a batch of unpaid bills in the other. How would she pay for the house? Who would feed them when the insurance ran out?

She stood up, looked out the window, toward the Kohler plant in the distance. "I will take Joe's place at the plant," she said.

It hadn't worked out that way. They didn't give her his job. But they made her welcome. She had stayed on, and now the house belonged to her, and every payday she put something by for the children's education.

The longest labor strike in existence rages at the Kohler Company of Kohler, Wisconsin, makers of bathtubs, sinks, etc., heaters, electric plants, air-cooled engines and precision controls. Their strike is dragging into its 21st month. Why? Bill Johnson flew to Kohler in September to get the story. He talked to strikers and nonstrikers, wives, preachers, top management, taxi-drivers. These men and women aren't in the phone book; obviously we couldn't use real names. Bill witnessed some of these incidents first hand; some he heard about; some he reconstructed by digesting several into one. But all of these stories show real emotions, depicting a conflict which, unfortunately, is completely true.

She thought Joe would feel proud of the way she'd done both jobs: bringing up her family, and doing well at the plant. Brought the kids up right, she had—and saved money on top of it.

Mr. Kohler had always treated her good. Why should she go out on strike? Worked right through the strike in 1936 and she wasn't about to let any outsiders from Detroit tell her what to do now.

Besides they'd tried to get her daughter fired from her job in Sheboygan—just because she, Kathleen, had refused to be bullied by the Kohler picket line.

Now why do they try to force me to join their union anyway? What if the church got its members that way? Would a man forced to join the church make a good member?

I figure it's my American privilege to try to get the kind of work I like: and I like my job.

Kathleen Dougherty adjusted her rimless glasses, pursed her lips. She remembered how she had worked to pay off the house and how she had been surprised when they gave her a promotion. No, she couldn't complain. Now she held the position of Inspector on the crankshaft line. At 61 she still had her health—proud that she felt vigorous—alive.

Maybe it's the Irish in me, Joe. But I would feel insulted if the pickets didn't shout curses at me. Like the night they was complaining about the smell out there. I told them: "I always heard a skunk smells his own hole first."

Joe, why is it the officers don't enforce the law? I'm not afraid of the strikers. But the things those pickets say shouldn't be heard by a young girl's ears. Are they scum, to talk that way when girls go through the line?

Ah, Joe, the strike hurts the youngsters of the town, too. Like in church, Sunday. One of the nonstrikers—scabs, they call us—sat down in this pew with his wife and children about him. What happens would shame you.

Down the aisle comes the children of a striker—about 30 feet ahead of their parents. And they wave to the nonstriker's kids, and sit down with them, and say "hello" to them. And mad as a fury, the union man yanks his kids out of that pew and marches them to another pew far across the church.

I ask you, Joe, what kind of a Christian spirit is that to let loose in a church?

The rain beat down, and Kathleen left Joe's grave and ran across the wet grass to her old Chevvy. Joe would understand and wait patiently and he would believe in her too—when she held her head high and walked proudly through the goons on the bloody picket line.

Eleanor Harmon looked at the jacket of the new book. The dangerous looking longshoreman's hook, tipped with blood, fascinated her. She had bought *Waterfront* in order to review it for next week's meeting of the Women's League. She couldn't take her eyes from that longshoreman's hook. It looked ready to jump out at her and sink into her flesh.

People said the book was full of social significance. She had dipped into the writing; it

Seven cars were dynamited to intimidate nonstrikers. One of 460 acts of violence.

looked exciting. Peter's schedule didn't show any church calls tonight. Maybe they'd spend a quiet evening together downstairs in the rectory. She would read *Waterfront* to him.

Peter looked worried this morning, Eleanor thought. Somebody asked him why he didn't comment on the Kohler strike in one of his sermons. Maybe this book *Waterfront* would help him. It's about unions.

I don't know why Peter lets people stir him up, just because they want him to take sides. We saw the strike coming. We decided then we wouldn't let it split the church. Peter said the strike just concerned economics. The church deals with religion. Why mix the two?

Peter's right, of course. We've got strikers and nonstrikers in the congregation. We've kept out disturbances that have rocked other churches in town. I hope Peter doesn't think he should change his policy. A sermon about the strike would endanger the very existence of our church. Better concentrate on individual salvation and stay away from strikes, particularly a strike in your own backyard.

Idly, Eleanor leafed through the pages of *Waterfront*. Her eyes stopped on a name, Father Barry. This story appears to apply religion to judging unions. She turned back a few pages and read rapidly. The Longshoremen's union has just murdered Joey Doyle. Katie Doyle, his sister, begs the priest, Father Barry, to do something about it, help find the murderers, help clean up the waterfront. Father Barry advises the girl to stay out of it: go away, don't get involved; it's best to avoid trouble which can't be corrected.

In anger, Katie Doyle taunts him: "Was there ever a saint who hid in the church?"

Hmmmm, Eleanor Harmon closed the book. I had better put this book up in my room. Peter will be home any minute and I know he'd like to have supper waiting on the table.

Earl Huntingdon opened the door to his office, hung up his coat and walked to his desk. Phil Briggs stood by the desk sorting papers.

"Nothing much in the mail," Phil Briggs said. "But here's a note. Harley Green came in yesterday afternoon, after you'd gone home, left this note. Wants to see you. Today."

"I'm afraid I know what he wants," Earl Huntingdon said.

"Brother Green getting restless?" Briggs asked.

"Yeah. He's itching to get back to work," Huntingdon sighed. He read the note:

"A bunch of us fellows would like to talk to you. We'll be over tomorrow."

"O.K.," said Huntingdon, "let them come."

"It's tough on them," said Phil Briggs.

"It's tough on me, too," said Huntingdon, "after 18 months. What do those characters expect us to do?—go crawling back to the King?"

"After what we've done for them, that's gratitude," said Briggs.

"I know what they'll say: we promised the strike would be over in two weeks. We've dragged it out for 18 months. They're tired of it, tired of living off our handouts. They want to go back to work."

"What will you tell them?" Briggs asked. "They'll be here any minute now."

"I don't know what I'll tell them," snapped Huntingdon. "Leave me alone so I can think."

Briggs went out closing the door softly.

I guess I shouldn't be too hard on those guys, Huntingdon murmured. In a way I can't blame them. They've been getting plenty of food though, and clothing and money from the brotherhood all over. The National will spend millions more to see this strike through. But, I know, the picket duty, the waiting around, it gets you after a while—and you can't get rich on handouts.

What will I tell them? We can't afford to lose any strays now. A back-to-work move-

ment would knock us on our tails. I'll tell them this isn't just a local strike—it's got national significance. If Kohler makes us back down and accept his feudalistic policies, why, hell, it would set the union movement back twenty years. Is that what you want?

King Kohler thinks he's God. Us workingmen are just slaves in his empire. His Majesty thinks nobody but him knows what's good for you working stiffs.

Kohler's master; you're his servants. He's gotta keep absolute authority over you—or he won't play, won't negotiate, won't arbitrate.

