Ruby

Migrants in North Carolina
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## Introduction

The idea for a summer of research and action with migrant workers developed in response to the concerns of some students in public policy courses. We asked, “What could be done?” and eventually, “What can we do?” and with Bruce Payne and Robert Coles worked out a program to search for answers to our questions. The design envisioned a week-long introduction of interviewing bureaucrats who work with migrants and viewing documentaries portraying their lives. We were then to begin our journey into the fields. We started, unconstrained by the visions and insights of others, and set off early both to our credit and detriment.

The conclusions we drew were personal and largely unshaped by those who went before us. Yet we made errors of judgment which could have been avoided by more planning. In hindsight though, most are glad to have erred. Through our misjudgments we learned together.

We often argued. A dozen of us sat in a mobile home outside Smithfield, North Carolina, where logical argumentation deteriorated into bitter, abusive denunciations. Frustration often overtook. Many of us became withdrawn and worn down: a few continually resigned and returned.

Throughout the summer months, there were weeks where we were bemoaned by near achievement. We established our expertise in June at Federal hearings held to investigate the conditions of migrant camps. Our ingenuity proved itself in the Democratic gubernatorial race when we exposed one candidate’s exploitation of migrants, causing a flux of articles and editorials examining the subject. These were small gains: to testify at unresponsive administrative dialectics or to briefly politicize a long-standing exploitation. “There is no success like failure, and failure is no success at all.”

But we tried.

Perhaps students will be led to think more deeply about their commitments and values because of this start.

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Who are these migrants?

Steven Petrow

Who are these migrants? These farmworkers we are talking about? The categorization which we, the government and nearly all people fail to recognize in an oversimplification which is wrong.

Before beginning our work in the New Mexico counties of the United States, we spent much time reading literature and seeing films about migrants. While providing us with background material and beginning to acquaint us with the migrant life, there is contained in these mediums an inherent distance.

But in contrast to the generations of migrants, the migrant becomes the "creation" of a writer's pen or a producer's camera. The selective perceptions and particular focuses are all the reader or viewer can judge from.

When after all the academic discussion and analysis of migrants, we ventured into the camps and into the fields, we found ourselves talking with people, not with characters in objects of sorrows and joys.

But the problem we have now is how to tell or show what we saw and felt. The translation is not an easy one to make, and in fact it is impossible for us to convey the love, the hate and the anger we felt for the weeks. Many of the words we use are so fraught with emotionalism that they bear little meaning and make hardly any feeling anymore. The clichés are difficult to steer away from. We have been plagued by them throughout this writing.

What we learned is that the migrants are people, a fact that we had never considered before-hand. In many ways this seemed naive at first, yet we discovered that many people believe in making good friends with the migrants; to drink wine and smoke pot with them, to listen to them talk about their own dreams and feelings. Our involvement with them surpassed our expectations.

The migrant peoples are as varied in background, life-styles and personalities as we. Their education levels range from those who have never gone to school to the migrant who obtained his degree from a community college. The migrants are black, Mexican-American, and less frequently, from other countries.

Most migrant camps are cut all across the country, but the differences between the two are significant and. distinguishing.

Black migrants, we found, almost always travel without their families. Most of the blacks in the migrant stream, however, do not have any family which they see or regularly keep in touch with. These are men who are alone in what most of us have not known. They live their lives moving from one place to another, working in the day, usually drinking in the evenings. After four months at one camp, most of the men did not know the names of the other men they live and work with. There is little verbal communication; only feelings are transmitted — and that is because they cannot be contained.

The law in these camps is simple and old. Their frustration, anguish and solitude is expressed primarily through violence and drinking.

Many of these migrants once held skilled jobs, and other less-skilled work. Alcoholism, for some, was a contributing influence to their entry into the migrant stream.

Others have become migrant workers to hide from wives or escape the law. To these the migrant stream is very promising.

Al Malone introduced himself to me during one of my first visits to a migrant camp. He is a black man about 25 years old. I could almost smell the liquor on his breath when we talked. He told me that day that he had just gone to Greensboro, Ala. to start school. He spoke slowly and

police because I killed a man. I know I can trust you. You know, you can cry a lot, but you never cry because you

And with that I left him.

Unlike their black counterparts, the Mexican-American migrants nearly always travel with the family. Often one finds the patriarchs of the family acting as the caretaker, and his sons and daughters serving as the workers. This diminishes the great problem with the system, once it is realized that a man will cheat or mis-treat his own blood. The presence of the families is an important aspect of the Mexican-American crews. Among people you know and love provides a strength and a hope that is all but missing in the anonymous migrant lives.

As a general statement, the Mexican-Americans look and act their rights better than the blacks. They demand that minimum wages be paid, they will not work endless hours. They will pick up and leave a squatter's domicile rather than work. It would be fair to say that the Mexican-Americans tend to be more integrated into the mainstream of society, often going to the movies every Friday, buying their own clothes, attending the local supermarkets, watching television and playing baseball. The alcohol proble
Young Activists of the 70’s Working with Migrants

By Robert Coles and Tom Davey

thousand of acres of rich farmland stretch between North Carolina’s industrial Piedmont and its Atlantic coast beaches. In county after county—the name evoke the old South—roses, tobacco, cotton, tobacco, cotton, tobacco, tobacco, cotton—bitterness, and even black root, a major share of this nation’s tobacco, which is harvested in July, scan on to Durham or Winston-Salem and turned into millions of carcinogenic, highly pro-
salable cigarettes. It is land of relatively small farms, most about 100 acres, once
generated from generation to generation. It is the old South—small, con-
servative, strong on patriotism. It is the South of winding tree-lined roads, lined by red
clay, and just beyond that, the crops— everywhere the promise of growth—
and here and there a weathered tobacco storage shed tells of a farmer’s vulnerabilities.

Further back from sight, usually are the other buildings—simply old and
“functional”—the cotton, over 40 million
igrant labor camps accommodate the ap-
proximately 100,000 migrant workers who
make their way into North Carolina during
the first part of June, when cucumbers are
ripening, and stay until late November
when the last of the sweet potatoes get
harvested. Actually, there is no accurate
information on how many migrants come in
to the state or where and how they live.
State officials admit they keep an eye on
only one-half, at most, of the camps in the
state.

This past summer, a group of Duke University students tried to see
for themselves how migrants live in North
Carolina. They tried to find out what, if
anything, they could do to help improve their lives.

The students had read articles and books on the subject of farm labor, particularly
migrant labor. They almost inadversarilly reason to the students that migrants were at their
very back door—a county or two away
from Durham. They didn’t want to stop re-
telling one of them pointed out, as she
thought back to the origins of the project.

“We do professors and deals are that
we’re at a college to learn—as if you don’t
learn by going out to see how people live,
what kind of jobs they have, what working
conditions are like. We took books with us.
We read a lot of articles and books before
we went to the neo-Gothic buildings of Duke.

