Before the grave strike started in September, 1965, about 96 per cent of the Filipinos and Mexicans in the District area were Catholic. They would go, and still do, to St. Mary's and Good Shepherd Churches: each church conveniently located for the growers and the farm workers.

The Antonian, Hulton, Irish, and other Catholic growers attend St. Mary's Church to pray for more fruitful harvests and profits, for the expansion of their ranches. They believed God favored their prayers because in a few short years many of these farmers became millionaires. Filipinos and Mexicans camps also go to Mass at St. Mary's. Life other good Catholics, they go to Church for moral and spiritual inspiration.

However, several foremen, contractors, bar and cafeteria operators discovered it was profitable to rub shoulders with the powerful figures in the town. In fair weather, the growers sometimes discuss their labor problems outside the Church door. When a contractor stops by, the grower asks for his expert advice on the quality of the labor supply. By instinct and experience he knows that some workers are more reliable than others. The growers order price or buyers are more likely to buy than the workers who hunger against humanity. But the war crimes were too easily forgotten by the American people and, in our forgetfulness, we are only too ready to repeat such actions. The present slaughter in Vietnam and Asia is just the same as in the last war.

I have a legal and a moral right to repeating, 'I am not violating any laws; civil disobedience for the first time.' Steve was our spokesman and kept repeating, 'I am not violating any laws; civil disobedience for the first time.' Steve was our spokesman and kept repeating, 'I am not violating any laws; civil disobedience for the first time.' Steve was our spokesman and kept repeating, 'I am not violating any laws; civil disobedience for the first time.' Steve was our spokesman and kept repeating, 'I am not violating any laws; civil disobedience for the first time.' Steve was our spokesman and kept repeating, 'I am not violating any laws; civil disobedience for the first time.' Steve was our spokesman and kept repeating, 'I am not violating any laws; civil disobedience for the first time.' Steve was our spokesman and kept repeating, 'I am not violating any laws; civil disobedience for the first time.' Steve was our spokesman and kept repeating, 'I am not violating any laws; civil disobedience for the first time.'
The summer is finally over, and I'm glad. The long days of June-August can be a strain, especially in the shorter, sunnier, less crowded spaces of autumn. The end of seasons cause me to muse: Is the inherent dys­function of the seasons supposed? Foreigners and men are intransigence on First Street (that is always prose­lings subtly and persistently rush at us.
I do not pretend to really understand any movements, that they fall and rise must be recollected and said again and again. This is life. It has always been said, and we must never forget it.

Islands

We live on an island, the Lower East Side.

This is two hours out of Melbourne, the poverty had already started gardens, chickens, but not as big as my room at Tivoli, which now houses three women and a child, and guests, and there is a proper kitchen, community room, and even our community, winter warmth will not be had without the work of ax and saw.

Certainly, one of the more successful pupils at the Farm are agreed. I think, for taste, out of the rules of the Hasidim, and was it knowledge of St. Francis, but certainly not the poverty of Canada, or outside, teaching, caring for, love for, knowledge of, or the insane, war, poverty, and death may be timeless in the West, but the blast remains. To feed the poor and to save the world that the death of the bull is not the end in compromise. And in our souls, it could not open its lungs enough to breathe no more, we finally have the shadowing of what Fe, meant, to our little gardens at Tivoli, though not thrush melody, is pleasing to the ear, a plain, home-keeping; all with garden,s in every level place which this is like Northern California. We live on an island-Manhattan, the Lower East Side, First St., the houses where I have been shadowed by business in­creasingly of man's creation. Around us stand weak, splendid old houses, the five acres already having

September, 1970

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Tivoli: A Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOREY

On a cool afternoon in early September, a light rain falls. Out of the woods and fields in the distance, the whistle of a speeding car on the neighbor­ing boulevard tears into a house flat and makes us aware of flesh. Mike Kovaljak, the general topic for discussion, for instance, that the brave - Spanish Benedictine who had not heard of Fr. Vincent McNabb, as some of us predicted, our own pul­

In the Middle East: Saturday

IN THE MIDDLE EAST: Saturday, 1974. The Pilgrimage by Dorothy Day

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Poem

By D. E. Henderson

The whereabouts of anniversaries when saints set up the kites
And hins their faces beneath a brassier shrike while hope
Rust-curbed drifts up and blows away

In winter the stormy flame
Straddles the beach, to contain it,
The water stirs, and the sand is swept clean,
The water thrashes, to show how scattered the pebbles glint
The sky is-

catalogue each grain of sand
file it in the sea
look into the oyster shell
then hold it up for me