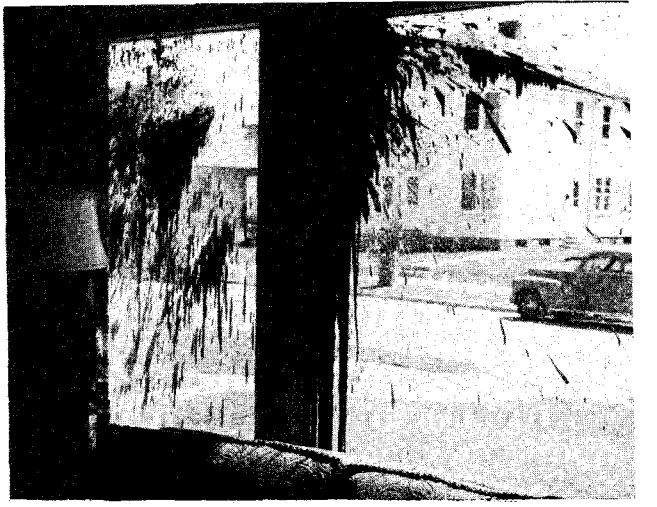
He doesn't believe you're as good as he is. He doesn't believe you should have a say-so over wages or other conditions of employment. He allows grievances, sure. But you got to swallow management's decision on them as final. Sure, the company grants us a few welfare benefits. But we don't get any say-so deciding how much we get or how the thing will be operated.

It's a dictatorship. Maybe benevolent, but still a dictatorship. Sure they give you a few benefits, just to keep you from joining and supporting a strong union. Most companies gave up paternalism long ago. If Kohler wins this one—don't you see—other companies will turn back the clock on us. Do you want to go back to the 18th Century? Pretty soon we'll have child labor around here.

I Can't Blame You for Being Mad

If we can just hold out a little longer, men, if you'll just bear with us, show a little loyalty, a little gratitude, we might lick them yet. We're putting plenty of economic pressure on them and the boycott's taking its toll. They've got to operate with an inexperienced scab force. That's expensive. There are lots of rejects in the castings. They've run into trouble getting supplies. The total work force has dropped way off. Even with all Herbie's money, they can't hold out much longer.

We're going to go ahead and fight. If you say we're wrong, O.K. But stop and think a minute. Is seniority wrong? Is settling disputes by peaceful arbitration wrong? Is it wrong to want company paid pensions and insurances against the adversities of life? Is it wrong to want a just recognition of faithful services? All we want is a contract with decent working conditions. All we ask is to be treated like people—with dignity, justice. Is that wrong?



A nonstriker and his wife built this new home with their hands. Paint bombs splattered it.

Without our union, you older men with years of experience and seniority would not get any protection at all. Some group foreman or chicken super with a grudge would wipe out your right to your job—and there wouldn't be any comeback.

You all want security—or else you wouldn't be thinking of going back to work. But you don't get security by waiting for the big boss to come along and give it to you. You get it same as anybody else; you fight for it.

The company has the nerve to say that our strike is held together by strong-arm methods. The truth is you can't keep 2500 people on strike unless they believe down deep in their hearts that they're fighting the good fight and for what? For justice in the sight of God.

You're mad, impatient, upset by all this fighting, waiting, and, the way it looks to you, getting nowhere. Well, I can't blame you for being mad. But be mad at the right people. Not your brothers who are in this with you up to here. Blame one person for all this: Mr. Herbie V. Kohler. He's the one who splits your families wide open, the one who turns life-long friends into enemies, turns respect into hatred, fans disagreements into violence. He wants power—not reason or arbitration.

You want somebody to blame, somebody to be mad at? For vandalism, for breaking family ties, for splitting up churches, for breeding bitterness and sowing violence? Blame the

Bathtub Baron. Give him the full responsibility. All he has to do is say one little word, that he'll submit to peaceful arbitration, and all your troubles, all the waiting will be over.

Who wants to destroy the union? Not you fellows. I don't blame you for being impatient, though your impatience could destroy us, unless you direct it toward the man who deserves it. You know his name. Herbie Kohler.

How can anybody turn traitor and go over to an enemy like that? You, Harley Green?

You, Mort? Solly? Certainly you men wouldn't join the ranks of the enemy, no matter how bad you're having it. Lots of your union brothers are fighting with great personal sacrifice—for themselves, for their families and neighbors, because they know you can't win any cause without self-sacrifice!

The door opened.

"Sorry to interrupt, Earl," Phil Briggs said. "Harley Green and his friends *demand* to see you. Want to face them?"

Earl Huntingdon smiled grimly. "Send them in," he said.

Bonnie Phillips opened the oven. The roast looked just about done. Time to get Mary up from her nap and put a fresh dress on baby. Bonnie thought of her husband, Lee. He always got a big kick out of seeing his family spic and span when he came home.

For 2½ years Lee Phillips had worked an automatic screw machine, in the shop that made faucets. His crew-cut made some of the men at the plant forget Lee was a married man with family responsibilities. But Lee never forgot.

"That's why they hate us. Even my family hates us," Bonnie whispered.

No, that's a wicked thing to say. How could your own people hate you? But why didn't they answer our invitations?

Bonnie's Mother and Dad would celebrate their thirtieth wedding anniversary this Sunday. Bonnie had invited them and the whole clan together for a big feed Sunday afternoon. All the grandchildren would be scrubbed raw and dressed fit to kill.

The others would take their cue from Mother and Dad; if they accepted, everybody would come. And why shouldn't they accept? It seemed completely ridiculous that they'd let this strike split up families, set brother against brother, father hating son.

But why didn't they telephone? Why didn't they call and say: "Sure, we may have our differences over this strike thing, but we'll drop our quarrel for one day, long enough to get the family together. No union squabble should separate us from our children and grandchildren. Of course we'll be there."

But they hadn't called. And Bonnie had to finish the children's dresses, polish the silver, wax floors, shine windows. Maybe they would call. Sunday was two days off.

Tomorrow, Lee would help clean house and do the shopping and keep an eye on the kids, while she made frozen dessert in the kitchen and fixed the radish roses for hors d'oeuvres, and made the dressing to stuff the turkey with.

With luck, she'd have dinner on the table and the hot rolls light and fluffy by the time two o'clock rolled around on Sunday. I could save myself all this worry, Bonnie told herself, if I'd just call Mother and ask her point blank if she got the invitation.

But of course she got the invitation. She must have got it yesterday. She heard a car tire crunch on the driveway. Maybe special delivery or telegram.

No. It was Lee driving in. She watched him get out. He looked tired. He moved slowly.

"I hope he hasn't run into trouble again."

Four Letter Words Spewed Out

You'd think the strikers would let us alone. As Lee closed the garage doors, Bonnie Phillips saw in her mind's eye the violence of one terrible morning. The night before the telephone had rung, a voice told Lee not to try to go to work next morning—or there'd be trouble. Lee ignored them.

At five-thirty the next morning everybody on the street heard shouts, and horns honking. Ten cars drove up and forty men piled out. A wail of shouts, threats, four letter words spewed out of their mouths. They blocked off the driveway with their cars. They said: "Just let Lee poke his nose out of the house. He

wants work? We'll give him a work-out."

The police came and cleared them out. I wasn't much good at calming Mary down and wiping her tears away. I felt worse than she did, and more scared. She didn't understand it —but I understood it, and it shook me up.

"Hi, Honey, you been working hard today? What's for dinner?" Lee didn't expect answers, she knew; he was tossing the baby high overhead and saying "Howdo, cowboy?"

She answered: "Been getting ready for Sunday." It made Sunday seem like a sure thing, to talk about it. "There's a roast in the oven."

