Property

California agriculture comes close to being a disaster area. The weather, its fertile valleys and well-watered lands, is a growth of $6.3 billion." was the enhancement of real estate value. 

...ear," real estate increased in value. "Last loss. Meanwhile, the agribusiness while the small farmer must live on farming and distributors make up for any losses also process and market the product at their own farms and the large farm was transformed into feudalistic estates..."

...Social change is that transition of this sort are "normal" in a competitive society. Survival is for the most efficient producer. But the strength of these enormous farms, large farms not only have the ability to produce food more efficiently at less expense: and they have demonstrated the family farm to be the most efficient unit of agricultural production. Summarizing the studies made on the subject of farm size could..."

...and quicker, to do some reading and at least be aware of the possible dangers—possibly one of the most significant economic and social transformations to be experienced in our history." The obvious comment is that transitions of this sort are "normal" in a competitive society. Survival is for the most efficient producer. But the strength of these enormous farms, large farms..."
36 East First

By PAT JORDAN

"My aspens, dear, All felled, felled, are all felled." Thus the brute opening of Hopkins' stunning poem "Binns' East Firs—felled 1798." So we begin this First St. column again by recording the death of the last of one of our family's fairest trees, and adding that all families have the same experience. I came back from my Christmas visiting to find "that the towel racks in the bathroom on the women's floor have disappeared. Have they been ripped out, to be used as weapons of attack, or has someone only done it "to annoy, because she knows it teases"? This morning to ward off the noise I have my radio on—Ber-}

ON PILGRIMAGE

(Continued from page 1)

lia, Schubert, Chopin, etc. It is not a distraction, it is a pacifier. As St. Teresa of Avila said as she grabbed her castanets and started to dance during the hour of recreation in her unheated convent, "One must do something to make one's soul relatable. Had she prodded the atmosphere around her, the return from one place to another, to a whole community, and to the High Falls project, one only done it "to annoy, because she knew it teases"?

I spent Christmas with my sister, and the prayers I say as I open my mail in the morning. Words change their meanings over time. Some who are very fond of scribbling, forbid that any of my friends claim their dignity and rights as working people. We must aid them in their struggle for justice.

By their own struggle, farmworkers are seeking to change the conditions of their impoverished lives. They have created their own union, the United Farm Workers Union under the leadership of Cesar Chavez. They have asked us to refuse to buy Gallo, Guild, and Franzia wines, or any wine from Modesto that is "felled." Thus the brute opening of Hopkins' stunning poem "Binsey Poplar." 

We appeal to readers of the Catholic Worker to continue— and intensify the boycott of all non-United Farm Workers Union grapes, iceberg lettuce, and wines—particularly Gallo, Fransia and Guild wines. This is a dark time for the working class. Our friends, members of the Catholic Workers, want to claim their dignity and rights as working people. We must aid them in their nonviolent struggle for justice.

Aid Striking Farmworkers

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Faith Purified, Unity Forged in Brazil 

(Continued from page 1)

What are the hidden motives behind the persecution of all, it is a subtle way of getting at Dom Helder who is too well known internationally and too well loved by people to be left alone. The Church and her collaborators are fighting a hideous cat-and-mouse game with him. A number of bishops, among them the Secret and Military Police, with their bag packed, offered themselves with the words of the Isaian prophet: "I am the one you seek, let them go their way." But 20th-century oppression is not limited to never-mentioned methods of torture but bodily crucifixion.

Secondly, the abductions have generated a climate of fear in the poor barrios where Operation Hope and Encounters of Brothers have their meetings. The families of participants are particularly nervous and their neighbors ask suspiciously: "Don't these arrests prove the rumors that Dom Helder is really a subversive element? How can the Catholic "

Everybody knows that the jails of Recife are already full of students and syndicate workers. The climate of fear and mistrust is heightened by complete censorship of these "non-facts" on TV, radio and in Operation Hope. On October 17, Arnaldo was taken away and Arnaldo was standing on a busy street corner, where a last Saturday Night, functionaries have been harassed in the street outside, one has resigned out of fear and others are near breaking point.

On Thursday, October 4, came some rare good news. At least one bishop who looked as if Church and State were on a collision course, the Federal Government and the CNBB struck a last-ditch lateral commission consisting of three Generals and the President, Vice-President and Secretary General of the CNBB.