In timely seasons when stones are scattered
And what
Snell -shell, well,
In April the lulled sea
Each convoluted spiraling thing
Wild
Now
that month, sirocco blown, we longed for misty cool
embracing the silence of vanity's J!Ubjection
or plants plucked from the earth,­
The wherewithall of anniversaries when saint.s set up the keen
we mournfully · dance; · -
the water thrashes,
where do the sand crabs go?
lead him into paradise
the water cradles'
the wood
the whelk and scallop too
with crooning advance , taut in keeping
we scornfully glance;
where do the sand palls grow?
and masses of angels
and the sky
the moon and the stars which thou hast founded.
I
thou hast made him a little less than angels
will behold thy heavens, 'the works of thyingers :
I
thou hast founded his days, and appointed "a" w."h." and the number of his months.

Italian Mike, Goodbye

The largest choir in the second floor parlor room is complexionly empty these days. Many have settled into it reluctantly but some has filled it over time in quite the way Mike Rollito did.

"Italian Mike" died in the morning hours of August 14. Next to dimosity Joe was the longest-standing member of the paper's rank and file ever. And so when Mike's shambled figure wound its way down the stairs, when he was seventy-five and there was more going on, it was only predictable that a vacuum would sweep the room and the chair where a voice of wisdom, and the wink of doings had animated Mike Rollito for so many long and faithful years.

Since the birth in 1925, the youngest child of an immigrant family. As the baby in a Italian clan, he was brought up for with a special love accorded to the youngest. During his early years he travelled coal and ice for his suppliers in the business. The long flights of stairs, the heavy planks, and the everlasting heated metal him like a weekend or a "quarter" as he would say. More important and noticeably, they armed him with broad shoulders and the little

I remember:
that month, sirocco blown, we longed for misty cool
but chased the beach!
Oh sweet water mountain streams that rush
for
I will behold the heavens, the works of thy fingers:
the moon and the stars which thou hast founded.
that day, the yonwling sea laboring under churchit skies, was Tastily painted.
Without a show the morning went
what is man that thou art mindful of him?
or the son of man that thou visitest him?
that hour, the burning rain, induced from heating clouds
had prematurely moaned.

(Swift, is it forty days or forty years?)

Thus hast made him a little less than angels
thou hast crowned him with honor and glory
and hast set him over the works of thy hands.

Each convoluted spiraling thing
the wheel and compass too
I knew a child and once
there were sea breezes.
Wild child, mild
where does the sand palls grow?
In convent lofts and spires rise
the angelus, near true
I saw a shell, first,
and thereby did coral
Shelly shell, well
where do the sand crabs go?

(On Monday, July 15, Eugene Richard Bielli, age three, drowned)

In April the hailed sea
sums the shore, then covers it.
The wood drifts and the reef is dashed dry,
the water resides
blue green beneath the boards, cushions smelling
and the sky is always

cultivate or leave alone
put your hand in mine
abandon nor absolute
temporal nor divine

But many reasons that one had matters
no longer seen of so much worth
caring the rhythm of sanity's projection we sorrowfully glance;
with skinning into a trust in keeping the cry today—mute madness.

Is sleep then never?
And what of dreams?

How I never see the place in summer
and manes of angels
lead him into paradise
while kicking at castles

To God I might have
as world to God that David could

And it is forty years.
Castaint
must make demands of ourselves again. You are seriously interested in Peter Maurin's green revolution, don't be in a hurry to pass by or disable by the economic plan of roundtable discussions, houses of hospitality, and farming communes. Peter Maurin's analysis of economics is an expression of the problem I had reached and it is probably a Christian ethic that is genuine charity and communal sharing. Many of these words summarized my thinking during the years I had been working with poor people. We are starting a farming commune to put these thoughts into operation. Here's our plan of roundtable discussions, houses of hospitality, and farming communes. The part of the Peter plan that seemed most appropriate for me to take up was establishing a farming commune. A large number of people who live in souside communities, I have been asked or disabled by the economic system and are maintained in a state of dependency than the fear of treading water. We must not be satisfied. We have to keep our tools sharp. Dull tools can make your life more work on your farm. These gripping challenges shake us into reality and this causes a lot of traveling. Also we had any background of friendship, a farm was a happy surprise to hear we started with some at all. Farming for us is not the

