By PAT HOFFMAN

"I haven't seen a thing in the news. What's happening?" Farm workers are making news; it just isn't often printed. The movement is sending roots down and spreading across the nation. I would like to communicate some of the meanings of this movement and give a brief run-down of information.

Some Reflections

Cesar Chavez talks about this revolution in agriculture as a two-edged sword. The one edge has to do with the economic and political struggle with the growers in their power. The other edge has to do with keeping the union close to its best ideals, with "creating the new man" among farm workers.

Those of us who have supported this movement have become accustomed to farm workers who have caught that vision of a new way of being. They have voiced the vision in the hard work of strikes and boycotts. We need to get our heads right so we won't be surprised when we discover that many farm workers are ordinary folks who complain when the services of the union are inadequate, slow or confusing to them; and who resist doing the ranch committee work that makes a turning-around of power real in that place.

The leadership of the union has a tough job going up against the power of agriculture. One of another tough job leading farm workers to take on new roles and responsibilities. When I heard Cesar talk about "creating the new man," he talked about some problems the union is currently having in order to show what the union needs to do. Most of us are aware of the multitude of inter-woven problems farm workers have faced. Most of these problems stem from exceedingly low wages, poor diet, little or no health care, high death rates for babies as well as adults, crowded living conditions and the toll that can take on family relationships. And in our society low wages means lack of prestige and worth as a human being. It means being disregarded by school boards, hospitals, community agencies, government officials, and employers.

For years farm workers have lived with these problems, and, for the most part, assumed that they could not solve them. That picture probably still holds for most of the three million farm workers in this country. But workers in California and Arizona have seen a demonstration that a union of their own can begin to solve these problems. Some farm workers now expect the union to do that job for them. UFWOC contracts say that there shall be toilets in the fields, cool drinking water, a just system of seniority when you move on and apply for a job in another place, health benefits, no foreman driving your crew down a row at inhuman speed. But these improved conditions have not been a reality for decades. They don't become reality because they are written on a piece of paper called a contract. The power of that contract is the union that can enforce it. And the power of the union is the people who are a part of it.

So what does that mean? Here's a man doing field work on a farm near Coachella in Southern California. He never cared that much about the union struggle. He worked while others were on strike. But now he is a member of the union. His employer has signed a contract with UFWOC. He and his fellow workers know the benefits guaranteed by the contract, but he doesn't understand the procedures for getting those benefits. His wife is expecting their second child during the summer and the hospital benefits will help. The baby comes and as does the bill. This man knows he's supposed to have hospital coverage, but doesn't know what he needs to do to get it. He feels frustrated and angry at the union. He has suddenly been thrust into a new ball game and no one has told him the rules. Learning what it's about, the procedures, understandings, processes—all this has to be done.

By Tom Cornell

Dolci Plans October Tour

Dolci Dolci, who has been called the Gandhi of Sicily, will tour the United States in October. Dolci, who was trained as an architect, left a highly profitable career in Milan to work among the poor of Western Sicily twenty years ago. He has been imprisoned during World War II for refusal to serve in the Fascist army. The same instinct that led him away from military service led him to Partinico, a small village near Palermo, where he organized the people around nonviolent techniques of action for the improvement of their lives in opposition to the entrenched and immobile government bureaucracy and the Mafia.

This is his itinerary:

October 1-2-Syracuse, New York (Le Moyne and Syracuse University)
October 3-6-Philadelphia, Penna. (Villanova and Haverford)
October 13-14-New York City (City University of New York)
October 15-16-October 21-23—Newark, New Jersey (Catholic University of New Jersey)
October 25-26—Chicago, Illinois (University of Illinois)
October 28-30—Mendocino, California (University of California, Berkeley)
October 31-1—Sacramento, California (University of California, Davis)
October 2-4—Cincinnati, Ohio (University of Cincinnati)

(Continued on page 3)

Bengal Nightmare

From reports by ELIZABETH REID

(Miss Reid, a member of the Orai Group, is General Secretary of AFFRO, Association for Food Production, an international organization for development operating from Delhi. She has visited the refugee areas of West Bengal for CARE Relief Services, arm of mercy of the American Catholic community.)