Ammon and Dorothy led the annual Stockton Workers who went to jail in the sixties. In Ammon never registered for the draft war, preparations, and "an act of public penance for having been the first people in the world to drop the atom bomb, to make the hydrogen bomb." They were arrested five times in the seven years of demonstrations, and served three jail sentences. Once near the judge early asked Ammon how many times he had done this. "Five times, next year will be six," Ammon said, "I come to judge thought Ammon should be more conscientious about surrendering unto Caesar. "I told him that God was not getting enough around here and Caesar was getting too much and that someone should stand up for God." In 1983 Ammon left New York to become the Catholic Worker holds meetings every Friday night at 8:30 p.m. at St. Joseph's House, 26 5th St., between First and Second Avenues. After the discussions, we continue to talk over hot sausages tea. Everyone is welcome.

January 15 — Fr. Thomas Berry: The Vision-Quest of the American Indian.

January 25 — Film: "Nanook of the North",

February 1 — Film: "Salt of the Earth",

February 8 — Sidney Callahan: Anger in the Women's Movement.


February 22 — Allan Solomone of CONAME: Can the Arabs and the Israelis Survive Each Other?

March 1 — Film: "Man of Aran",

Page Four

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

January, 1974

VIETNAM PRISONERS

5037 Knox St.
Philadelphia, Pa. 19144

Dear Dorothy:
The December issue reached us a few days ago. It is a fine issue. I see Hildegarde Goss-Mayr is still working on the task of bringing the young to WTR, as was in New York and heard her speak.

My work with The Defenders in juvenile court tends to confirm what Miss Hughes was young Catholic Worker-related groups also预言ed to Boston to tape a television order book dealing solely with non-vio­lence. After Bob stops working to pay our WTR debts, he will spend more time into working with the Non-Violent Student Union and in lecturing and writing. Stai­sley is a fine Catholic Worker, most of the time now, is following the charted course, seek­ing to Boston. He is a fine Catholic Worker, most of the time now, is following the charted course, seek­ing to start a Catholic Worker House, and also will help with the non-violence program.

Although Bob will continue to work until the present debts are paid, whoever takes over the national office will be responsible for programs they initiate and then carry through.

This seems that our decision on this part in turn calls for some decisions on your part. Who will become the National Staff? Is a National Office necessary? What about Tax Talk and the printing of literature? What about those people who will need a place to turn to when IBS decides to come down on them for their resistance?

These issues have to be decided soon and therefore we are calling a Working Committee Meeting on January 11-13, the second weekend in January, It is becoming clear that IBS feels more threat than Portland. They now have tax resisters now than they did a number of years ago. There is now a closed unit, but not still some movement to cause them some trouble. Are they right? Is every movement of an organized and united group of people it is now. It is that's about all. Please let us hear from you soon.

In peace,
Angie O'Gorman
Bob Calver

War Tax Resistance

War Tax Resistance
21 E. 24th St.
Kansas City, Mo. 64109

Dear Friends,

We ask you, at the beginning of this letter, to read it carefully and to respond to it as soon as possible. Some major questions are raised and the answers depend on each of you.

We have decided this after a lot of discussion and after talking to a lot of people. The National Office needs some fresh thought and new ideas. We became convinced of this when only three Centers remained as of year's end, a fact which we felt was a rather important one.

Tivoli: a Farm With a View

By DEANE MARY MOWRER

It is Epiphany. The sound of a cock crowing challenges the raw, snow-pregn­ant sun, following its charted course, seek­ing the climax of the Christmas season. This year the events leading up to the climax were pleasant enough to re­lieve the winter solstice depression and keep away winter doldrums, at least for a while. The high point of both Christ­mas and New Year's festivals was, of course, Midnight Mass celebrated with 

Andy in the living room. Miriam Carroll, with her helpers, had decorated the liv­ing room, as well as other parts of the house, though Dominic Falso decorated the chapel. Candies for the occasion were made with a touch of real artistry by Bob Tivani. Music for Mass at Christmas was provided by Dorothy Carter, who sang her own arrangement of a Gregorian Gloria accompanied by a Chinese dulcimer, with music expressions of the peo­ple and awe which are always part of a Christmas Mass.

