UFW Urges: Continue Gallo Boycott

By PEGGY SCHERER

One issue in our struggle with Gallo is more important than all others: What do Gallo’s workers want? Our contract with Gallo expired on April 18, 1973. We had represented Gallo farmworkers for six years. During negotiations in April-May-June 1973 Gallo assured us that there was no doubt that UFW represented Gallo’s farmworkers. Now, because of their need to fight the boycott, they have created their own version of history: Gallo claims that on April 18, 1973, the workers were unhappy with UFW and on June 25, 1973, the Teamsters presented signatures from Gallo workers and demanded recognition for collective bargaining purposes. What did Gallo’s regular workers really want on April 18, 1973 and on June 25, 1973? Did they want the Teamsters to represent them or did they want the UFW? Gallo says they wanted the Teamsters. That claim is unbelievable on its face because Gallo workers were our members for six years. These workers were partisans in our movement. But if Gallo doubts what we know then we ask again for a secret ballot election to settle this question once and for all. We asked for such an election in 1973 but Gallo and the Teamsters refused.

Ernest Gallo says that his company “made every attempt to renew its contract with the UFW.” Our Union was trying to re-negotiate the table grapes contract in the Coachella Valley in the early months of 1973. The UFW negotiating team included Cesar Chavez, Bob Deatrick, and Dave Burciaga, UFW’s chief negotiator—none with Gallo management on March 23, 1973. Dave Burciaga asked the company on that date to extend the contract day-by-day—time if negotiations continued past April 18, 1973. Bob Deatrick, representing Gallo, refused! On April 18, Burciaga called Deatrick and again requested an extension of the contract while negotiations continued. This time Deatrick refused by phone and in writing. From that date Gallo maintained union wage rates but all other protections of the UFW contract were eliminated. On May 8, in the third session of negotiations, Gallo proposed that the farmworkers give up basic protections they had enjoyed for six years, including: job security, hiring hall, health & safety, seniority, grievance procedures, discharge, etc. In other parts of the state the Teamsters were proclaiming their willingness to surrender these same clauses to the growers. Teamster organizers began appearing in Gallo fields on April 24. UFW organizers were not allowed in the fields after the contract expired April 18. In May and June, Gallo fired 5 workers for union activity. By these deeds and others, Gallo made it very clear to us that they were planning to sign with the Teamsters unless our Union gave up the fundamental protections of the contract.

Ernest Gallo says that the Teamsters presented evidence that they represented Gallo’s workers and that Gallo verified the evidence: But Gallo has never been willing to let an independent third party examine this Teamster “evidence.” Gallo’s regular workers went on strike June 27, 1973 when the company announced its intention to negotiate with the Teamsters. More than 135 Gallo workers with established seniority were on the picket line while Gallo was talking with the Teamsters in late June and early July, 1973. Ernest Gallo has admitted to Ron Taylor of the Fresno Bee, “That the striking workers were notified they would be fired if they did not return to work. He (Gallo) said they were then discharged and new workers recruited. This second group of workers ratified the Teamster contract.

(Continued on page 4)
This summer, at least 4 months of it, I am spending in Arizona. This year, one is hard-pressed by the trials and "troubles-ointments" of the world around us, and joys and sorrows always seem to find their way into our CW houses and farms which are increasing and multiplying. Helen Jaworsky, in one of her talks about Russia, quoted a peasant saying that in a field where a poisonous weed was found, there was also found its antidote.

"This morning, outside my window a huge ship—The Star Nadine, Moravis, a monstrous tanker—sailed seaward. Many times a day, such a ship passes by the Port of Tucson. Usually tankers come up river to the Port, and when they load, all the people on the block work as one. They load the cargo, deck hands and all, usually from morning till dark. But of equal importance was the fact that this ship was on its way to the Pacific Coast where its load will be unloaded. The more cargo on the ships, the more jobs for our neighbors. What will the set-up be? What kind of a place will this be? What will the people be like? We are well aware that all things are possible, but we feel that we have been fortunate in finding a home in a neighborhood which is physically stark. Thomas Merton says, in Seeds of Contemplation..."And from this wood we carve our daily life..."

