

**UFW DOCUMENTATION PROJECT  
ONLINE DISCUSSION  
July 2004**

**Lester Silverman, 7/1/04**

**RE: Favorite Songs, Eyes on the Prize**

As it turns out Los Lobos did an album about 25-30 years ago called Si Se Puede. I actually went around and sold that album for the UFW as a fundraiser. So if you could get to Los Lobos I think you'd stand a pretty good chance of them playing Huelga en General.

Les Silverman

**Chris Hartmire, 7/1/04**

**RE: update & unsubscribe**

\* \* \* \*

To respond to Carlos' earlier question: Pudge & I left Lapaz in January 1989. Thanks entirely to LeRoy I went to work at Loaves & Fishes in Sacramento. Pudge returned to nursing at Mercy Hospital. She retired completely in November 1997. I worked fulltime at L&F (with a year off with Fred Ross Jr at Neighbor to neighbor) until the end of 1998 when I retired from full-time work.

In 1999 Manny Dias & I created a non-profit spin-off from L&F called Clean & Sober – a residential recovery program for homeless men & women, including folks right out of prison. I became the part-time, semi-retired Exec-Director of C&S until 2003 when I retired again. C&S is a great program – many miracles & a very small budget.

Pudge & I now live in a “lefty” church workers retirement community in Claremont, CA – east of LA. We have 4 grown children & 7 grandchildren, all living in California. A blessing beyond measure. This year we will celebrate 50 years of marriage – a near miracle in itself considering those intense years with the farm workers’ movement (not as intense for us as for some).

All was not perfect- inside each of us & inside the union- but we did some amazing things together in those years & forged human bonds that will last till we die. I have regrets for things unsaid & undone but I rejoice as I think back on all we did & all we learned.....and all the people who learned as we did & are still fighting the good fight in the labor movement & elsewhere.

Chris Hartmire, Calif Migrant Ministry 1961-71  
National Farm Worker Ministry 1971-1981  
Lapaz 1981-1989

PS. Sue Miner is alive but struggling with health problems. She lives in the same house . . . [in] Sherman Oaks, CA[.] PPS Re-Defeat Bush in '04 !!!!

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/1/04**

**RE: Boycott Days**

Hello Everyone:

Not all boycott experiences are good ones, but with our "Si Se Puede" attitude they can be turned into positives. One bad experience in the late '60s served as a lesson to me in organizing and in being prepared at all times. Patti Averbuck helped coordinate the first grape boycott with Jim Drake. Her husband David worked in the Legal Department from 1968-1970 as he states in his essay, "less than a year out of law school at Berkeley". They were a hard-working couple, and if you saw Patti, you knew she was from the Bay Area. Hippy-looking in a way that made her stand out in the valley; we were really backwards and countryfied.

It was the fall of '68 early part of '69 when Patti accepted an invitation from the Porterville College student body to speak on the Grape Boycott. Porterville is about 45 miles from Delano in the Sierra foothills. A handful of us went to hear her speak and we were naive enough to believe that as college students we were automatically elevated to adulthood and maturity. We went there expecting a good presentation and perhaps some meaningful dialogue. Patti came into the Drama Department classroom where a small group of about 40 of us waited in the stadium style seating. Patti began speaking about the strike in Delano but did not get far into her presentation. The heckling began almost immediately and it continued throughout obviously throwing her off-guard. At the first mention of the Grape Boycott, the majority of the audience composed of grower's sons and daughters and of one son of Mothers Against Chavez that I knew, whipped out bumper stickers that read "Eat Grapes: the Forbidden Fruit". some yelled out comments about workers not wanting the union, that there was no strike, etc. There we sat, a handful of Chavistas, across the aisle to the right from all the sons of the "Viches" from the valley. We just sat there! Not one single union flag, picket sign, bumper sticker but with only a union button or two. Therefore, I personally did the next best thing, which was to revert to my high school days and give them all a one-finger peace sign salute. I kept them constantly coming, really high and mighty! Everything fell apart and the whole thing ended abruptly when the rowdies walked out.

Afterward, I went down to talk to Patti who was visibly shaken and wiping off tears. She kept repeating how rude everyone had been and unwilling to listen. I told her the numbers were stacked against us and that most were grower kids. It was a valuable lesson to me that I never forgot. Others in the union had been in charge to organize our events to make certain we were prepared for the unexpected. What could I have been thinking? I learned that I was always to be prepared myself.