Ade Bethune, the book group, including Barb­ara Miller, Barbara Agler, and Fr. Andy in the living room, mirrored Carroll's effort, creating a Christmas atmosphere. For New Year's Mass our young Filipino friend, Ramon, vacationing from the Catholic Worker Farm, Tivoli, New York 12583.

Christmas Celebrations

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The Unselpshd Man

1530 N. Willow
Lake Forest, Ill. 60045

Dear C.W. friends:

I often copy your contributor’s words, giving them credit by name, and send them to the prisoners I write. My children enjoy the Catholic Worker also, and it inspires them to work towards an organized and performed. I hope the Catholic Worker will help me to keep this kind of momentum going. Sincerely in Christ,

John C. Cort

The effects of the economy are clear to see. The long days of unemployment are like a dream come true. Also, through some gifts to families and a large donation, it seems that we no longer have to worry about having a down payment on some kind. Only thing that we have to look forward to is that we have all been very busy especially with the holiday season. I hope that we will be able to start looking in earnest.

I have watched this farm and city, and am in the process of resigning. I think this is for the better. I have great joy and anticipation that we look forward to being parents. We will find good news to wish for. This makes so real the joyous news of Christmas.

Yours,

Chris and Joan Montesano

Boston

Haley House
23 Dartmouth St.
Boston, Mass. 02114

Dear Fellow Workers,

We are here at Haley House attempting to meet the needs of the homeless men of Boston. We certainly do not expect to meet all needs nor reach all. (There are 6000 homeless men in Boston, and we serve approximately 125 men daily.) But we try to be thorough in what we do.

We serve three meals every day. The men can obtain clothing from us twice a week. We provide a place for men to get off the street during the daytime—a place that offers warmth and safety. We do not provide rehabilitation services. We do not allow people to come in who bother the men about their lives. We want a place where the men can come and quietly be with themselves without outside intrusions.

There is a group of twenty of us who do the daily tasks of the store front. There is a much larger group of people who enable us to continue: give us the food to feed the men, the clothes to clothe them, and the money to pay the bills so that we have a place to seat them. But winter is here again: food, fuel, and everything else is going up in price—and those old bills! So please keep us in mind this winter.

Peace,

The McKennas

Davenport

Catholic Worker House
506 W. 5th St.
Davenport, Iowa 52802

Dear Dorothy:

Things in Davenport, Iowa are going well. We began doing hospitality the first week of September, after practically reconstructing the house. Now we’re pretty well settled. We feed about twenty-five men and women each evening, and others from mornings till late in the evening. We’ve been donated a store front in the downtown area where we can distribute free clothes. We have fall plowed some land (a couple of acres) so we can plant vegetables. The cold weather brings men each night—we have about ten-twelve guests, although the numbers are not as high as expected. The house is well located and convenient. We’re a bit short of staff but are doing well. I hope that you will be able to visit us during your trip to Davenport.

Peace,

Shalom House Newsletter will be out before too long, and more details will be added then. The House will now be open many more hours; call if in need of help. There are parishes and other groups who feel free to refer requests they receive to Shalom House. Space is normally limited to

Peter Maurin: Easy Essays

MECHANIZED LABOR

Gandhi says: “Industrialism is evil.” Industrialism is evil inasmuch as it brings idleness both to the capitalist class and the working class. Idleness does no good/either to the capitalist class or to the working class. Idleness is what keeps people/ out of mischief.

Creative labor is the best labor.

Mechanized labor is not creative labor.

NO PLEASURE IN THEIR WORK

Carlyle says: “He who has found his work, let him look/ for no other blemishes.”

But workers/cannot find pleasure/in mechanized work.

As Charles Devaux says: “The great majority, having to perform/some mechanized operation which requires little thought/ and allows no originality, and which concerns an object/in the transformation of which, whether previous or subsequent, they have no part, cannot take pleasure/in their work.”

INDUSTRIALISM AND ART

Eric Gill says: “The notion of work has been separated from the notion of art. The artist, that is the responsible worker, has been separated from all other workers. The factory hand has no responsibility for what he produces. He has been reduced to a subhuman condition/ of intellectual irresponsibility.”