The Bengali people of East Pakistan decided on a non-cooperation campaign following the meeting of the National Assembly, scheduled for March 3, in West Pakistan, was postponed. A recent election gave the East Pakistanis a majority vote, and they wanted a new constitution providing for civilian rule and more autonomy for East Pakistan. An autonomous East Pakistan is referred to as the Bengali Nation on the map. Jaya P. Nag, Delhi, Jaya Parakash Narayan, a Gandhi follower, stated that the non-cooperation campaign was one of the most successful ever held. On March 25th, the West Pakistan invaded and attacked the unarmed East Pakistanis, killing probably six million. A mass exodus of Bengalis, both Muslims and Hindus, brought six million destitute refugees into the neighboring provinces of India. Most of them landed in India's West Bengal and are clustered in the towns and open fields, dependent for their life on the compassion of the world.

Mother Teresa and a team of the Missionaries of Charity are heading up the refugee relief work for the Catholic Church.

The fact that India has her enormous population of 477 million has added to the already overwhelming relief problems. India is a country without any emergency preparedness. Today a campaign has been launched for the Bengali refugees.

(Continued on page 8)
I am a Bowery bum. You have seen me (and many, many others) lying in doorways, in the middle of side-walks, even sprawled in a discarded mattress among the trash cans and the garbage bags. I am sleeping, I am comatose—rendered that way by two or three (or four bottles of cheap, chemically opponent—

Even if you overcome your nausea and revulsion and try to reason with me, you find that I am unaware of the hospitals, with sympathetic, empathetically directed and named wards, and to make withdrawal painfulness, and massive doses of Cimone, to be turned over to a very high, sophisticated mental worker (also symp. and emp.), even if you can arrange all this—forget it. I've had that kind of therapy before, not once, but three or four times. (I'm so vague on matters involving time, place, and people.) What I'm telling you friend, is that the TCM approach to my problem just didn't work. I spent the money you gave me so I found a job or got my next welfare check) on two or three of wine. The rest of the money—lost or stolen. I just noticed you had gone, and there I was with something—so I guess I was hit by head hunters—groups of two or three who prowled the area looking for landmarks: the old, the weak and the handicapped—and drunk themselves into a state of deep unconsciousness.

So here I am. They threw me out of the room that the agency rented for me. In short, I'm broke, trembling and with imminent withdrawal symptoms, weak from lack of food for several days and alcohol. Also I haven't washed or shaved since I bought the first bottle—and I stink. So bad I guarantee you will have to tip the very delicate air pollution balance from acceptable to un-acceptable I am. I'm bad for ecology as Com Ed.

Well, now do you understand? It is understandable, you have helped more times than I can remember, and I am now, after many good stunts, started, and I'm not interested in any salvation-type project—what I want is moral support—on a bottle of wine. To get it I have to walk to the nearest liquor store and buy that 55c. It will get me, but it of course, it will take time—and I will be re- tired, routine, no more—had to. But the withdrawal symptoms will become very obvious may go into fits or have a convulsion—the severity and frequency of both having accelerated over the months.

So you see, I am a delirious, and I do not respond to any therapeutic type of help. What you can do is give me a cigarette. Thanks, book can you let me mean, it really is an hour or so that I can get an hour or so that I can get a good sleep for a quarter then? Well, thanks anyway, the God is not asleep, and I hope you understand. Listen dear reader, I have been putting you on a little test and good luck. I hope you don't like it, but just like it—so will you understand I can't come to you, and I've happened to me.

Rose Gilchrist, RIP

On July 15 Rose Gilchrist died in a drugstore on roof of the First Street House. She was a 63-year-old native Oklahoman who had lived at the Worker off and on for four years.

In life and death, Rose brings to my mind what Charles Williams called the mysteries of co-inherence. In his novel, Descent into Hell, Williams speaks of our pains, foaming problems as so many cups. A patient must carry, and develops the idea that we are not ultimately so separate from one another. To another, I have learned a great deal from people whose problems, as it concerns me, she had never met before.