Later, in Seattle I learned that the Young Republicans (were you one, too, Doug?) were bringing Lola Mendoza to speak at the UW. Lola was a forelady (crew pusher) from George Lucas & Sons in Delano who had many a runin with the strikers from Delano. She was on a personal crusade to tear into the strikers and into Cesar any chance she got and was greatly appreciated by the growers in the Delano area. She seemed to thrive on their recognition, poor thing. Her fame grew and she was invited to speak throughout the country. I called Delano to get any current or personal history on her although I remember we had been nice to her when we signed the first contracts in 1970. So much for being nice. Anyway, we showed up in overwhelming numbers, sat quietly at first, 'to listen to her speak. We let her let out enough rope to do herself in. The media was there and we sat around a conference table and all around the room. Then, we turned her entire presentation on her all the while chanting, waving union flags and signs. The media picked up our message to boycott grapes (second Grape Boycott of 1973) and not to shop at Safeway stores. Alii could think over and over in my mind was Patti, THIS ONE IS FOR YOU!!!! sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**Alfredo Santos, 7/1/04**

**RE: Watsonville Field Office**

To the group,

Alfredo Santos c/s  
Watsonville Field Office  
1974-75

I was going through my UFW boxes and found The 1974 Watsonville Strike Report. Since the Watsonville story has not really been told over the years in the literature of the farm worker movement, I want to take this opportunity to share the parts I know and invite others to add what I may have left out.

Carlos Ruiz, Jose Perez and myself were the UFW organizers assigned to Watsonville Field Office which was located at 80 Porter Drive. During the summer of 1974, we were administering (despachando) the one UFW contract in the area (Pik'd Rite) and spent the rest of our time operating the Service Center, and building up the presence of the union. We spent a lot of time getting to know which fields belonged to who and what agricultural operations had been going on. We also spent a lot of time in the labor camps getting to know the people. It seemed like every other farm worker in Watsonville was named Zamora or Fernandez. Later I learned that the town

of Gomez Farias, Michoacan, Mexico was virtually empty during the summer as nearly all the people came to Watsonville to work in the strawberries. The other thing I learned is that the red stain of strawberries takes a long time to come off your hands.

As the strawberry season was winding down, the next big crops in our area in addition to lettuce, celery and broccoli, was the apples. Altogether, there were about 25 or 30 apple growers in the Watsonville area at the time. Well in July, these apple growers sat down with the Teamster Union and signed labor contracts. There were no elections, no meetings of the farm workers, no one asked the farm workers if they wanted to be represented by the Teamsters. The Teamsters just went in there, met with the growers and had them sign three year contracts. The Teamster unit was called Local 1973 and was headed up by a man named David Castro.

Well on the morning of September 23, 1974, the telephone in the Watsonville office rang and Carlos Ruiz answered it. "Si Roberto, esta bueno . . . sí Roberto . . . no Roberto. . . . Esta bueno. Aquí te esperamos." Carlos put the telephone down slowly and in what became his signature gesture, broke into a broad smile that showed the final product of the skill and talent of his Mexico City dentist. He held that smile for a couple of seconds (because he was proud of his dentist??) and then broke the news to us. "Dice el Roberto que hay viene con gente y que la huelga de la manzana va empezar hoy." (Roberto says that he is coming with people and that the apple strike will begin today.) Jose and I returned the smile but not nearly with the shine that Carlos had on those pearly whites.

Roberto Garcia was the UFW director in Salinas.

I don't know who made the decision to launch the apple strike (Cesar, UFW board??) all I know is what Roberto told us. For the next hour we worked the telephone to let the organizing committee for our area know that the apple strike was going to start today. We also got word to people who were Chavistas to the bone and would drop everything to come out to a UFW activity that today was going to be a big day. When Roberto and his group arrive from Salinas we were ready and waiting with car loads of people. Our target we were told, was going to be the William Buak Apple Company. He was one of the biggest apple growers and processors in the area and also one of the first to sign with the Teamsters.

When we arrived at the apple orchards on Green Valley Road, we parked and immediately went in to talk to the workers. We would be remiss if we didn't reveal that for some time now we had submarines (UFW members and supporters) in all the apple companies who were feeding us information about the presence of Teamsters, what was being deducted from pay checks and what the working conditions were like. We even had maps of all the field operations and time estimates of which orchards would be picked and when.

