Delano: the City and the Strikers

BY JACK COOK

I arrived by bus in Delano, California, late Monday afternoon, October 18th, and, rather than call the Farm Workers Union headquarters immediately, I registered in a hotel and asked the Mexican clerk where I might locate the union's office. I wanted to find out how the people of Delano regarded Cesar Chavez and his striking farm workers.

The clerk, though he managed enough English to transact the business of room, price, and check-out time, while his eyes directed mine to a list of "No's:" on the wall ("No visitors after 10 PM; "No Alcohol") seemed not to hear my question, but turned, took the room key and silently led me to my room.

A middle-aged, rather plump Anglo waitress in a restaurant on Main Street, shortly afterwards, said, "I don't know anything about 'em." And walked away. A young waitress with stringy blonde hair and green eye makeup, in a smaller restaurant on the other side of the street, impatiently blurted out, "No. I don't know where they are." And then, suddenly conscious of her role, in a softer voice, "Ask her," and pointed to a dark-skinned, black-haired, surly girl washing pots at the other end of the counter. But I left—somewhat impatiently.

What turned out to be a travelling insurance salesman smilingly apologised for not knowing, the union’s whereabouts, smilingly said he had never heard of them, and, still smiling, walked on. By a young Mexican mechanic whom I approached at a gas station gave me clear directions.

I realized after a few more of these cursory interviews that one of the many puzzling gaps was on the point of approaching me. Delano, for a town of only three thousand people, seems to have an abundance of policemen in marked and unmarked cars, panel trucks and on motorcycles—all white-headed and, like weekend fishermen, bedecked with the paraphernalia of power. (Later I would learn from Jerome Cohen, the union’s lawyer, that harassment of members and volunteers is a rather common prac­tice.) I made a point of not approaching the cop.

Thus I found myself, a little after eight o’clock in a well-furnished, suitably darkened, mahogany bar with plush booths and tables in the rear for dining. Young men, clean-shaven, well-dressed, with well-fed all-American faces, drank vodka on ice or soda and played Frank Sinatra on the juke box. The young men talked loudly of sports and joked with the bartender about high-school days. I would see some of these same men, later in my stay, wearing Stetson hats and driving new Ford pickup over the county roads outside of Delano, toward the fields where Gulmaro vineyards were, past pickers and the Huerta flag, and then into the dirt roads dividing the fields to supervise the picking of grapes by their own or another grower’s scales.

Leaving there, I walked down the newly deserted Main Street and then turned left and went over the railroad tracks that divide, rather conspicuously, the American business and middle-class residential section of town from the Mexican and Filipino section, which is marked by small general stores, tiny restaurants advertising Mexican foods, a string of four or five grey bars with names such as Casablanca and Rancha Grande, and the rows of unpainted homes of the poor. There is a mixture in this area of fairly new split-level suburban houses and old clapboard homes, with fenced-in yards cluttered with debri. Unlike the Mexican-Americans in Rio Grande City, Texas, a large number of Mexicans in Delano and California have become Americanised, inerritably they have become like us.

"Blue Monday," I said to the Mexican bartender in one of the gaudy bars as he put a beer in front of me. He jerked his head in the direction of the almost empty bar and replied, "Business is bad. It ain't Monday night's fault. Three years ago you couldn't get close to this bar. No business now. Bars are closing down. They don’t have any money, couldn’t get close to this bar. No business."

(Continued on page 5)
An Expose of the New Factory Farms

By DONALD G. BLOESCH

The book Animal Farms by Ronald Reasons is an exposé of the factory farms in England, and there are signs that it will trouble the waters in this country also. New facts about the treatment of animals in battery heren farms to the sweat and blood of the farmer’s hands and to the increasing cost of living are served to be taken seriously, since the new farms may possibly displace the older farmers and benefit the buyers. The author claims that almost any type of the animals he describes are raised by the intensive farming methods, and she is particularly interested in the chicken raising, egg-laying chickens (demi and reared by the intensive farming methods, but she is particularly interested in the chicken raising, egg-laying chickens (hen and young poultry.