Industrialism has released the artist from the need to make something useful.

Industrialism has also released the worker from making anything amusing.

INSTITUTIONS AND CORPORATIONS

Jean Jacques Rousseau says: “Man is naturally good, but institutions make him bad, so let us overthrow institutions.”

I say: Man is partly good, partly bad, but corporations, institutions, make him worse.

“An institution,” says Emerson, “is the extension of the soul of a man.”

Institutions are founded to foster the welfare/ of the masses. Corporations are organized to promote wealth/ for few.

So let us found/smaller and better/ institutions and promote bigger and better/corporations.

an activity suited to their tastes, and where, aided by the motor and the machine, they will choose the branch, with the greatest activity which best suits their inclinations.” (Emphasis added.)

A very agrarian to me. As Kropotkin indicated 75 years ago, this is something that is already happening, especially in America, as well as Germany, France, Israel, Yugoslavia and Scandinavia. It is even happening in countries like General Foods and Proctor & Gamble.

It isn’t necessary to eliminate employment as the CW seems to think. What is necessary is the development of democratic participation and the employer’s share of what he or she has made. Whether this is a success or a failure, it is certainly a step in the right direction. As the New York Times pointed out in 1972 American unions have become more conscious of the need to enlarge the area of collective bargaining and to win recognition of the worker’s right to have a say about how his work

He was a distributist, yes. He wanted workers to be more like employers, yes. But he wanted factories in the fields, though “not those large capitalist mansions of courage where masses of men are to be dealt with and which we see better placed and more in the spots indicated by Nature.” Or, keen steel mills off in a corner.

He said: “Those airy and hygienic, and consequently economical, factories in which human life is of more account than machinery and the making of profits, of which we already find a few samples here and there; factories and workshops of which men, women and children will not be driven by hunger, but will be attracted by the desire of finding

C. W. Houses:

San Francisco

Martin De Porres House
2826 23rd St.
San Francisco, Cal. 94110

Dear Dorothy:

Joan and I are happy. We are going to have another child! And we are quite healthy. You are as well as Joan Barksani from the Evans­ton 4.

Could you put us on the mailing list for 300 Catholic Workers? Our men are passing them out at Masses in the area.

Also we can pass them out at the colleges in the town.

Peace—let us pray for one another,

Margaret Quigley

Worcester

Mustard Seed
Box 148
Worcester, Mass. 01600

Dear Dorothy and Friends,

Enclosed is a check that I received from a Worcester parish after speaking about the Catholic Worker and our storefront hospitality center, the Mustard Seed. I am sending it to you in response to the Fall Appeal.

We at the Mustard Seed suffered a setback two weeks ago when a small fire started in a garage from improperly disposed cigarettes. The damage was mostly smoke and water. We had closed at 3 p.m., someone saw smoke at 9:05, and by 9:20 it was entirely out. Unfortunately, the landlord asked us to leave his building—this accident was the last straw for him. He himself had been wonderfully generous to us, but many of the upstairs tenants complained of alcoholics hanging around the front of his building, and a few had threatened to leave and find apartments elsewhere.

So, for the time being, the Mustard Seed is in transit. We had, during the year, progressed from being a mere need to something more like a sprawl. We shall find new quarters and carry on somehow. Love to and from the hill.

Hoa Binh,

Shawn Donovan et al

Kansas City

Shalom House
40 S. 5th St.
Kansas City, Kansas 66102

Dear Friends,

We’ve moved! After many months of looking and waiting, a building has finally been found to shelter Shalom House.

The new location will be suitable for present needs, and the building is sound and adequate.

The building will provide space for the Peace Center and its activities, living quarters for myself and also a “Christ-rooms” for overnight lodging for guests who may be in need of such help. 

Shalom and other groups should feel free to refer requests they receive to Shalom House. Space is normally limited to

POKE WEED

biters
36 East First

(Continued from page 5)

leon gliding into bay. In warm weather he and Sal would sit for hours in front of the window of their fifty-foot houseboat, the upper corner of the dining-room had a quiet all its own.