As we called the workers out on strike, it was clear that the submarines information was good because it wasn't too difficult to pull the workers out. In no time more than 40 dropped their apple sacks and joined us on the edge of the road with a red union flag. We then went to other parts of the Buak orchards and got other workers to come out on strike. I never saw Mr. Buak or his son Nick that day. By five in the afternoon we had a huge caravan and headed back to the office honking horns and waving flags. Once at the office we had a meeting where Roberto addressed the workers and explained the details of the Teamster contract (which they had never seen much less knew about) why the strike was important in terms of sending a message to the Teamsters and growers that the days of treating people anyway they wanted to were now over. The strikers asked questions and signed union authorization cards. That afternoon we signed up 97 pickers.

We ended the meeting by explaining the strike benefits, and what we would do if the Border Patrol showed up. The workers were then given rides back to where they were living. Some of them were living in housing owned by Buak so we went in the back way.

The next day we had picket lines set up all over the Buak properties by 6:00am. We were loud and there was a lot of excitement in the air. I don't know where they came from, but tacos appeared and there seemed to be enough to go around for everyone. Then, at 9:07am, the Immigration Service came rumbling down the road. They had two vans, one forty passenger bus and a station wagon. As they approached the picket line everybody sort of froze. We (the organizers) were not

sure if the pickets would hold their ground. We had agreed the night before that if the migra showed up, people should not run. Just stand there like law abiding American citizens . . . and don't say anything. As the Border Patrol slowly drove pass the picket line only a few people ran into the orchards, everyone else held fast. The Border Patrol drove on to the Buak property where the apple processing machines and warehousees were. They got off their vehicles and met with Buak people.

About 15 minutes later, Carlos and I walked over to wher the Border Patrol people were and asked what was going on. (Como no sabemos) The man in charge, a Mr. Sill, said the reason they came out was because someone from the Santa Cruz Sheriff's office had called and said that there were "80 wets in hand" waiting to be picked up. He went on to say that he was upset because it is clear that there was no one waiting to be picked up. Carlos and I agreed . . . there is no one here to be picked up. We are just having a good old regular United Farm Workers of America labor strike against an apple grower.

Mr. Buak . . . who was standing right in front of us just lowered his head and kicked the dirt as he turned around cussing under his breath. (I mean, what was he going to do, tell Mr. Sill that all these strikers were his former workers?) Mr. Sill gazed out at the picket line for a second and then looked at us from head to toe adn said, "Well you boys be careful. You never can tell what might happen way out here in the back roads." Yes sir we said at the same time. Mr. Sill then walked over to Mr. Buak and mumbled something we couldn't hear. Y otra vez, Mr. Buak kicked the dirt. With a hand simple hand signal, Mr. Sill's people boarded their vehicles and turned around to leave. After they got down the road, our picket line let out a big cheer and I am sure for some of those strikers standing firm to Border Patrol would be a memory that they would carry with them for a long time.

But just as the Border Patrol disappeared in the distance, here comes a caravan of brand new muscle cars with bright paint jobs. It was the Teamsters from Local 1973. There were 22 of them altogether including David Castro. They parked on the opposite side of us and immediately began shouting obcenities and trying to provoke fights. David Castro, headed off to the main office presumably to look for Mr. Buak. The Santa Cruz Sheriff's Department which had been present since about seven in the morning moved in closer as the Teamsters became louder and more obnoxious. After a morning of insults and tiraidis (sic) it was getting close to lunch time and the Teamsters must have had reservations some where because almost on cue they, looked at their watches and left just as they came in.

The apple strike was covered well in the local newspaper. The reporter who was assigned to the strike tried to be fair and to his credit he did ask a lot of questions from all three sides. We did experience violence from the Teamsters though. Shortly after the strike had started, Pedro Gonzales, and Carlos Ruiz, went into a Buak orchard to talk to some new workers that Buak had brought in. When they didn't come back, we sent a bigger group in to find them. Carlos and Pedro had been attacked by the Teamsters and were on the ground. We rushed them to the hospital. They had been beaten and Pedro's arm was broken in two places.

When we saw the Teamsters again we let them know that what they did to Pedro and Carlos would not soon be forgotten. "Cuidanse cabrones, Cesar Chavez may be about non-violence but we are not. What you guys did to our people will not go unpunished. Van aver cabrones!" A few days later David Castro, the head of Teamster Local 1973 was shot in the chest as he was driving near Castroville around six in the morning. He reportedly was run off the road and a fist fight took place. The shooting caused a superficial wound because he was able to drive himself all the back to Hayward, California before he sought medical attention. After that incident the Teamsters still came around to watch "their" workers doing picket line duty, but their attitude was different. We never saw David Castro anymore after that.