"I can smell it, hmmmm! Gosh, Honey, do you think they'll come? They've gone out of their way to ignore us, ever since the strike. They've never even come by to see the baby. It's been 'bout a year now. Remember how they loved Mary when she was born?"

"They adored her."

"Your Dad about busted his buttons, he was so proud."

"Lee, we have to face it: Father's pretty sore about your going back to work. He's been a good union man all his life."

"He can't stay mad forever, can he? You're his flesh and blood."

"I don't know. I love him so. I'm sure deep down he loves us—union or no union. But I sent them the invitations Wednesday, Lee. I told them I hoped they'd forgive us, if they thought we'd sinned in their eyes."

"No answer today, huh?"

Bonnie shook her head.

"Looks like I might have to down an awful lot of food Sunday."

Bonnie Dropped Her Face into Her Hands

All day Saturday and Sunday Bonnie and Lee shopped, cleaned house, mended dresses, made desserts, prepared bread to raise, put leaves in the table. As Sunday wore on they didn't mention the party, but, if a car drove down the street, they would stop work, hands frozen in mid-air, until the car went past; none of the cars stopped.

Lee put the finishing touches on the table, debating whether to light the candles. They did not come, and they did not come.

Four o'clock Sunday afternoon, Bonnie said, whispering: "We'd better sit down, I guess."

So they sat down, Bonnie and Lee and the two children to a table set for a banquet. Lee made a few attempts to joke about how fat they'd be when they finished this feast. Bonnie tried to smile and then big tears glistened in her eyes and began to run down her cheeks and she dropped her face into her hands.

Lee walked around the long table and took her in his arms. He whispered:

"I'm sorry, Honey. I don't know what to say. I don't see how I could have done different. When we got married, I swore to support a family. What do they want me to do? I like it here. We only pay $30 a month for a house that would cost us $70 in Detroit. We live pretty good. The company has treated me good. Should I go out on strike just to keep peace in the family?"

Bonnie turned to him. He had come around the table to comfort her. But, she smiled through her tears, it seems to be the lot of wives to comfort the comforters.

"Never mind, Lee. You know I'm with you all the way. I'll stick with you, come what may. But, Lee," Bonnie's eyes filled again, "it just isn't right—children need grandparents, and Mother and Dad need them. I don't understand all this. Why, Lee, why?"

Dorothy Zendorff ran down the steps of the church, past grandfather Zendorff, into the back seat of their car. She hid her face in the gray upholstery and let the pent-up tears flow.

"What's the matter, Dorothy?"

She turned slowly toward him, sniffing and blowing her nose.

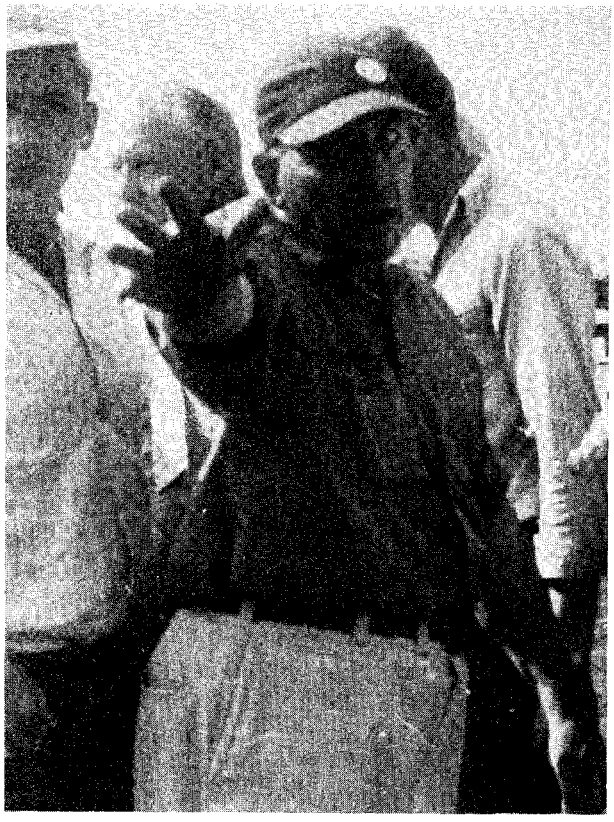
"You're not a little girl," Grandpa Zendorff said. "You're a grown-up lady of thirteen."

"Almost fourteen," Dorothy sobbed.

"Big enough to talk man to man."

"I was sitting in Sunday school minding my own business. All Barb said was she thought the strike was bad for the community. I said I thought so, too. Why did they all have to turn on me? I can't do anything about the strike—even if you are a big wheel in the Kohler company!"

"They attacked you? Because of me?"



Nonstrikers had to pass threatening gestures, vile, obscene language even on a "peaceful" day.

"They threw everything up at me. They asked me why didn't the company end the strike."

"Let's go for a walk," Grandpa Zendorff said. "I'll tell you why the company won't give in—that's what ending the strike would mean, you know—giving in."

"Can't we ride home in the car? I don't want to see any of them."

"We'll walk, and if we see your friends we'll speak to them in a friendly way. It doesn't do to hide, Dorothy."

Dorothy climbed out. They walked through the tree-lined village. Dorothy felt the sun, warm on her wet cheeks, and saw the green leaves through a haze of tears. The gay, sunny colors made it hard for her to go on crying.

"Do you think it was fair, what they said, Grandpop?" She took his big hand in hers.

"You can't always expect others to understand," Grandpa Zendorff said. "It's hard for me to explain it, even to you—and I love you. It's much harder to explain it to people who are angry at you. But I must try."

"I promise to listen. I've got to have some answers ready the next time they jump on me."

"You see the streets, the trees, all these houses, the churches, the stores, and the buildings that house the factories—do you know what was here before these things were here?"

"I guess I thought this town was always here. Wasn't it?"

"When I was a young man, there were fields and forests here and very few people. You know, when you make a dress, first you think of it in your mind, you imagine it. You get the idea for a dress in your mind. Well, all this once existed in a man's mind. The forges, the whole plant, these houses came from ideas in John Kohler's mind. For him those ideas meant work, risk and trouble, and finally profits.

"He came over from Austria when he was ten years old—that was more than 100 years ago. When he was still very young he opened up a little shop and made farm tools, you know, plowshares, feed mills, hitching posts. Finally he got around to making cast iron plumbing fixtures. Around 1900 he came here and liked the looks of this green land. He moved the plant out here. As soon as he got it built, a fire destroyed it, burned it right down to the ground. He rebuilt it in less than a year."

"Did Kohler make the first bathtubs?"

"We made the first modern, one-piece, built-in bathtubs. Remember those old bathtubs with the ornamental legs? We made them."

Why Are Your Men Striking, Grandpop?

"I remember. But Grandpop, what's that got to do with the strike?"

"Well, some of the decisions we make today go way back to roots deep in the past. I believe that this company prospered because of its policies, and that this village and the people in it also prospered. We want to keep many of those policies."

"For example, Grandpop."

"For example, we believe in regular, continuous employment; no temporary layoffs in slack seasons. You can see how the men would like this. But it benefits the company, too. We have small turnover, and employees who feel secure take more interest in their work."

"Doesn't the union like that?"

