

**UFW DOCUMENTATION PROJECT  
ONLINE DISCUSSION  
August 2004**

**Alberto Escalante, 8/1/04**

**RE: Another Story**

Hi,

I have no Boycott stories to report since I never went on the Boycott. But I did go to the San Jose Boycott house for the Prop. 14 signature drive. San Jose was the ideal location for me since during the summer of 1976 my sister had gone on a 2 month vacation to Mexico and essentially let me use her house as a place where the less urbane of us on the Prop. 14 campaign could stay and hang out before and after a long day collecting enough signatures to qualify for the November Ballot. Those of you who know my sister also know of her long and dedicated commitment for social justice and equitable change. So moving a bunch of farm workers & vato locos into her house for the intense month or so Proposition 14 campaign was a "normal" thing for her. And, being that we were at a neutral "safe house" as opposed the San Jose Boycott House where everyone there seemed to be living too much in the public eye. Which was the main reason that my sister house was just great as far as my wonderful Prop. 14 farmworker housemates were concerned. Another point of contention was that the majority of those at the San Jose Boycott house were vegetarians ala CEC and many others at that time. So the wafting aroma of chorizo y huevos in the morning wasn't something that the other residents of the S. J. Boycott House would exactly appreciate, and especially if it was the greasy pork variety considered by many to be the most tasty of all of the spicy Mexican sausages. Also since most of these same campesinos had a marked propensity for drinking enormous amounts of Budweiser (do you think the name "Budweiser" would qualify as an oxymoron?) the sight of 4 or 5 cases of empty beer cans and cigarette butts wasn't normally seen as part of the normal Boycott house morning trash (remember this was before recycling was a normal thing to do)...Nor were the Campesinos much for doing Tai Chi or yoga, although they knew Cesar normally practiced his own type of Hatha yoga ( I don't know if he was into Kriya or Kundalini Pranayama...) So the house that my sister had so generously turned over for us to use as an annex to the San Jose Boycott House was greatly appreciated. Even Fred Ross, Sr. gave it his blessing saying that it would probably be a better environment and allow the farmworker in the group (I believe there was about 6 of us) plus what ever "volunteers" we were able to organize. One being San Jose Vato Loco numero uno Luis "Louie" Mendoza a friend of mine from my "East San Jo" daze hanging out in the Tully and Story Rd. East End area. One day when we were out collecting firmas (signatures) at a Shopping Mall somewhere, I can't remember where but, it was in the South Bay somewhere. When Louie Mendoza stopped by to help us out. He had just gotten off work and had stopped by before going home and after an hour or two he said he was going to my car to lay down and rest for awhile.. Which he did and was soon fast sleep...When who just happened to stop by and analyze our group and it's effectiveness or lack thereof...One thing about Fred he wasn't one to hold back his criticism and displeasure if he felt something wasn't a proper organizing technique or was a counterproductive situation. So I knew something was up as he walked towards me with that long stride of his. When he reached the table we had set up for extra petitions and supplies like pencils and clipboards, buttons, bumper stickers, etc. First he cleared his voice.. "Hrrruummmph.. Mr. Escalante, would you mind telling me WHY one of your sign up crew is sound asleep in the back of your Union car?" "Oh, that's just Louie Mendoza..." Before I could completely answer him he cut me off (something Fred rarely did,.. with me anyway) "Oh, EXCUSE ME! What is Mr. Mendoza doing sleeping in the "%&#@\* " car, when he should be gathering signatures don't you realize that we've only got a couple more days left!" Followed by a paraphrase of his famous line "If I don't see him out here signing people up I want to see him going home!" ("I either see your hands writing or your a\_\_ (feet) leaving..") Finally though I had to tell him Louie was only a supporter not and not one of the full time Prop.14 signature gatherers. (I think we did have badges identifying us as UFW Prop 14 petition gatherers) But off Fred went and two minutes later he came back with Louie who Fred had really done a complete "Ahora es

Cuando!" organizing job on because Louie scolded me by saying "Hey, sucker why didn't you tell me the WE'RE almost out of the time allowed to gather enough signatures to qualify for the election ?..Give me my Petition!" "Thanks, Fred for letting me know about the deadline, tommorrow I'm going to bring a couple of other people with me!" That Fred Ross, Sr. definitely had an affinity with Vato Locos from East San Jose! And they also liked that tall thin gabacho que Hablaba el "mero mero" with them, too!

Hasta luego...

Alberto Escalante

### **Hope Lopez Fierro, 8/1/04**

#### **RE: the forgotten heroes**

\* \* \*

#### **IN MEMORIAM:**

We just lost a very brave lady from Parlier. I am referring to Eulalia [Lala] Escutia. Lala died in Fresno last week. Her husband Roberto was in charge of the Parlier office, but Lala also served up in La Paz in whatever multiple skills she had to offer.

I met Lala, as a Peregrina, during the March to Sacramento after Cesar's death. I was the nurse on the first aid van that year. Even though Lala had unstable diabetes, she insisted on marching most of the way. I checked her feet @ one point and noted that her feet were grossly blistered. This is serious, for diabetics just do not heal well @ all. I spoke to Arturo Rodriguez and alerted him to the fact that Lala should not be marching.

Arturo assigned Lala to pass out the water to the marchers, and ordered her to stop marching. I remember she would stand in front of the water table, passing the water out and she would sing out, "Agua, agua, le pido a mi Dios....." and she would continue the verse which I am sorry to say I cannot remember, but she was so lively, so energetic, so positive, so full of the that huelga vim and vinegar that made the Huelga women, Women of Substance.

When no one was looking, Lala would drop the water caper, and sneak back on the marching line. She would not be deterred from her course, to march all the way to Sacramento, the hell with her blisters, and metabolic disorder.

Lala, like many of her counterparts, farmworkers, huelgistas, mujeres valientes never made it to the six o'clock news, or the headlines, even in the Union news papers. La familia may be the only ones who sensed the commitment and love these ladies offered to the Union

Que descanse en paz, Eulalia – Lala - Escutia.

hope lopez – 66-74

I'm sure you met many like valientes in the huelga, boycott, and La Causa in general

### **Daneen Montoya, 8/2/04**

#### **RE: The Re-Union**

Alberto...I don't know if we've ever met...I want to thank you for expressing the joy of your reunion with your friend. This past weekend I had the same sort of experience when my friend Kathy Smoot (formerly Olguin) came to visit me here in Milpitas. 31 years ago we were next door bungalow neighbors at LaPaz when only a handful of us lived there (a year before everyone else came to live there).

When we saw each other at the Bart station where I went to pick up Kathy...well I can't begin to describe the joy we both felt...there just aren't any words...It was as if so much time had never passed. We spent our time together reviewing old experiences and filling in gaps we had always wondered about and laughing and hugging...

As each of us reconnect, the joy in finding one another again is something those outside of this documentation project will in all likelihood will never be privileged to experience. Your comment "I just know that its wonderful and real.. and I'm truly blessed to have such a great extended family of Brothers and Sisters!" validates exactly what Kathy and I experienced this weekend.

We plan to meet again in a couple of weeks and expand our little reunion circle to include her husband, Kathy Murguia, Susan Drake and at some point my dear Friend Gloria Soto.

The documentation project and the resulting small reunions like ours reminds me of the Robert Kennedy quote about expanding concentric circles...his words certainly apply here. See what you've started LeRoy? What wonderful and diverse things are happening as a result of your stone toss (the doc. project) and the concentric circles of dialogue that have resulted. I for one am grateful for your efforts.

Daneen Montoya  
San Jose/ LaPaz  
1968-1973

**Carlos LeGerrette, 8/2/04**

**RE: the forgotten heroes**

Hope Fierro brought forth a beautiful message in her recognition of the passing of Eulalia (Lala) Escutia. And, the Documentation Project now provides a very effective vehicle of communication that fills a decades-old void. Expanding on Hope's message, I offer the following.

Linda and I have been somewhat successful in continuing our relationship with many former UFW volunteers. It was in San Francisco some years back when I made my regular phone call to one of the Union's original computer programmers, Fred Patch, only to be told of his passing. Linda and I discussed at length how unfortunate it was that there was no organized way to communicate messages to the full group. Those days are over.

Thank you, LeRoy, for the Documentation Project, and, thank you Hope for your very respectful notice of Eulalia (Lala) Escutia.

PS For those of us who lived in La Paz, remember Peter Patch and how many times we would call Fred, Peter? I suspect it was the similar nature of the names. Peter Patch was Fred's dog.

Carlos LeGerrette  
1966-1978

**Jackie (Brown) Davis, 8/2/04**

**RE: the forgotten heroes**

Peter Patch was the father of our dog's puppies. I still have the pictures of Peter and their cute offspring! Since there was such a ruckus about uncontrolled dogs at La Paz during this time, I was more than a little upset about their mating, even if I adored the puppies and the process (remember, I was 19 years old). I so didn't want anyone to get any more upset with the dog owners than they were. I have since learned that there is a way to make sure that this doesn't happen!

Thanks for the info about Fred and his passing, Carlos.

Jackie Davis  
1971-1974

**Graciela Martinez (Herron), 8/2/04 (1)**

**RE: MODERATOR'S VARIOUS AND SUNDRY**

I haven't submitted my essay, don't know if I ever will. I hadn't visited those memories too much until this project came along. I do know that many of the lessons learned in those early days, good or bad, have made me what I am today.

Leroy, I appreciate that you have made it possible to renew relationships and getting this together for posterity's sake. Even heated discussions have had their place in the learning process, even if for nothing more than to vent, particularly since some of us left with a sour taste in our mouths. Haven't we learned a lot? Although some of us dropped out, most of us were quiet, but like in the early days of the Huelga, we've stuck it out, come hell or high water. To me, the beauty of this is that the spirit that embodied the early days of the farmworker movement is still alive. It's because of those collective efforts that today's and future farmworkers of America can benefit from clean drinking water, individual drinking cups, bathrooms in the fields, or simply being treated as a human being. And should I pass away tomorrow, I will do so content that this was made possible by the collective efforts of many. May the Almighty bless us all and keep us safe.

**Abby Flores Rivera, 8/2/04**

**RE: Things We Remember**

Hello Everyone:

Some of you may consider this another one of those non-meaty perhaps useless contributions which cannot compare to discussions on strikes, boycotts, ALRB/ULPs, etc. It is something that struck me as missing at the Democratic Convention but that I have found missing at many other meetings as well. That, dear friends, is the *applause style* that we used at our union meetings. *They were special*. Start clapping steadily in unison increasing the tempo to reach an earsplitting finale. It was truly moving and I miss it. As the participants at the Democratic Convention clapped and chanted for speakers, I clapped along at home which is what brought this point to mind. Sometimes it is the small things we remember fondly.

sin mas, /abby/ r/d/lp p.s. Great Convention, by the way, and Go Kerry!