The strike continued into October and Buak had a lot of trouble getting his apples picked. At one point he complained in the local newspaper, (Register-Pajaroian) that the Teamsters Union was not giving him much support against the United Farm Workers strike in his orchards. "It's been very strange," Buak said, "I have gotten any help from the Teamsters in the field. I've had to shoulder the who thing myself."

We continued with the picket lines and the strike but then Mr. Buak got an injunction against us. Jerry Cohen did his best to fight it but the judge ruled against us. We now had to put a picket at 25 foot intervals. I remember Manuel Chavez came to visit us one day and check out how things were going. I also remember we had a big rally in downtown Watsonville and El Teatro Campesino came to perform. Also students from UC Santa Cruz came when they could and helped out on the picket lines.

On October 9, with the apple harvest winding down, Roberto Garcia decided it was time for us to declare victory and close it down. We had made our point, the Teamsters may have the contracts, but we have the workers. Jerry and the legal department went back to court to fight the way the judge in Santa Cruz had made the ruling during the strike. I believe it had to do with the way we were served and the fact that the union was not given any prior notice before the judge made his decision. Anyway we lost again in court.

After the Buak apple strike, we turned to the Gallo boycott for local activity to keep us busy during the winter months. Then in January, we stopped by the legal office in Salinas to visit with who ever was there. (I think we actually looking for donuts) Anyway, Sandy Nathan told us that if it was possible, we should take a group of workers up to San Francisco on such and such a day because the judge's decision in the Watsonville apple strike was going to be appealed or argued. We made a note of it and said we would try and go. He told us it was going to be in front of a big court. (Supreme?, I don't know)

So on the day in question, we organized about 15 people and Carlos and I went with them to San Francisco. We were downtown at a big public building in front of a plaza. We parked, went inside and found the courtroom. We were also late. The guards made us leave our flags at the door and then they let us in. Since the room was full, we had sit in the front row, right behind the spot where the attorneys were addressing the panel of judges. Mrs. Cobos, Maria, Chon Mata, Pedro Gonzales, and others that I can't remember, took their seats as this lawyer was speaking. I was a little embarrassed that the comotion that we made seemed to be throwing this guys presentation off. Once we were settled into our seats, I was able to listen and catch the last part of this lawyers comments.

It turned out it was the lawyer for Buak from the Watsonville Apple Strike! Once the proceedings were and everyone stepped outside, we saw Sandy Nathan. He was excited and almost jumping up and down. After he and the other lawyers who were with calmed down he told us that our timing could not have been more perfect. He said that the Buak lawyer blew his oral arguments once he saw us coming in the courtroom looking for a place to sit. Sandy said that he felt really good that the Union was going to will this case.

Some months later, Sandy told us that the court had ruled in favor of the union. Now judges could not longer get away with issuing injunctions with proper notice y que se yo. (Maybe somebody knows more about this ruling. Tom, are you reading this?)

So that is part of the story of the Watsonville Apple Strike in 1974. The following year we had the elections at all the apple orchards. I will have to did into another box to recall all of what happened here.

Gracias

Alfredo Santos c/s  
Uvalde, Texas

**Susan Drake, 7/1/04**

**RE: Watsonville Field Office**

Alfredo, I live in Soquel (was UFW 1962-73, Cesar's secretary '71-'73) now (for list readers, Soquel is 20 mins. north of Watsonville). I'm interested in your afterthoughts about the "Cesar may be nonviolent, but we're not" comment. I ask because during the more recent attempt by UFW to organize Watsonville strawberry workers, the word was out that UFW had used intimidation, sexual harrassment, and other nasties in the Salinas lettuce organizing effort. I had

the sense that UFW's integrity was lacking, in the minds of those workers targeted for organization. I wonder if you have more current thoughts on the threat (not necessarily yours personally). Thanks for the thorough description (and well-written/ entertaining!).

Susan Drake (1962-1973)

**Cynthia Bell, 7/1/04**

**RE: Boycott Days**

Abby,

Good for you, you had me laughing with your story. I closed my eyes and imagined a young Abby, giving them the one finger sign!