We interviewed state and federal officials
— even a professor or two. We learned that
— learned that economics or sociology
or political science can be taught at a major
university without the students learning
how thousands of people live a few miles
away, and what their problems are, and
what needs to be done if they are to live
less-decent lives. We thought that rather
than take a seat to ‘waste’ in Europe,”
we stay here and learn — from the people in
North Carolina; and maybe in some sense be
officer to a few of them. We organized
what we hope will be the start of a tradition
here, and in other universities. The
migrants all over America. They’re never
far away from a college.

The students first had to obtain access to
migrant labor camps. Growers are sus-
icious, and not impressed one bit by the
academic credentials of students who
knock on their doors. Growers do,
however, respond, loud and clear, when
asked their side of things. They respond
often as the aggrieved one. Farming is no
easy matter, then keeping migrants
get undue attention from “dog-doggers.”

And no one ever bothers to ask the farmer
what he feels.” One grocer in Sampson
County, asked after getting a lot of confes-
then he got all solemn. “We’re like anyone else working hard to make a
living, so you have a comfortable life. All
those ‘dog-doggers’ blame you for mismanaging
the migrants. Do the ‘dog-doggers’ know that
half of the migrant are alcoholic and the
other half are there from running
from the law? A lot are mentally incompetent.
They have different standards than we do.
We give them a place to live and the crew
leader feeds them, and that’s better than
being out on the streets. If we don’t have
migrants the season would go hungry.
We’d all have to go back home, we can plant
a potato. But the rest of the country would
starve. People ought to think about their
stomachs before they jump on us farmers. People ought to ask if
they were to pay more for their food. If we
pay the migrants more, we have to get
more for our produce.”

Argue with him, reward him or show him
that the “costs” of migrant labor are
nothing compared to those of machinery
repairmen, mechanics, not to mention the
immense take of various middle-men
—the wholesalers and supermarket operators
who really sell food prices. He knows only
his own precarious situation—that of the
small, independent farmer, in constant
peril, himself explained by the distant
metropolises and more than occasional ir-
regularities of the system.” Thus, a candid
moment he mixed self-pity and fierce self-
justification with discerning social analysis.
All right. Fine good, and the migrants feel
bad, there’s no denying that. But what about
the people who criticize us — the col-
lege types, the liberals, the ‘dog-doggers,’
we call them. Not everyone profiting from
someone? Here it’s out in the open. What
about the guys who collect his rent,
the college that would those
dividends — from the agribusinesses, that
really run the Department of Agriculture in
Washington?”

“Is it easy to pick on me, and call me no
good. I’m a little guy. I’m nothing. Why
don’t you people go checking into all
companies and running companies? How
about the textile companies over there in
Greensboro, or the ‘whites only’ or the
‘tobacco farms’?”

You think they’ve as business for it? You
think they’re giving all their money away
to the workers. You don’t even see unions
down here, not many of them. Do they
teach you the white-collar? Do they teach
you the tough — that the end farmer see the
sweat hut as the migratory, the migrant’s
weakness. You figure you get the less
about the way you can make some
money — and keep it, it’s a law so
do it. If you get big enough, you even get to
be a trustee of a college.

The stuff of populist and of class conscious,
socially aware, and still supports the unequal,
unremitting conservative Senator Jesse
Jackson. As for that farmer’s camp, it’s like
the others, as the students on the Duke Mi-
grant Project soon enough learned. One of
them, in a journal, described what he saw.
“Unevenly furnished, and often small, they had
just taken for granted, figures, among
Americans. There aren’t screens to keep out
flies and mosquitoes, there aren’t ade-
quate shower facilities, and sometimes people
went to wash themselves after working
10 to 12 hours in a hot, dusty field, there
was no outhouse, no toilet, the fields
were a choice between a dirt outhouse
or the field. There’s no privacy; bedrooms
are crowded, and the rooms poorly ventilated.
According to figures provided by the Mi-
grant and Seasonal Farmworkers Association
fand agents set up in 1960 to provide
essential services to migrants and other half
of the migrant’s strength have been
critical problems, so far as housing goes.
They live in houses that are unsafe, unsu-
table, dangerous, and a lot of times, even
crowded for — all the good it’s done.
The虱itics know why laws to en-
force and who’ve to forget about.”

The students three weeks the Occupational Safety and Health Ad-
ministration (OSHA), a division of the
dept of Labor charged with the
responsibility of inspecting migrant hous-
ing and keeping standards. In almost every
camp the standards were not met, one
OSHA official acknowledged that 55 per-
cent of the known camps were in viola-
tion. And the agency is at best, ineffec-
tive. Of the 400 known labor camps, only
30 per cent are inspected, and only 15 per-
cent of those camps are inspected a second
or third time at a later date — an uthen-
ecessarily follow-up. For every officially re-
gistered camp there is another that no one
ever inspects. Only 1.3 to 2.25 per cent of
the total number of labor camps in North
Carolina are given more than a single, and
sometimes all unnecessary, once over.

Moreover, as the students emphasized in
their reports, the social, “grain fac-
tors,” designed to register the seriousness
of a violation, are based on industrial safety hazards rather than health hazards created by drugs brought to the children and their parents to local health clinics — created especially to deal with migrants, but sorely in need of funds. (Many migrants have no health insurance, and thus cannot afford to get to them if they had.) As for "dental hygiene", rotten teeth are the rule. The only thing that migrant dentists complain was pull teeth, often done without benefit of anesthesia. The students kept finding among county health officials — again that "the patients are not coming in for dental care.
Even in dollars, different or contemplative attitude the migrants are given, a burden, a "different". They are indeed different. The average annual income of a migrant farm worker is a little over $2500. He or she is lucky to keep one-third of that. It is the cross-river worker who brings migrants north, south, east, west. It is the crew leader who all too often controls almost every facet of their lives — their food, their shelter, their money. And even when obviously in gain and seriously ill, a migrant must ask for the crew leader's permission to look for help. The crew leader has the car, the money, the power. In a word, he is a master, as a woman told one of us: "You don't see a doctor when you need it. The crew leader sends you to the doctor and he's rather cautious about the fields, even if you're going to drop dead because he's making money off you, even if he doesn't want to leave his fields. Those that less money in the pocket of the crew leader. He watches you when you're well to see that you're working fast. And he keeps an eye on you when you're sick to be sure you get out in the fields. A lot of people in this camp need to see a doctor, but they're not even going to admit they're in pain. Here you just cry and cry and show up when the crew leader's truck shows up. And you have no choice. You pay that $5 every week.
The pay supposedly covers the cost of cheap, mushy meals — often prepared by the sheriff. The arrangement not only means a thin profit for the crew leader, but also another guarantee that the migrant is virtually indentured. In many states only those who prepare their own food are eligible for foodstamps. Even when a migrant is sick, without work for long periods of time, the crew leader, who has had his pay cut, will not be paid the crew leader is paid for food, transportation, and all sorts of costs and ends. And he pays through the nose: Before I could call for a doctor and he will not, the crew leader has already taken $35 for food, even if he doesn't eat every meal and you should see the meals, and you should.
If there was a group of students hanging around growers in every state, we'd probably behave better.