Aloha he sometimes felt uncompre- balanced by the younger volunteers, John had an openness to them that was un- matched by the older. They seemed to enjoy the things he had come to truly work rather than take advantage. He was a certain tenderness and interest not com- mon to most around the house, and a friendship that could be inspiring. Whiskers said he came back to New York be- cause it fixed his philosophy. His gener- ous went beyond cigarettes. He would share the little extra a Catholic Worker cook can manage with this person or that.

A Lament

By STEVE NOWLING

They tell me, Catherine that you are dead, but how could they know? How could they know that you would live when you were eleven years old, yet die when you were twenty? It would have been years ago when your five-year-old son was stricken with polio, and used to run around the abandoned wife and child, or when you walked Times Square each day selling newspapers to pay for the food for you and your growing boy, or when you destroyed your just apartment and took the life of your son.

No, Catherine, you did not die. You have not died. The years may be sur- fering and dying a little bit each year after year. By normal reckon- ing maybe 74 years. But you are so much older, you are the one who has sur- vived the minutes that were years as you sat in one cramped room after another with the bed sagging, the battered chest of drawers, the leaking sink, and the single, bare fluorescent bulb hanging in the center of the long, string switch trail- ing almost to the bed. How many hun- dreds of years did you sit staring out the window when there was nothing to watch him when he'd go up to bed. (He had moved into the fourth floor a year and a half ago.) He lives on in the name of someone for whom we have been one of the few who have stood up for the during the war, and who have tried to be. We will not ask you to remember us.

To criticize his cooking was to be unwelcomed. He had no tolerance for uncouthness and he would have thrown them away. He was anointing and ex- amination. His friendship had a gratuitous grace. It was a world in itself.

The night after Christmas he slipped while coming down for supper and fell off the second and landing. He plunged the full flight, landing on his back. He was in a complete paralysis. After ten days, he succumbed, dying on the Feast of the Epiphany.

Those ten days were days of grace. As Kathleen said she knew him to be for us, enduring merely with will. Many came to visit him, including his sister. He could not speak but could move his lips. One of the first to come was the woman who had been a housemaid when he was a young man and who loved him. She could get along with her. She could now get along with anything. He was the father of the house. And at table his place in the upper corner of the dining room had a curtain in front of it. He had made a beautiful, deep, green curtain with a golden fringe for it.

Certainly, the woman who had been a housemaid when he was a young man, was the man of the house. And at table his place in the upper corner of the dining room had a curtain in front of it. He had made a beautiful, deep, green curtain with a golden fringe for it.

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Those ten days were days of grace. As Kathleen said she knew him to be for us, enduring merely with will. Many came to visit him, including his sister. He could not speak but could move his lips. One of the first to come was the woman who had been a housemaid when he was a young man and who loved him. She could get along with her. She could now get along with anything. He was the father of the house. And at table his place in the upper corner of the dining room had a curtain in front of it. He had made a beautiful, deep, green curtain with a golden fringe for it.

Certainly, the woman who had been a housemaid when he was a young man, was the man of the house. And at table his place in the upper corner of the dining room had a curtain in front of it. He had made a beautiful, deep, green curtain with a golden fringe for it.

John had had trouble with steps for years. He had bad ankles, perhaps from a fall when he was a young man. He could not watch him when he'd go up to bed. (He had moved into the fourth floor a year and a half ago.) He lives on in the name of someone for whom we have been one of the few who have stood up for the during the war, and who have tried to be. We will not ask you to remember us.

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By HELENE ISWOLSKY

In her November 1973 "On Pilgrim-age," Dorothy Day told about the late poet W. H. Auden, and the poignancy and pathos for the Catholic Worker. She also recalled her first meeting him at the Third Hour. This is a small ecumenical tribute to Auden, a poet in which Auden showed interest. I remem-
ber his coming to one of our first meet-
ings and sitting with us on a dozen chairs available. So he sat on the floor, stretching his long legs on a worn out carpet and smoking a pipe, saying rather unduly sandy hair and his re-
marks about the situation of an English student rather than of a famous man of letters.

Later, Auden kindly lent us a larger apartment for our meetings, Au-
den promised to come, but did not ap-
pear. We learned much, however, from a visioner's shaky raincoat, turned up collar and absent-minded, Bohemian air. He never really looked like a Bohemian. He was too courteous and attentive. And he was not absent-minded, but keenly aware of everything that was going on around him. He was always interested in people and in their ideas.