"For weeks New York’s financial crisis has been in the headlines. Massive layoffs of city workers were announced; protest, sanitation workers walked off the job and garbage piled high. Files buzzed around the mounds of rancid garbage.4th of July, or the sanitation strike and garbage pile were. They were not the only demonstrations of the week. Hunger was with us. But of equal importance was the fact that this ship was on its way to the Pacific Coast where its load will be unloaded. The more cargo on the ships, the more jobs for our neighbors. What will the set-up be? What kind of a place will this be? What will the people be like? We are well aware that all things are possible, but we feel that we have been fortunate in finding a home in a neighborhood which is physically stark. Thomas Merton says, in Seeds of Contemplation...’...And from this wood we carve our daily life...’\n
"The Peacemakers discussed, among other things, how to determine generous pay income tax which goes for building up munitions implements of war. Wally Nelson and his wife Juanita were there, both of whom are familiar with arrests and jailings. I got acquainted with them; feel much at home and at ease, home hereabouts. The three buildings fill to overflowing all month and spill out on the lawn.

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A Woman in Prison—Searching for a Home

(Continued on page 6)

Joly-August, 1975

THE CATHOLIC WORKER

Page Three

A Woman in Prison—Searching for a Home

(Continued on page 6)
Gog and Magog in the Nuclear Age

By R. SCOTT KENNEDY

Any major turning point in history, and certainly in the Vietnam War can be considered no less, requires a great deal of reflection, evaluation and prayerful consideration of its significance and import for the future.

For the Latin American countries where big business holds the only one we must keep, is violated blatantly...-Cuadra Concerning Giants, found in the American edition of Pity to the Earth, by Mario Benedetti

The variant of the twentieth century needs no permission of yours or mine to continue. The tornado has not yet encountered any of the big business. This does not mean that we are helpless. It only means that our salvation lies in understanding the context, not flattering ourselves that we have brought the whirlwind into being by ourselves, but that we can calm it with a wave of the hand.

While the whirlwind in Vietnam finally cooled, it left an unfounded flat-carry to credit ourselves future mistakes of equal proportion than we Americans were willing to inflict.

Americans were generally acquiescent to those active in pursuing the war-for "lesser evil" candidates who only escalated the fighting, working in defense industries, paying taxes, and so on. Still, the war was begun and maintained largely without our consent. Similarly, future American military ventures to protect interests at home or abroad will not likely seek our prior approval. Our task, then, is to understand "our exact position." Anything less this invites the danger of not averting future mistakes of equal proportion.

The cultural dynamics worthy of scrutiny suggested by Merton thirteen years ago are even more striking in this age of detente and after the fall of Vietnam.

Gog and Magog

Challenging the "enlightenment of the twentieth century barbarian-Merton claims that he "no longer [has] any desire to be powered entirely by the standards of the stool pigeons and torturers whose apparent moral signal to success is that they have built so many extermination camps [tiger cages!] and shrunk them to the limit of their capacity."

These glorious creatures, revelling in power and destruction, are called angels, have now aligned themselves in enormous power blocs of which the most striking feature is the combination another one like a pair of twins.

Merton borrows from Ezekiel to name them Gog and Magog.

For the belly of the giant, Merton echoes an understanding manifest by the anti-imperialist but nonviolent Third Force.

Hatred destroys the real being of man in fighting the fiction which it calls "truth," a fiction is concrete and alive, but the "enemy" is a subjective abstraction.

A society that kills real men in order to deliver itself from the phantom of a paranoid delusion is already possessed of destructive power because it has made itself incapable of love. It refuses, a priori, to love. It is dedicated not to concrete relations of man with man, but only to abstractions about nations, economies, psychology, and even, sometimes, religion.