"The union wants us to adopt what they

"We have tried to discourage people from going into that plant by peaceful means, but from now on the gloves are off," a strike boss declared.

call seniority, which means that the employee who has worked with us for the longest time should rate the best job in the department where he's employed."

"What's the matter with that?"

"It sounds fair, doesn't it? And a lot of companies have put the seniority system in effect. But we try to keep our men on regularly."

"Would seniority mean firing men?"

"Well, we haven't laid off one single regular employee in over 17 years—even though our business depends mostly on the house building demand, which goes up in summer, down in winter. To keep our men and women working year round, we sometimes have to transfer them when work is scarce.

"If we had to worry about union seniority rules we couldn't do this. We try to transfer a man to a job where he can use his training best, even if it means by-passing a man who's been there longer. A man doesn't always increase his usefulness by his time on the job. One man may have twenty years' experience, while another man may have one year's experience multiplied twenty times."

"But Grandpop, if the men would rather have seniority than security, why fight them? All fight does is make people hate each other and throw paint on other people's houses and dynamite cars."

"Maybe it looks that way, Dorothy. But I don't see how anybody can say that the company should get the blame for the violence. From the beginning we've tried to bargain with the union, for as long as necessary—except while the union was committing acts of violence, including mass picketing that kept nonstrikers from their jobs.

"Dorothy, do you really hold us responsible for the violence committed by the union? Suppose we hadn't been willing to bargain. Suppose we hadn't already provided most benefits this union has asked for—would you blame us for the paint they smeared on the houses of the nonstrikers, the beatings, the bloodshed?"

"Maybe not. But if your employees were satisfied, why did they strike?"

"I'm not sure how many strikers were dissatisfied. Many of these pickets never worked for us—they were imported from Detroit. As for the others, many went on strike because they were afraid not to. Many would like to come back to work now. They know our wages are higher than the average for the industry,

and higher than average in Wisconsin. In fact, the union accuses us of being too paternalistic because of all the 'fringe benefits' that we've provided. They say we've done all these things to keep men out of the union.

"If the majority of the workers are dissatisfied, the union wouldn't say things like 'Trying to get into the plant would be like running into a speeding automobile head on or jumping off a multi-story building.' We were closed for a while, you know. When we re-opened, plenty of men and women came to work in spite of the threats and struggles at the gate, and attempts to terrorize them in their homes."

"I know all that, Grandpop. But if you really want to end the strike, why don't you let in the what-do-you-call it, umpire? to decide things for you?"

"Arbitrator, you mean. Well, suppose you offered me $500 for my car, and I say, no, I've got to have $800. And an arbitrator comes in and tells us that we've got to accept a price of $650. You don't want to pay more than $500—in fact, that's all you've got. But the arbitrator forces you to pay $650. I don't want to get less than $800. I can prove it's worth $800 because I can get that much somewhere else. But the arbitrator forces me to take $650 for it. I'd rather not sell. Perhaps you'd rather not buy, than pay more than you've got. Is it fair to force us both into a deal we don't want?"

They're Shot When Convicted

"How about pensions, Grandpop?"

"We're paying two-thirds toward pensions, and the men pay one-third. The union thinks we should pay it all. But none of these issues is really important—compared to the main issue. To us, the main issue is whether a man has a right to work in our plant without joining a union."

"Don't you think a man should join if he wants to?"

"Sure, and also not join, if he doesn't want to. We believe each person should decide for himself. We won't ever agree not to hire a man because he won't join the union. That's been the worst thing about the strike: the bloodshed and vandalism done to those who didn't want to strike. One of the union officials said: 'They've joined the ranks of the enemy and ought to be treated as such. During the war when they join the enemy, they're shot when convicted.' Tell me this, Dorothy: do you think a right agreement can be reached between two people, when one of them threatens violence, if he doesn't get his way?"

"Gosh, Grandpop, if you did give in, then they'd have you where they wanted you, because they'd know all they had to do was threaten you with more bloody fights. I saw a picture on TV just like this: some protection men told a store owner if he didn't buy their 'insurance' they'd bomb his store. So he bought it and they kept raising their rates."

"What should he have done, Dorothy?"

"Gee, Grandpop, I guess on some things you shouldn't give in, even if it would make things peaceful again. I guess you shouldn't give in. Even if the girls do jump all over me. Tell you what, if you'll back me up, I'll back you up."

Dorothy squeezed his hand, and Grandpa Zendorff turned his face away and loudly blew his nose.

Art Martin blew some warm air into his frost-bitten hands. The spring sun, still low on the horizon, didn't do much to chase the cold that ate into the picket's weathered face.

Art Martin crowded in next to the fire where the pickets tried to warm their fingers and toes. Soon the scabs in the 6 AM shift would come pushing through, safe behind the windows of their cars.

Why do they make it rough for us all?, Art Martin asked himself. He kicked a burned railroad tie farther into the fire. If those lame-brained scabs had brains in their heads instead of guts, this strike would have ended long ago. Then I'd be ridin' into work instead of freezin' my pants off.

Those jokers are lookin' to get their brains knocked out. Me draggin' out of the sack at four in the morning just to come down and cuss out scabs! What a lousy way to make a buck. So we play penny-ante poker and listen to the disc-jock on the portable—but this doin'

nothin,' just standing about—it gets a guy after awhile. Whyn'ell doesn't the Bathtub Baron let loose his filthy money bag long enough to give us a break?

"Coffee? Man-o-man, I sure would. Thanks, Jerry. Man, this hits the spot."

Here comes the early birds. Interrupt my sleep and now my coffee. Looks like Harold O'Connor's car. Yeah. Hasn't washed off that tomato somebody threw on his windshield. He's got a new scab ridin' in the back seat. Look at that yellow belly duck down, hopin' I won't see him.

"Go back home, ya scab. Ya dirty boot-licker. Go crawl in a hole, ya worm. What you guys won't do for a scab buck."

I know those scabs hear us. They don't have have the guts to fight back. No more cars coming. Finish my java. Colder than a blue-nosed mule.

Don't Buy Any Scab Potatoes

"What's in the paper, Jerry?" Art Martin looked over Jerry's shoulder at the Daily Strike Bulletin.

"They got a cartoon of his Royal Highness."

"Let's see. Yeah. Man, they got his number." Art saw a cartoon depicting Herbert Kohler driving a tired old horse, labeled "their contract proposal." Speeding by, a modern car carries the label: "1955 contracts."

"Hey, listen to this about Arno Huhn:

'Arno Huhn, Cleveland farmer who sells potatoes every fall, got his ears full when he tried to sell a Sheboygan barber some of his spuds . . . Huhn's son, Duwayne is a scab . . . So is Duwayne's wife. . . . So is the old man Huhn's other daughter-in-law, the former Rita Mayer, etc., etc. . . . The barber told Huhn that scabs like his son were puting the knife into Kohler strikers' backs. . . . He told Huhn they were selfish, and stupid for not realizing what the strikers were fighting for. . . . The barber explained the economic facts of life to Huhn, pointing out that a city dweller's budget called for a higher income than that of rural scabs who lived with their folks. . . . Needless to say, the barber did not buy any of Arno Huhn's potatoes.'"

"Here come a raft of scab cars. Gotta get back on the line." Art Martin sighed.

I'll be glad when this day's over. Next week it'll be afternoon duty and there's not so many cars going in.

"What's the matter, Fred, can't ya get loose from yer wife's apron strings?"