**Graciela Martinez (Herron), 8/2/04 (2)**

**RE: Things We Remember**

Hi, Abby! I've been at community meetings where the huelga clap has been practiced, some which I started, or some other person knowledgeable about the Huelga. I very well remember that special clap and the emotions evoked while being part and totally agree that it should be used more regularly. Hopefully the UFW principals won't want to trademark it so it can't be used outside the UFW circles. Didn't someone try to do that with "Si Se Puede", or was that just a nasty rumor?

**Hope Lopez Fierro, 8/2/04**

**RE: forgotten heroes**

Chris,

Sorry I got the message about the death of Lula Escutia to you so late. She was buried last week.

Even in this time of faster than a speeding bullet communication, our time to get on the fast train is still too slow.

Susan,

Yes. Lala Escutia is/was Magdaleno Pancho Botello's sister in law. I haven't heard from El Quijote de las Huelgas, the man with the woeful countenance.

hope lopez – 66-74

**Doug Adair, 8/3/04**

**RE: Chicano art**

In a message dated 8/2/04 . . . [Abby Flores Rivera] writes:

*p.s. Great Convention, by the way, and Go Kerry!*

Wasn't that Dolores Huerta, snuggled up against or right behind Kerry after the speech ended? To his right on the podium.... Memories of Dolores next to Bobby Kennedy in 1968... I didn't see Artie or Eliseo Medina, assume both might have been there. Dolores had endorsed Dean when it looked like he was a winner, then after he faded, Artie endorsed Kerry...But Dolores managed to be center stage...

And a great full page graphic of Dolores in the Sunday L.A. Times, Calendar section, part II. The artist is Barbara Carrasco (1999). The whole Chicano cultural revolution might have happened anyway, but the Union was certainly an inspiration on so many levels there too... We had the most immediate use for cartoonists, starting with Andy Zermeno in 1964. Andy also did beautiful art, pen and ink, graphics we (the Malcriado and Farm Worker Press) used in calendars and Christmas appeals.

Frank Ciecorka was another artist who contributed work for la Causa. He did the art for the Plan of Delano leaflet we handed out on the March to Sacramento, among other work. Frank was at Ginny Hirsch's service, is up in Humboldt now...

Chuey Campusano was a young artist from San Jose who came out on the lettuce boycott to Philadelphia in the fall of 1970, and later did beautiful murals in the bay area. I remember visiting one in the Mission District in the '70's.... Where are you now, Chuey?

In art, music, theater, we were an inspiration.

Viva la Causa,

Doug Adair, El Malcriado, 1965-1970

#### **Susan Drake, 8/3/04**

##### **RE: Chicano art**

Yes, it was Dolores at the convention--convention-al haircut and outfit even! Her smile muscles must still be aching. I had a "get out of there" nanosecond prayer for her when I remembered the night I left the jam-packed ballroom at the Ambassador Hotel a minute or two before Sirhan shot RFK. Downstairs Jan Van Pelt and I watched, with dozens of others, on TV monitors. Several volunteers in fetal position on the floor. On the stairs (fire escape?) outside the kitchen, Jim was about to come in the building to look for Cesar (who was with Helen elsewhere).

I've vowed to give 4 hours/ week to this election and hope others will consider pledging to themselves to do whatever they can. You can wear a button and talk to people in the grocery store or post office lines – doesn't need to be glamorous.

Susan Drake (1962-73)

#### **Roberto Bustos, 8/3/04**

##### **RE: Chicano art**

I too remember that terrible night, we were waiting for Kennedy to come and meet with us! we were at another room, ready to have our own victory party with Robert and the volunteers (farmworkers) who work very hard in the campaign to get out the vote on election day. he said after his victory speech he will meet with us and Cesar to thank us for all the support and help that the United Farm Workers have done for the past 6 months leading up to the election! than we heard all the commotion going on, we didn't know what was going on all we saw a lot people running, screaming, crying, than we heard on the monitors, speakers that senator Kennedy had just been shot! I was stunned, could not move all I thought was, not again, not another Kennedy! I just started crying! Roberto Bustos 1965-1972

#### **Abby Flores Rivera, 8/3/04**

**RE: Chicano art**

Hi Susan,

It was heartwarming seeing Dolores at the Convention. However, when my husband and I spotted Dolores we gasped at the same time. We both thought of that dreadful night in 1968 with Kennedy and commented aloud that we hoped this wasn't going to play out the same way. What a terrible thought to have. "Please, dear Lord, do not let this be a repeat," was my prayer. How horrible to have that reaction but it goes to show how certain powerful images get imprinted in our minds and hearts.

It brought back memories of the morning after Kennedy was shot. I went with Triny Rubio (Joey Rubio's sister) early in the morning to bring Sylvia Chavez (Delgado) with us to the Senior Breakfast at 6:00 a.m. at Delano High. I walked into Cesar's house and he was sobbing loudly in his bedroom. "We lost our friend" he repeated over and over. His strangled cries would become low then burst out loudly again. He was crying so pitifully. I also could hear Helen's soft, steady voice comforting him, "I know Cesar, I know." Sylvia looked at us with such sad eyes. We got choked-up and teary-eyed from hearing Cesar. We got out of there quickly. I felt as though I had no business being where someone was going through such agony; it felt wrong to me. That is probably why I have rarely shared this moment with others. At the Senior Breakfast I could not eat and was upset and angry that our beloved Robert Kennedy was not mentioned in the benediction much less during the program. That was a moment, more than any other, when I felt that our school system was so out of step with what was going on in our nation but especially with its poor. I could not believe that our grower supported school could be so uncompassionate. In making sense of it I all, I realized that if growers had such little compassion for its workers, why should this attitude for Kennedy be a surprise to me?

*Yes, Robert Kennedy was "our friend".* He would have done more great things for us.

VIVA KENNEDY, VIVA CESAR CHAVEZ, Y VIVA LA UNION DE TRABAJADORES CAMPESINOS. GO DEMOCRATES! GO KERRY! sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**Donna Haber Kornberg, 8/3/04**

**RE: Chicano art**

I was invited to a NOW party at the convention, at which Dolores spoke. I would like to have seen her again, but I was stopped by the ticket prices – minimum \$150!

Donna Haber Kornberg (Delano, 1966-68, London 1970-74)

**Nonie Fuller (Lomax) Graddy, 8/3/04**

**RE: the forgotten heroes**

I am sorry to hear about Fred. He was a good friend to me. I am glad you kept in touch, I always regretted losing touch with him after he moved to SF.

Nonie

Salinas, San Luis, La Paz

**Humberto Gomez, 8/4/04**

LeRoy Chatfield,

I apologize for being out of the present topic.

First of all as a farmworker I want to take the opportunity to give thanks to all the previous and present UFW Volunteers that help us to improve our lives and family lives. As a union family and with the support of all volunteers, community, religion leaders and a few good politicians under the direction of our leader Cesar Chavez, the gains and positive changes affecting the farmworkers is something that all of us should be proud of.

Secondly, I want to share with all of the participants that same as you, I will never forget the time of my life as a volunteer with the UFW and I will never change that time for nothing. As a volunteer with the UFW I did have the privilege to work with the best of the best, even that I often will disagree with them, because of my big "mouth" (which by the way I have not change) I will always respect, admire and thank all UFW Volunteers and co-workers. My time with the union not only changed my life but also my way of thinking. I don't have to kill anybody for calling me S.O.B. and the macho that came from Mexico learned to understand and to accept the fact that in the Union business the Mujeres Campesinas and Mujeres on the UFW staff "sometimes" will have more pantalones than the men, and I did have the honor and privilege to work with some of this mujeres including but not limited to Dolores Huerta, Hope Lopez, Esther Uranday, Jessica Govea, Maria Magana, Esther Padilla 'mi comadre', Barbara Macri, Maria Maddock, Connie Mendoza "also mi comadre", Cathy Murguia, y las dos mas peleoneras Cynthia and Abby and la jefa Helen Chavez.

I am sorry that I can not participate as much as I will want to on this project due to my occupation and refusal to use the computer. However, is very nice to read some of the letters from the groups, which sometimes are printed by my office administrator Monica Romero. Letters that make me go back to my original roots of commitment to improve and enhance the lives of working people in the political, economic and social factors.

"God" Bless you all.

Humberto M. Gomez  
1965-1972 (with breaks in between)  
1972-1989 (all over California)

P.S. Any previous or present UFW volunteers living in Southern California, are invited to participate this Friday August 6, 2004 at a rally against Sempra sponsored by my Union "LIUNA" and other Unions. We will assemble at Pershing Square corner of 6<sup>th</sup> and Hill in Los Angeles at 10:30 a.m. I will love to see you there. Agustin Lira will be playing for us. \* \* \* \*

### **Susan Drake, 8/8/04**

#### **RE: Review of a play about Cesar**

Julie Shannon worked really hard to write this, coming in as an admirer, not a former "insider." Sorry the formatting isn't tighter. Susan

[Reprint of review, Al Bresloff, "Let The Eagle Fly," posted July 19, 2004 at [salsachicago.com](http://salsachicago.com)].

### **Doug Adair, 8/10/04**

#### **RE: Agustin Lira**

In a message dated 8/3/04 . . . [Agustin Lira] writes:

*Hello Everyone,*

*I've had so much trouble with my computer being attacked by viruses and who knows what else. I am getting your emails, regardless of what my computer says or does. So please disregard its wailing.*

Estimado Agustin,

Great to hear from you, and I have been meaning to write back, but had computer problems of my own. Previous e-mails to you came back, "return to sender, address unknown," like the old Elvis song.

I was shocked to see the segment in Fahrenheit 9/11 about Fresno! Luckily, our tax dollars are hard at work, hiring undercover agents to infiltrate these potentially terrorist groups. Watching those folks from Fresno sitting around eating cookies, I had to worry that our nation was in danger from such people, and their devious plans for protesting the war and promoting peace!

We had quite a bit of discussion on the list serve about favorite songs and music in the movement, and your "Hasta Sacramento" got votes for "best original music"..... There was also the opinion put forth that while Luis Valdez came to Delano with the idea of the Teatro Campesino, a lot of the best music was out of your creative genius. Someone proposed that "Huelga en General" was a takeoff of a Cuban song Luis may have heard when he was in Revolutionary Cuba a few years earlier.