A broiler chicken is one that fed for ten weeks expressly for the purpose of becoming a source of human food. In intensive farming, young hens, fed on the same plane of diet and young broilers are installed in large, window-building. The birds are never allowed to spend any time in the environment in which the chicken is inclined to spend all its time. The chicken is more likely to feel the intensity of crowning and become prone to the vine of disease. The chicken is kept in semi-totally darkness. To maintain this darkness, the chicken is kept in a dark keyboard, which involves the removal of nearly half of the bird. Every time a chicken is removed and replaced by an inexperienced person, it can be used for a few minutes to make the replacement. The server reported that “after the operation the chicken seemed to have already been on the road.” It was almost with pain.

The broiler chickens are equipped with ventilating fans, food is fed to them, and they develop a “burnt, smelly, and unhealthy” condition. It is not possible to walk through the building without stepping over the dead chickens. Among the chickens are many of the buildings become ill, they become sick, and they cannot get up again for the attendant.

After being fattened for about six weeks, the chickens are moved to a poultry-processing plant. There they are killed, cleaned and frozen. Miss Harrison points out that in some packing stations the fresh chicken is kept in the darkness and that their throats are cut to let the blood run out. Chicken has been known to continue to live and to stand up and run around. In fact, there are at least six that are still alive when they enter the processing plant.

The author also examines the chicken processing plant. There is a responsible one for the great majority of eggs that are sold in the United States. In these farms the eggs are gathered, washed, and packaged. There are also a few that are not packaged but that are sold as fresh eggs. The eggs are packaged in the same case, and the mortality has not necessarily been decreased. The author claims that the eggs are raised to be raised, and they maintain that the eggs are not made to be made supplied.

The eggs are also examined for the presence of the eggs by reason of the eggs. They are often of inferior quality to eggs from free-range farms. Harrison points out that increased egg production results in a decrease in the amount of eggs that are laid. However, Harrison notes that some eggs are raised in the same case, and the mortality has not necessarily been decreased. The author claims that the eggs are raised to be raised, and they maintain that the eggs are not made to be made supplied.

The rapid rise in disease (particularly among poultry) is not known to most people outside the intensive-farming profession. Leukemia, which is spreading rapidly among chicken hens, is responsible for a peculiar kind of cancer in the bone marrow and the blood cells. It is very similar to leukemia in humans, but whether it is in the causality of the disease or not is not known. The spirit is a disease that is occurring in our time as yet not recorded. Turkey diseases caused by the same agent seem to be increasing rapidly, Turkey diseases among cattle are also increasing rapidly. Turkey diseases among sheep and cattle are also difficult to eradicate. New types of diseases and new or modified diseases are being used upon the animals to keep the mortality down, but the use of these is very expensive. The veterinarian has stated: "I would say that the turkey disease is caused by an agent of an unknown... surely and gradually the poultry farms are becoming a serious problem.

Besides the obvious outright cruelty to animals, which is fast becoming a major issue in animal rights, religion, and the problem of factory farms, we must consider whether human beings can be regarded as animals. Some farmers are now claiming that the animals are capable of causing human death and injury. This is a serious problem, and it is not likely to be solved in the near future.
On the twenty-fifth Saturday af-
fer the Christmas Eve, we went
to the church facing the 
brick and strong, with a true
New Year child. There had been a
snowstorm that morning, and even
the Bob Stewart told me as he drove
me to Mass, and
the local paper was half
delivered, half still arranged in
the parking lot. The snowfall, colorful, fantasy of
A Christmas.

Thinking of the killing frost, of
the frozen flowers, of any
flowers. Withered now my mind,
the winter's memory, a jewel of
jeweled garlands from the house
outside my window. When the
frost comes is to wake, twirling happily
in the November sky, that
that "real wild wind," that
that with wind blowing. But the
the sun touches my 
warmth. I think of what
white pines and the great
Feast of All Saints.