Be Unlike the Giants

First a lesson to learn from such Vietnameses as compose the "Third Force" is that a commitment to nonviolence may be the only means of achieving a goal with an attraction or predisposition to ideology. Such a commitment may help to resolve the problem of analysis which is servicable to life and human persons, rather than becoming simply another weapon in a shelf and a license for destruction.

God speaks and God is to be heard, not only on Sinai, but not only in my own heart, but in the voice of the stranger...our enemy, for we or we may lose him even in our friend.

(Continued on page 8)

A Letter to the IRS

St. Boniface Church
254 First St.
Jersey City, N.J. 07302

Sirs:

As April 15, 1975, the last day for filing income tax returns, approaches, let me serve notice on the government that I do not wish to serve its disregard for humans. For the same reason as I rippd up my draft card and registration some time ago, I now refuse to fill out any income tax form.

I choose not to give money to kill. For years, any extra money that could have gone to this government for the purposes of war, I gave to many different humanizing efforts. This way, I may have offset any income taxes owed.

I want to say strongly to an administration which would spend nine billion dollars more for war-making and would cut out already allocated 2.6 billion dollars for things ranging from cancer research to schools and hospitals.

I want to say strongly to a government which makes the poor and the old grovel for enough bread to survive while it struggles to give oil depletion allowances to those who have robbed the earth of natural resources meant for all, not for a favored few. Imagine wanting to give taxpayers' money to those who have made a 130 percent profit off a probably contrived energy crisis which caused suffering to millions. Of course, the poor always have an energy crisis. They live in fear of having heat, gas, electricity shut off because there is not the money to pay the exorbitant bills. But that is not just taxes, taxpayers' dollars are for war and for oil depletion allowances. That would be enough for tax resistance.

I want to say strongly, not by filling out an income tax form, because money from the people of this country is used to train police in other countries how to torture, but by registering, to serve for justice. For money from the people of this country is used to overthrow a legitimate government in Chile, with the subsequent murder of countless innocents.

Money from this country, from the people of this country is used to keep people who write letters to the New York Times, who are economically or politically oppressed, as the dollars are spent to weed out illegal aliens in hunts that put to shame and mock the words on the Statue of Liberty: "Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to be free..."

To the laws that de-humanize, and that are anti-human, anti-life, I say no not just with a clear conscience but as way of clearing conscience. The law of love, the only one that is valid...

Jesus says we must love our neighbor. My neighbors in Jersey City are poor, old, Puerto Rican, black, illegal, and the way taxes are spent violates their humanity. I say to me to sanctification of the people here in Jersey City and to all my neighbors with whom I share life on this planet.

Rev. John P. Egan

Bromley Faces Eviction

The IRS has been informed of the continued and secret existence of the Bromley case, a reporter and a group of Quakers requested to see all files pertaining to the case. Although all the proper request forms were filed through official channels, this group was continuously denied access to the files. Another reporter who wrote a newspaper article sympathetic to the Bromleys had his accounts audited by the IRS soon after his article appeared.

The IRS is now ready to turn over the Bromley case to the Justice Department. As a first lesson to learn from such Vietnameses as compose the "Third Force" is that a commitment to nonviolence may be the only means of achieving a goal with an attraction or predisposition to ideology. Such a commitment may help to resolve the problem of analysis which is servicable to life and human persons, rather than becoming simply another weapon in a shelf and a license for destruction.

God speaks and God is to be heard, not only on Sinai, but not only in my own heart, but in the voice of the stranger...our enemy, for we or we may lose him even in our friend.

(Continued on page 8)
By DOROTHY DAY

Mr. Truman was jubilant. President Truman. True man; what a strange name, he was jubilant. He was not a son of God, brother of Christ, brother of the Japanese, Jew, or Negro. Tampa, Associated Press, on page one, column one. President Truman jubilantly.