I think the first original song inspired by the strike was Lalo Guerrero's "Corrido de Cesar Chavez", a more traditional Mexican ballade. As I remember, Lalo Guerrero was an old time friend of Cesar and Gilbert, (from CSO days?) (and until recently lived in Palm Springs and was still performing), and after recording his Corrido, made it available for us (El Malcriado) to publicize and sell.

I was so new to the Union movement and the Mexicano culture, I guess I was taken by surprise that music was such an integral part of union meetings and picket lines. The Teatro Campesino was certainly a high point of cultural creativity set off by the farm worker movement.

I would be interested in your memories of coming to Delano, how you happened to join Luis in creating the Teatro, instead of being a field organizer or out on the boycott; and the behind the scenes process that resulted in such an amazing outpouring of music and theatre.

Viva la Causa

Doug Adair, El Malcriado, 1965-70

**Susan Drake, 8/10/04**

**RE: Paul Henggeler's family contact info**

LeRoy informed me this morning that Dr. Henggeler died of a heart attack. Those of us whom he interviewed know what a reputable, warm-hearted biographer he was. From Dr. Henggeler's department secretary I've gotten the following info: He passed away, age 49, about 3 weeks ago (and contact info below). I didn't ask if his book on Cesar was ready to publish; it was supposed to come out in September, but then I recall his most recent email a couple of months ago as saying something about a delay. At one time amazon.com listed his book as forthcoming, but in hasty search this morning, I don't see it listed (don't know title). Truly a loss to history as well as to several of us personally. Susan Drake (1962-73)

Wife: Pam Kromer (I don't recall if they have children)  
c/o Dept of History & Philosophy  
The University of Texas – Pan American  
\* \* \* \*

**LeRoy Chatfield, 8/11/04**

**RE: IN MEMORIAM: PAUL R. HENGGELER**

In Memoriam: Paul Henggeler

Professor of History, University of Texas Pan American

August 11, 2004

I never met Professor Henggeler in person or talked with him on the telephone, our only communication was by way of letter and email. He first wrote in November, 2002 asking for my cooperation by answering some of his questions about Cesar Chavez. I agreed to do so, but only in writing. For the next six months he asked pages of questions and I answered them.

It was this exchange with Professor Henggeler that laid the groundwork for the creation of the farmworker documentation project, which began in May 2003. Now, 17 months later, 180 essays have been written, several thousand emails have been exchanged and almost a thousand former farmworker movement volunteers have been identified and contacted. All of this can be traced back to the research of one young academic historian.



But now he is gone. Not yet 50-years old, he died of an apparent heart attack on July 22, 2004. What a great loss. I know nothing about him personally, except that he was married. I know from our correspondence that he has spent the past five years of his life researching and writing about, "Cesar Chavez's leadership of the farmworkers movement."

In one of my last communications with Paul, he wrote, "Hi, LeRoy: I can't thank you enough for the CD-ROM (the essays) and your decision to get folks talking about their experiences in the UFW before it all evaporates."

For my part, I cannot thank Paul enough for his support and affirmation of the documentation project. I can only hope that his own historical research about the farmworker movement does not itself evaporate. May he rest in peace.

**Alberto Escalante, 8/11/04**

**RE: IN MEMORIAM: PAUL R. HENGGELER**

To all....

The recent passing of Professor Henggeler is another voice silenced, another inquisitive mind gone. But there will be others who will come forth seeking knowledge and information about Cesar Estrada Chavez and La Causa. Wanting to know why and what was The Movements lure and why did it have such a powerful attraction that it led literally thousands of people of all ages, all races and gender to leave the comforts of the former lives they knew and lived, to follow in the footsteps of a dedicated man of God. A man who, although small of stature cast a great and mighty shadow, so great that it provided the farm workers he loved so much with shelter from the hot burning rays of sun and the dry dusty days. A legacy that still benefits people to this day. And even though his soothing, comforting gentleness has been replaced by sweet songs and carefully written passages. The many memories of this small, dark skinned man of hope still gives succor to the dreams of others. That's why this forum ("The Document Project") is so important. So that when the many Professor Henggeler of the future come forth seeking not just the PR and properly calculated sound bite aspects but also the anecdotal personal passages and the many "He said this to me..." accounts of Cesar's real and human side. To me, that's the real story. The one with all of the warts and wrinkles, smiles and laughter, anger and tears. The stories we lived and the man we loved. I hope Professor Heggeler was able to quench his thirst for knowledge about the man of La Paz. I too send my condolences to the family of Professor Henggeler who sounded like a man with a good heart.

Peace, Joy & Harmony

Alberto Escalante

**Jackie (Brown) Davis, 8/13/04**

**RE: Thoughts on LeRoy's Essay**

Hello All –

I've had a bit of time open up and I've used some of it to read emails that I hadn't been able to read earlier and to go back to the cd and read more of the essays. Among others – so very good – I decided to read LeRoy's 74 page essay and I can't recommend it enough. It is so full of history and context.

1. LeRoy, you mention the issue of lack of appreciation for the volunteers. My first thought is that the Doc. Project has been an incredible vehicle for expressing appreciation for the time, talent, and analysis of the volunteers. It has been informing and healing and amazing things have happened because of it. So, I thank you again. My second thought is one that Gary Brown pointed out and that is how you told us that no one is here just for the sake of others. We were getting something for ourselves or we wouldn't be there. That helped me then clarify what I was doing and I've never forgotten that when I was involved in some contributing effort. And it helped me not look outside so much for the pat on the back.

2. While we discussed to some extent the issue of people who received larger stipends than others, we really haven't talked much about the experiences of living on \$5.00/wk.
3. The genesis of the boycott strategy to have one person in front of a store telling the farmworker story and turning customers away was brand new information to me. I loved the Betsy Goldman story and if anyone has the time to at least skim LeRoy's essay to read this, it's worth it.
4. Equally wonderful was the story of the human billboard. Every election since then, as I pass folks doing this for their candidate or issue, I have that inner smile from knowing where this began. One of the tasks I most enjoyed was holding my sign up and trying to get truck drivers to honk their horn.
5. A sobering story was the learning that you would be the fall guy if Prop 22 did not pass and how you took this information, as hard as it was, and began to address yours and your family's needs.

LeRoy, I so deeply respect your ongoing contribution to La Causa, to Cesar, to us and to living life with dignity, reality and commitment.

Jackie Davis

**Alberto Escalante, 8/13/04**

**RE: The Lost Battalion of San Luis, Az.**

Sisters and Brothers,

During the winter of 1975 a group of about 8 of us were sent out to follow the Bruce Church lettuce crews de Maquina y de Tierra (both the Machine & Hand crews) that harvested Red Coach lettuce in such far flung areas as Parker, Arizona; Gila, Arizona; and San Luis R.C., Arizona. The San Luis Arizona Field Office became the "home" of the foot soldiers (Volunteers) while others (the "Officers" were able to stay in a motel...) Somehow, probably because of our ability to pack up and go to the next location at a moments notice, our location became difficult for the folks at La Paz Financial Dept. to determine. So Financial did the only thing they could figure out to do...They quit sending us our weekly stipend! (The legendary \$5.00 per week)!! This made it very hard to do any organizing as we soon ran so low on gas we didn't dare move our cars for fear of running out of gas and having to leave the cars stranded. Fred Ross, Jr. was our immediate supervisor and I remember him talking loud and angrily to La Paz and Gilbert Padilla about sending the volunteers their money, you see without gas money we couldn't even go to see workers about the time they ate dinner (an old trick that Cesar used) & try to get something to eat that way. Nope we were stuck! No money, no gas, no place to even bathe or wash our clothes. The San Luis office was just a big hiring/meeting hall sort of place (great for sleeping on the floor, plenty of room for that..) but, I don't think it even had any cooking facilities...If we'd had anything to cook. After a while I couldn't even look at another head of Iceberg lettuce. Did you know that there's only about 1 or 2 different ways you can eat Iceberg lettuce (in a salad or... by itself!) We couldn't even go "Dumpster Diving" because (of the fact that) we were right on the border with Mexico...and there were lots of people hungrier than us. I remember going with Mario Vargas to San Luis Rio Colorado, Sonora, Mexico (right across the border) with a grand total of 25 cents...our last few pennies that we'd managed to scrape together... We went looking for the cheapest tacos we could find...We finally found a place that sold us some 5 cent "Tacos de Papas" We bought 5 and each of us ate 2 1/2 tacos!! I don't know what they cooked or put into those "Taco's de Papas" I thought that they were tacos made out of fried potatoes....But whatever they were made of, made Mario and me deathly ill!! For some reason, Mario was much sicker than I. But both of us were sick as dogs! I tried to cheer Mario up by saying, "Boy,...I'm glad we didn't buy a \$1 dollars worth, or we'd be dead by now!" Which made Mario so mad he shouted some Portuguese profanities at me.... ending with the words "...Cabrone, Pinche "Taco's de Papas!" before he threw up again, causing me to also throw up! Dysentery/Food Poisoning is an awful way to go!! Luckily, Fred Ross Jr. was able to finally persuade the Higher Ups to set up an account with one of the local Markets (I heard that Gilbert Padilla's cousin owned it!) and we were able to get some food & Gasoline from them. Finally the organizing was able to continue. We still had to

use dirty laundry but at least we were able to eat again. All in all, nobody died, but we did go almost a month w/o any money at all. I was called to a ULP hearing in Sacramento & used the travel money check that the ALRB sent me to treat the crew to a wonderful Chinese Dinner and a night at "La Zona Rosa" Which left me with a huge hangover and no money to go to Sacramento with. I still recall those days with a certain poignancy and feeling of nostalgia. Knowing also that the little bit of suffering that we had endured from a lack of funds was quite the norm for thousands of farmworkers, everywhere! Which really put what we were trying to do into perspective.....

But I'll never again eat any "Tacos de Papas"!

Alberto Escalante

### **Graciela Cisneros, 8/16/04**

**RE: alberto escalante**

Alberto, you are a good story teller. I look forward to reading your stories.

graciela cisneros  
1971-1973

### **Hugh "Hawkeye" Tague, 8/16/04**

Hi Everybody! Anybody who worked with me in Florida-Ohio-CA who wants to help add names to the list, give me a holler \* \* \* . I can remember parts of names and can guess at years of service. Maybe together we can get it accurate. Don't be afraid. I'm happily married and sober now.

Love, Hawkeye

### **Juanita Brown, 8/18/04**

**RE: Teatro Campesino**

Hi all....