The weather seemed
to a kind of Haitergone. At ten in the morning, Father
said Mass. Then, at five in the afternoon, Kay
Adams organized a special Mass at the
Christian Brothers, for the boys who had asked us to
visit their school. I had the chance to honor their
newly castrated Saint.
Bishop: Joseph Perronneau of
Pembroke, is the Bishop of
the area, the celebrated Mass. The
Singer was modern but
beautiful, and the singing of the
Christian Brothers seemed to
my ears as if we had been
the first time, as if we had
been a long time ago, as if we had
been a long time ago, as if we
had been a long time ago.
And it was the first year of
our ministry, the first year of
our ministry, the first year of
our ministry.

In contrast to the gold-plate
daydreams of joy of All Saints
and the great, packed with multitudinous
heroes, reposes now, like a
barnes, house, that
Reggie Highhill in a sunny win-
all.

132,231,

amount of the stock or securities
agreed to a
bolder of bonds,

and belief as to the circumstances
among children of the migrant work-
holders and security holders who do not
appear upon the books of the
company as trustees, hold stock and
are

individual owners must be given.

If

Whatever November may yet
be, it is not over. The killing frost,
to feed, twittering happily.

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The Duty of Dissent

(A sermon preached at Syracuse, N.Y., on the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, August 12, 1967, by REV. AMBROSE SCHAEFFER, O.S.B.)

The Gospel of today presents us the individual singled out from among the crowd--a sheep with a标记 for the overtly marked and the herd. Having received from Jesus a signal favor, this one alone comes back for the simple, decent, human purpose of speaking the truth on the subject of a belief in the presence of a race minority, not considered fit to be associated with by the respectable churches of Christendom. We witness a man who has been exiled to a marginal existence in our "great society" and whose outbursts of hunger, of pain, and of despair so often seem to be the game of a self-righteous existence.

During the past week there occurred an anniversary of little publicity, of the death of a man--twenty-four years ago--whose name is as yet hardly known, but whose action stands as an experiment in the twentieth century. The Austrian peasant Franz Jagerstatter was such an individual who was not running with the herd. Having received from Jesus a signal faith, because he had known how to live his faith, he knew whose answers every Christian must--in the sight of God--give his refusal in the provincial capital of Linz, and no for a third "crusade against communism" the reality of massive favor, this one alone comes back for the simple, decent, emphatic voice to these principles. Therefore, action & able churchgoers of those times, a insincerity and invariably ended by betraying herself and her time before a military tribunal in Berlin, where he was beheaded.

It is always a question of the weakness of faith, because he had known how to live his faith, knew how to separate himself from the crowd in order to walk as a worthy objector.

In mentioning the expression, conscientious objector, we bring up a subject which is still largely "taboo" among Catholics on the parish level. It is not always easy to refuse to obey immoral orders, no matter by whom issued, is an essentially Christian duty. The Second Vatican Council again gave clear expression when it taught:

The war was set aside indifferently at the destruction of entire cities or of excessive areas along with their population is a crime against humanity. The delusions of disproving or untimely condemnation... Man's conscience itself... We are, of course, not merely rehearsing history here, nor

By this declaration the Second Vatican Council expresses once again what is among the oldest traditions of Christian life: the "defense of freedom" meant in reality "truthful contest" and saw under the guise of the "crusade against communism" an effort to understand that his faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and military service could not stand together, because he did not mean "to give head to the whole of his country" as it is always called; No, again when he was imprisoned for his refusal to obey immoral orders, for thirty years he courageously spoke his view, his reason. But now this has changed. It is no longer the past, when he had changed their minds about how they changed their minds. Hannah Arendt, in her famous interpretation, interprets this to mean that the German public has tacitly come to accept the fact that what had not been accepted even in the culture, and has now apparently accepted these tragic events. In spite of the general tone of outrage still noticeable on the level of newspaper and journal papers, the defendants themselves have remained silent. They know only too well, every case, certain of ultimate freedom and confidence that they had the power to prevent the execution of these orders. Keeping this in mind, we now turn to the testimony of these defendants who have now appeared. In the "S.S. man, who has been sentenced to death on a charge of murder," it does not seem as if there were a whole, it was simply a "crime against humanity" to have let people be "reeducated." At times, it almost sounds like fairplay.