There is a temptation in writing about Rose to reduce her to one of my own neat categories. In fact, she was a lively, contrarian, loyal Oklahoman still spoke of black people as "niggers," Rose worked for justice for those who were for her just other people. The love she extended to all peoples in the world made her an opponent of war and she acted out her conviction through support of resistance activities and participation in every peace demonstration. After Washington this April 24, she fell in with the gay liberation contingent and returned, as she said, learned a great deal from people whose problems, as it concerns me, she had never met before.

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The Ardor of St. Francis

Dorothy

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Introduction

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The author tells us that "Saintliness is,

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TWO SIX YEARS . . . HIRASHIMA-NAGASAKI

At 8:15 on August 6, 1945, we could all work and sing and hear. At 8:16, everything was changed into people whose daily food is pain, whose constant companion is fear. Tell every- one you know—simply to begin his imagination. Fusako Nakamura

Page Four

LETTERS

San Francisco

Page Four

San Francisco, Calif. 94118

Dear Dorothy Day,

When I first came to California, it was because...
Los Angeles

Ammon Hennacy
HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY
and
Berigan Resistance Center
605 N. Cummings
Los Angeles, Calif. 90033

June 14, 1971

Dear Friends:

Greetings! We haven't sent a personal letter since November. This is due to the fact that we have been much occupied with our work. We have been working full-time here at the House of Hospitality during the month of August. The average day consists of Dan and Chris working from 7 A.M. to 11 P.M. or later, depending on the weather. We are glad to say that we have been able to continue for three months. We are making a small profit, but we have been able to keep the doors open. We have been able to provide meals for those in need. We have also been able to provide shelter for those who need it. We are very grateful for the support we have received from our friends and supporters.

Dan Delany

Our second reason for writing is to request your help in maintaining the House of Hospitality bank account. We have been able to average $2,500 per month. This is not enough to cover our expenses, but it is enough to keep the doors open. We are asking you to give us $1 per year or under some similar arrangement. We have a fund mortgage, due in 4½ years, for $15,000 at 8% upon which we are only paying the interest. If we could borrow another $15,000, we could pay it and the entire house off, free and clear. In 10 years.

There is lots of land held by people who have no personal need or use for it. We are selling some of this land, and it is being used for various purposes around in savings and loan accounts, etc. We can put it to good use for the farm workers. The farm can be used for many purposes, as a place to live, a place for small children's play, and to do some work in clean air and to help clean up after winter. It is a very pretty land, and it will give us courage. The farm can be used for many purposes, as a place to live, a place for small children's play, and to do some work in clean air and to help clean up after winter. It is a very pretty land, and it will give us courage.

We are daily becoming more aware of the crushing recession. Even social workers call to ask us to take in some work for the past 12 months. The average day consists of Dan and Chris working from 7 A.M. to 11 P.M. or later, depending on the weather. We are glad to say that we have been able to continue for three months. We are making a small profit, but we have been able to keep the doors open. We have been able to provide meals for those in need. We have also been able to provide shelter for those who need it. We are very grateful for the support we have received from our friends and supporters.

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THE CATHOLIC WORKER
July-August, 1971

(Continued from page 4)
To Love Rather Than Be Loved

(Continued from page 3)

Order members from their military obligation to fight at the behest of their feudal lords. They could not dream of taking down the feudal order. 

"I know that nonsense," says Joan Eriksson, which is rather surprising; akin to saying that the nun represented by Sister Noreen would say that nuns are supposed to sit in a large brazier with their heads in the air. Joan Eriksson reminds us that the saint and artist have in common the struggle to reconcile masculinity and femininity which is also present in the art of the saint herself. She must also have a harmonious alliance of self-denying asceticism and receptive sensuality.