In reflecting on Augie Lira's wonderful contributions to El Teatro Campesino and to the heart of the farmworkers movement during those early days, I recalled that more than 15 years ago I'd made a entry in my journal reflecting on my experience of El Teatro Campesino. I share the story here, in case it can spark other's memories and reflections on the role of music, theatre, and art in the farmworkers' movement. I'd love others thoughts and reflections (and thank you for yours Doug).

September 8, 1987 - Tuesday

Dreamt last night about Luis Valdez and Danny after seeing La Bamba...the biggest shock was seeing Felipe Cantu as the curandero.

What would I say to them if I were to write?

Why don't you experiment?

O.K. I will.

To Luis, Danny, Augie and Felipe Cantu.....

The threads of our past....the picket lines...the flat beds....the Friday night meetings...the Actos...El Plan de Delano...all come rushing back as I see you, Danny, in a latter day allegory pouring drinks at Richie Valens dance hall debut, and as I see you, Felipe, spinning philosophy and the stuff of dreams to two Chicano brothers in search of their hearts.

The memories flood back...of the Pink House...of Jerry and I sleeping on a mattress on the floor at the Guajardos...up five times a night to hose down the straw in the "air conditioner" to keep from sweating to death.....of Filipino Hall....the food caravans and donated clothes.

And once again the Friday night meetings....and me translating my heart out....trying to give the solemn words of the Anglo labor leaders coming to offer support some sense of drama and dynamism and heart.

Hot nights, sweating, packed crowds ...kids crying. Three generations of strikers--grandparents, parents, kids....waiting for the weekly "reports" and for Cesar to come--Cesar, always in pain from his back--working fast with me behind the scenes to keep all the pieces of the meeting together--and Fred Ross, in the back corner---and Mack Lyons, the tall, dark stranger quietly watching--surveying for unusual signs of danger...

And people wanting the reports to be over because EL TEATRO was going to be here tonight! El Ranchero, El Patroncito, Los Huelgistas, La Policia, El Contratista--all archetypes in the eternal struggle for justice.

You crazy guys...never "fitting in" and yet expressing the soul and the spirit...the very essence of that struggle. The people watched with rapt attention as a new "Mito" was created from the old archetypes--a

New Story was being born.

Felipe	the Cantinflas of the strike
Carolina	the Shrew that tamed the forces of evil
Danny & Augie	the Bards and the balladeers of the heart
Luis	the Symbolist who articulated the pattern, the broader significance of the spiritual and political quest.

Masks, small placards, a pair of sunglasses, a crude picket sign, a red bandana--and lifetimes of living the real life drama---the earlier story of oppression.

This was not improvisational theatre....this was real life. The improvisation lay in the creation, on the spot, with the audience, of a new Mito--a new story for people to tell their grandchildren --of the days when the old story ended and a new story was being born--a story which they were creating....but which you guys in El Teatro reflected back and amplified and enriched....like a mirror with microphones...so that folks could see themselves at least as large as life...and sometimes larger than life.

When I first saw you act, Felipe....already then an older man....I wept. The sense of fine tuned humor--the timing--the heart---the wry sense of laughing at yourself and at the absurdity of the predicament--that farm workers, or anyone for that matter, should even have to be struggling for basic things like the right to toilets in the fields -what a joke! And yet deadly serious. And you, Felipe...with your humor helped people live with that paradox and not go mad with rage and despair.

Danny and Augie, you two helped people to give voice to their anger and to channel their song...to sing from the inside out---De Colores---Desde Delano voy...hasta Sacramento..mis derechos a pelear. And the people heard and they responded---to you and to themselves.

I always sensed in both of you beautiful souls yearning to be seen and heard....and yet crusted over with layers of bravado and Orale Ese...Dale Carnal..... Hijo de la Chingada!! ..and caring deeply--caring like hell and in the end always coming back to sing yourself and us back to our own spirit. By finding your own voice your helped us find ours.

Luis, the maverick director. Always in fights with Cesar. "Why don't the Teatro guys get up at 4 AM for the picket lines like everyone else?? Drinking ...--and all nighters --Hijole! But you somehow kept all the pieces together.....and all the while kept creating---El Plan de Delano, Actos, the puppet shows for the kids (and the grown-ups)--sharpening your sensitivities and skills as a director---finding talent....in the workers and in all of us who witnessed the power of El Teatro.

El Teatro demonstrated the power of images to transform spirit into form--to mobilize vision into action. The DiGiorgio strike. Do you remember the DiGiorgio vote? The victory--the ecstasy of that moment and El Teatro reflecting that YES, A NEW STORY IS BEING BORN HERE !! Luis, you and Danny, and Augie and Felipe and Carolina and all the others in El Teatro were symbolic midwives to that birth.

No matter what has happened in these last 30 years, I want you to know that for people like me and for many others, the lessons you guys and El Teatro created by living your own truth have enriched our lives. You taught me the poignancy and power of story and song, of theatre and symbol, of poetry and art in reaching for the source of the healing power that can transform our lives.

From time to time our paths have crossed since then.....with Danny at the 20 year farmworker "reunion" and again at Danny's concert in San Francisco. In seeing Zoot Suit, and Corridos. In Mexico City many years ago...maybe 10 where El Teatro was part of an Interamerican Concurso de Teatro.

And now La Bamba.

I was in England recently and some very Anglo friends of mine were telling a small group about this "fabulous" movie they had seen recently in the United States. A movie I had not seen, but had heard about. A movie about Richie Valens---and how moved they were by it--how real and sensitive it was. These people knew nothing about my background with Cesar and you guys and as they continued to talk about their impressions of the film and how touched they had been and how they understood something of what it must be like for Chicanos I found myself weeping again...as I did more than 20 years ago when I first saw Felipe crazily weaving across the "stage" at Filipino Hall with his Huelgista sign hanging from a string on his chest.

And then I saw the film and I understood why I wept. Somehow you and Danny managed to communicate, through La Bamba---as an allegory--as a "fairy tale"-- (you see, I believe fairies and magic are real) -- the essence and the spirit of a universal experience to these Anglo folks.... just as you did to the workers and their families and to the volunteers more than 20 years ago.

I wish you guys well. I feel great when I see your names popping up in the press. One day soon our paths may cross again.

Que les vaya bien queridos amigos.

Un gran abrazote

Juanita

Juanita Brown 1965-1970

**Roberto Bustos, 8/19/04**

**RE: Teatro Campesino**

hola Juanita, nice to hear from you again! those were the good old (great) days of the movimiento. just like to add a few lines, i thought it was funny, after celebrating almost all night and getting up at 4am to start another day at the picket line, the boys of el teatro didn't want to get up! Cesar would tell us to knock on the door and get them up, that we need everyone out there today! then Cesar would go around, and everybody started running out of the houses! I've seen Luis, Auggie, Danny, Carolina, but i haven't seen Felipe around for a while? does anyone know where he is, or what he is doing? gracias, Roberto Bustos 1965-1972

**Susan Drake, 8/19/04**

**RE: Teatro Campesino**

Felipe is playing with the angels, I believe. That's why the angels are so distracted right now and not paying attention to what's going on down here.

Susan

**Sue Gellert, 8/24/04**

**RE: Documentation Project**

Hello Leroy!

I haven't gotten any emails from the Doc. Project in several days!

And, since I had become so accustomed to seeing them and even getting overwhelmed and deleting them, I thought it a bit strange...

Just checking in... Hope all is well!

Sue Gellert

NJ and Montreal boycotts - '72-'75

**George Horwitz, 8/24/04**

**RE: Documentation Project**

LeRoy, Sue -

Ditto.

When you told me about this project, Leroy, I was immediately and completely enthusiastic. I wanted to read every word, although I knew that I had never known most of these people, I knew other people who did. I knew they were the finest people I had known, and they spoke glowingly of the others. So when Hope and Abby and Graciela and Doug and Marshal and all the rest wrote in, I was thrilled to get their stuff on my little North Carolina computer screen. If it stops today, well, how was it supposed to end except with silence?

I thank you all for everything you have said -- songs, quibbles, stories, rants -- it was all great, every bit of it, a fine history, an important part of our legacy. I can't get over or adequately say how terrific you all seem to me, how lucky I feel, how blessed.

Arriba La Lucha

George D. Horwitz  
Coachella and New York, 1968-70

**LeRoy Chatfield, 8/24/04**

**RE: THE MODERATOR WEIGHS IN TO PROVIDE ASSURANCE**

GREETINGS FROM THE MODERATOR

Within the past week, and again today, I have received several emails (some with a note of concern in their tone), asking, "what happened to the listserv discussion? Is there something wrong with my computer? I am not receiving emails." ETC.

The short answer is the participants in the discussion have stopped discussing. And why is that? It is possible that the documentation project discussion has died a natural death, but I don't think that is the reason. Rather, I believe the final dog days of summer have dampened our enthusiasm for undertaking anything too intense, too weighty or too cerebral. My prediction is that the discussion will pick up again after Labor Day. But perhaps it will not. In any event, it is up to you.

For my part, I have been using the lull to write a couple of short essays about the farmworkers movement. One lays out many of the obstacles posed by California agribusiness and migrant workers that Cesar faced when he made the decision to start the National Farm Workers Association. The other essay tries to explain what is meant by the word "founder" as opposed to "labor leader" and how this difference provides the context for the traumatic sea change that took place in the UFW, 1977-1981. After Labor Day I will share these essays with you and ask for your help in looking for the "how" and the "why" of these things.

On a more productive note for the documentation project, I have received five more essays and several more are in the works (so I am promised). All of the essays for the documentation project will some day become the life blood for academics and historians as they try to understand the context and the story of the 1962-1993 movement – and make sense out of it. I hope your essay is part of the story.

Do not be discouraged with the present lull in the discussion, I predict more participation after Labor Day BUT I ask you to do your part.