"That's it, turn your head the other way, Alice, we might spit in your eye."

"Who's that ya got ridin' with ya? That's Ethel showin' her true colors. YELLOW."

The cars moved slowly past the pickets and through the gate. Each morning and each evening, picket and nonstriker suffered this ordeal alike. After a while, the words lost their meaning. But Art Martin's hatred of the nonstrikers grew. If it weren't for them, he felt, he wouldn't have to stand on this picket line. Each day the hatred, contempt and bitterness ground deeper into his soul until he now felt ready to hit out blindly, to mutilate men he had formerly called his "pals," "buddies," friends and brothers in the sight of God.

Maggie Harris came into the Reverend John Crane's office. She saw a frown on his forehead; his fingers dug into the leather arm of his chair.

"Lots of people I talked to liked your sermon yesterday, Mr. Crane. What are you going to talk about next week?"

Pastor Crane faced her; she was pleased to see that he was smiling—but a strange smile, he hadn't stopped frowning.

"Next Sunday will be Labor Sunday," Mr. Crane said. "How do you bring the Word of God to that touchy area? Five months now, the men have been on strike at Kohler. How much of a file do I have on it?"

"It's bulging," Maggie Harris said. "At least you won't be lost for something to say."

She watched him while he looked through the morning mail. She said, tentatively: "I was wondering if you might not steer clear of the Kohler strike. I know you don't want to split the congregation."

"I don't. Can I avoid splitting the congregation? I mean, if I say anything definite about the strike. Can I please everybody?"

Maggie Harris didn't want to argue with him. She hated arguments. But maybe she could help him avoid a big blow-up in the church.

"Couldn't you—" she began.

"Keep it real general?" he finished. "I'm tempted to do that," he admitted. "But still I'd be skating on thin ice. No matter how anemic I keep it, somebody would interpret it as a slap. Should I risk misinterpretation? Standing behind a pulpit, you make a nice target. But isn't that the way it should be? Jesus took risks, offending his brothers. Christians must take terrible chances, as Paul chanced."

Miss Harris saw he had mounted his white charger; but which way would he charge? Maybe she could still keep peace by suggesting a non-controversial approach.

"Here's something from your Labor Sunday file: The National Council of Churches' pronouncement on labor: '. . . not only has labor a right to organize, but also it is socially desirable that it do so because of the need for collective action in the maintenance of standards of living.' "

She could see that Rev. Crane wasn't too happy. He looked up at the ceiling and said nothing.

Do Christ's Teachings Apply Here?

She tried again: "Here's a man who says: 'The labor movement has given the hungry soul a sense of belonging.' How about this: 'The labor union affords a constructive outlet for an individual's resentment against injustice and his demand for fair play."

Whatever was bothering him on the ceiling didn't go away.

"If I get into the arena—and I should—can I bring the light of God to our local situation? These policy statements on the national level sound O.K., I guess, but will they help our people understand how Christ's teachings apply to the Kohler strike in particular?"

Like every good secretary should, she agreed. But just to help him, she probed further: "Surely you're not going to get into whether the company ought to be offering better pensions and higher wages, are you?"

"No, I don't need to do that. I'd like to get down to bed rock."

"What's that?"

"Economic justice—is this strike just?"

"Is there any question about that?"

"A lot of people in our church think so. Some denounce the unions and say they should be prevented from striking by law—others say that if it weren't for the union, the men would be ground under the thumb of the Kohler Company. I'll have to think about it."

Maggie Harris watched him get up, pick up the file, walk slowly into his pastor's study, and close the door softly.

Pastor John Crane had left Miss Harris hanging with enough curiosity so he could try out his ideas on her later, after he had had a chance to think a bit. He would call her in when he knew what he was going to say for sure.

He had delivered Labor Sunday sermons before. But it was one thing to talk abstractly about labor strife, about the picket line, the strike fever. It was another thing to stand here —in your own community—close enough to hear the curses from the lips of men who had sat in your pews the Sunday before; to look into their faces, hard with anger—and why?

For a belief.

A belief that's been pounded into their heads: the employer and the working man are

"A constructive outlet for the individual's resentment against injustice."

natural enemies. The only way labor can get a fair shake is to pit its collective power against the economic power of the unfriendly and unsympathetic capitalist. The strike is the laboring man's only effective weapon. And if the strike has to be supported by a little violence to keep the men in line, so what? What are they going to do; throw their only weapon away and become the serfs of the lords and masters?

Can We Turn Our Heads Away from This?

Even if this notion of class warfare were true, can you forget the picket and nonstriker beating each others' heads in? Probably perfectly good Christians, in a formal way. Go to church every Sunday, bring their kids up to say their prayers, sing in the church choir. But how easy it is to recite the Lord's prayer, to read the Sermon on the Mount, without feeling it, without living it. Ours is supposed to be the religion that preaches and teaches the dignity of man, the preciousness of man.

How long can the church of Christ accept the union theory of economic justice if that means turning our heads away when cars are dynamited, paint bombs thrown against houses, bones broken? Is it any solution to say that it is the responsibility of the officials who provoked the Cain and Abel destruction?

Maybe so. But are not men free-willed, created in the image of God? Are not they, too, responsible? Are not the men who bring violence and hatred against their brothers conscious of Christ's warning: As ye do to the least of mine, ye do to Me?

How can we add up how the church of Christ is doing? Is it attendance in the pews on Sunday morning? Can you tell by the harmony at the church picnic? Or do we mark our balance sheets according to the kind of life we lead when we walk the picket line or work in the foundry?

The weak link—the step-down from Christian teaching—is the moral acceptance of the strike as an element of pressure in settling labor disputes. The strike, at best, is harnessed violence. Too often, it escapes the rig—verbal threats turn into physical action. And the damage isn't confined to property and human bodies. The mind and soul are in it, too.

In a strike, the combatants become like opposing soldiers in wartime. The "enemy" is always a bloodthirsty savage. We will believe anything bad about the enemy. And we have a hard time sweeping this hatred from our minds after the war has ended.

Is this what we Christians call "socially desirable?" Is this what we term a "constructive outlet for the individual resentment against injustice?"

Must we destroy justice in order to get justice? Can we demand justice, and not be ourselves just? Can we as Christians condone those who destroy property, defame character, intimidate families, picket a church and create an atmosphere of fear, no matter how just their demands may be? Can we believe that the end justifies the means?

The church must administer to the sinned-against and sinner alike. The violent men don't see how they harm themselves. A man who initiates violence against others suffers actual physiological and mental injury even while he plans it, and the final results may be more harmful for the aggressor than for his victim. Even if there be just cause, can we in the ministry allow our people to harm themselves, harm their immortal souls?

I Am Ready

He knew what Miss Harris would say when he tried these thoughts out on her: "Why, Mr. Crane, are you sure you know what you're doing? You will be accused of being a tool of the rich, of deserting the underdog, of closing your eyes to the need for economic justice."

But, he thought, are these insinuations any reason why I should keep quiet? Not to speak out might preserve my reputation. But is that my duty—to preserve my reputation? Or is it my job to try to help bring individuals closer to God?

And could you get closer to God on the road of hate and violence? The answer, Miss Harris, is no. Love, not hatred; love, not violence; love, not the picket line; love, not intimidation; love, as Jesus taught us, is the way.