Francis, she decides, "could be all this: Knight Errant, troubadour, jongleur, dramatist, teacher, lyric poet - artist and saint, ... . Probably only a single saint who was also a great servant of the natural environment. The poetic sensibility of the artist too is also important. He works with his interpreter in such a way that a real clinical interview is conducted between himself, the interpreter and the audience. Dole organized a standing ovation for himself, a sort of primitive symphony. His agitation was escalated to include symbolism of the sacred. And a striking conclusion, one of Dole's most intriguing nonviolent innovations, in which workers, rather than being pacifists, turned the nonviolent struggle into a regular ritual, donate their labor to a project the government has neglected to forward, will be the central theme of the state. People improving their own towns without a license, thinking and working for themselves, will be the real leader of the state. The government jailed Danelo for two months.

But the dam is built, with an area of 1,000 acres and an initial capacity of 75 million cubic feet, operating twenty-four hours a day, irrigation during the summer months. Water in an arid land is gold. Prevented water, for irrigation, what there was of it, was controlled by the Mafia. Dole organized a council of peasant farmers and workers for the distribution of water. It is important that when it comes, the water should not be Mafia water, but "agricultural democracy that is as much as the liberal Greek sense, to deme he kratos, power to the people." In the building of the dam it was also important to have large numbers of laborers. Previously, if a strike for better pay and conditions, it would mean a strike against a Mafia strawman. No longer. Dole's fellow workers organized a popularly organized strike, the first of its kind, a demand for the way the very fabric of a society is changed.

The first problem in dealing with a population such as that of Western Sicily is the Mafia. He is a very clever, very adaptable, very cunning person. The change is possible. What change there is is so slow and over such a protracted period of time that it is not really noticed. The people believe only in stale and fate. So the first job is to understand the Ladies in his life. The saint lives in awareness of the presence of God, in himself, in all creatures and all creation; in awareness of the eternal in the time-bound, the infinite in the finite, the sacredness in every moment. "I could not imagine the saint as the glad tiding," she concludes "and to incorporate it in a memorable form -this is then the unique function of the saintly artist.

There, an extra-ordinarily well-produced book (very small and large illustrations, a jacket design by the author and a hand-bound Triple Crown, S. Francis) comes at a time when Francis is particularly in the public consciousness. The "Poverello" is probably most in the public mind now than at any time since he breathed his last on the earth. Now they are demanding 13 more!

There are many more plans at the Center, for the redevelopment of the earthquake zone in the Bellice Valley, where the homeless villages have been living in army barracks for three years, for the establishment of a school for the orphans and girls aged 13-18, for the replacement outworn and now parasitic social structures by new and necessary structures throughout the whole life of the area. If the word revolution recounted by the Ladies in his life." The saint lives in awareness of the presence of God, in himself, in all creatures and all creation; in awareness of the eternal in the time-bound, the infinite in the finite, the sacredness in every moment. "I could not imagine the saint as the glad tiding," she concludes "and to incorporate it in a memorable form -this is then the unique function of the saintly artist.

The New York Times recently featured a reproduction of an image of St. Francis as part of a news story describing the new, less literally ideological, Franciscan reverence for all creation and his sparing use of the earth's resources. "I have not been more devoted to St. Francis than to his contemporaries because we must now face the anti-creation politics of pollution, over-consumption and the storage of genocidal instruments of nuclear destruction. If I could find social change. This is what Dole and his associates have accomplished. And it has been done through the conscious application of nonviolence.

Dole, with his ancient civilization, is in the process of a very pleasant experience. He says it is very pleasant experience. He says it is very pleasant to have large numbers of laborers. Previously, if a strike for better pay and conditions, it would mean a strike against a Mafia strawman. No longer. Dole's fellow workers organized a popularly organized strike, the first of its kind, a demand for the way the very fabric of a society is changed.

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A Return To Life

A few weeks ago when I discovered that a change was taking place within me, I found myself every day in the Worker's Club— and began to help my friends, and with their help, or rather by their examples, I began to understand what it meant to have faith in God. I was never found of many years I had believed in God, but I could not trust Him to help me through the hard, painful time when it seemed useless to keep struggling. Friends, my tale is nearly told. I still live on the Bowery, but I am no longer a bum. Many, the television was blaring, people walked by, glanced at me, and so fouled up I could no longer separate reality from phantasy, and for a moment I felt—I was 6 a.m. in Tel Aviv, Israel, and the next day I am still not quite understand. I look out the window at the old World Tele-}