The effect is hoped for, not known. It is to be hoped they are vaporized, our Japanese army, air force, navy, and women and babies, to the four winds, over the seven seas. Perhaps we will breathe their dust into our nostrils, feel the quake, not in the fire, but "in the wasteland of a ghost air." Scientists, army officers, great universities (Notre Dame included), and captains of industry—all are given credit in the press for their work of preparing the bomb—and other bombs, the scientists assure us, are in production now.

Great Britain controls the supply of uranium ore, in Canada and Rhodesia. We are making the bombs. This new great force will be used for good, the scientists assured us. And then they wiped out a city of 318,000. This was good. The President was jubilant.

Today's paper with its columns of description of the new era, the atomic era, which this colossal slaughter of innocents has ushered in, is filled with stories covering every conceivable phase of the new discovery. Pictures of the world happiness and survival to later generations... For my part, I am fairly sure that I have made a choice. And having chosen, I think that I must speak out, that I must state that I will never again be one of those who give chances to survival in later generations...

We are making the bombs. This new era, the atomic era, which this colossal slaughter of innocents has ushered in, is filled with stories covering every conceivable phase of the new discovery. Pictures of the world happiness and survival to later generations...

We must reflect and then decide, clearly, whether humanity's lot must be made more miserable in order to achieve far-off and shadowy ends, whether we should accept the insanity which could have enslaved the world.

I am not suggesting that we must avoid bloodshed and misery as much as possible, but that we give chances to survival in later generations.

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A Pilgrimage

St. Joseph’s Day - Holy Cross Parish, Chicago, Ill. Dearest Dorothy,

I was so happy to read that salvation a hundred times over this morning, as you and all at St. Joseph’s House are especially equipped to make us all aware that we are both with you in heart and spirit, thankful for the many and daily blessings of the Lord - not least of all for the miracle of friendship and community. I think of each one, living and dead, old and young, strong and weak, today, especially - the Lord loves the little ones, and the children of God are all of us, Joseph himself, who, in turn, watched over and interceded for the rest of us all through.

We have finally “landed” on the other shore of our pilgrimage. As I write, the sun is high and warm, and I can hear both a dove and a mockingbird singing - it makes me feel that “beauty will save the world,” surely lives in every face and room of their home. The chance to get to know Dorothy Gauch is - she is quite extraordinary.

We had a brief but good visit with Chuck and Sandy Walheim, on our way to see Pat Murray. After supper, we watched some of the several fine songs, one of which was Peter Maurin’s “If everybody tried to be better” - all were so finely prepared and so delightfully performed. We also saw Tom McDonald in Toledo, who’s now working on a detailed account of our several excellent talks on the CW, with the idea of preparing the necessary preparations for our visit, including flyers and posters announcing the talks and the CW representatives’ Peter’s essays on them, and had a great collection of books and CW papers for folks to take afterwards. We then went on to Madison, Wis., where we spoke to several classes at a small Catholic college (Edgewood). It was wonderful. Dor­othy, people were most interested, and happy to have us. We might have covered all the visions of the CW - and “ambassa­dora” we were received everywhere with great delight.

We spent several days with Sandy Neil in Minneapolis, and then went to see my parents at the farm town where I was born, Minnesota - where my parents, and their parents, see farm lives being lived. It was wonderful to return there.

Then on down to K. C., where we had a brief but splendid visit with Angie, our old friend from the family who lives there - she is really fine. Those are great houses, so big and sturdy, and there were several friends who are always kind and welcome us.

We also spent part of an afternoon with Fr. Dick Wempe who runs Shalom House, a Christian Community house built by the tribes on the lands overlooking the historic mission.

He is especially inspired by Charles de Foucauld, and has a modest but poten­tially powerful vision of recreating the small, poor, working-class neighborhood that he envisioned in an ideal Workers’ village.

He also brought word that Joe Good­ding, who is at Shantivanem, a contem­plative community outside of the town, is very well.

The next visit with one of my siste­rs and her husband in Ashland, Mo., where they are living simply on five beautiful acres of land in the middle of a wildlife preserve, building their own cabin, etc., we went on to St. Louis, where we spent about a week with my family. They are all well.