Carolina, in search of a job — any job that would allow her to help migrants. She was hired and became responsible for approximately 1000 migrants in the county. She spends her days driving to camps, seeing migrants and driving them to doctors when necessary. She has become a bit weary, reflective: "The medical and dental needs of migrants are overwhelming. We could not have done this one trip without the crew leader's assistance. One day it's a client who beats up his migrants — and sells them rotgut at champagne prices, and keeps a prostitute or two around, also for sale. The next day it's a migrant after another who's sick, so sick they all belong in hospitals — vomiting blood, or coughing their lungs up or complaining of bad pains somewhere; and I don't know what to do, except complain and try to tell the county people what I'm seeing. They know, in the back of their heads, what I'm seeing; but they don't want to be told."
The Failure of Liberalism

Steven Petrow

The migrant project was a good "liberal" program. It was a good program in the sense that it was designed to help migrants integrate into society. The project was funded by the Rockefeller Foundation, which was known for its support of liberal causes. It was also supported by the Ford Foundation, which had a similar mandate. The project was intended to help migrants become more acclimated to American society, and to provide them with the resources they needed to succeed.

The project was a failure. The migrants were not able to integrate into society. Many of them remained isolated, and many of them continued to face discrimination. The project was also expensive, and the funds were not well-spent. The Rockefeller Foundation and the Ford Foundation were both criticized for their involvement in the project.

The failure of the migrant project was a blow to the liberal cause. It was a reminder that liberal programs were not necessarily successful. It was also a reminder that the liberal cause was not invincible. The liberal cause was not immune to failure, and it was not immune to criticism.

The failure of the migrant project was also a blow to the Rockefeller Foundation and the Ford Foundation. The foundations were both criticized for their involvement in the project. The foundations were also criticized for their failure to come up with a successful solution to the migrant problem.

The failure of the migrant project was a blow to the liberal cause, and it was a blow to the Rockefeller Foundation and the Ford Foundation. The failure of the migrant project was a reminder that the liberal cause was not invincible, and it was a reminder that the foundations were not immune to criticism.
OSHA:

An OSHA official explains: 'Rather than impose financial penalties, we try to work with the farmer to reach an equitable solution, albeit to the detriment of the migrants.'

Migrant housing conditions

Migrant housing conditions in North Carolina are under the jurisdiction of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration (OSHA). A government agency formed by Congress in 1970, North Carolina, OSHA is administered by the state Department of Labor. This legislation was enacted to ensure that farmers and growers furnish their employees a place of employment which is safe, free, that occupational and safety standards are maintained, and to avoid citations for alleged violations.

Examinaing the OSHA record in past years, we find that for both political and economic reasons the letter of the law has not been carried forth and, indeed, there is some reasonable doubt as to whether the North Carolina Labor Commissioner, T. Avery New's intentions in the area of migrant housing. The OSHA provisions for migrant housing are of extreme importance to the condition of regional migrant housing and to the daily lives of 100,000 state migrant workers.

The OSHA legislation classifies migrant labor camps as temporary domiciles. This labeling is a misrepresentation of actual conditions. The time a migrant and his family spend in each location varies from several days to six or more months. While the time the laborer spends in each county may be of short duration, it is important to realize that migrants spend their years moving from one "temporary labor camp" to another. The fact that the migrants are subject to these horrendous conditions year round is a factor which OSHA seems to have either ignored or overlooked. By categorizing them as temporary, an implicit lack of responsibility has been granted to the individual farmers. Beatie Guter and her husband John Harry have spent fifteen years dragging along down the east coast, spending one month each in Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey before returning to Florida. All along the stream they have lived in houses with rotten mattresses, rat and lice infested rooms, dilapidated exteriors, and plumbing absent showers and hot water — yet each domicile has been "temporary"; has been moved away from. But they have only gone to another where the physical state is the same. For the migrant people, labor camps are not temporary housing; they are a permanent condition of 18th, 19th and unsafe conditions.

In North Carolina, the state has a full for short of the federals created OSHA regulations, hence the importance of the letter cannot be overstated. It is right that enforcement of labor camp housing be supervised by the OSHA division. However, it must be pointed out that the "grain factor" designer to regulate the seriousness of a violation are based on industry standards. Safety measures are based on the impotance of danger to a worker's life and safety. The standard governing agricultural labor are and should continue to be concerned with the migrant's general welfare. For the migrant laborers is dependent on OSHA not only to enforce health and safety standards associated with actual field work, but also to regulate responsible the conditions of labor camps that are provided as a necessary element of seasonal farm labor.

In North Carolina, the effective regulation of OSHA standards are independent targets on voluntary compliance. In part, voluntary compliance is an effort to oblige the limited number of inspectors as compared with the tremendous number of inspections they must perform. But the policy of voluntary compliance encom- passes an underlying philosophy. It is assumed that the industries in this state will act in a responsible manner if allowed to judge themselves. This eliminates the Department of Labor's distasteful chore of compelling adherence to OSHA standards. In industrial environments it may be that there are some incentives for owners to comply voluntarily. These incentives are economic and include a rise in insurance rates proportional to accident rates and profit loss when machines are shut down as a result of operator illness or injury. But because of the nature of agricultural labor, these particular incentives do not motivate the majority of growers. Economic penalties, such as fines for violation of OSHA standards, could provide such an incentive. But because they are minimal, incentives to construct and maintain decent migrant housing are virtually non-existent. At times the lack of fines and other economic incentives create a situation in which it becomes more economically feasible to maintain woefully inadequate camps.

A specific example of the failure of OSHA's voluntary compliance practice arises in the extended proceedings against the Rice, Matthews, Jr. labor camp. On July 21st of this year a complaint was filed with the Department to Labor office in Raleigh. An employee filed the following specific violations of OSHA standards:

- grounds and open areas surrounding the shelters were not maintained in a clean and sanitary condition free from rubbish, debris, waste paper, garbage and other refuse. (Actual camp conditions showed rats, flies, and mosquito harborage rampant within 100 yards of sleeping areas; garbage and broken glass were found in similar proximity to food service areas.)

- each room utilized for sleeping purposes did not contain at least 20 square feet of floor space for each occupant. A 7'-foot ceiling was not provided. (The described facts showed 21 men living in a building with a ceiling one foot below the required and an amount of 12 men were living in rooms in bunk lock less than a yard apart.)

- toilets were not distinctly marked "men" and "women" as required. The ratio was not one toilet unit per each fifteen persons. (There were 113 men and women living in the camp sharing 5 serviceable toilets.)

- bathing facilities were not provided in the appropriate ratio of one handbasin per each family shelter and one showerhead per ten camp residents. (Until July 19th there were no handbasins and only six showers for 115 occupants. Eight handbasins were installed on the 15th. Still, however, below the required number.)