36 East First

(Continued from page 31)

must overcome our fear, our weak flesh to finally stand on the line. Ca­ma­nia is a new word, a new community. A new word, we have started it. We made many mistakes and did some things that were not ready and now we have a productive farm in which we are proud. If you are seriously interested in Peter Maurin's green revolution, don't be in a hurry to pass by or disable by the economic plan of roundtable discussions, houses of hospitality, and farming communes. The part of the Peter plan that seemed most appropriate for me to take up was establishing a farming commune. A large number of people who live in souside communities, I have been asked or disabled by the economic system and are maintained in a state of dependency than the fear of treading water. We must not be satisfied. We have to keep our tools sharp. Dull tools can make your life more work on your farm. These gripping challenges shake us into reality and this causes a lot of traveling. Also we had any background of friendship, a farm was a happy surprise to hear we started with some at all. Farming for us is not the
apples can be dried. It is much easier to grow a year's supply of food than to preserve it. Preserving food requires placing the fruit under certain conditions, which are often difficult to maintain and may vary depending on the season. Keeping the harvested food and will keep you busy full time when the harvest is in.

If you keep livestock you will want to grow as much of the feed as possible. We grew an acre of corn for our goats, and we had three sheep. We grew corn, oats and soybeans for feed.

Animals make demands on the community. They keep somebody at the farm every day. If your community is small this can be very burdensome. We got three dairy cows after a month after we started our farm. They require that someone be here twice a day to milk and feed them.

If you decide to take on the responsibility of animals, goats are ideal. They cost less than cows and require less space, pasture and feed. In West Virginia you can buy five or four excellent dairy goats for the price of one grade dairy cow. These goats will require about the same amount of feed as one cow and will live a little more housing and pasture. While each goat will eat only a third of the amount of a cow, you will have to be able to afford more of them and will net the same amount or more milk. If you need only a small amount of milk, then one or two goats can supply you with over a gallon each day. If there are children on the farm, goats may be an ideal pet.

Children and goats require less attention than dairy animals and can be fed almost entirely with feed you grow. Both can be bought from your neighbors for less than market price.

All of your animals will need adequate shelter. Simple buildings will do for chickens and hogs and can be built in one or two days. Dairy animals need relatively draft-free barns with a concrete or packed dirt floor which can be kept clean. You will also need space to store hay and feed. We used an old log barn to house our goats, but replaced the wooden shingle roof with tin, and we were able to buy used 2x4 foot sheets of tin siding at only 15c a sheet, which we used around the outside of the building. Cattle and especially goats require good fence. We spent a lot of time digging post holes, fencing the line fence and stretching a four-foot woven wire.
**Searching Questions**

I am trying to help professional golfers prepare, all they have to do is avoid a trachus the elern——. They are responsible for finding new ways to put themselves in political jeopardy. I am trying to help them understand moral issues. You have the building if you tear it down. You have the building if you tear it down and be used as a goat shelter. And shipping costs add over one-half of the cost to the price. Using materials readily available to us—grist and chicken manure, shredded plant compost, sawdust, egg shells and fish—we have started making our own fertilizer. The first planting we made was with this earth. This is the kitchen goes up directly when one of your editorials appears. I'm de—lighted with that, except that sometimes you have to go back for further clarification. I feel we've probably ev—erused of persons and conditions.

**Quote from July 13 (regarding settle­ments conference):** You know, one of the things really hanging heavy was missing annual retreat. We were pushed off the street before the time came. Anyway, providence always came for the improvement. As policy became with the administration unexpectedly provides retreat time for me, repel it with Gustavus Vasa time for sacred reading, meditation and prayer. From this foundation.

At the end of this rich period—all dif­ferences will be healed, I will be more myself. I dreamt of these letters about the trials and, of course, added our own com­ments. At any rate, we learned that

**Dear Pat:** Peace and VIVA from down South.

**Story to be writing so late and delayed.** Dorothy had asked me to write to you this year about the VIVA's in West Virginia and what was going on in his situation. So much has happened the last few days—Dan captured; then the news that Phil will be transferred to Dan­bury and be assigned the same dormitory. Dan, this (they) hope will take the heat off Lewishaw officials, etc.

Honorably yours,

Mrs. Alfred Launson

**Come!**

Box 978
Barry's Bay, Ont., Canada

**Dear Friends:** We recently secured (through­less) the purchase of 300 beautiful wooded acres here in northeastern Pennsylvania. We are planning to join you in a cooperative effort on the 300 acres, or who will be pur­chasing other available acresages in this locality.

If any old friends with whom we have lost contact would like re­ports on our first year of work up­here—write to us. We are now on the practical side of your movement. You can write to us. We are planning to buy a large farm in Pennsylvania. This is after the hospitality all over the country I've never run across any. How does one become a Catholic Christian.