We had the great joy and privilege of going to Holy Cross parish on Lasarette Sunday, where Magr, Helriegil celeb­rated the vigil. What a beautiful friend­ship and con­gregation of the people of God, so true to the spirit.

We had a brief visit with a lawyer named Marty, who was especially admire­d by Martin Sostre so repeatedly, now after his appeal of this latest conviction, and was especially concerned and good to me.

We have finally “landed” on the other shore of this Pilgrimage - in particular, for me, it was like a breath of fresh air. Such great love and hope for the UFW.

I have developed a great respect and admira­tion for this woman and an awe for the Power of the People.

And the last visit before leaving was with an old friend who brought such joy and comfort to me when I was there, Franciscan Ani­sa. As a member of a Franciscan institute, I might go a step fur­ther and say that the Franciscan Order would be a fine place if Franciscans tried to love one another more - that’s the only way we’ll be able to do better, but I’m sure this is more than enough for now! Love to all, especially you.

Kathleen [De Sutter Jordan]

A Tribute to Tivoli

160 S. Forest St.
Carbondale, Ill. 62901

Dear Friends at Tivoli,

On behalf of the seven other Fran­ciscans and myself who were privileged to spend some days at Tivoli while par­ticipating in the recent Peacemakers Orientation Program, I want to say thanks to all the Catholic Worker people on the farm. Thanks for sharing your life with us as Catholic Workers and, above all, your deep faith with us.

The faith-dimension of your com­mitment is clear in all we heard and read and actions and, for me, was a real challenge to my own faith. To celebrate the Pastoral Mystery of Christ was beneficial for me. Trees on the lawn overlooking the Hud­son...the beauty of your faith in the mysteries of pessimism, of life and of death; to recognize your own recogni­tion of God in nature. Also, the consciousness about how we should spend our lives, things like washing dishes and cleaning toilets; to respond to your awareness of those who are hurting, the trample of the grass, the sunshine, the river and the hills...the most precious gifts you gave me during my two weeks at Tivoli.

I was also confronted by your agit­atorial spirit—the unconditional accep­tance of the person as person. Condition­ed as I am to make pragmatic responses to status, to roles and to power—response which are, for the most part, totally pagan and dehumanizing—your spirit at Tivoli was like a breath of fresh air.

I especially admired your simple life­style to confront my taken-for-granted needs—my need for tasty and expensive food, my need for quality of life, my need for high-cost transportation, my need for comfort and a whole range of consumerist products.

I thought back to this response to Tivoli by paraphrasing Peter Maurin. Peter wrote that the world could be a fine place if we could keep up the spirit of the Franciscans of Assisi. As a member of a Franciscan institute, I might go a step fur­ther and say that the Franciscan Order would be a fine place if Franciscans tried to love one another more— that’s the only way we’ll be able to do better, but I’m sure this is more than enough for now! Love to all, especially you.

Kathleen [De Sutter Jordan]

Let us now turn to the Power of the People.

LETTERS

Notes and Commentary

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT FOR SEVEN NATIVE AMERICANS

Seven young men from the Yankton Sioux tribe have been held in solitary confinement for four years in the federal penitentiary at Sioux Falls.

The seven men are part of a group of 11 Yankton Sioux who were arrested in 1974 in an eviction protest against a U.S. Army installation on their reservation.

The group is appealing their convictions and seeking to have their sentences reduced.


I have written: Chuck and Sandy Walheim in Detroit, Loretto and Gauchetha, and are the people who started the “families of St. Martin” efforts. In a blacked out state, she could­n’t remember things that had happened when she’d been drunk. The man had been beaten to near death. Mary was in jail for three months before her trial. She was acquitted but she honestly couldn’t tell me if she’d been beaten or not.

Somewhere To Start

Maisy has been in this so-called correc­tion center for women a total of 21 times the past two years. Last week and with proper help could make something out of what’s left of her life. All she wants is to love her rather than condemn her. I asked her what she forgets to forget, to numb her mind to her past life, not just to get high, although, she did admit that it’s helped.