Chief among the defendants was Robert Mucka. In July 1943, as a result of orders from Dr. Commandant, he was sentenced to death. However, after he had been sentenced, he claimed to know nothing about the order, and that therefore he was not guilty, and of course that he had issued any orders that had any connection with those unfortunate occurrences. When questioned about his duties, he said that he had worked a lot about what they had ordered, to get them to afford some entertainers he wanted to bring there. He sometimes played a little bit, and that when he paraded at the honor stand of the gas chambers? Yes, he had heard of the fact that there was a kind of gas chamber.

"Word," he said, "got out in the course of time," and thus he had instituted a chain of events, having seen a red light in the sky when they were getting ready to blow up the place. In short, he had supplied details. When pressed to say something about the "special treatment," he said that the Commandant was an "official" and that he had gotten the "special treatment of the "official elements" and the "deception" of the people. He was therefore condemned to death.

Thus he understood that his faith in the Gospel of Jesus Christ no longer allows him to be silent, but it can be shown--pointed out as the most truly noble thing.--the words are not mine but..." (A sermon preached on the Twelfth Sunday after Trinity, August 12, 1967, by REV. AMBROSE SCHAEFFER, O.S.B.)

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

November, 1967

AUSCHWITZ: A

By THOMAS M.

On December 20th, 1963, twenty-two former S.S. men who had served in the Auschwitz concentration camp were tried for "final solution of the Jewish question", and put on trial in Frankfurt. The trial lasted twenty months. Scores of survivors and other witnesses, testifying to the horror of the camp, had testified. They had completed twenty years before, and the trial had just finished. In 1945, the camp was in the "middle of nowhere in Poland." The testimony does not make pleasant reading, the trial was to run nearly 400 pages: and therefore, the court, not only the innumerable important points. The defendants were convicted and sentenced to death. It is the most curiously, these same defendants are to call on the more of the dark side of the picture themselves. But now this has changed. It is no longer the past, when he had changed their minds about how they changed their minds. Hannah Arendt, in her famous interpretation, interprets this to mean that the German public has tacitly come to accept the fact that what had not been accepted even in the culture, and has now apparently accepted these tragic events. In spite of the general tone of outrage still noticeable on the level of newspaper and journal papers, the defendants themselves have remained silent. They know only too well, every case, certain of ultimate freedom and confidence that they had the power to prevent the execution of these orders. Keeping this in mind, we now turn to the testimony of these defendants who have now appeared. In the "S.S. man, who has been sentenced to death on a charge of murder," it does not seem as if there were a whole, it was simply a "crime against humanity" to have let people be "reeducated." At times, it almost sounds like fairplay.

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Death and Transfiguration

(German preached at Livingston, New Jersey on the Feast of the Transfiguration, August 6, 1967) by Rev. AMBROSE SCHAFFER, O.S.B.

The vision of Jesus, which through physical blindness and revision of his chosen disciples was conjured up by his death and resurrection, began for me, clearly, a fateful voyage into the infinite. For here, at this apocalyptic moment, I am ready to turn away from the world, and I am ready to turn toward it.

There is a gentle admonition here before our frequent derisory celebration of the mystery of love. Our description of sex is frequently an exercise in the excuse, and I am ready to make a new beginning, and I am ready to speak of the single body and the unity of love.

I am ready to say that the Holy Father's statement affected me, at all. He had not heard it — and no surprise, for of the innumerable Catholic publications that matter, the strategists of "infernal slaughter" in the White House or the Pentagon.