- On August 2 an inspection was made. Not all of the above listed violations were reported by the state inspector. Matthews was given until August 17, a period of two weeks, to raise the ceiling one foot and clean the grounds. In addition, the inspector was told that only 72 persons were occupying the camp on August 2. Five days earlier the creaseholder had told us that there were 115 occupants. Matthews was given only one week to inspect the camp, but the inspector was not satisfied with the results.

- In the United States a second inspection was conducted with most of the original violations this time being recorded and citations issued. Matthews was given a two week abatement period to rectify the violations.

On the expiration of this period, the grower applied for a three month abatement period claiming that August was the peak of his harvesting season. Matthews was questioned on this fact since he had earlier claimed that he had 25 per cent fewer workers in August than in July (Continued on page 22)
The motto 'equal justice under law' is a cruel lie to all who are poor, nonwhite or female...

Some cases from filing complaints when the local growers, sheriffs and magistrates are neighbors or relatives.

The legal profession ought to be seeking and struggling with issues of the times, the lawyer should be free to attack the plight of the migrant and seasonal farmworker, to do and say which one deems right and proper. Legal education and forums too easily become bureaucratic, rigid and undisciplined much needed innovation and change. Every professional person with some ethics, with common sense, it's not a difficulty. The profession is obsessed with accreditation, journals and treatises, associations and status. We measure ourselves by how well we resemble our wealthy clients rather than how we approach the needy. The laws facing farm workers will not be solved by such professional arrogance or moral obscurantism. Our claim of being value-free, of being mere mechanism which can argue any side of a case is not a sacred ritual on which to pride our conduct.

Father Daniel Berrigan remarked while protesting the Vietnam war, that one has to fight hard to say loyal to one's values so as to remain alive.
Stand with the Hunted

Steven Kirk

Many difficulties arise from the adversarial nature of our jobs. Where the moral question of right and wrong is but legally argued. A lawyer cannot plead the faults of an exploitative system when a young black field hand is accused of assaulting his foreman. Our codes of ethics tell us that the lawyer is responsible for the orderliness of the system. An attorney "is not released from these obligations by any shortcomings of the part of the judge, nor is he released by the legal, moral, political, social or ideological issues of the case." We are not to follow our own thoughts but to perform.

Deviations from the norms are not politely tolerated. Law schools and bar associations are all too eager to do battle against the heretics: there is great anxiety about foundations being shaken. The reaction to William Kunstler is to move to discredit him. Weparsed him for his embattled and suspicious radicalism and psychoanalyzed him for his liberating independence. The legal establishment castigates Kunstler for dramatic outbursts in the courtroom and with smug hypocrisy praises Melvin Belli for antics in personal injury victories.

The crucial objection raised by my profession is not one of style and embellishment, but goes to the "revolutionary" substance of the issues. To represent the indigent and oppressed is perceived as going against the grain of an industrial America. We do not praise Kunstler's humane concern for American Indians and the like. We chastise his public image and attention getting tactics instead of looking out at the faults of the system which do not protect the have-nots — be they black and Chicano farmworkers, or students and organizers who support boycotts and demonstrations.

And then there are those who work outside the legal priesthood, those who have resigned themselves to stay spiritually alive and true to their personal values. Frederick Wiseman, a lawyer by training is a documentary filmmaker who brandishes the human spirit before our eyes.

Wiseman entered practice after graduating from law school but he soon began noticing and questioning where the clients came from, why the sounds of the ghettos did not ring like police (nor himself) as defenders of their individual liberties, and how no one cared. "Apparently these visits and others to similar places 'traumatized' Mr. Wiseman," writes psychiatrist and social critic Robert Coles. He began to lose interest in the law. "Wiseman gave up the opportunity of being a 'normal self-respecting lawyer' to produce be too self-righteous and moralistic about the human condition. (Robert Coles suggests that such fancies are an occupational hazard for those who tackle deeply imbedded problems first-hand.) What needs to be remembered is that there are men abused who ought not be abused, and women oppressed who ought not be oppressed. We need not travel far to see such suffering; pain can be found in each field where crews of farmworkers stoop to reap our crops.

It took days to convince a young, grimacing black man to come with me to a local hospital to have his broken ankle set. For three full days he labored, hobbling about chopping cabbage to earn money for food. Only when it began to rain would he go to equality and justice the new faith. de Tocqueville observed that our capitalist democracy made social problems legal problems. I argue that we have shown a clear propensity to believe that law will solve all our problems — indeed, even in failure we respond with new laws as the cure. We cannot now claim limits to the law upon white, captive or convenience.

If one does excuse the law for its shortcomings, there can be no forgiveness for non-enforcement of legislation that has been enacted. For the 10,000 migrant workers in North Carolina a reasonably tolerable picture of prosecu- tion could be joined by enforcement of the existing judicial and administra- tive decisions. The picture is, unfortunately, a mirage. The power of

Despite all our efforts to establish fine degrees of justice and even finer degrees of fairness, we fail.

get indignant while radicals get mad be true, then we need more enraged radicals like Wiseman and less liberal governments like Massachusetts.

Law is accused of any feelings of moral superiority, allow me to say I do not care whether I am called indignant, or righteous, or stubborn. One cannot not be solved by legislation or legisla- tion. Yet, the United States has em- braced a faith in the omnipotence and consequence of law and must do so at its own peril. American society those laws as the religion and lawyers as the near priesthood early on, renouncing a government of kings to proclaim achieve a semblance of fairness, we must expand equality. There must be increased appropriation to expand legal services in the rural areas, to en- courage law schools to introducing the legal problems of the poor into their curriculums. It must be made clear that (Continued on page 22)
John Moses, Jr. and William Pappas

Interview:

'I just don’t like it here'

Pappas: What is the first place you remember as a little boy?

Pappas: Have you always worked in the fields?
John Henry: No. I worked for the city of Naples, Florida picking up paper. I like farmwork better.

Moses: How did you become a migrant worker?
John Henry: I've been working on the farm ever since I retired from the job in Naples four years ago.

Moses: Is this your first time in North Carolina?
John Henry: Yes.

Moses: How do conditions in this state compare to those in Florida? Do you like the work up here or in Florida better?
John Henry: I kinda like it better near Immokolee; there's more work.

Moses: How do you like staying in this camp here? Are you provided with the things you need?
Mrs. B.: I don't like it. I'm ready to go home, but I can't.

Moses: What are the things you don't like here?
Mrs. B.: I just dislike it.

John Henry, Mrs. B., and Daisy are migrant farmworkers at the Maithis labor camp. John Henry is 63 years of age and suffers when he can work. Mrs. B. is afflicted by arthritis. Daisy left the camp shortly after this interview and returned to Florida where a worker was beaten by the camp cook. The interview was done in their house by John Moses Jr., the project photographer, and William Pappas, a law student at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. The transcript has been edited from the tape recording.
take me time." A man came and told my son not to rush to do everything he wanted to do — it looked like everyone felt this — before he goes, do anything, go anywhere — enjoy yourself. Instead of going out and enjoying himself, he went out every day the first week.