"Bring in your notebook, Miss Harris, I'm ready to dictate." ++

PAUSE FOR REFLECTION

JAMES C. INGEBRETSEN

Our associate, the Rev. Edmund A. Opitz, a man we have admired warmly for many years, has joined the staff of the Foundation for Economic Education. FEE's alert president, Leonard E. Read, has been eyeing Ed for a long time. Leonard has shared with me an enthusiasm for Ed's understanding and his ability to trace our problems in society to our spiritual shortcomings.

Ed's best work lies ahead of him. Meanwhile a book he has been working on will be published by the Foundation for Social Research, in Los Angeles. Title: *The Kingdom Without God.*

This challenging selection of essays asks where the great national church organizations are headed; it points out some of their misdirected energy and looks into their Social Action leadership.

With Ed's new status, we will close our Eastern office maintained by Ed in White Plains, N.Y. Ed will continue to review books and write articles for *Faith and Freedom.* Next summer he and I hope to bring together our friends for further Wayfaring, as we did last summer at Idyllwild under Gerald Heard's inspiring influence.

This Christmas season means more to me than any in the past. Reading over in proof some of the revealing chapters about the Social Gospel in *The Kingdom Without God,* I realize how often we see the mote in the eyes of the other fellow: in this book, some of our leading ecclesiastical intellectuals.

We laymen through history have always found it easy to see the failures of church leaders. Jesus wasn't the first nor the last layman to see the sad state of church officialdom.

But what of us? Are our great modern churches falling apart at the seams simply because of the failures of a few misguided leaders in them?

Perhaps we laymen need to pay more attention to the beams in our own eyes. Let each reader ask himself: Am *I* following the example of Jesus Christ? Am I outimagining, outperforming, outliving, and getting ready to outdie those I blame for the church's sad plight?

For my part, I've learned that, while I want to lead a better life, I am so infected with the materialistic virus that I rebel. I don't want to do the things I must do if I am to provide the beacon light, the example which the world so desperately needs. I must be willing to take time for more practice, practice in the sense of rehearsal before the performance.

I wonder where I would be if being a practicing Christian meant, as it once meant, meeting secretly in dark places? If I had attended, I might have come away from the meeting impaled on the end of a gladiator's spear.

Few today are willing to risk even the word lashings from their church superiors, the penalty for trying to make a vital layman's witness within denominational agencies.

He Swam Against The Current

Take Congregationalism, for example. Look at the struggling and scattered efforts to preserve the Congregational heritage of free church fellowship. At once I think of the late F. A. Bean, former chairman of the International Milling Company.

I value my intimate bond with this wonderful Christian. His leadership led to the exposure of the socialism which the Congregational Council for Social Action is promoting.

Mr. Bean showed a stern belief in morality which would have done credit to an early American Pilgrim. He simply couldn't understand dishonesty. His greatest resource was a rock-ribbed belief in right.

Though he opposed the political activities of

the Council for Social Action, he led a dedicated personal life, which some might call a life of real social action. But he did his good deeds in the dark. No one will ever know how much he did to help others. His leadership in the Boy Scout movement showed only the most visible of his worthy tasks.

He led part of the opposition to the current efforts to sink Congregationalism in a merged, centralized denomination—but he believed in spiritual unity.

We can best preserve spiritual unity, said Mr. Bean, through fellowship. But in centralization fellowship would be lost.

The love and understanding Mr. Bean enjoyed with his wife will always inspire me. A perfect faith and trust in God enabled him to make his work a badge of honor. Mr. Bean had plenty of peaceful vineyards where he might have spent his last years. But he chose to stand in Christian witness. He literally gave himself to the task of preserving liberty of conscience and freedom of mind in the Congregational Churches.

Each of us can exercise his birthright, as Mr. Bean did, and take into our lives the resolute good we find in the life and way of Jesus Christ.

Free men limit themselves only by the consequences of their choices. Those who choose unwisely will face insecurity. The most foolish choice is to give freedom away for an illusory security. Nature fixes certain boundaries, though we can't always see them, which separate the possible from the impossible. Freedom to take risks or to challenge authority or to question precepts means freedom to grow—to find nature's boundaries.

Those who try to make themselves completely safe from all life's hazards inevitably lock themselves off from life itself. Pilots have a saying: "The only completely safe airplane is one which can't fly." The same holds true of men. To soar toward God means taking risks.

Today we desperately need more Pilgrims like Mr. Bean who are willing to face the hazard and risk of erecting uncompromising standards to which the wise and the honest may repair.

As we dwell this Christmas on the infinitely tender, yet challenging, life of Christ, I pray that you will join me and Dr. Fifield in thinking of how we can ready ourselves to love, to live, as free men created for a noble purpose.

What do we have to lose? In a physical world life itself hangs by a slender thread. It will break sooner or later. Is there any security we can get, or desire, save in God?

Your greeting cards, telling your friends that you are sending them Christmas gift subscriptions to *Faith and Freedom*, will carry the poetic message on page two of this issue. The card's design and message will make it unique among all the Christmas cards your friends receive. More important, it will say that you consider them the kind of people who value a gift of ideas.

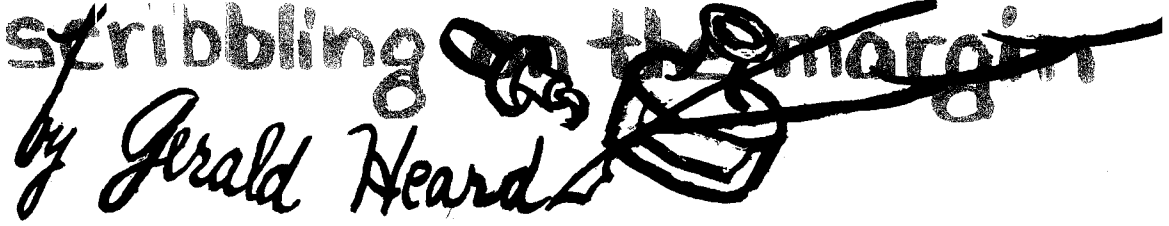
Subscriptions to *Faith and Freedom* come to you without charge. In making a Christmas gift subscription, you are the sole judge of the amount you feel is right for you to pay for a subscription. Send us the names and addresses of those to whom you want to send *Faith and Freedom*, with whatever contribution you'd like to make.

You will be interested in the special *Freedom Story* radio program we are releasing for the Christmas season. Title: "Story of The Three Wise Men."

We originally presented this drama three years ago. It tells what happened to the gifts that the Wise Men brought to the Christ Child. It was a popular program, and a number of our stations went out on their own and sold it to local advertisers who were looking for something appropriate yet different for Christmas. The public and the sponsors liked the program so well, we are repeating it this year.

Lurene Tuttle, motion picture actress who stars in television's *Life With Father* program, will play Mary, the mother of Jesus.

If you would like to sponsor this quarter-hour Christmas radio program, contact your local station (the charges are nominal)—or if your station is not already carrying the *Freedom Story*, write to me and I'll be happy to send you the information you need. ++



What happens when you give people money?

That's a question that has always interested sociologists, constitution makers—yes, and naturalists, too. For it's part of a problem that runs through the whole of nature as well as society.

Take pigeons, for instance.