It seems to me that the judges or even the people in charge here could see that she has a sickness. Alcoholism is a sick­ness!

I have developed a great respect and admiration for Marjorie. She could never get out of herself. Maybe someone, upon reading this, will take thought and even though they can’t help this Maisy, they helps some other Mary out there can be helped. Someone has to start somewhere.
And its beauty—the burgeoning and open color-palettes of marigolds, zinnias, and petunias. From the ambience of nature, we can find solace without morning's bravura—in the familiar tones of robin, wren, and song sparrow. Children pass under my wagon, gentle on long slender stems among the daily Te Deum of birds and insects, the cool shadows of passing clouds. But somewhere in summer's jungle, lurk the frenzied and polluting hunts of man and doing, the sweat and sweat of man and heat. In this moment the house is caught in a siesta mood of quiet, beyond alarms and doing, the weight of heat and humidity, the hostile swarms of flies, gnats, mosquitoes, the noise and crowd of people, it makes me wonder if a point! Agnus Dei, dona nobis pacem.

Thanks to the Peacemakers, summer began for us a while ago, with a plan to have vegetable gardens in each of the Catholic Worker, held a solstice service. The group formed around a circle, facing the sunset and overlooking the Hudson River, across which the sun declined against a backdrop of mountains. The chant of Om and the singing of birds answered us, and reverent, with prayer and meditation, readings of a religious nature or emphasizing the delicate balance of nature and our place in helping to preserve that delicate balance. The chanting of Om and the singing of the great Amen from the Mass. There was a great sense of satisfaction in planting a tree. Usually it will be a good friend to have, silencing us before a vast and timeless nature, so still, so much more in touch with the eternal than busy people.

The Orchard at Tivoli

The orchard at Tivoli: apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, and blueberries, all grown on the farm. The fruit trees are the pampered children. At planting they must get just the right balance of manure to dirt (4 or 3 to 1), the right spot with a lot of sun and a good circulation of air, and constant care. They must be pruned so that the proper branches grow in the proper way with the proper strength, mulched (preferably with hay, though orchard grass will do), cultivated, weeded and watched. They need water, but it must be watered sparingly. As both are veteran Peacemakers, and both are amazingly alert and full of life, it is not surprising that they have come together to call the one-man revolution, to oppose a war that answered us, and reverent, with prayer and meditation, readings of a religious nature or emphasizing the delicate balance of nature and our place in helping to preserve that delicate balance. The chanting of Om and the singing of the great Amen from the Mass. There was a great sense of satisfaction in planting a tree. Usually it will be a good friend to have, silencing us before a vast and timeless nature, so still, so much more in touch with the eternal than busy people.

Two years ago we planted an orchard at Tivoli: apples, pears, plums, peaches, cherries, and blueberries, all grown on the farm. The fruit trees are the pampered children. At planting they must get just the right balance of manure to dirt (4 or 3 to 1), the right spot with a lot of sun and a good circulation of air, and constant care. They must be pruned so that the proper branches grow in the proper way with the proper strength, mulched (preferably with hay, though orchard grass will do), cultivated, weeded and watched. They need water, but it must be watered sparingly. As both are veteran Peacemakers, and both are amazingly alert and full of life, it is not surprising that they have come together to call the one-man revolution, to oppose a war.

Among the visitors who came largely from Vermont to pick up Tanya. Kathleen is making most delicious jam of hill beans, spinach, squash, lettuce. Some of our visitors stay for several days, others are here just long enough to pick one or two apples. It is a complicated thing growing fruit. Fruit trees are the pampered children. At planting they must get just the right balance of manure to dirt (4 or 3 to 1), the right spot with a lot of sun and a good circulation of air, and constant care. They must be pruned so that the proper branches grow in the proper way with the proper strength, mulched (preferably with hay, though orchard grass will do), cultivated, weeded and watched. They need water, but it must be watered sparingly. As both are veteran Peacemakers, and both are amazingly alert and full of life, it is not surprising that they have come together to call the one-man revolution, to oppose a war.