It was on the 14th of March 1967 he left. On the 16th he went to Vietnam. He wrote me the first day there: "I'm a long way from home and counting the days when I'm through. I have 16 days left." The second week they put him out picking hot rice. The 11th of April he was dead. He was picking up mines and there was one he missed. He stepped on it and it blew him up.

Then everybody’s sorry, but I was a mean person, and you can’t blame me for being mean. I guess I almost drove President Johnson crazy. I gave those people so much hell because they don’t have any right to take my son in the Army. He was the only survivor, my only son. Since then I’ve had another little boy. Soon as a kid finished school, they grab him and put him in the Army. They wrote me as nice as they could, but that wasn’t good enough for me. I wrote them the nastiest letters right back. I didn’t have nobody just four girls. I was as mean as a dog. I was mean because they had done me wrong and I wanted revenge.

The government does everything wrong. They give out all this money to the wrong parties. There are so many people starving to death — that just burns me up. Who are they? They don’t pay me any attention. Do you know how many people in the United States are hungry?

Pappas: Five million.

Daisy: They put the money in the wrong place. What have they done with the money? Millions of dollars go to these organizations in Florida, but what have they done? There is nobody that cares.

Pappas: Do you think a youth training program might help some of the teenagers get other jobs?

Daisy: Right, right! They don’t like to work in the fields.

Moses: The law provides for running hot and cold water — supposedly, and showers.

Daisy: I know.

Moses: What do you think would happen if you went to Mr. Mathis and asked him to put a shower in?

Daisy: I don’t know, but I’ll try.

Moses: Miss B., have you ever said anything to anyone here about the lack of hot water and showers?

Mrs. B.: What’s the use? It wouldn’t do no good. Those farmers care no more about us even than we care about those dogs outside. We feel them every day.

Daisy: You’re just out there waiting on them. This farmer has more work to do than anybody around here on this camp.

Pappas: Just out of curiosity, how many hours a week do you work?

Daisy: Well, if you start at six a.m. in the morning and you get through at six p.m., with a half an hour for lunch, and we have to ride to Warsaw which is half an hour away — you know that isn’t fair no way, we’re still working for him and not getting paid. If I have to get on his bus and go to another field that’s his responsibility. It’s our time, we shouldn’t be paid for it.

Pappas: So how much do you think you make a week.

About $80 a week. I try to make a little extra money by piece work. You got to work from six in the morning until six at night to make anything. And those are long hours to work.

Two days later we spoke with the farmer and explained to him the need for hot running water and shower facilities, especially for Mrs. B. and John Henry, who were old and arthritic. That day he had a hot water tank installed and shower built.

After much haranguing on our part with the Migrant and Seasonal Farmworkers Association in Roebuck, North Carolina, Mrs. B. and John Henry were sent home to Hinsdale.
I was working in the potato shed yesterday underneath the grader pickin' up potatoes that had fallen to the floor when one of the fellas hollered out my name. I raised up real fast like. Next thing I know I got hit in the middle of my back. A spike that is underneath the conveyor belt — sort of like an ice pick about two inches long — hit me about an inch away from my spine. I was lucky. I got hit and just stuck my hands straight out. Then I lost all the feelin' in my hands, can't grasp anything. I still can't grip a fist very strongly. That's when I got worried.

Mula suerto. "There was Bernanos was stabbed in the back, he was bleeding to death. Someone called the ambulance for supper. She just stabbed him. He had turned away from her. Someone called the sheriff — would have hit him. The sheriff sure had a lot to say, said she had better not get caught in this county again, or else he wouldn't have time for her, too. Sure has been stabbin' around this camp here all the time, leanin' against the trees keep thinkin' that the next time take everyone in. Still, now..."
— I am a Negro.
— No, you're a nigger, a motherfucking nigger.
— Don't call me a nigger, I ain't no nigger, you're the nigger.
— We're all niggers here.

There was some excitement here last night; he bled all yesterday afternoon 'til he couldn't get out of bed. He bled all yesterday afternoon 'til he couldn't get out of bed. They told the sheriff he must take him in bed, and she just took her cabbage out of bed again if he hadn't caught her arm. The sheriff told her that used to say. He took her aside and told her that she has been a hell of a lot of cuttin' and harm this summer. Sheriff hangs out around us against the screen door and smiles at us. Next time he comes out here he's going to arrest nobody's been arrested yet.
You know if you don’t want to help me, why don’t you say so and leave me alone. You ain’t done no good for any of the people here. You just come here and look around, but don’t do anything to help.
Dorcas Vice-Presidential candidate Walter Mondale asserted, "The migrant camp is a microcosm of nearly every social ill, every injustice and everything shameful in our society: poverty almost beyond belief; rampant disease and malnutrition; racism, filth and separatism; children brought into the world without love; i
The Agenda for Change
Policy and Migrants

What is possible? Is it reasonable to hope that the circumstances of migrant life can be improved by new laws or new programs or new government money? Some specific answers, some tentative strategic judgments, can be offered in response to these questions. The studies and recommendations here may seem anemic in the face of the imponderables at which they are aimed; social problems can often be described in more vivid rhetoric than can their remedies.

This last point seems worth further comment. The fact that migrants live the average, twenty years less than the rest of us, that often they are cheated, and sometimes beaten by bosses, leaders or employers, that they are forced to live in filth, that they are denied the most elementary civil rights, these are all examples of government indifference. The existence of such conditions in our political system must count heavily in any assessment of its, of our, progress or deviance.

In the face of this indifference, it must be said that the cry for justice or humanity is too often ignored, will most likely be drowned by the prosaic instrumentalism of money. The misery, the powerlessness, and the subjugation of these men and women can best be cared for or alleviated by finding ways to raise their standard of living. The migrants need more of life’s material goods — food, clothing and housing. They need to be free from the fear that what little they have will be taken from them. Raising incomes is the surest way these ends can be attained.

Policies and programs that can alter the conditions of migrant life and labor are available. How easily they can be adopted, however, depends partly on the elections of the coming week.

A Carter-Mondale victory would bring substantial positive change. Mondale has been, for a long time, the migrants’ friend. He is, for a member of the United Farm Workers union has met with only moderate success. The rest of America’s migrants are still dependent on government action for improvements in their lives, and securing changes in federal and state policy will require substantial and well-organized political work by those who choose to be allies of the migrant workers.

For students and others here at Duke and elsewhere, who care about these people, questions of policy and strategy need to be answered. What will make a difference.

Bruce L. Payne is a lecturer in the Institute of Policy Sciences and Public Affairs; he was co-director of the Duke migrant project this summer.

A Carter-Mondale victory would bring substantial positive change. Policies and programs can alter the conditions of migrant life.
Journal:
Angry thoughts

Mr. and Mrs. Crewleader.