Once, long ago, a flock of these powerful flyers took off, seeking refuge and landed on Mauritius—an island so far out at sea that none of their enemies had found it. There the Pilgrim Pigeons settled down, fattened and, because they were getting too heavy to fly, flew less and less until their wings degenerated. They became dodos. And the first sailors to visit the island, finding jumbo pigeon pies waddling about at their feet, made short work of them.

Halos For Sale

Does perfect protection threaten men as it threatened these pigeons? I've just been reading an account of one of the earliest account books—the ledger of the great Cistercian Monastery of Beaulieu in England. St. Bernard was a great reformer and, being a monk, he was highly concerned because the rulers of the big Benedictine monasteries of his time, though sworn to poverty, had become property magnates. So he founded the Cistercians, determined that the monks of this new order should support themselves by their own farming. No endowments. But within three generations, the Cistercians were receiving dues and rents not only from parish churches (and so getting a cut of the parson's pittance), but, stranger still, from the law courts, and oddest of all, from prisons.

The cause was increasing endowment. What did the monks sell in order to get the enticing endowments?

The businessmen who hadn't time enough for soul-saving prayer (which St. Bernard tellingly called the 'business of businesses') were allowed to purchase post mortem insurance from professional prayers who were relieved of having to produce economic goods.

All of which makes my mind switch to psychoanalysis. Why? Because the whole problem of payment for anything other than economic services raises this question. Should we endow those who offer not only spiritual aid but psychiatric help—if, today, any real distinction can be made between the two?

The psychoanalyst often avers that his patients' recoveries are accelerated by the fear that, if they dally, their cash will give out and they will be left uncured—not to add, impoverished to boot.

But, granting that repressed fear is the root of neurosis, why hope to get rid of fear by adding another fear?

Isn't this trying to cast out Beelzebub by Beelzebub? Still, if you relieve the patient of *his* fear, by assuring him that even if his money runs out the analyst's mercy won't dry up, then you must do something about the analyst's fears. Subsidize him, so he'll be free to give free services.

For psychiatry has shown us, quite clearly, not only that if psychiatric or spiritual work is to be done at all it takes time and expertism —but that its accent should be on prevention rather than cure.

Lock Them Up?

If prevention saves us the risks and costs of cure, then obviously we need a public health authority. And if we need a public health authority which, at public expense, looks after our possible centers of infection, must it not look after the gravest infection-threat of all—those human beings who endanger society by neglecting themselves?

As a matter of fact, we do lock up, at public expense and their own private inconvenience, "typhoid carriers"—people who, though they are well themselves, are able to transmit ty-

phoid to others.

To lock them up and treat them constitutes a grave interference with human liberty, and immediately raises the question, "Who is fit to rule on this?"

"Medical experts," we say.

But medical authorities can and do disagree, and they are not, nor can they claim to be infallible. Then, too, the "alopathic" section of medicine, which now controls most hospitals and trains most practitioners, is not (nor does Congress believe it to be) the only adequate branch of healing.

The Rule of the White Coats

Here, then, is a real dilemma. First, we are drifting toward the questionable conclusion that health must be imposed. Secondly, we are finding that one section of the healing craft maintains that it is the sole adequate custodian of our bodies—and, if psychiatry is added to physicianship, of our minds.

But if we impose health on those who can't or won't pay for it, then in the name of public safety, government must set up, pay and control those experts who do the imposing. So we come back to the thorny issue of endowment.

Now, let's return to the question of ecclesiastical endowment with which we started these scribblings. Right from the start, America refused to sanction endowed religion. The early congresses knew that they could never agree on which one was the true church. Let people keep up those churches they liked best.

But today we realize that what the Founding Fathers called religious toleration rested largely on two unexamined assumptions. The first was that religious people would wish to practice only those mores which Eighteenth Century rationalism approved.

For example: although polygamy was allowed in the Old Testament, advocated by John Milton and strongly held by the Latter Day Saints, Congress would not permit it. Religion, people assumed, must conform with our habits.

The second assumption sprang from this, for if religion simply says "ditto" to the government then its views don't matter. In brief, we tolerate only those dogmatic distinctions which make no practical difference.

But now turn the problem around to medicine. If what the churches taught made an instantly demonstrable difference to the health of the community, for better or for worse, wouldn't Congress then pick one "true" doctrine, order it taught (forbidding any other) and pay its appointed teachers and trainers? This is precisely what is going on in medicine at this moment. Today the doctor is trusted by the public as the priest and monk were trusted by the early medieval public.

Today the government is moving in the direction of State Health Insurance. But the American Medical Association resists State Health Insurance. This main branch of the medical profession wishes to control health and forbid non-members to practice. It wants legal power to control but declines to submit itself to control.

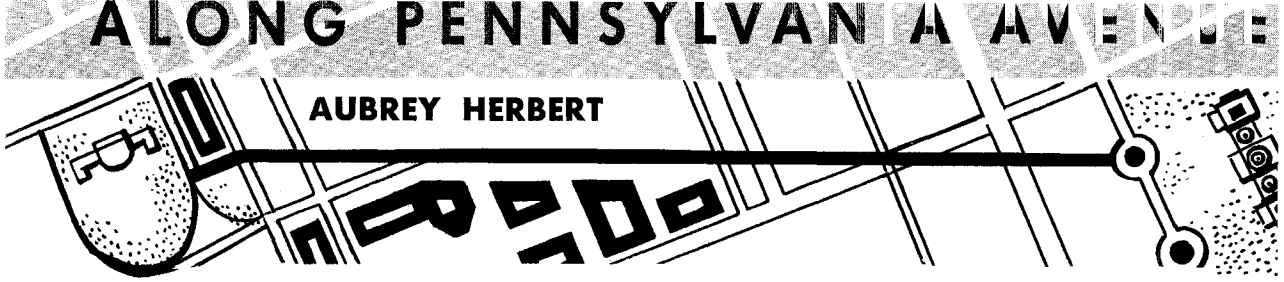
In fact, we are right back to the old issue of two powers in conflict—the State versus the great profession that up till now has overawed the layman.

Beware: Expertitis

But today the layman is beginning to have his doubts. The psychosomatic advances, throughout the wide front that extends from faith healing to psychiatry, have begun to make the practical man aware that the mechanistic postulates of many physicians need enlargement.

Take organized medicine's attitude toward hypnosis; it shows that government-approved doctors lack the capacity to welcome radical new knowledge.

Here, the AMA resembles the Medieval Church. But the consequences of the fight may be not only to keep liberty among themselves, and freedom for research, but also to insure the same liberty for "deviationist" healers, who might otherwise be persecuted out of practice. And the fight's most important consequence may keep us lay folk free from the irresponsible tyranny of the official specialist who cannot help but regard us as creatures to be clipped, pruned, and trimmed down to a size that will fit into the bureaucratic vision of Utopia—there everyone obeys the expert. ++



The Number One political issue in 1956 will be the perennial "farm problem." The Democrats are now gargling gleefully and flexing the party larynx—setting the pitch for the opening of Congress when they can bewail the plight of "nature's nobleman."

For months, the Democrats hunted for an issue that would make Republicans look like the "reactionaries" they are supposed to be.

When Republicans faithfully adopted New Deal farm policies—lock, stock and barrel—the Democrats had their work cut out for them.

Of course, the Republicans did make a few very timid reductions in the levels of farm price support. But actually, the farm policies of the two parties differ hardly at all. Now trust the Democrats' publicity drive to blow up the microscopic differences into a grave and fundamental split over principle.