You brought memories of Lola. I remember that after we signed our first UFW contracts, Lola had been brought forward to a hearing at the 40 acres something to do with her campaigning openly against UFW. The staff was no' allowed, only union members, but some of us sneaked in the membership department to take a peek of the process (Josefina Hernandez, myself and others) I remember Lola being found guilty and I think fined. Lola had a smug smile throughout the entire process while Art Torres conducted the hearing. Boy! What memories.

Cynthia Bell  
1969-1988 (break in between)

**Doug Adair, 7/2/04 (1)**

**RE: Clinic Closure: Catholic Conspiracy?**

In a message dated 6/30/04 . . . [Ellen Starbird] writes:

*Am I getting senile or is it correct that the decision to close the clinics came with the justification that we were losing "focus" as an organization. At that time we had the MLK, clinics and the ed. fund. With the end of the draft as an alternative to service, we were having difficulty recruiting staff for the clinics. -Ellen*

Dear Ellen,

I never heard that theory, sounds plausible. I was really out of the loop after the '81 convention. What a tremendous benefit to the farm workers of the Coachella Valley, both the Clinic and Service Center in Coachella (Fabulous Ellen Starbird, Marcia Aronson, Olivia Nieto, dear Olivia (and her daughter, Amalia, out in Blythe, of all God forsaken assignments! Though Alfredo Figueroa was out there, is still there, just celebrated his 50th wedding anniversary, a big party in June).

But there was also a "Catholic Conspiracy" theory floating around... that local Catholic priests (Delano? Coachella? Calexico?) had complained to their bishops that the Union clinics were distributing birth control advice, and maybe even pills and condoms, and were undermining the authority of the priests in relation to the Catholic women of his parish.... and the Bishops told their arch bishops and cardinals, and high mucky-mucks from THE CHURCH called La Paz and put pressure on the leadership, and the clinics became a "Problem", not worth the "trouble".

I am sure the Freedman workers would tell you that the Clinic and Service Center were some of what made our union more than a union, more than the Teamsters, an organization ready to serve, and serving the members in all aspects of life.

Doug Adair, Coachella, 1976-89

**Alberto Escalante, 7/2/04**

**RE: Clinic Closure: Catholic Conspiracy?**

*I am sure the Freedman workers would tell you that the Clinic and Service Center were some of what made our union more than a union, more than the Teamsters, an organization ready to serve, and serving the members in all aspects of life.*

*Doug Adair, Coachella, 1976-89*

Greetings to all, Shalom and kif hall ech....

A recent drive found me out on The Garces Hwy. As I drove by 40 acres I couldn't suppress an enormous feeling of sadness when I noticed how neglected & forlorn it had become. It looked like a rather neglected shell of what had once been a real showcase. What become of that wonderful dream that I believe stemmed from the term "40 acres and a mule"? Anyway I was also wondering if anyone has ever thought of organizing a weekend work party to go out and clean up the grounds. I know that the weather can be rather oppressive in midday Delano but, there used to be a little place called Peoples that had a really neat bartender named Ortiz... Where we used to go & muse about the days events & have after the meetings, meetings.

Alberto Escalante 1974-78/ 1985/87

Oxnard, DQU-Yolo/ Davis/ Sacto. La Paz, Sta. Maria, Calexico, Blythe, San Luis, Ariz., Calexico, Coachella, Avenal, Arvin-LaMont, Delano, Calexico, Oxnard/ Moorparck. (Now Retired and ruminating peacefully in Port Hueneme, CA 14 yrs. C&S)

### **Susan Drake, 7/2/04**

#### **RE: Susan Drake's clarification**

In an email earlier this week, I said, "...the word was out that UFW had used intimidation, sexual harrassment, and other nasties..." and it was brought to my attention that the sexual harrassment part of that was the subject of a lawsuit that was tossed for lack of evidence. To clarify: I did not mean that any of "the word", i.e., chismes (gossip), was known/proven true, only that many workers apparently believed the threats were true and that belief affected their trust in the union.

Susan Drake (1962-1973)

### **Doug Adair, 7/2/04 (2)**

#### **RE: Listserve modifications**

In a message dated 7/2/04 . . . [Jose Gomez] writes:

*Jerry:*

*Here is my opinion on this. There are thousands of listservs, each usually with a very specific purpose. There is something to be said about a listserv that is set up for a limited time (through December) for a limited purpose: to document the history of the UFW through the testimony of the people who were in the trenches. In fact, that is such an important purpose that we need to honor it. In my view, we've barely scratched the surface.*

Dear Jose and all...