Mr. and Mrs. Evans go to the store, buy groceries, and then go to the movies. They are always very happy and content.

Mr. Evans goes home to take a nap, while Mrs. Evans goes to her office to work. She is very busy and has a lot of work to do.

Mr. Evans wakes up and goes for a walk in the park. He always enjoys a good walk, especially on a nice day.

Mrs. Evans finishes her work and goes home to have dinner with her husband. They have a nice dinner together and then go to bed.

The next day, Mr. Evans goes to work as usual, while Mrs. Evans stays at home to take care of the house.

The couple is very happy and content, and they spend every day doing things they enjoy.

(Continued on page 99)
La Sandra is a migrant laborer. She works in the fields of North Carolina and Georgia, north of the East coast where there is work available. Because of the nature of the job, she can't be married or have children, which she says is hard or everywhere she has been. She's been in some places. And sometimes it's so hard it's hard for them to be there at all.

I asked a little bit about La Sandra. She is almost thirty. Her hands are hard, and her legs are stout — like carrots. Yet she is graceful and dainty along, punctuated her conversation with sharp, humorous gestures as she moves.

La Sandra talks as easy, smooth, and steady as the tire tracks that cut through her yard, in her belly — and belly first she amends over to the car and精品 in the dim reflection of the side window, telling stories about herself, her two children, and Michael and picking out kinks here recently blemished the color of honey.

"Michael — he's the only chile in this camp. In a way it's good for him. It's learning to be a man on thirty acres and uncle's living in the same house. They all treat him real good. That chile spoil. They allow him. And he never have to worry about him, where he is or if he's gotten enough or being mistreated. They all are so good to my baby. They treat him right. But sometimes I do wish he had some other chile his age to play with. He needs to be around other children. He needs to learn how to play children's games, to be a chile while he can."

The expressions on his face are just too serious for a two-year-old. He practically a baby yet he all the time talking to me how growed up he is. He independent of his self, looking out for his self, putting things on his shoes... He get's shy, too. He a trick chile sometimes. Smart children are. An' they teach him things, too, when they tease him. I teach him how to be shy like the devil. He tricked me before. "Mama," he says, "Let's get some ice cream. So I took him down and got us ice cream, two different kinds — one for him and one for me. I asked him if he could trade bites and he nodded his head so I gave him a bite of mine. Then I asked him if he could have a bite of his ice cream, and the chile wouldn't give me none! He told me just as pert, 'You get your own. You can't have none of mine. And he said he had to have his. And me his mama, too! But that chile — he a survivor. I don't specially like him to be that way, but he'll survive. They reach him that in this camp — to survive them everything.

"Michael — he's always picking up pennies, too, hoarding his money. I don't even know where he hides it. He's a smart boy!

Robin McDonald spent four weeks in Carteret County, North Carolina alongside a field representative of the Migrant and Seasonal Farmworkers Association. During this time, she met La Sandra.

La Sandra loves to talk, and she wishes from subject to subject without pause, shaping ideas, images, sensibility, and sensiveness into fluid, easy conversation.

"I went to high school. And sometimes I wish that I'd done to well in school, too. I think about it sometimes — what it would be like to go to school, get a good job. I guess I could have, too. I was lucky. My parents could have afforded it. But so many black kids — they don't have the OPPORTUNITIES. They don't come from nice homes, and they don't have anyone to take care of them. They grow up on the bottom, and they stay on the bottom all their lives. You all don't know what it's like to be on the bottom. You can't... It's no way to live.

Robin McDonald sent four weeks in Carteret County, North Carolina alongside a field representative of the Migrant and Seasonal Farmworkers Association. During this time, she met La Sandra.

Their lives. All you don't know what it's like to be on the bottom. You can't... It's no way to live. You all don't know. And you all won't ever be on the bottom. Some folks say that a lot of black kids get the disadvantage to go to school, get a job. But what good does it do to go to school, or, when you get out, you're still on the bottom. And you can't even get the job you want — one that you've worked for. It's just like growing up in a farm, no way to learn.
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The Migrant Seasonal Farmworkers Assoc: From social work to bureaucracy

By Robin McDonald

The Migrant and Seasonal Farmworkers' Association (MSFA) is a semi-private organization funded through the Department of Labor for the purpose of providing services to migrant farm laborers. Such services include day care, transportation to and from health clinics, and the provision of emergency funds in the event of illness, injury, or death.

The organization was chartered in 1969 and placed under the jurisdiction of the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO). In that capacity, the MSFA received funding designated for such needs as health care, emergency food, and labor and program funds are open to competition. However, individuals within the organization, such as outreach workers, are often constrained by the multitude of regulations imposed by the Department of Labor. Each year, the Department assigns more paperwork to these staff members working with welfare services. In so doing, the MSFA makes it clear that workers are primarily a manpower-oriented, rather than a socially oriented organization. One outreach worker complained, "I can either go out in the field, register these people so we can start helping them, take them the services they need and set up the paperwork on my belt, or I can sit back here in my office, be a good little bureaucrat, and fill out all these forms each day in triplicate. I can't do both. And to me the migrants are more important. The Department of Labor can take care of itself."

The established MSFA offices in the state (as opposed to the single outreach worker operations) are involved to a larger degree in job counseling and in removing migrants from the system. The MSFA has a training center in Rich Square, North Carolina that serves as a halfway point for migrant families to learn new vocational skills and to be trained for industrial jobs. The question remains, "Is the job training program concerned with removing the migrants from the stream successfully?" MSFA statistics show that 50 percent of those trained at Rich Square return to the farms. This fact, however, does not negate the necessity of MSFA. It remains the only large organization that is effectively providing aid to migrants through the Department of Labor. By order of Congress, local government agencies are required to provide services to migrant workers, but are often inactive because of prejudice and local conflict of interest.
What were we doing out there?

Amy Armitage

The black social worker said, "You want to learn about migrants? My boss says I got to take you with me into the camps. But they start shootin' and I ain't got to wait for you. I got five kids to worry about, so I'll be jumpin' in my car and radin' off with or without you." Everybody in the Migrant Seasonal Farmworkers Association office laughed including myself and the woman who had spoken.

What were we doing out there? We were expecting to be social activists, concerned and impassioned, expecting to share our concern and receive the positive rewards of our moral behavior in helping the people we had learned were powerless and culturally disadvantaged. But instead, we became frustrated with the smallness of our efforts. We felt fear, solitude and confusion. Even now I question myself, feeling too shallow, unable to deal with the central questions of the exploitation and oppression of human beings. Maybe James Agee could tell you about poverty, or Robert Coles, for he has spent years traveling with the migrant people.

But we did touch lives out there, and they touched us. We felt, we learned, we grew, and we want to tell you what's out there.

I met many older migrant workers. Still desiring to feel useful, the older migrant worker is asked to work up to eleven hours in the hot summer sun for his small pay and shabby housing. He works often with pain from work injuries, with bad backs and injured feet. He lives with diseases like tuberculosis, arthritis brought about by backpacking on damp and filthy mattresses. He receives little money or respect for his labor, or aid for his mental and physical pain, finding solace instead in a bottle of wine.