LeRoy (Chatfield)

**Alberto Escalante, 8/25/04**

**RE: It was all about “Being There” (or... 24 hrs. in 1975)**

Sisters & Brothers,

Ever since I was emailed a reminder of my days making the leaflets for UFW Organizing the recollections of that time have filled up my mind with some great and not so great memories. So I'd like to tell the Document Project just how it was that I "accidentally happened" to land that position, or (let's say) how "an accident" was one of the reasons I ended up doing the leaflets for the UFW Organizing Staff. (Bear in mind all of the following took place in less than a 24 hr. period) So, please be so kind as to allow me to explain:

Setting: Blythe, CA., late one night in the winter of 1975. I am awakened by Fred Ross, Jr., who wanted me to accompany fellow organizer John Gibson\* on a "Top Priority Mission" to the Bruce Church Farm Worker Housing near Parker, Arizona. Fred Jr. had just received an urgent phone call from Marshall Ganz, the Director of all UFW Organizing for the Calexico Region. Marshall wanted us to locate a Bruce Church worker whose husband had been killed in a car accident early that morning. I don't know how Marshall was able to find out so much Bruce Church information so fast, but he did. And if he heard of something that in anyway pertained to or impacted the Bruce Church campaign, he'd immediately assign an organizer or two to follow it through to its likely end or conclusion. It was sorta like fishing.... only much more calculated. When Marshall heard that the man who died in the car crash that morning, had been a Pic'd Rite Huelguista (Striker) from 1970, and his widow worked at Bruce Church, well, the wheels in Marshall's head really started to spin into overdrive!! If you've never met or had the privilege to be or to have been around Marshall Ganz when he's having one of his moments of pure inspirational organizing genius, you've really missed out on something truly magnificent. During those episodes, and there were many, and you may think I'm crazy but, honestly, I could almost hear the 1812 Overture in the background. Complete with the crashing of the Cymbals!! Afterwards, he'll get this little chuckle indicating he has just figured something out! (Of course, it depended on the scenario, because at certain times things were so somber and the situations were very heavy and SOOO damn oppressive, sad and sober.... you almost suffocated trying to get some air!) But, when Marshall was having one of his many "up" episodes of organizational brilliance, when you could almost hear his synapses a-synapping and a-popping, making all of those ethereal connections of analytical thinking and conjecture that separate us from the rest of the monkeys in the zoo. Well at those moments, in my humble opinion, there's nobody who is more utterly brilliant than Marshall Ganz! He has an uncanny knack for making the most out of any organizing point of interest! That was how I ended up going with John Gibson\* to look for the woman whose husband had been killed (that morning) on his way to work. We were hoping that word hadn't reached her yet, and all I had was a scrap of paper with the name, Ana Maria Zaragoza & her social security number on it. Evidently Roberto Garcia (from Salinas, who I know was Pancho Villa's spiritual reincarnation) had personally known the recently deceased ex-Pic'd Rite Striker. And he (Roberto Garcia) had filled Marshall in on all the details like the deceased guy's wife worked at Bruce Church, etc...(!) Marshall, who was always way ahead of everybody else in the thought process department, realized that because the guy who'd died had been an ex-UFW striker he was "covered" by the Union Death Benefit of \$1000, payable to his immediate next of kin. In this case his daughter, by the woman, Ana Maria Zaragoza, his common law wife. By now you're probably thinking "Ok, but what's all this got to do with your drawing of the UFW Political Cartoons?"

Wait, please be patient and you'll soon find out!... Anyway, we managed to find the woman with the help of one of our wonderful submarines (one of our inside people) who never tried to hide the fact that she was a Chavista. She always wore UFW buttons & helped pass out UFW leaflets every day. She was one tough Chavista. I wish that I could still remember her name, but I'm drawing a blank. Maybe if Marshall reads this he'll remember her name. She lived in San Luis R.C., Sonora, & she was an organizer in Salinas. Anyway, with her help we were finally able to find the woman we were looking for. By but then, it was really getting late, like about 1 am or so, when I suddenly heard some awful wailing and crying...as the recently widowed woman was led to the waiting UFW car. I soon realized that there were three women, not two. Our inside person, the Widow and her Comadre (the Godmother of the widow's little girl). So I helped them into the car & explained why we were there. Which was, to deliver the terrible news & to offer them a ride to Calexico so she could attend to the sad affair of arranging for the burial of her husband. Fortunately for us, for some reason the two women trusted us, and they agreed to let us take them to Calexico. Somewhere along that sad 2 hour drive in the early morning hours we inexplicably bonded. Maybe they knew that we were there just trying to help them with their burden. Maybe they felt that we cared for them as if we had known them for much longer than the 2 hours since we'd first met. Don't ask me why, but I really felt protective of her. She just seemed so tiny, so vulnerable and so helpless. Normally, I'm not a very good listener. Not wanting to involve myself with another person's problems. (Sure!) But in this case, I don't know why, maybe I grew up a little on that long drive to the Calexico FO. But in any case, by the time we approached Calexico, she knew that she could count on me to see her safely through to the whatever it was she had to do next. Which also meant that she didn't feel so lost and alone. In fact she was even able to smile and laugh a little (especially when I tried to say something en mi espanol bien "pocho"!!) We finally got to Calexico about 4 am or so. And the woman, Ana Maria, needed to use the phone to call her mother in Mexicali (where her baby was) to see if the mother knew about the baby's father's death. Yes, her mother said, she'd been called and she gave Ana Maria all the details and information that she knew of. By then Ana was looking completely spent and was feeling so tired that she asked if she could go to her Comadre's apartment which was only 3 blocks from the Union office. I knew that she needed to rest, having cried all the way from Parker/Blythe to Calexico, she looked all puffy-eyed and drained. So even though I knew that I'd better not let them leave until I'd turned them over to the next person or Marshall himself...I took them to the Comadre's house saying that I'd be back for them in a couple of hours! John Gibson\* & I drove to the UFW organizers secret meeting place on Emerson and promptly fell asleep in the driveway! About 8 am or so I started to hear the organizers as they started to come in after their morning rituals, either from down at "El Hoyo" (The Hole) or at one of the various worker gathering areas where they'd go to get a reading of the workers gripes, complaints, chismes or whatever intangibles that they could unravel & use to our (The UFW's) benefit. These items were discussed if the organizer (who had gathered the info) and his group leader felt that the situation warranted it. When John Gibson\* & I greeted the people at the meeting & explained why we were there and not where we'd should have been (Blythe) nobody seemed to know anything about it. "You'd better wait for Marshall to get here.." was their advice and it sounded good to me since the morning food was just starting to arrive. One thing Marshall made sure of was that the Calexico Organizers ate well. Maybe they lacked adequate sleep and didn't get to wash their clothes as often as they would have liked to, but in Calexico, they ate pretty darn good. That was one of Marshall Ganz's strong suits, he always arranged for there to be enough food for the organizers to eat. Marshall finally showed up with Jessica Govea, who was his "partner" for a long time, he had on this big, old hooded jacket, and was smoking a Parliament cigarette (with the Micronite Filter) as usual. He came over to us and asked "Que Honda? Why are you two guys here, where's Fred, Jr?" We explained that Fred had sent us to Parker, Arizona to locate the widow & bring her to the Calexico Office "Pues, entonces donde esta.?" Or... "Ok, then... where is she?" I said she'd asked me to take her to her Comadre's house... Well that's when I got to see the other side of the Marshall coin. To say he was angry was to put it mildly! Marshall didn't like having any loose ends or any unknown or questionable situations. He wanted to know exactly where things were, in this case, where Ana Maria Zaragoza was!! "Go, get her and take her to see Ann McGregor... NOW!" ( Ann McGregor was in charge of the Farm Worker Service Center in Calexico) So, not wanting to upset Marshall anymore than I already had, I went back to where I'd left the women a



few hours earlier. I knocked on the apartment door. No answer. I knocked harder, still no answer. Oh, horse pucky, this was bad...this was very bad!! She wasn't there, somehow in less than 4 hours, I'd managed to lose her (the widow)! Oh my god, Marshall was probably gonna fire me...I didn't know why he had put so much attention on one young, small & recently widowed woman...but he had! And now, after finding her and bringing her all the way to Calexico, I had lost her! That's it...I knew from Marshall's tone of voice I was a goner! Well, I thought, at least I have family here in Calexico that I can go see after I get fired... Because getting fired meant that I was going to have to give back the 1967 Valiant La Paz had loaned me (assigned) to drive. So I started to long 3 block drive back to the Office on Imperial Ave. I probably looked terrible because when I went into the Field Office to tell Marshall that I'd lost the widowed woman. I heard a little, soft laugh. It was her! THE young widow, who had come to the office to wait for me rather than for me to have to go get her. She was still able to smile as asked... "Buenos dias, como estas? No dormites bien?" or "Good Morning, how are you? Didn't you sleep well?" I nodded and answered "Yes..", but explained that when I had gone to pick her up, I thought she'd disappeared.. So I quickly took her over to see Ann McGregor & introduced them to one another. I told Ann (McGregor) that I was going to go over and sit down in the UFW side of the building. I excused myself saying that they could come and get me when or if they needed my help for anything. So, I went over and sat down and began to do what I normally did whenever I was just sitting around passing time.. I started to draw pictures of the scenes around me, the faces of the little dark faced children, of the workers, of the Staff, of anything that caught my eye. That was when I first met my wonderful friend "The Duck" or "El Pato".. Doug Adair, who just happened to see some of the kids laughing with me came by & asked "Hi! Whatcha' doin..?" He (Doug) was like a beautiful little boy, looking all wide eyed and innocent. Little did I know he had already been the Editor of El Malcriado, worked on a Union Ranch, been a striker and now was part of the legal team of Cohen, Peyton, Boone & Nathan. But he'd also seen something in my drawings that I hadn't. My silly little cartoons could make the Campesinos both think about and laugh at "the Patrones"! Doug said, "Hey... these are really good!"... Modestly, I replied "Really? You think they're ok?" He was quite animated and excited as he said "These are more than "just OK" they are really good, plus they make the people who see them think then laugh and feel good, too!" At that time I was really "into" the stylistic cartoon imagery of Carlos Rius (Eduardo Del Rio) & a Commiek (sic) book called "Cuba For Beginners".. But, more on that later.) About that time Ann McGregor came over and said that Ana Maria Zaragoza (the widow) said that she would agree to have Ann process her case...but, only if I assured her that it was ok. And only if I agreed to take her (Ana Maria) to all of the appointments that Ann would make for her. I said I didn't know if I could since I was only in Calexico because I'd brought her in from Blythe. And Blythe was where I was going to have to return to as soon as I was told to leave. That's when Marshall came over to our "group" with a bunch of my drawings. Evidently Doug Adair had "burst" into Marshall's office during a meeting saying that in his (Doug's) opinion my drawings would be great on leaflets. Up until then we had to order from La Paz's Taller Grafico and they were mostly very generic in both substance and appearance. Marshall asked Ann McGregor if she was done with all of the widow's paperwork so he could call La Paz for the benefit check.. Ann explained Ana's negotiating point that she'd do whatever they needed but...Only if I would go with her...Doug, wanted me to stay and do the leaflets that he had been doing up till then.. Marshall took a long slow look at everything and said.. "Ok, then, Escalante you are now assigned to the Calexico office. Doug will show you around! Ann, tell the woman that Alberto has said "Yes.." and has agreed to drive her to Social Security and anyplace else she needs." Then he turned to me and said "Do you agree?... OK! It's settled! Somebody call Fred Jr. and tell him to send somebody to pick up John Gibson\* who was probably still eating burritos. So, in the course of less than 24 hours I'd gone from being just another one of the organizers out in the fields, to being assigned to a position where I would be in the midst of all of the daily planning. Now, I would hopefully be able to make a difference with my contributions. Maybe my drawings would make the worker laugh a little and think a lot! Even, give them a little hope & cheer in their daily struggle to make it till tomorrow. Even the widow, Ana Maria Zaragoza, with some help from the poetic heart and soul of Jessica Govea and Jim Drake, would go on to declare in one of the most effective and hard hitting leaflets I've ever seen, the poignantly beautiful.. "Mi nombre es Ana Maria Zaragoza" an account of how, when in her darkest hours the UFW had come to be by her side, sharing her sorrow with compassion,