The important issues remain buried. So far, only the farmers are really interested. Most of them want bigger handouts, which means the Democrats will gain some votes—unless, of course, the rest of us realize the vital stake we all have in the "farm question."

For all, the farm muddle thickens into a solid lesson in applied economics. The First Republican New Deal originated price supports, in 1929. Since then, the government has trod the logical path to tyranny—by way of economic chaos.

The Federal government took the first wobbly step in this direction when it tried to guarantee artificially high prices for farmers in 1929. Naturally, they could do this only by buying food at an unnaturally high price.

Consider the consequences of this "first step." A price higher than consumers pay on the free market—a "monopoly price"—can be enforced only when supply is hauled out of the market picture. But what can the government do with all the wheat and pork and potatoes? Keep it indefinitely? Burn it? Dump it somewhere? Sell it; that is the first answer. But this only depresses prices again—Federal farm policy manipulators wind up right back where they started.

And thus begins the "farm surplus" problem. For thousands of years, people bought and used farm products. No one ever talked about "surplus." Now, suddenly, a surplus appears—a surplus which couldn't sell at the new monopoly prices. What's more, the farmers, attracted by the government's high prices, rush to produce even more of the supported goods—more production builds larger surplus. Larger surplus sends government farm subsidies shooting skyhigh. Skyhigh subsidies snatch more food out from under the consumer's nose (he's deprived of the other foods the farmers had produced before).

The meddling creates new problems—forces the government to withdraw completely, or clamp down some new control. The "free" course is unthinkable, of course. The government has a quicker solution: clamp down on farm production. Page the AAA.

They Shot Some Little Pigs

Farmers were happy: we paid them to plow under crops, kill little pigs; they got higher prices for potatoes and wheat and pork. But one problem disturbed them: the program was voluntary, and some efficient and individualistic farmers spurned the handouts, refused to stick to their quotas, made more money by selling more of their crops at the high prices.

Clearly this wouldn't do.

So 1938 saw a change in attack. Public resentment mounted. The public didn't like the idea of killing pigs in the middle of a depression. So now the government called it "soil conservation." The effect was the same, but it lulled the critics. Now came the next step to socialism: Congress declared production quotas compulsory. But these were ineffective because the quotas controlled the marketing of farm products, not actual production. Black

markets developed.

After the war, the Department of Agriculture plugged these "loopholes." Penalties are stiffer, quotas are enforced on production. These quotas are based on the output of some former year. This means inefficient, unprogressive farmers shelter under the quotas, while efficient, progressive farmers are hog-tied—can't expand production without heavy penalty. And the quotas are imposed, hallowed by "farm democracy," since two-thirds of the farmers must vote to approve the program.

Faced with the choice: accept the controls or lose your subsidized monopoly prices, the vast majority of farmers rubber-stamp this scheme. The whole procedure bears the mark of the Middle Ages, when the guilds, propped up by the State, voted to regulate their members. What about the rest of us, who suffer from the farm program monstrosity in so many ways? When do *we* get to vote on the issue?

But the end is not yet; the problems of statism never end. The government pays the farmer to cut wheat production, so he naturally puts his land into some other crop not covered by the program. More price cuts; more surpluses; more controls. And so the government must expand its quota controls to nearly all crops.

The latest scheme, in political favor, simplifies the complex problem. The plan: pay the farmer more money to keep the land idle, period! And just to make enforcement easy and put a fancy cloak of legality on the scheme, the government will "rent" the land from the farmer. The Department of Agriculture will call the operation a "soil bank," and use some "conservation" dodge to appease the city folk.

Are any farmers rebelling against this whole economic insanity? Sure. Over 14,000 farmers grew "too much" wheat last year, so they must pay stiff penalties. A few refuse to pay; they'll take their case to the courts. But independent farmers can do little until the vast number of non-farm citizens, who suffer from socialized farming, come to their rescue.

The Ford Foundation's Fund for the Republic is generating a battery of news. Patriotic groups are denouncing its activities as left-wing, and some Congressmen threaten to investigate. True, the Foundation has made a few good grants—study of draftees' treatment and legal defense for objectors to "civil defense" dictation. But, on the whole, there is no doubting its strongly left-wing taint.

The question is: what to do about it? Public exposure is fine. Public criticism has already brought changes in the Fund's personnel. Voluntary action can work wonders.

Let's take good care, however, not to advocate government control of foundations. If we call for government repression of foundations, we abandon the very principle of liberty for which we fight. Does government control supply the answer to our problems? If so, why criticize the Ford Foundation for coming up with the same answer.

This was the basic trouble with the Reece Committee investigation of foundations last year. The Committee did excellent research. But it suffered from a fatal flaw: here a government committee denounced private foundations and called for government control of these foundations. Why? Because these foundations advocated government control of private institutions!

Neither the supporters, nor the opponents, of the Reece Committee saw the contradiction; or realized this mockery of basic libertarian principle.

Libertarians must face the fact that everyone must enjoy freedom of person and property—leftists included. And this means that everyone has the right to spend his money however he wishes—including the endowment of foundations to propagate any ideas he chooses: individualism, socialism, vegetarianism, or the Single Tax. Similarly, everyone has the right to criticize these ideas—but not to call for suppression by government coercion.

One of the tragic, neglected aspects of the foundation problem is that government repression of "controversial" grants from foundations would also outlaw libertarian grants by right-wing foundations. The tiny minority of right-wing intellectuals would wither on the vine, and any long-run hope of regaining a free society would be lost. ++

DR. FIFIELD

Rot travels quickly, whether in the foundations of a home, in an apple or in human character. Like an infection that gets into the blood stream, it reaches out into all parts of the body. Recently, I was called to the jail to see a lad who had got into serious trouble. His explanation was, "I took a drink with a group of fellows, and don't remember too clearly what happened after that."

He said he came out of a Christian home, that he never tasted liquor until he got a job working in a supermarket where he had to handle the stuff and it became a little common to him.

I heard a similar story from a beautiful stewardess who had been compelled to serve cocktails on an airliner. Before that, she had never tasted liquor.

In the morning's mail comes a letter from one of the trustees of my church, the First Congregational of Los Angeles, telling of his deep hurt and disappointment. He regretted the moral shift and resultant unpredictability of previously "highly responsible, decent attorneys, railroad officials and semi-professional surveyors who have betrayed my trust and legitimate interests most dishearteningly."

This spread of evil is a cumulative and accelerating thing. The more so because government has done many things for which it would put its citizens in jail.

A government that has taken from some to give to others has practiced predation. A government that drafts civilians for military service in peacetime has stolen our freedom. There is no point in listing all the sins, nor is there any point in recrimination concerning the individuals who have been responsible.

The fact is that our moral fabric has weakened until today it is a fair and open question whether there is sufficient strength of character in America to return to our traditional course of integrity, honor and freedom.

We now have two socialist or collectivist parties with no political outlet for the convictions of those who still believe in freedom under God. Most of our ministers and our major denominations have been caught in the collectivist pressures.

Today, for almost every disease there is a cure, and I do not despair of curing the ills which are recited herein. But it will require major surgery, vigorous and courageous treatment—in which the clergy of America must think straight and speak courageously. We should face it resolutely and with faith, because we know that God will be on our side in such a struggle—because we are on God's side.

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