"But we have health services for the migrants," local officials would say. In consequence I took a woman of 60 years to a crowded clinic where health services were supposedly available.

"What's wrong?" asked the nurse.

"I've got a pain in my stomach," said the woman.

"You still eating?" asked the nurse. "Looks like you're eating all right," and she patted the woman's stomach.

"Yes, I eat O.K.," said the woman looking away from the nurse.

"Well then," said the nurse turning to me, "She couldn't be too sick if she still can eat.

We walked out of the clinic, the woman said nothing for a few moments, then, "She don't know nothin', I'm goin' to a private doctor."

I saw the woman only once again when I revisited her camp. She could barely talk, her eyes glassy red, her breath stinking of wine, but I understood her thanking me, grabbing my arm, holding me, and telling me she really appreciated people helping her. She never would see a private doctor, nor did I really help her.

We were also told, "We have social security to help our old people in this country." But what is the reality of the social security system for the older migrant worker? Sometimes he checks goes face down and into the pocket of the croweder for money "owed." But most times the check is never received at all. It goes to general deliveries in Dunn and Benson post offices, but it is returned when the migrant is unable to leave the camp, or his work, or his health. He is forgotten that is exciting.

I drove a number of migrants to the post office to pick up their checks. Two of the migrants left their camps directly after receiving their checks. The checks provided those with the economic freedom to choose the camp they would live in and the croweder with whom they would work. Yet, when I returned to the government office set up to serve agricultural workers, I was told that the croweder was furious with me for "stealing their workers." I had been warned often of that my actions might jeopardize the delicate peace that the organization had with the growers and croweder, a peace they felt essential for their own functioning. The issue of freedom for the migrant worker was not merely one of opening opportunities. The problem of freeing the migrant from his economic and often social bondage goes beyond the mere sending or receiving of a government check, as does giving migrant health care by merely allocating a few limited funds for setting up a health care clinic.

Then there were the mothers and the children we came to know. One woman I remember especially as she led her African baby to North Carolina because her friends were here and to support her live children. There were days when she refused to work for the two dollars an hour wage offered her by the grower and croweder. Eventually she was forced to send her children home to Florida after the night one was nearly hit in the head with a beer bottle.

Most of the children are not sold. We meet children in the day care centers who have traveled with the stream most of their lives could not communicate their frustration, who sat listening with glazed eyes or who hit out at the other children. We questioned the benefits of government grants for education when the child receiving that education still lived in a garbage strewn and overcrowded labor camp where the people drink, fight brutally, and lead desperate lives because they have never been respectably trained, and rarely have been able to earn decent wages. They are alienated by fear and subjection in our society.

I remember my encounter with the grower and owner of one camp. The camp was what may be termed a "good" one, with an indoor shower and bathroom, and a croweder who neither shot or beat the migrants.

"You," he screamed at me, blocking the car of the social worker I rode with, "did I give you permission to come on my land? You people come in here and lie and stir up my people. They don't need your help. The government told me to keep you people off my land! So get out! Off of my land or you'll find real trouble!"

Then I was avoiding out of the camp I heard the talk of the social worker say, "We people were better off in slavery. No dignity, no respect. At least then we were close to God. He was right there with us. Now we're losing Him. We need Him to get through. Even you need Him and you don't know it."

I went to her church several times, a two door garage with peeling paint tucked off the street in a black section of town. I saw the "poor" scream out for Jesus, and a minister who wanted more money for a larger church. Then I remember the two women who came up and kissed me and blessed me, and I remember being angry and confused just trying to understand.
Hunting regulations

(Continued from page 9)

non-enforcement of local, state and federal laws, designed to protect farm workers who go unheard, is criminal and punishable.

These are policy solutions, but no mere patchwork or ameliorative tuning of the laws, courts and government will suffice. Despite all our efforts to establish finer degrees of justice and even finer degrees of equality, we fail. We fail because of our distorted outlook, by looking toward mechanisms, and procedures and ignoring to challenge the men and women who practice them. We fail out of our collective short-sightedness and personal self-interest.

We have become too objective and depersonalized. In serving our clients lawyers have given up the worries, fears and pain of people. Instead, we have substituted service (with a dozen

other lawyers) to a corporate entity which shields liabilities, fees profits, and issues stock offerings. The legal profession must be willing to go out and see people in their environments rather than sit endlessly in leather chairs drafting corporate documents. Exposure to something we all wish to forget but cannot forget will mean anxiety over one’s place, continued pressure over one’s assumptions, and struggle.

But it is important to feel uneasy, to turn ourselves on with poignant questioning; it is a part of living. Father Berrigan urges professionals to move their lives “to the edge,” near a point of “shared jeopardty” with those who really know poverty and ostracism.

Clarence Darrow, an outspoken lawyer in his own time, declared—our responsibility is to “stand with the hunted.”

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A crucial problem:  
Food stamp certification

Despite the fact that various county food stamp operations throughout the state of North Carolina are run quite differently, and vary widely in the provisions of services to migrant workers, the administrators of these programs insist — We operate the same as anyone else. All the agencies work the same; we all follow the same federal regulations.

Upon close scrutiny, one discovers that local decision-making regarding the hours during which food stamps are sold, the necessity for appointments in order to apply for food stamps, the existence of emergency food programs, and the availability of food stamp transfers are purely arbitrary and often hamper the ability of the migrant worker to obtain food stamps for which he qualifies.

The ability to obtain food stamp transfers is crucial to migrants. If an interstate or intercounty transfer can be obtained, a migrant need not reappraise each time he changes location within the working stream. Reappraisals force a migrant to wait three days before the impoverished man obtains needed food vouchers.

For a program whose administrators insist they operate just like everyone else, none evidence is single understanding of the transfer procedure. For instance, social workers in Carteret County said that interstate transfers are available. But the process is lengthy and the migrant is required to struggle with additional applications. On the other hand, migrants do not need to reapply for intercounty transfers. These are easily available.

In Pasquotank County, a government employee stated that an interstate transfer could be initiated only if the migrant asked for one. No service existed to provide that information to migrant workers. A food stamp representative in Washington County flatly insisted, "There are no interstate transfers. Regular income also prevents migrants from receiving intercounty transfers."

Transfers, if an agency is aware of their existence, are often more difficult to obtain because one is a migrant worker. The Wilson County Food Stamp Division makes such a distinction. "If migrants are certified for three months, they are entitled to interstate transfers. But we know that they will be moving on, so we only certify migrants for one month. It takes more paperwork to do a transfer than to certify the migrants for only one month at a time."

Thus, transfers are never issued.

In still another county, migrants are told they must reapply for food stamps each county and in each state. One can obtain a transfer only if one is moving to a permanent address.