I agree with this focus, and am wondering if we even want to modify this one to allow sub-groups... This is my off season, so I apologize to Jerry and all, but I'll come in from work, and want to reply to several different conversations going on. I think my conversation with Auggie and Abby about the Teatro and music is off line; should we save it to a file that people who were interested could check out? And with Abby and Charlie and Alfredo about the Chicano liberation movement in Texas and California, and differences in emphasis, Texas more political?, California more art and music, cultural? (and ballet folklorico? But someone took offense at that)... And the relationship of the Viet Nam war to the Movement, stuff that is tangential but central to our memories of the '60's and '70's... A Conversation going on about Texas? The ALRA and the Legal Dept? On religion and the union? On the Filipinos and AWOC? On the March of '66 and Fast of '68? I can't quite think how it would work. If I had to go on line to visit a web site, I just don't go there, but others might. I don't want to hog the mike. But I would also like to be able to participate in several conversations at once.

Viva la Causa, Doug Adair, 1965-89

### **Mike Johnson, 7/2/04**

**RE: Have we got buttons?**

I'm betting that I am just about the only one on this list-serve with these buttons in my UFWOC/NFWA/ UFW collection:

"BUY LETTUCE, GRAPES, WINE"  
"SUPPORT TEAMSTER FARMWORKERS"  
"BUY TEAMSTER LETTUCE"

I found them in a bottom drawer of my desk when I came to work at the Salinas Teamsters in 1988. (We threw out the creeps that had run it in the 1970's and early 80's in 1985)

Mike Johnson  
LA Boycott 1970-71

**Khati Hendry, 7/2/04 (1)**

**RE: recollections from Calexico clinic part 1**

I am sending some personal recollections from time in the Calexico clinic in 1974 and 1975, plus miscellaneous UFW memories.

It would be great to hear from others who were there too, especially if they have corrections to details that failed in my memory.

I got carried away and wrote too much, so this could not be posted even as an attachment. I am sending a series of smaller sections to see if that works.

Apologies to everyone for overloading the e-mail--just delete all the "Calexico" postings that follow if necessary.

**Berkeley 1970-71**

- Grape House. My first direct contact with the UFW was in Berkeley, having grown up East of the Mississippi in the 50's and 60's, and only hearing distantly of the Farmworkers union and Cesar Chavez. When I arrived in Berkeley in 1970, taking a leave from university to experience life outside its walls and furious at the country's power structure and Vietnam war, I met people working out of the "grape house" in Oakland. John Cama\_\_\_\_\_ (a slight blond man with a love of jazz) and his friend Ron Kelly filled me in on the boycott, and drafted me into various events. The house, at the end of a street next to the freeway, was disheveled and something was always going on.
- Trip to Salinas. Ron invited me along on a trip to Salinas in late 1970, where Cesar was going to speak. I believe this was part of the lettuce boycott. We stopped by a house that I think was the site of a clinic, where Mary McCarthy (not sure about this) was, and also went to the farmworker kitchen set up for the strikers, organizers, and rally-goers. They served up something referred to as "elephant" meat, which was the hottest food I had ever eaten in my life. I don't recall just what Cesar said, but I was impressed by the energy, enthusiasm, determination, and caring of the assembly. We spent the night on someone's floor, and drove home through Watsonville--my first look at the artichoke capitol of the world (not to mention strawberries). In Salinas, I first heard "Huelga en General", and got a copy of the lyrics. I determined to learn Spanish, and memorized the song as a first step, which I can sing in its entirety to this day.
- Parking lot epiphany. Back in Berkeley, I was passing out leaflets in the Safeway parking lot on Shattuck and Adeline Street (now the Berkeley Bowl) urging people not to shop there, and trying to figure out what to do with my life. It was ridiculous to think that I would be an organizer of farmworkers myself--who was I to have such arrogance? And yet did I want to spend my life passing out leaflets in parking lots? I reflected on the fact that I had advantages of having done well in school and parents who could send me through education, and if I had grown up a farmworker, what would I want? Why, some of the advantages I already had. If I really wanted to support the farmworkers' struggle, I would use my particular opportunities and



skills to contribute to La Causa. Through serendipitous events, I had become involved in the Berkeley Free Clinic and Women's Health Collective, and thought I could become a doctor and work in a farmworker clinic like the one in Delano. And so the UFW changed the course of my life.