empathy and friendship. As well as processing all of the many necessary papers & official documents that needed to be done in order to establish her daughter survivors benefits claim with the Social Security Administration. Making sure she didn't fall through the cracks as it had happened so often with so many other workers who didn't have the UFW as their advocate. These were just some of the things that the Teamsters or Bruce Church weren't able to do because of their detachment from the workers. A point I was able to use in my "funny and comical renditions" of the Teamsters as a pair of goofy Mules with Bruce Church boss Mike Payne as a Mule Skinning oaf. And yes, we were able to change the farmworkers' frowns to smiles. Their fears to laughter & their views from despair to hope. One day a worker came up to me and asked if I could put some sort of score card on all of the leaflets to show the workers that we (the UFW) were "winning" our way to them. Each UFW victory and Teamster defeat bringing us closer to their side. I got most all of "my" ideas from the workers themselves. I would go to where they gathered and just listen taking notes and drawing sketches. The campesinos had so much "animo" (spirit) and had waited so long for the Union de Campesinos to liberate them.. And now, "Ahora era cuando!" Now was the time! So many dreams coming to fruition! Yes, those were "Heady" days, when we thought we were (practically) invincible...The rest is, or was, as they say, UFW history...But for me it all really began when Marshall wanted someone sent to the aid of a tiny, scared young farmworker widow because the UFW always strives to take care of the farmworkers, especially in times of desperate need. Even if they aren't under a UFW contract. To me that was what the UFW was all about. And every time I get a letter from the UFW, I know that they're asking not just asking for a donation...they're letting me know that the UFW is still doing what it does best...Taking care of the campesinos, como siempre!

Que Viva La Union de Campesinos, Luchando para los derechos de los trabajadores!

Alberto Escalante

Footnote:

\* John Gibson was on "loan" to the UFW from the Los Angeles Building Trades & Carpenters Union, he also worked on the construction of the Delano 40 Acres complex & other UFW sites as well. We also had some great American & Canadian UAW organizers who worked right alongside us in Union Solidarity! (And, they were also very generous with their money.)

### **Marshall Ganz, 8/25/04**

**RE: It was all about "Being There" (or... 24 hrs. in 1975)**

Alberto,

Thanks for writing this. I remember it oh so very well. I appreciate your kind words, but you give me far too much credit. We were, after all, the good guys then. And that helps a lot. Marshall

### **Doug Adair, 8/25/04**

**RE: Mark Day (Fr. Day)**

Dear Huelguistas,

I went down to Oceanside on Aug. 7 for the wedding of Mark Day and Frieda (Freddie) Avalos, a beautiful service with a note of Gaelic; Spanish; songs from a Revolutionary mass from El Salvador; in lieu of gifts, donations to the "Migrant women's project" out of the Pilgrim Church in Carlsbad.... Mark is a little heavier, but still radiates like the young priest who showed up in Delano in 1967, and became the "Huelga priest".... He replaced me as editor of El Malcriado when I went out on the boycott in 1970.... and he is still dedicating his life to working with migrants in the San Diego area. Alfredo Figueroa of Blythe was there, and introduced me to some of the young activists trying to serve the people, descriptions of Mixtecos and Oaxaca migrants, living in caves, shacks of card board boxes, by irrigation canals and in hobo jungles, much as in the decades of the past century.... what has changed from 1930 or 1890? Dorothy Johnson is helping the group with legal aid.

I remember visiting the San Isidro office when Oscar Mondragon was in charge, maybe about 1976. It seemed the union was putting on a full court press, in S. County and North County, in the tomatoes and cut flowers and nurseries. The office was full of people -- as Hope says, those were the times when they were coming in to us, asking for help in organizing their ranches.... Names like "El Diablo" (he's still the same, someone at the wedding mentioned).... And Oscar meeting with groups of workers, and dispatching an organizer to help this group, or visit that group; and a service center helping families right and left.... Am I romanticising how much work that little office was putting out? I was only there a week, an obscure corner of California agriculture, but I was pretty impressed.

(Yes, Alfredo, I was there at the behest of the evil legal department, trying to get the poor organizers to help us get one more deposition for this case, or one more witness for that ULP)...

Fr. Day was fresh out of Seminary when he came to Delano in 1967, and Cesar asked him to stay. As a Franciscan, he was slightly insulated from the hostility of the Catholic Church hierarchy. His superior, Fr. Alan McCoy, had served in Stockton, and had tried to help the farm worker community there. In a charming book written in 1971, at the peak of union success and optimism, Fr. Day published *Forty Acres, Cesar Chavez and the Farm Workers* (Praeger), discussing his role in the evolving history of the union. Like so many priests and nuns, he wanted to take a stand on the side of the oppressed, and against the oppressors; on the side of justice and against injustice. And he was stunned by the hostility of the Catholic Church hierarchy, to the strike, to the union, and especially to the Church playing any role in opposition to the wealth and power of the Catholic growers. He was immediately ordered out of Delano by the Bishop in Fresno, came back when a new Bishop was appointed, was reprimanded again, finally retaining his position through the intervention of the huelga ladies, Helen Chavez and Esther Uranday and Rachel Orendain, and others, who went up to Fresno and conducted a sit in at the Bishop's palace, and refused to leave until the Bishop agreed to allow Fr. Day to stay in Delano. His essay is a classic of how people power helped bring truth to the indifferent power of THE CHURCH. (Rumor has it that one Leroy Chatfield was also ready to alert the press that day, if the Bishop had not backed down).

Like Fr. Duggan and later Fr. Joe Tobin -- (so many sons of Ireland!), Fr. Day was willing to give up the dream of rising through the hierarchy, and took his stand with the workers. And his book is full of priests being punished by their Bishops for siding with us, picketing with us, Fr. Vizzard being denounced by Bishop Willinger as the "Hornblower of Delano" for daring to come and speak out for justice. "The battles with the clergy eventually subsided, but the hostility is still very much in evidence," he writes in 1971. He quotes Cesar as saying, "Here in Delano, the Church has been such a stranger to us, that our own people tend to put it together with all the powers and institutions that oppose them."

In his chapter on the Churches and the struggle, Fr. Day gives credit to the Migrant Ministry folk and especially Chris Hartmire, for taking an unequivocal stand on the side of the workers. And he describes the work of Msgr. Higgins and Fr. Vizzard and Bishop Donnelly, working behind the scenes to change the attitude of the Church leadership. He quotes Cesar as saying, "I've been at this work for twenty years, and I've taken a lot of guff from priests. There have been a few good priests. But most of them have opposed me. I don't get too angry about it, though. I know that there are all kinds of people in the church. I love the church. Instead of getting angry, I feel very depressed and pained." He also quotes Cesar as saying, "I think a storm is brewing with the Mexican American and the Church. Unless something is done very soon, the Church leadership is going to have a hell of a time."

It is my impression that priests like Fr. Day and the others, who came to Delano, who took a stand with their local farm worker support groups, who pressured their Bishops and Cardinals, are the ones who saved the Church from its own icy indifference to the suffering and oppression of farm workers. And for many, like Fr. Day (and Brother Gilbert), a commitment to serving the poor eventually led to leaving the structure of the Church to serve the people more directly. We were blessed by their presence....

Doug Adair  
El Malcriado, 1965-1970

**Mary Mecartney, 8/25/04**

**RE: Name Tags**

Here are some thought about the documentation project I wrote on an airplane Sunday morning.

The postings have been light. I hope this means folks are focusing energy these days on the future – i.e. preparing for the November elections. I've drafted comments on several issues but am holding off contributing further to this project until after Nov. 2.

Those of you who subscribe to the UFW list serve earlier this month received the email invitation to the UFW's 17th Constitutional Convention at the Fresno Convention Center this weekend (Aug. 28 and 29). I'm coordinating registration - both delegates and "guests" (the rest of the world). In the early eighties I helped out with a special dinner in LA honoring Fred Ross and I especially remember how important it was to him that everyone wore name tags. I appreciate the opportunity to be assigned to registration and continue to promote name tags.

The folks who volunteered to help with the registration comprise an interesting mix of UFW veterans (including Esther Urunday and Maria Saludado Magana) and new staff from both La Paz and Field Offices. Farm workers who are receiving monthly JDLC pension checks are honorary delegates and will be wearing badges with white ribbons. Gilbert Rodriguez, who has been an organizer for the UFW since the late 60s (see his essay on the CD), will complete his full time career with the UFW as an administrative body delegate.

Saturday the convention starts at 8am, Sunday mass will be at 8am, and adjournment probably by mid afternoon. So if you are in Fresno this weekend, stop by!

from Mary Mecartney, 12/74-1993 and continuing

**Roberto Bustos, 8/26/04**

**RE: Name Tags**

Count me in, I will be attending the conference in fresno, hope to see some of you there! sort of like a small reunion! until we get together for the big one! si se puede, viva la causa, viva Cesar Chavez, viva Dolores Huerta, viva Arturo Rodriguez, viva los Voluntarios, y viva los Campesinos! gracias Roberto Bustos (capitan) 1965-1972

**Hugh "Hawkeye" Tague, 8/29/04**

**RE: Racial Integration UFW Style**

In early ' 72, Coca Cola's Minute Maid division signed the first UFW contract east of the Mississippi. The organizing effort was led by Manuel Chavez, Cesar's legendary cousin. There were a great group of organizers. The ones who I remember were Ramon Rodriguez, Ramon Romero (a different one) Orrin Baird ( a delightful guy from a wealthy Chicago family who had worked in community organizing in the Rio Grande Valley. He was a big guy and a great polka (I mean cumbia) dancer. He looked like Brer Bar when he danced and was nicknamed "Oso". Rick Kulp (from the Mennonite Voluntary Service, who was a great dancer despite his sect's ban on dancing) Richard and Susan Gagan the legendary Joe Moon (much more on him later) and his faithful companion Frankie Bottle. However, we all know that we got the contract because of the coordinated campaign (which was international in scope) that put COKE up against the wall so that they would agree to elections.