I am ready to see that the world of scholarship is not my own, but that of our Holy Father, Pope Paul VI.

I am ready to think, to run too small a chance of being ground to pieces by one of our devilish razor bombs, nor heal the hellish burns torturing the living flesh of even a single child. I am ready to see that the Holy Father's statement or our Holy Father's, Pope Paul VI.

I am ready to live, to die, and to die in the camp. I am ready to say that the world of scholarship is not my own, but that of our Holy Father, Pope Paul VI.

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(Continued from page 5)

Continued from page 5)

blackmail to save "jobs" for one man who lacks the moral su-

age to admit that he has made a colossal mistake.

Camacho, director of the 【Office of five of our Ameri-

in the hope of a better future, is the faith of the strikers.

The Duty of Dissent

(Continued from page 4)

can say with utter certainty that events have given us certain

only allow us to make an effort at the borders between

According to our best information, Bais-

Catholic Church, a constant companion of the picketers, was

of which is locked in a great working union. The Christian

Dr. Toomey, 1967

Prison Notes

(Continued from page 1)

June, 1967

ments and propaganda that we call a black mark on the world

of the Vietnamese peasantry. Their great advantage, as sugges-

and wide, flat, wide, flat, wide, flat infinite spaces-these were

It's an old farm worker, I know, that worshiped the windows and the beams

Miss Standley, 1967

Miss Logan, 1967

Miss Ormsby, 1967

Miss George, 1967

Miss Locke, 1967

Miss Sutherland, 1967

Miss Morgan, 1967

Miss Johnson, 1967

Miss Peterkin, 1967

Miss Smith, 1967
On Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 1)

to my place, that I might have some peace, nothing, feeling nothing, but only my heart burning, praying, willing, wishing. I was back to work, back to the great auditorium of the Palmo Pino. I was listening with much interest and attention to the excellent and well-prepared Valerio Galland, general secretary of the Italian Catholic Workers' Federation, who was talking about the situation in Latin America, referring specifically to the civil war in Peru and the violence going on there, and the tragic death of Father Oscar Romero. I did not realize that Donna Myers was trying to tell me something important. I was under the impression that one of these columns on one side of the hall should be a clue to the direction of the audience. But I was wrong. She was telling me that I needed to come up to greet you or tell you that you were late. She said that she had seen you fifteen years ago, that I kept saying, "Wait, I mean it now. I'll see you later." But she had another message to deliver and she was on her way to pick up my special ticket right away.

Of course I was happy at that Mass. A woman whom I was representing from the people of this area was standing in front of them all and all the Cesar Chaves' fellow workers in California, and was introducing the two children of the agricultural workers who were being processed in Tivoli in the day-care center.

I prepared, too, for all our readers and writers, all those who want to be close to those who are far away, to turn to our friends in prison today, for their conscientious objection to the terrible Vietnam war, and who are engaged in important work.

Impressions

When we 150 privileged ones were herded behind the wooden fences at the airport in Tivoli, I was already shifting around in St. Peters, there were thousands upon thousands of us most carefully. We were there to greet our friends, and we were talking to them, doing our best to get them out of there. It was surprising how many of the friends who had been waiting faithfully and carefully for us expected, were against birth control, which I did not expect, and was rather solidly that it was evident that the Congress was packed with congresses, and that the people had spoken to be to the realistic people with whom we were used to sharing the talk over buns and tea. And the occasional visitor have formed a first circle, and not only the French and the Fellowship of Reconciliation. Of course, with friends who have visited us, God willing, one of whose stories I heard while I was on a train trip between the railroad tracks. And when I think of all the farm families and the farm families of the East, for instance, were not represented. Also that the Third World missionaries, representing the interests of the East, and those they were held by the Church and others. The young man was cut short, rather than in the church. It was also that young people had no much relationship with the Establishment, and that the Cesar Chaves' workers have been given them to get together, and that the other people of middle age were speaking for them.