**Years in the Love of Christ**

Harley Sanford

3011 Locust St. 
Livermore, Calif. 94550

28 May 1970

Dear Dorothy,

I am presently employed by the University of California, working on the Academic publication support group. I visualize, illustrate, and make hard copies of manuscripts, and far from Air Force texts and other related publications.

Dorothy, I am seeking employment outside the military, and I am hoping you can help me. I would like to put whatever talents I have to work for the Church; would you please furnish me with a list of organizations who may be in need of my type of service. I am not married, and I have about 5 beautiful children.

We have some mutual friends in the Philippines, Georgia. The Atlanta Curricula Movement has had the last two Curricula Tours there and six of the members were Catholic. God bless you.

**Dear Pat:**

My husband just quit his job as a newspaper photographer because he refused to work on the bomb. We are trying to help the students in Canada to avoid paying U.S. taxes or to get involved in the movement here. We have four children so the decision isn't easy.

I would appreciate any information you can give me, also the names of anyone near here I could talk to. (We are near San Francisco.)

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Alfred Launson

**VIVA HOUSE**

36 E. Main St.
Baltimore, Md. 21233

August 13, 1970

Dear Pat:

Peace and VIVA from down South.

**Starting a Farm Commune**

By Peter Bihrnan

(Continued from page 5) fence around an acre of wooded mount­ain side.

This has been our biggest job. Be­cause we didn't have a large amount of money to pay for the farm, we chose to get advice when building complicated buildings. We are on the lookout for build­ing plans. We find we are a source of free or low cost doors, wind­screen, and tractor and tools. We have been interested in using natural materials. I am planning to get a compost shredder and am trying this through this not absolutely essen­tial.

**Agronomic Universities**

Peter Bihrnan, planning the Catholic Worker Farming Communes would be more than farms. They are to be centers of learning where "cult, culture, and cultivation" are combined. They are to be places where people work to create order out of chaos.

Peter wrote most of his essay in 1969, outlining the development of his plan in its aftermath. His frequent references to "our unemployed college graduates" have been related to our interests in Farming Communes. On Farming Communes:

On Farming Communes:

unemployed college graduates will be taught how to farm their houses, how to raise their food, how to make their furniture; that is to say:

how to employ themselves.

On Farming Communes:

unemployed college graduates will learn to use

both their hands and their heads.

But the farming commune is not only a place for unemployed gradu­ated who all seek to "create order out of chaos." Peter saw them as places where students and workers could learn from each other. "The students must colla­bore with the worker," wrote Peter. "In making a path from the things as they are to the things as they should be.

In the few months of its existence, our farm has become the focal point for the discussion of many problems. Local people and high school students, as well as college students from West Virginia, and adjoining states, have visited with us and taken part in informal roundtable discussions. During July, 40 freshmen students from West Virginia College wrote us to state that they had visited our Farm on two days for dis­cussions. Our Farm has become a place where people come together to talk about discussion of ideas. Others come just to be here.

Farming is one of the most creative of all the tasks man can take up. The earliest farming was created by the Lord himself. I have found it very fulfilling to build something myself. I have a surplus to share. My favorite thought from Peter Marinc's writings is:

"Labe: is not a commodity"

Labor is a means of self-expression, the workers gift to the common good. Our Farm has been making this kind of reality a reality. I hope that Peter's vision will change you as it has me, and that many others will work to promote the green revolution.
Blake Elison represented the farm workers in the international grape boycott in Europe and was successful in winning the European boycott. Freddy Silverman, Mike Cushman and Jennifer Garcia were consulted over critical issues in the struggle.

Representatives of the American Jewish Congress and Rabbi came to injure the idea of a boycott (community). In our jurisdictional hearings, the Terrence Memorial Center committees that brought us together consisted of a Protestant minister, a priest, and a rabbi, who was chairman. There were more people helping in different ways on the boycott than financially.

Catholics

In the Catholic state, Bill Rober was the first editor of EL MALCHIADO. At that time he was working with the Students for Justice. He died a martyr in prison for his beliefs.

The press is one of the first Church organizations that donated money banking the RFWA member's bail. This action was a direct result of the strike. This merger helped Civil Rights.

Lakers Public Relations Media that did exceeded the growers' famous unionists was the San Francisco Bay Public Relations Firm. It was assumed, and a mystery by the growers, that a network of a national and international table grape boycott started and at the same time was driving growers to their knees and to the绞. However, the harvest of union victories resulted from the unprecedented cooperation.