And this is why he was for us so wel-
come, not only as a great poet but also as a man who understood and sincerely liked our small ecumenical endeavor, at that time quite unpopular and almost un-
known. Many historical and theological subjects which became so important in the days of Vatican Council II, were dis-
cussed at the Third Hour meetings by a few Catholics, Protestants and Russians Orthodox. We sometimes felt, we were not alone, that we were thanks to men like Auden that we were bound together by a spirit of good will, so that there was rarely a discordant note in our midst.

Auden was a born ecumenist. He be-
sought to become a priest, not only because of his agnostic youth, but also because he was also on cordial terms with Catholic priests and laymen as well as with the Anglican clergy. He admired the spirit of the Byzantine liturgy. He understood them instinctively. His insight was based on the study of the liturgy (though as a man of culture he read it, rather than recited it). His insight was the projection of a deep re-
ligious consciousness. Though restrained and reluctant to show off his faith, he had a direct perception of what it meant. He had an ear for the Divine, like musi-
cians have an ear for music.

Auden's religious consciousness is re-
lected in his book, The Ascent of St. Cecilia. I still remember my delight when I first read it. The book is a personal autobiography. It shows how his faith was developing and maturing. Auden shows himself as a close friend of St. Ignatius Loyola, as a Jesuit, as a member of the Jesuit Centre in London. The book is a personal autobiography. Auden shows himself as a close friend of St. Ignatius Loyola, as a Jesuit, as a member of the Jesuit Centre in London. Auden's pruning of the iron age hero was done with Quixote, but on a deeper level it was his own life.

The essay is a meditation in which the author shows us that Don Quixote is an "Ironic Hero," and Auden's pruning of the iron age hero was done with Quixote, but on a deeper level it was his own life.

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On Pilgrimage

Pilgrimage

(Continued from page 2)

especially on First Street by the sufferings around me, but also with its compensating joy and hope—joy in our trust in our family of "undesirables." What a beautiful word "desire" is, reminding us that the Lord said, "With desire I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." I read that in the King James Version years ago and felt the passion of desire which he felt—the yearning for the Lord, not just his friends. And now I read that Grand Central Station is closing its doors on New Year's Day, and that the waiting rooms will be filled with undesirables. But the Lord desires them—strong desires for his inn. The homeless ones. "As long as you have done unto one of the least of these, you have done it unto Me?"

Prices

Our Christmas season is over now, and we did indeed feast, what with the generosity of our friends who supplied us with much canned goods and many turkeys. 28 from the United Packard Company for one thing. I am reminded of a Christmas when, in return for turkeys and basil, we gave the children in our neighborhood plants and all I can say is that gang in Washington, D.C. know we are supposed to remember everyone in our prayers, but there are many others also who feel less "undesirable." Read these and weep. Whole pease, 63c a pound; green split peas, 75c; yellow, 85c; pinto beans, 85c; red lentils, 59c. White pease, 63c. Keeping in mind that when we get figures from the government and a monthly white pease, 63c. Keeping in mind that when we get figures from the government and a monthly wholesale index, if the increase is 2% or 3% or 4%, we are assured of the increase is 2% or 3% or 4%, we are assured of it being higher. Also when people complain of 4%, 5% or 6% increases, they will still be assured of a higher price. Is up to a short time ago we could, for approximately $30, get 300 lb. of beans, lentils or split peas. This same lot costs us now anywhere from $100 to at least $200. The beans and so forth sold in the retail stores would cost a few cents more than we paid for them by buying in 100 lb. bags—but in either case there is an inflationary increase of even 10% but 50% or 60%. I don't think anything else in the country has gone up so much. (Let me have the latest, yaucha or what have you. Please write a scathing article, Peace, to the Peri newspaper.)

Tivoli: a View

(Continued from page 4)

the help of Barbara Miller, Joe Gereci and others.

There are a number of small children with us, and these seemed to find that special magic in the story of Tivoli which belongs most particularly to children. As for food, Alice Lawrence cooked both Christmas and New Year's dinners, superbly as always. But Kathy St. Clair and her helpers looked after the shopping and provided those extra delicacies which help to complete a Christmas feast. Although we were happy to have a number of guests, we were sorry that Joe and Audrey Mon-