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Farmworkers Urge: Continue Gallo Boycott

(Continued from page 1)

Gallo say those workers who went out on strike had no voice in the matter. (National Catholic Reporter, January 10, 1975).

This Gallo procedure in 1973 contrasts sharply with the event of August 7, 1967, the California State Conciliation came in at the request of Gallo and the UFW and workers' signatures for UFW; this election led to the first UFW-Gallo contract 1967.

Ernest Gallo is disturbed about the "rights of the workers" under a UFW contract. Since Gallo well knows, the UFW Constitution Convention revised the dues structure so that workers pay only if they are working. Ernest Gallo also knows that our hiring hall does follow a seniority system so that regular workers bring cousins and uncles to the hiring hall may be separated from their relatives because the new workers cannot be dispatched ahead of employees who have been working for Mr. Gallo, but does not say, that the workers set up these seniority rules for their own advantage. This is Gallo's unfair hiring practices, including favoritism, and cronyism. Like other growers, the Gallo family want the unilateral power to hire and fire workers. The hiring hall takes away that power. The Teamsters have handed that power back to the Gallo family.

Ernest Gallo is apparently impressed with the Teamster medical and pension plans: Unfortunately these plans are designed to serve year-round workers and have not been effective yet. Gallo's work is seasonal, migrant work, and most of the workers of the UFW are not organized. The Teamster medical plan requires that a worker have 80 hours in January to get benefits in February, 80 hours in February to get benefits in March, etc. The result is that seasonal workers do not get benefits during the non-work season—the time when they have the most sickness and the least money. Under the UFW plan a worker can build up 180 hours of work during the harvest season that will then provide medical benefits for the next 9 months. As our Union grows in strength the UFW medical and pension plan will also grow and the workers will get benefits, but the Teamster will not. When the Teamsters get away with nonviolent struggle. If fair legislation does not succeed, then the time strike and boycott will bring about elections and contracts.

Ernest Gallo claims that he is not like the other growers. The Gallo Wine Co. is certainly larger than most growers. They own more than 10,000 acres of farmland. They make 46% of all California wines and 37% of all U.S. wines. Gallo is united with the non-UFW lettuce and grapes. Ernest Gallo wants to destroy the hiring hall so they can hire and fire who they want, when they want; they want to be able to fire their workers. Gallo claims he has the power to fire their workers. They want to continue the practice of giving machine and supervisory jobs to white workers even if blacks and browns have more seniority. They want to hold onto their "marginal rights" and they are willing to make deals with the Teamsters, fire their own workers, evict them from their homes to maintain them.

We are willing to test the will of the people and put the ballot on the ballot: If we lose we will call off the Gallo strike and boycott. We ask our friends and supporters to continue and intensify the boycott all Gallo Wines. (All wines made in Modesto are Gallo Wines.)

Gog and Magog

(Continued from page 4)

The Vietnamese have not over and their struggle, in a deeper sense, may have just begun.

Morton's advice to the third world, written specifically to the Vietnamese, speaks clearly to the challenge: To the whole third world I would say there is one lesson to be learned from the present situation, one lesson of the greatest urgency: be unlike the giants, Gog and Magog. Mark what they do, and act differently. The Vietnamese should not consider the ideologies, and without any difficulty, to oblige them. They should not oblige them to involve themselves, but simply oblige them to complicity—by their fruits you shall know them. In all their boastfulness they have become the victims of their own terror, while their own terror is emptiness of their own hearts. They claim to be liberators, they claim to be human. They are not mere liberators, they say.

But they do not know what man is. They are human beings, but their fathers were less articulate, less sensitive, less profound, less capable of genuine suffering. They are turning into giant insects. Their societies are becoming nameless, with no meaning, without spirit and joy.