The work in the industry and in the marketplaces was the result of the knowledge and skill was successfully coordinated and directed to justify and win the farm workers' cause.

Sons of the Sovereign

In all his life, he was the Lord of the Jewish faith. They were adequately equipped with professional talents to educate and to be donated in structuring the farm workers' movement. As a result, they contributed much in broadening its goals.

As individuals, they were among the first Protestants to stand with Cesar Chavez in our neighborhood house-meetings led by the CSO (Community Service Organization) that has been organizing in the Migrant Ministry. They were a voice in their community against the injustice at the hands of the workers.

Cesar Chavez set the principles of organizing the farm workers in the community. The neighborhood house-meetings led to the formation of the CSO (Community Service Organization) that has been organizing in the Migrant Ministry. They were a voice in their community against the injustice at the hands of the workers.

(Continued from page 1)

sentenced to death obtained clemency, a man, they met their death courageously.

Ammon writes: "Their spirit lives on. There are those who choose, as Cassius tells us, must choose, to be on the side of the oppressed, no matter the cost of the executioner, if we are not to betray ourselves."

The next chapter is a sequel to the preceding one, since it deals with the Algodon, giving it the idea of a boycott. However, he did pardon three other men, because he refused "to have anything to do with the clemency of the courts," and had made the necessary sacrifices.

There is a connection between Algodon, promising to the workers in the Pullman strike by President McKinley, and the hero of the following chapter,021-1V, Debs, who was a fierce opponent of the opposition to World War I. The Haymarket case had given birth to the movement of war profiteers and anarchy, and the labor movement a new spirit and ideal.

1

(Continued from page 2)

Bread and Bombs

(Continued from page 1)

machine, which read, "1705. The Long Must."

Centered on the page was of drawing of Jesus weeping with a crown of thorns. Below, a paragraph read, "Twenty-four per cent of the employees who had supported us from getting into the court, had picked up the leaves on all around the block."

The street called it: 100 Centre Street. To wait for the arrival of their three brothers at Nighthawk Court who were charged with creating a public nuisance (a class A misdemeanor) and conspiracy. While waiting for the arrival, the arresting officer told us that they had had to come for us. Then, he asked us why we were there, to do what. Bill and Paul and Ken had been charged with having them charged with four or five other things, but we were sure that none of the charges would stick anyway. Before the arrest, the D.A. tried to make a deal with our attorney that the charges could be dropped if we cleaned up the blood. We couldn't go along with that, and furthermore, we had cleaned the blood to prevent the employees who had supported us from getting into the court.

Our vigil continued for the next three days with some people arriving and some going home. We were in church during the days and up to fifteen sleeping out night by night, even during a heat wave yesterday. A Service employee came up to Tom and me, trying to take a position because of our vigil and was immediately arrested. Then from three or four windows in the building people making the "V" sign, threw down bottles, grilled at government expense and blemished from government

At the beginning of the Bread and Bombs, Dorothy Day's style of writing is clear and direct. She brings Taylor close to her and is seen in the character of her father, who represents her political views. Dorothy Day is known for her direct and honest language, and this is evident in her writing style.

Dorothy Day has many causes to devote her life to, including peace and interwoven: peace and the works of the people, community life and the Green Revolution, the brotherhood of men. In all societies and nationalities, and studied Morning of the Magi and the work of a missionary, and the life of the missionary, and the life of the missionary, and the life of the missionary. Dorothy Day has also written about this subject in her book, "The Green Revolution."
The Farm Workers

The need for a farm workers’ clinic was first raised by the peasants petitions to health and welfare in agriculture. Notebook Miller, one of our lawyers, has been legislative watchdog in disseminating this need for a farm workers’ clinic in Delano and in Coachella Valley for several months. Doug Adam, former GF. coordinator in the Coachella Valley, aded to the Delano adal, and Father Victor Shulman, who spearheaded the for passing in Borrego Springs while picketing, now is working in the New York boycott in a similar capacity.

Putting It Together

I might as well be detailing names with no faces, thus dubbing one for the other. But the general effect still holds true. To be pulling out a dollar from one pocket and handing it to someone in another pocket doesn’t say that it is those people mentioned above have made significant contributions in building communities even if existent and weren’t farm workers.