The night of the contract signing, the Ku Klux Klan burned crosses throughout Florida from the Alabama line to Homestead (south of Miami). Why? Not just because they have always been anti-union zaninoviches but because it meant that there would be more "race mixing". It turns out that they had good reason to worry.

Coke had land throughout Central Florida. The majority of the harvesters were African Americans, but there were quite a few Whites, Jamaicans, and Chicanos. The majority of the permanent workers (tractor drivers, mechanics and land maintenance guys were white. The

Chicanos were mostly Tejanos and both the Blacks and Whites were former sharecroppers from other southern states who had been tracted-out in the 1950's and early '60's.

One day shortly after the contract signing I went with a couple of the organizers and newly elected committee members to the Mascotte, FL town hall to ask the mayor if we could use their big meeting room to go over the contract provisions with the area workers. He turned us down at first "We never had no meetins here before that was integrated. Come to think of it, we never had no nigras in the town hall at all, I believe. I think that I would get into trouble if I let you all have your meetin here." A couple of the White guys (who admitted later to being former Klansmen) looked the mayor in the eye and told him that he would be in trouble if he didn't let us use the hall. They went on to say that he might not be mayor much longer either.

Well, we had our first meeting. It was very well attended, but self-segregated. Towards the end of the meeting, one of the Black members suggested that we do more translating into Spanish "so's everybody know what's they rights is". Somebody else suggested that people bring food the next time. I wasn't at the second meeting. The third meeting had people all sitting together. Tejanos were eating hog maws and peas and White guys were eating arroz y frijoles. It was the Klan's worst nightmare!

P.S. I was only 18 at the time and had not been involved in the Coke organizing. My father, who was born in 1906 told me his Klan story. He was from the Philadelphia Main Line (a domestic chauffeur) when in the late '20's the Klan, which was very strong in PA at the time and extremely anti-Catholic, announced a cross burning near Wayne, PA. My Dad's people (Irish-Catholics) and some of the Black guys that he knew were waiting for them with their deer-hunting rifles. The cowards never showed. Non-violence is our strength.

Rick Kulp: If you're out there, let me know. I live in Mennonite Country now (Souderton). I haven't found you because Kulp is one of the 6 names that everybody has around here.

Fraternally,

Hawkeye (Hugh) Tague

Atlanta Boycott '71 Florida Boycott and Organizing '72-73 Ohio '73-74 CA elections (Oxnard Coachella) 75-76 Pistolero de Eliseo '76 Prop #14

### **Terry Carruthers (Vasquez) Scott, 8/30/04**

**RE: Manuel Chavez**

Hi All:

Thought I'd contribute a Manuel Chavez story.

In the winter and spring of 1985, despite the fact that the union never got too sidetracked with other issues, we had been doing a bit of anti-nuclear stuff at La Paz. This was prompted by a letter we received from an organizer in Washington state. I unfortunately no longer remember his name, but he had been put in jail for protesting the "white train," which carried nuclear weapons components in the dead of night from a Texas plant to the nuclear submarine base in Washington. Turns out that the path of this train went right through La Paz. We set up a "White Train" committee (of which I was the chairperson) and passed a motion at one of the community meetings declaring La Paz to be a "nuclear free zone" as a symbolic protest.

A few months later, I ran into Cesar one hot July afternoon as I was walking back to my office after lunch. He started telling me that he was going to get arrested in a demonstration at the Nevada Nuclear Test Site. The demonstration was being organized by the Catholic Worker folks in Las Vegas and was to commemorate the 40th anniversary of the bombings at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. When Cesar found out that I'd never been arrested before, he got that gleam in his eye and said that I really HAD to accompany him to this demonstration. (Rite of passage for any organizer, right?)

By that point, security for Cesar had slackened off a bit, and it turned out that just Cesar and I went from La Paz (with me driving the car and him being a "back seat driver" for much of the

time: "We're coming up to that big hill that leads into Vegas... Make sure you turn the air conditioning off, etc., etc.) Cesar, by the way, had a briefcase full of great old jazz & blues cassette tapes. We listened to Billie Holliday and all of the other greats for most of that trip. Cesar also told me his personal theory about music development which was that as people's musical tastes matured, he thought that most folks would go one of two ways: either towards classical music or jazz... He obviously preferred the latter.

Since there really wasn't anyone along to provide security on this trip, Manuel Chavez had decided that he was going to fly in just to be around as added support. We picked him up at the Las Vegas airport shortly after we arrived and Manuel took over the arrangements for lodging, etc. He said he didn't want any bullshit about sleeping on floors, etc. and booked two rooms at Bally's (one for him and Cesar, and one for me). He also promptly informed us that, since we had nothing scheduled for that evening, he was taking us all out to dinner and a show. We ended up in line to see the Siegfried & Roy magic show with the white tigers. While we were waiting in line, Manuel excused himself saying he'd be right back. He was gone about 10 minutes and came back smiling. (He had gone to the craps tables and in that 10 minutes won enough money to pay for all of us get into the show.) While we were making our way to the head of the line, he told us that when he was poor and really needed the money, he could never win at craps but that after reaching the point where he didn't need the money so badly, he won all the time.

After the show Cesar was tired and wanted to turn in. Manuel said he wanted to gamble a bit more and didn't want to go alone, so I went back down to the tables with him. It got off to a bit of an embarrassing start when Manuel ordered a drink. He took a sip and promptly spit it out all over the floor saying that the liquor was bad. He got into a loud scene with the cocktail waitress and a security guard who came over to see what the fuss was about. At one point, I got totally put on the spot when he told them, "I'm not making this up-- You can even ask my WIFE what happened." They all looked at me, and despite the fact that I'm sure my face turned beet red, I managed to mumble something confirming that the drink had definitely been BAD. Eventually they agreed to give him several drinks on the house and things calmed down.

Shortly after that, Manuel said that we should go play the quarter slot machines. This was my first time in Vegas and I'd never gambled before, and I was assuming that Manuel would play and I'd just watch (since I had no money to speak of). But Manuel was having none of that-- he bought several rolls of quarters and said that he wanted me to play too. By the end of the night, I was ahead \$300. We went to cash the tokens in and I tried to give Manuel the money, but he was adamant that he wanted me to have it-- he said I was the one who had won it so I should keep it. He wouldn't even take his original seed money back. (I later used the winnings to buy my first washer and dryer which I hooked up in my trailer at La Paz...)

The next day, with great media coverage, Cesar gave a terrific speech and then led the protest marchers onto the Nevada Nuclear Test facility land. It was all very peaceful, and we had a grand old time getting arrested. The cops put plastic handcuffs on us that were just like those garbage bag ties. They wrote each of us out a ticket for "trespassing" and then we were loaded onto buses and driven out a ways into the desert where they dropped us off on the side of the road. Manuel, who didn't get busted, followed us in the car and picked us up.

So, all in all, quite a memorable trip. We drove Manuel back out to the airport (after stopping at a casino so he could buy a very expensive diamond ring as a gift for his REAL wife who was flying in from Arizona to join him for a couple more days in Vegas). Cesar and I drove back through the cool of the night to La Paz, and I still have a pretty neat keepsake which the Catholic Worker people mailed to me in La Paz: It's the front page of the Las Vegas newspaper showing me marching side by side with Cesar on our way to get arrested...

Terry (Vasquez) Scott  
1973-1988

Boycott (L.A., Seattle, St. Louis, Kansas City, Detroit) and La Paz (Cesar's staff, NFWSC, Financial Management)

**Ellen Eggers, 8/30/04**

**RE: Manuel Chavez**

Terry: that story was an absolute FIT!!!! Oh my God, you never told me that you got your washer and dryer from GAMBLING with Manuel Chavez!!!! I think that story gets "Best in Show" for the documentation project!!!!

Ellen Eggers  
LA Boycott 72-75  
La Paz Legal 80-87

**Doug Adair, 8/30/04**

**RE: Manuel Chavez**

He sure wasn't part of the "sacrificios para la causa" crowd!

**Abby Flores Rivera, 8/31/04 (1)**

**RE: Manuel Chavez**

Having a nice off-line discussion, are we? If you are, it stands to reason since most of the people who *did* talk negatively about Manuel Chavez did it behind his back. He sure as heck would have let you have it up front and very personal if you had the courage to tell him what you thought to his face; but, in my opinion, however, at the very least he would have admired your uncowardly spunk. Did you ever share your opinion of "sacrificing" with him? Just curious? There were many of us who admired him, I being one of them. If you were adding to a thread of conversation from a past e-mail, I guess I missed it. sin mas/ abby/ r/d/lp

**Terry Carruthers (Vasquez) Scott, 8/31/04**

**RE: Manuel Chavez**

Geez, Abby. Take a chill pill, girl! People were responding to a post I did to the FULL LIST. I also heard from Kathy Murguia that she didn't get it so there must be some problem where some folks are not getting all the posts. Why do you always assume the worst? I'll send you my post and then, please, feel free to comment after you've read it. (I certainly was not attacking Manuel!)

Terry

**Abby Flores Rivera, 8/31/04 (2)**

**RE: Manuel Chavez**

Thanks for the copy you sent. That is the Manuel I knew. No I never received the copy sent to the full listserve so only read the worst into it from the piece I did receive. /abby

**Abby Flores Rivera, 8/31/04 (3)**

**RE: Loose Ends on Postings**

To LeRoy and All:

In my posting on Cesar during the time of Robert Kennedy's death, Susan D. brought my attention to the fact that my hearing his cries of sadness for Bobby could not have happened the following morning because Cesar was on the road and had dinner with them (she and Jim Drake) that evening. It would have been the second morning instead. Thank you, Susan, for your eye for accuracy. Another thing, Susan, you asked if I remembered Dr. McCloud's first name, I cannot.

LeRoy, my husband, Jorge Rivera, never had any interest in participating in this project, but you placed his name on the roster anyway. I really wish he would but he tells me he has enough work to do he doesn't need more cluttering his mind for attention. Also, he doesn't like to talk about his experiences. It would seem that his memories are his own not to be shared with others. Sorry, but he really is a quiet, private person that way so I can understand why he feels that way. However, I just might continue bothering him so he can at least share the story of the time he participated in a

sit-in at Gov. Brown's office in the '70s with a group of farm workers from San Diego. That might be fun reading for you since you worked there at the time.