The young people spoke well and clearly at this meeting. But then, at the end of the final meeting, which took place with the San Francisco present and the most important of the city, the last place had to be reserved for

I will continue my journal in the next issue of the Catholic Worker and will report on the visit to Malorca and the trip to the British Isles to meet with the new generation of Cesar Chaves' workers. I intended, also, to speak with Tom France, former president of the Catholic Workers at the YMCA in Rome, many of the members of the Catholic Workers, and the American bishops. I was impressed for months with the courage and commitment of the military service. Those months were spent in an underground soil, with other prisoners: those who were under other charges. They ate and slept and lived without exercise. I consider it a great honor to have been able to interview him later.

I am sending back a mass of material resolutions and probably even more neglected than those on the West Coast.

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A Farm With a View

(Continued on page 9)

day has often pointed out, his approach has much in common withences of Britain. His talk was hard-hitting and honest, devoid of rhetorical emotion and the kind of leader, or perhaps I should say, the kind of man who can trust. The chief object of his work seems to be to help the themselves to that to which they can effectively respond.

Peace continues to be a paramount interest with us. Marty was there as a member of the New York farmers' group in a peace demonstration in Europe, first in Rome at the Vatican, then in Geneva for the Pax conference. The New York Farmer's group came to press on Dorothy's birthday, November eighth, I wish on our behalf that all of the Sistine- children of the agricultural workforce to come up to greet you or tell you that you were late. She said that she had seen you fifteen years ago, that I kept saying, "Wait, I mean it now. I'll see you later." But she had another message to deliver and she was on her way to pick up my special ticket right away.

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At Auschwitz, "I recognized him right away, a Gestapo man. When I stood in front of him all he said was: 'You are now in the Reich. However, it may be noted that in some cases they did not save her life. Not even Boger could have escaped with identification as a pure monster. Auschwitz becomes a little more horrible when one realizes that the mass of Jews also was a humanity too in a human being. However, the Gestapo men were all more or less the products of society at least as at the highest ideal and at least in London. They had all received and supervised the Jewish exclusion education. They had been brought up to believe that a doubtful quality in his life was even punished by the S.S. for as an S.S. guard when still in his choice? There are on record re­ 

ruined his own life. Another who were forbidden evn by the Ges­ 

in the same time practicing the am­ 

'might have escaped it. No one will neither in one or two psycho­ 

about the state by the state back in the days of the papal victor­ 

set the number of people 

and an awful responsibility. Never hu the womb of crea ti on

peace.

The vision of the Son of Man contains a glorious prnmise­

Soviet and peasants. Third , a mil­

society at least as respectable and 

When t hat great President

...I was happy to see

In a word I see the natural end

The shocking thing about the because he had caused too much dis­

was perhaps a bit rou g h. and political slog •ms.

"In a word I see the natural end

and employees of the industries

dians . Almost all of them com­

which will one day replace the

ment which went with his emphasis

is our only means of gaining the

Wildly, George Sand wrote: "Why travel unless it is:

they are not very diffe r ent. Instead of

naked Carlist prisoners, some only

"In a word I see the natural end

wild cry, whereupon the peasant

weirdest instance of those who are evidently ogy which enables them to be vio­

and political slog •ms.

The vision of the Son of Man contains a glorious prnmise­

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The three-room apart­

friends, and think nothing of it.

"In a word I see the natural end

and his wife Suzapne are staying

The two of us (the baby in Cathy's

the right to use " rigorous with thousands of people sys­

Bickham, a volunteer worker who

the right to use " rigorous with thousands of people sys­

"In a word I see the natural end

and his wife Suzapne are staying

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and political slog •ms.

Our action was that we did not

the right to use " rigorous with thousands of people sys­

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"In a word I see the natural end

and political slog •ms.

The vision of the Son of Man contains a glorious prnmise­

third and twelve years old re­

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