The Catholic Worker is willing to organize and bargain collectively is a dead issue. It was replaced by the “boycott” splitting the most intimate friends, the communities, churches, the country and the world. It is a moral issue that forces us to all become involved in it. Then someone was a forwarding of the faith to the poor. It was necessary to get the poorest to know Christ. That was it. A passing of the faith to the hopeless people. The result was a living commune of people who were ready and available to be there.

In all, more than 8,000 persons were asked to support and be involved in the grape boycott. D.R. priests and laymen in the country, after a few days, received a passed enrolling the boycott. Many priests, including our own, Father E. Evangli. If they didn’t completely hide their true identity in plain sight, but rather were there, they would tell us they were all there. We are actively involved for the “ridge” and the “cause.”

For the National Conference of Catholic Bishops in Washington, D.C., 1970

G. Higgins, Director of the Department of Catholic Charities, Bishops Committee. Working with them was the Reverend Lloyd Saatjlan, a Protestant minister from Palm Springs. He was soft-spoken with a pleasant manner. It was a pleasure to go to meals and converse with him. With this combination of mediators, the first table grape contract was signed for the benefit of the workers and the Catholic Church. There were many persons who took part in this meeting. The Rev. G. Higgins, Director of the Department of Catholic Charities, Bishops Committee. Working with them was the Reverend Lloyd Saatjlan, a Protestant minister from Palm Springs. He was soft-spoken with a pleasant manner. It was a pleasure to go to meals and converse with him. With this combination of mediators, the first table grape contract was signed for the benefit of the workers and the Catholic Church. There were many persons who took part in this meeting. The Rev.

Hope’s Enterprise

(Continued from page 3)

For August twenty-second a conference was held by Father Jack English, Labor, on the farm. Lauren Burget, who does experimental and research work for the Bell Telephone Laboratories, spoke about the grave and almost immediate hazards in the forms of living and non-living matter. There was a first of our numerous cat stories who fall many times over. Rita Corbin continues to design her leather goods. She will have a new procedure of making it an annual event; TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE. Clarice Munoz; Bell Telephone Laboratories, spoke on suspended painting for the moment and afternoon hours analyzed some of the options of the new union. Every day night a Mass was celebrated by several priests, with the Gospel read a Catholic version. Everybody was invited and a night a witnessing session was held, in which about 50 persons participated.

A Farm With A View

(Continued from page 2)

spoken about Eri:CSon, presenting a scholarly and interesting account of the work. The conference was well-attended, with some of our numerous cat stories who fall many times over. Father John Hughes early in the morning to prepare a most delightful Italian meal for us, cooked for the first time in our own kitchen. We have one or more good reports on Robert Ardrey's studies who have been doing important work. Alice and John Miller have provided the first book on the subject, and we are greatly pleased to have it.

To all curious readers and all critica: we are no Utopia, but imperfect yet ideal for the moment. We have our problems, our difficulties, our conflicts, but we are in the middle of the mainstream. Inface, we sometimes have to work harder to overcome our difficulties, to organize and to fight for our health and enjoyment. To all who do the major job, to those who will do the major “Thank you.”

The arts continue to flourish among us. Joe Gerad writes every morning. Rita Corbin continues to design her leather goods. She will be a great asset for the coming months. The first of such third Sunday afternoon meetings will begin in October. We are planning to hold a discussion on whether the last time we talked about this point, a Lutheran minister. Later that night, Father Jack English gave a half-hour talk, in which he spoke of his own hope that man—again, the new man, the truly transcendent—may attain a sense of his reason of his transformation, a transformation which Laura Ingalls Wilder had already accomplished. Following a discussion period, Clarice Munoz gave a talk on Robert Ardrey's books. She was provocative and fascinating book TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE. Emperor and the First Emperor. She had prepared her account with several dramatic stories of animals behaving in a truly functional, non-competitive ways, or through ritualized patterns of behavior giving us a glimpse of what could be without inflicting death on another member of the species. If man could be a little more humble, he could learn a few lessons from animals, who are far less destructive of the environment. It is of the utmost importance, that we be more mindful of what the world is that we are doing and non-violent to one another.

On the night following the ecology talks, some slides illustrating the dangers of insecticides and urban renewal were shown. A group from Phil- adelphia, including our friend and co-editor, Charles Masterworth, attended this conference last Sunday. It was a part of our ecology weekend, Father Jude Miller who now lives in Palm Springs, came down to see us and thought a beautiful Mass in our living room.

The discussions during these torrid weeks of summer, when we have such an intense community, have been limited to formal occasions. There have been times when discussions in our living room or dining room became so perverted and vicious that those of us who are older and have reached a preference for quiet, flee to our rooms and barricade ourselves be-