As designed by the various counties throughout the state, the application procedure hinders the migrant's ability to obtain food stamps. Migrants arrive in a locale with neither food nor funds, and often cannot begin work immediately because migrant labor is of a transient nature, both the rapidity of the applicant's process and the times they may apply become crucial to their success in obtaining food stamps. Some agencies require appointments before a migrant may apply; others require appointments to review applications. Still others require no appointments at all.

In Hyde County, for example, migrants with proper information may apply and receive food stamp certification on the same day. According to the director of the Food Stamp Division, "Migrants must have appointments in order to apply for food stamps. The office is usually booked up for a week or two."

Therefore, cards are placed in a pending file until the social worker assigned to the job has time to investigate and verify the information. Certification cards are mailed out within a week or ten days after the information is verified, but regulations stipulate that there is a maximum of thirty days and sometimes it takes that long. In case of dire emergencies, food stamps can be provided immediately, but this throws a wrench in the smooth running of social services.

Time is a factor in actually obtaining the food stamps. Post offices (where most counties distribute the stamps) usually make food stamps available from about 9:00-12:00 and 1:00-3:00. These times are peak work times, and it is difficult for a migrant laborer to get to town during these hours. Some post offices do not distribute stamps after the twelfth of each month, creating additional difficulties for migrants in need of food.

The amount of information required for application and the process by which that information is verified varies from county to county. Verification, in particular, creates nearly insurmountable difficulties for migrant workers. Existing records of past income and expenses are incomplete or inaccurate. Employers frequently push workers in order to avoid keeping proper social security and income tax records, and in some cases to avoid complying with minimum wage, child labor, and other laws.

Some counties require only a statement of income and tax deductions. Others require a statement of projected income that must be verified by the farmer as well as proof that the migrant is a U.S. citizen or lawful alien. Some food stamp divisions work on the basis of referral alone, receiving verification from and processing only those recommended by the local Economic Improvement Council of the Migrant and Seasonal Farmworkers Association. Other counties require certification of migration in both farmer and broker/insurer.

A few states have no verification if it is not readily available and will certify migrants lacking adequate information for two-week intervals. Other agencies will not provide assistance without proper information, and express the general feeling that, "We don't want the migrants to pull anything over on us."

Finally, eligibility requirements are defined differently in each county — again, despite general assurance that all counties operate alike. Most counties do not have a residency requirement. The majority of counties define household, cooking facilities, and individual storage differently. In one county, migrants are ineligible if they have no place to prepare food or if they have no place to stay. Food stamps are given only to families units living apart.

In another county, several families may live in one house, cook and eat together, and be classified as one economic unit that is eligible for food stamps. The families must, however, purchase and store food separately. There are other instances when migrants eligible for food stamps are grouped in arbitrary units of ten to fifteen. One migrant is arbitrarily designated the head of the household, and all the migrants pool their funds to pay for the purchase of food stamps.

The situation found in North Carolina is representative of what is to be found in other states. In the administration of the food stamp program to migrants, regulations are contradictory and arbitrary. They are sometimes helpful but more often discriminatory. As the head of the North Carolina State Nutrition Service described it, "You're in North Carolina: you're dealing with one hundred very independent counties."
SPECTRUM POLICY:
Events meeting, and other announcements may be placed in SPECTRUM, provided that the following rules are followed. All items which are to be run in SPECTRUM must be typed and limited to 30 words. Do NOT type item in all capital letters. Item must be submitted before 8 a.m., the day before they are run, and should be run only the day before and the day of the event. Failure to comply with the above will result in the item not being run, and no event which charges admission will be allowed.

TODAY
Robert Binkley, Binkley Bakery will be on the Entertainers War Bond drive at 9:30 a.m. at the Stock-N-Carve Restaurant. 
Duke University Parish Ministries is at all mass 7:30 a.m. to 10:15 a.m. in the Chapel. Attendees must be a member of the Church.

ATTENTION HISTORY MAJORS: Meeting of all members on Fri., February 12th at 7 p.m. in-room 101. Come and share your thoughts on the future of history.

FOOD:
There will be a meeting of the committee for the advancement of youth in the food service field. Meet on Mon., March 15th at 7 p.m. in room 101. Youth members welcome. An invite is cordially至 -- call 532-7767.

ANNOUNCEMENTS
SOMETHING Tuesdays & Wednesdays during Winter Special. Sundays, large pitches, 6:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. Includes hot dogs.

FOR SALE
SOMETHING Tuesdays & Wednesdays during Winter Special. Sundays, large pitches, 6:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. Includes hot dogs.

HELP WANTED
SOMETHING Tuesdays & Wednesdays during Winter Special. Sundays, large pitches, 6:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. Includes hot dogs.

LUMBER:
SOMETHING Tuesdays & Wednesdays during Winter Special. Sundays, large pitches, 6:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. Includes hot dogs.

STUDENTS:
SOMETHING Tuesdays & Wednesdays during Winter Special. Sundays, large pitches, 6:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. Includes hot dogs.

CARS:
SOMETHING Tuesdays & Wednesdays during Winter Special. Sundays, large pitches, 6:00 a.m. to 9:00 a.m. Includes hot dogs.

THE DAILY CROSSWORD
by Jack Lazzaro

ACROSS
1. Long-lived horsefly 26. Not so patient
2. Modified sp. 27. Coal
4. Rash and redness 29. Wear away
5. Fragrant 30. For one, a riding saddle
6. Concorde, for one, is a 31. For one, the most expensive car
7. Sorry! 32. Stupor
8. Mars 33. Bottom of the cup
9. Ger. title 34. Curb your enthusiasm
10. Light night flight 35. 7:00

DOWN
1. Treasury 1. Duty
2. Oatmeal 2. How do you spell it?
3. The high sky 3. Another word for 9
4. Dinary, poor devil 4. For one, it's not
5. Perfect scores 5. For one, it's not
6. Goon-eyed 6. For one, it's not
7. Wholly 7. For one, it's not
8. Mitron 8. For one, it's not
9. 10. For one, it's not
10. Thoroughly 10. For one, it's not
11. Thoroughly 11. For one, it's not
12. Hazard of long plane trip 12. For one, it's not
13. Very, very 13. For one, it's not
14. 14. For one, it's not
15. Browning 15. For one, it's not
16. 16. For one, it's not
17. Dress 17. For one, it's not
18. 18. For one, it's not
19. Land 19. For one, it's not
20. 20. For one, it's not
21. 21. For one, it's not
22. 22. For one, it's not
23. 23. For one, it's not
24. 24. For one, it's not
25. 25. For one, it's not
26. 26. For one, it's not
27. 27. For one, it's not
28. 28. For one, it's not
29. 29. For one, it's not
30. 30. For one, it's not
31. 31. For one, it's not
32. 32. For one, it's not
33. 33. For one, it's not
34. 34. For one, it's not
35. 35. For one, it's not

* This is a partial listing of the crossword puzzle. The full puzzle can be found in the daily newspaper.