Also, sorry to hear about the death of the Professor from Texas (deleted your e-mail so I don't have his name). Your work on this Documentation Project, it seems, is due in part to his encouragement. It makes me sad to know that he will not be able to read your final work.

And,...my son is fine. Thank you all for your concern, prayers, meditations, and good healing thoughts for him. The Lord is good to us. sin mas/ abby/ r/d/lp

#### **Alberto Escalante, 8/31/04**

##### **RE: Gilbert Rodriguez, a Man of the People!**

In a message dated 8/25/2004 . . . [Mary Mecartney] writes:

*Gilbert Rodriguez, who has been an organizer for the UFW since the late 60s (see his essay on the CD) will complete his full time career with the UFW as an administrative body delegate.*

Hermanas y Hermanos,

At the Farmworker (UFW) Convention in Fresno the weekend of August 28 & 29, 2004, the assembled audience recognized & paid tribute to a great Chavista de "Hueso Colorado", Gilbert Rodriguez, in a well deserved tribute for all the years of devoted & faithful service to the UFW and Cesar (CC always liked having his friend Gilbert around, when possible...!) And for the many thousands (approx. 100,000+) of hours of working full time for the UFW! I have two photos of Gilbert... The first time I saw Gilbert it was in a photograph. He was standing all alone on some picket line somewhere, and the day looked like it was miserable, damp and foggy & the ground was a sloshy muddy mess. As always, the farmer had managed to flood the area where Gilbert had to stand in order to comply with the local court injunction regarding Legal & Illegal Picketing. Amazingly, except for the long hair, Gilbert looked almost the same back then as he does today, a solid, stout fireplug of a man with a Zapata mustache & a head of curly locks that gave him the look of one of "The Three Musketeers". Gilbert embodies the spirit of total commitment of the UFW volunteer worker better than possibly anyone else. He has consistently been there to do whatever he's been asked (or told) to do. And he's done it for far longer than anyone else. Except for maybe Dolores Huerta & Helen Chavez. Which means that he's in some pretty fair company. Yet, I doubt if he's ever refused an assignment, no matter how menial or how far away from home it's taken him. Once, many years ago, I asked him about his "personal" life and he told me that yes, he had a wife and kids (and by now he probably has some grandkids too!) Which means that he's probably been married to his wife for about 30 years now! I personally feel that the UFW wives deserve to be recognized and honored, too. Because, even though they're very rarely thanked, mentioned or written about, these stalwart women are often left to pull double or triple duty when their husbands are sent off to perform some service or duty for the UFW.( Ask Helen Chavez) Gilbert's wife, in order to make ends meet worked for many years at the same low income Clinic that Doug Adair refereed to as "the poverty program clinic that Dolores' ex-(husband), Ventura Huerta used to run in Brawley" Also, many years ago, even before he became a full time paid volunteer of the UFW, Gilbert injured his back so badly that it (the injury) effectively ended his ability to work at any "normal" job. Fortunately, Gilbert found out that he could work at the Calexico UFW Field Office dispatch and hiring hall. Where Manuel Chavez could easily find him and send him out to whatever strike or picket line that the Union had established. Gilbert was always available to act as a guard for Cesar whenever the need arose.==Flash Forward to April. 23, 1993== Poignantly, the other photo I have of Gilbert, he has his "patent" wraparound sun glasses on as he's standing in front of a house, looking very sad, and solemn. He has his arms at his sides, with his hands crossed in front of him, as if in prayer. That photo was taken on the morning that they'd discovered that Cesar had died sometime during the night. And as usual, there was Gilbert standing guard in front of the house where Cesar was finally resting laying in repose. Awaiting as they made all of the arrangements to transport Cesar's body to Delano. Yes, Gilbert was there, as always, to make sure that nobody bothered Cesar, just like he'd done so many, many times before. Except, that today he was doing it for what was going to be the last time, ever! Making sure that only those who were supposed to be there, got by him. Later, when I saw him at



the funeral in Delano (he'd come up in the Bus from Calexico, of course!) I asked him "Gilbert, what were you thinking about, standing there, in front of the house in San Luis?" And he replied "I knew that this was it. I'd never be able to guard him (Cesar) again, after that day!" With that statement I felt the total, selfless commitment that Gilbert had always given to the man who had founded and led the UFW, and to all of the farmworkers who he'd met at the dispatch window, out in the fields, on the picket lines, and in front of numerous stores that he had picketed! Because that day was the culmination of nearly 40 years of service, care and dedication to the enigmatic leader of the UFW. But, for Gilbert it would only mean that he would now probably guard Arturo Rodriguez (no relation). That last few times I've seen him he was always so proud of the new car (a used Ford Contour) the union had "given" him. No doubt a donation from some wealthy supporter! But for Gilbert it was as "new" a vehicle as he'd ever received, plus this car came with a CB Radio! Something he'd that wanted for a long, long time, so that he could listen to the ranchers, farmers and foremen as they talked amongst themselves. That's Gilbert Rodriguez....always thinking about being able to do a better job and serve the farmworkers in a more efficient manner. I got a phone call one night about a year ago, it was from Gilbert, he'd been in Oxnard the past week or so, and had been working his usual hours---each day from 5:00 am to 10:00 pm! In fact so many hours that he had opted to sleep at the Oxnard Field Office rather than some place else where he'd have to drive in to work & then back to where he was staying. A waste of valuable working time in his (Gilbert's) opinion. But, now he was almost done with the assignment that he'd been sent to look into, and he wanted to know if it would be all right if he could come over and take a bath or shower before he got back on the road to go home to see his family. "Gilbert," I reminded him, "you know that you don't have to ask. Aqui tienes tu casa, cuando quieres o necesitas lo que sea, ni tienes que preguntar!! Trigame tu ropa para llaver antes que vas en camino!!" (In the literal translation: "This is your house! If you ever want or need anything, you don't even have to ask, if we have it it's yours! In fact bring your dirty laundry so you can wash it before you have to get on road to go back home!") "In fact, I wish you'd have stayed here instead of having to sleep on the floor every night!" I reminded him that he always had a place to stay with us. To which he replied, "Yes, I know but I just barely had enough time to do what I had to do. And here at the office I could work until I fell asleep, then get up and start to work again! Only thing is there's no place to shower or take a bath. But, I guess I can't have everything, huh?" That is Gilbert Rodriguez...And that's why I'm glad that he's finally getting the appreciation and recognition he has so justly deserves!! Not that he has ever asked for any!! And that's why I'm so proud of the fact that Gilbert and I have maintained a friendship that's lasted nearly 30 years. And that he knows that he has a house here with my wife and I. And Gilbert even stays here when he can. And yes, I can proudly say that I know of a man who truly is a Man of the People." Arriba con Gilbert Rodriguez!! Es Puro "Hueso Colorado"!!"

Hasta Siempre,

Alberto Escalante

**Susan Drake, 8/31/04**

**RE: Loose Ends on Postings**

Lunch, Abby, not dinner at Bill Lee's with Helen, Cesar, Jim and Dolores (maybe others; I'd have to check my diary) the day after (Wed.) the RFK assassination.

Abrazo,  
Susan

**Nonie Fuller (Lomax) Graddy, 8/31/04 (1)**

**RE: Manuel Chavez**

Manual used to come down to San Luis a lot when I was there, that is generally when El Colorado would disappear. I knew nothing about the "border patrol" but it does not surprise me.

Bob Thompson, who was in charge of the field offices at the time, and got me out of there. The farmworkers were great but the rest of the situation was pretty bad, and Manuel's presence did not help.

Nonie: Salinas, San Luis, La Paz 1970-1975

### **Nonie Fuller (Lomax) Graddy, 8/31/04 (2)**

#### **RE: Manuel Chavez**

Manuel got no adoration from me. He knew how I felt about him, and he pretty much stayed away from me. His wife at the time was my friend and I did not like the way he treated her, and he [knew] it.

### **Kathy Lynch Murguia, 8/31/04**

#### **RE: Lupe Murguia**

From Kathy Murguia on Lupe's second retirement from El Movimiento

Lupe recently put in his last shift for La Paz security. For the last 11 years (since Cesar's death) he has worked for the Stonybrook Corporation receiving a working wage and receiving medical benefits from RFK. There was also a contribution to the Juan de la Cruz Pension Plan, which being retired he now will receive a modest check. His last shift was relatively quiet with the exception of several carloads of Tehachapi youth trying to explore the North Unit. There are many stories that go around about the haunted building at the base of Three Peaks. When our kids went to Tehachapi schools the rural legend was spread. Our kids have vivid tales about encounters with the Lady in White.

Getting back to Lupe. I thought this was a landmark event. Rudy Delgado asked if he would volunteer sometime if they had a need. Lupe, like many, had his moments in the movement when things didn't work for him. He began his path with the farmworkers in 1962 when he lost his fingers in a gin saw accident and Cesar came to visit him in a Fresno Hospital. He joined and worked signing up members in the Firebaugh/Mendota area. He began working directly with the Union in 1967. His boss was Chris Hartmire, but he was assigned to different campaigns and worked with many of you in organizing and at La Paz doing maintenance and later in the print shop.

Around 1990 he was fired from La Paz. He was escorted off the property for reasons unknown to him. That was a difficult year. But because he worked with the NFWM he was reassigned to organize in Orange County. There were some tense moments when he crossed paths with boycott organizers in the area from the LA Boycott. But Lupe was indifferent to the politics. He wanted to do a job and he worked hard at whatever he did. Others may have gone about it differently, but his outcomes always resulted in a giant step forward.

Paul Chavez asked Lupe to come back and work after Cesar died. At some level he felt vindicated in that he was often so sad over being expelled from something that at his core, he believed in. I'll never understand how some things went down in those years, but being able to return and continue to age 73 was a blessing.

After 42 yrs. of doing one thing or another for El Movimiento, having been arrested over 33 times in strike activities mostly during the 73 strike, but also earlier arrests in Yolo County, and having been beaten several times by Teamsters, surviving being dowsed with Kaptan, (literally a shower that left him looking like a ghost), being a target of a Kern County Sheriff's car that broadsided him, spinning him and a fellow huelguista into a telephone pole, walking away alive from a boiler explosion that blew an iron casing inches from his head out through a steel door, recovering from an accident where his hip was shattered during a stage setup, and most recently jumping high enough to land on top of a car, only bruising his hip when a youngster returning late didn't see his light as he approached him for identification. There are others, but Lupe was a soldier; not a lieutenant, or a jefe (only my jefe). His loyalty never faltered. As a campesino, he will continue

to carry the spirit of La Union in his heart and have "un picket sign" whenever and wherever needed. From Lupe; "Que Viva La Union de Campesinos"!