Khati Hendry

**Khati Hendry, 7/2/04 (2)**

**RE: Calexico part 2**

**Calexico 1974 summer**

- Signing up with the UFW. And so, 2 years of pre-med in Massachusetts and a year of medical school at UCSF later, I finally had my opportunity to work directly with the union. The summer after that first year of med school, I signed on as a volunteer at the clinic in Calexico for two months. I had no idea really where I was going when I got on the bus, which took forever, and made a switch in a town I never knew existed, the date capitol Indio, before landing in the sun-bleached border town of Calexico. I stayed in an apartment house with other volunteers, which was Spartan but friendly. Once I thought a bus had rammed the side of the house, but it was only an earthquake.
- Calexico staff. The clinic was run almost entirely in Spanish, as was the entire town of Calexico. Some of the people I remember: Juanita was the plump, pleasant, monolingual Spanish administrator. Miki worked in the lab-she had a child at age 15, who was then 6 years old, and it occurred to me there were actually advantages to getting that "over with" early before you knew any better, and still having the rest of your life in front of you. Miki taught me to weave bracelets of black rubber rings around my hand, paint toenails with purple glitter polish, and smile a lot. Yoli was the slender blonde medical assistant who, like many staff, commuted across the border from Mexicali every day for work. She was always beautifully coiffed and dressed, which seemed like a miracle when I finally visited her tiny house. The nurse was, I think, Katie Mc Donnogh. I can see her face and straight dark hair, but am not sure of the name any more. I believe she was a nun at some point. John Taylor was a large young man with sandy brown hair who helped me with my Spanish and filled me in on the union politics. Marshall Ganz came down to help organize a big rally with Cesar as guest speaker and I met him briefly in a couple of planning meetings. Oscar Mondragon was also in Calexico and was a local organizer. Dan Boone was one of the lawyers who lived in the apartment below me in the UFW lodgings; I met him again years later when he helped defend a coworker in a grievance through SEIU. I think that Tom Lambert was the name of the doctor working at that time, a slight, gentle, young brown-haired man who worked long hours in the clinic and hospital. John Cummings was a large, enthusiastic doctor who lived somewhere else in California (maybe San Diego) and came out occasionally to volunteer.
- Panic in the delivery room. The clinic was in a one-story medical office next to the tiny local hospital at what was then near the edge of town. The check-in area is where the patients were screened for eligibility, based on their work records I believe, although I don't know the details. We had a small lab that could do draw samples, do microscopy and hematocrits, and I'm not sure about cultures. There was a small pharmacy, which was stocked with samples and medications we ordered. After one year of med school, I did not have the skills to attend to patients directly, so I helped prepare medicines. Looking back, it was under the vaguest of supervision, but what did I know of regulations? There were 3 or 4 exam rooms, with the usual supplies, and charts on all patients. The doctor had some hospital responsibilities, and would see patients who needed to be admitted in the neighboring hospital, as well as do deliveries. There was one morning when we heard about a very difficult delivery the previous night-he had a hard time getting the baby delivered and the APGARs were terrible, although I don't think the baby died. I just recall that it was quite traumatic, and there was basically no back-up available. The other doctors in the community were not friendly to the clinic from what I understood, and it must have been stressful for the UFW volunteers.

- Spanish language. When I was not helping in the clinic, and even when I was, I was learning Spanish. I had 6 class meetings in medical Spanish at UCSF, knowledge of French, and a "Teach Yourself Spanish" book. My method of choice was to read "Los Agachados" by Ruiz, a political comic book from the point of view of the man in the street in Mexico, writing down at least 50 words I didn't know each day and looking them up. This resulted in knowledge of Mexican slang ("p'os") and questions to the staff about words such as "pendejo" or expressions such as "hijo de la pelona". The clinic people told me about famous misuse of Spanish by the volunteer doctors too. Dr. John Cummings had a thick American accent, but tried hard. One day a farmworker came in complaining of a skin lesion on his arm, which he described as a "esta chin---da". When John later saw a lady with a similar lesion, he proudly exclaimed, "Senora, yo veo que Usted tiene una chin---da aqui!" She was mortified, as was the doctor when he found out what he had said.

Khati Hendry

**Khati Hendry, 7/2/04 (3)**

**RE: Calexico part 3**

- Tape. One of the treasures I acquired at some point was a copy of a tape of farmworker songs recorded live I don't know where. It includes among others "Adelita" (including the part with "Ay como me gusta la paranda y beber-que hare par' anamorar a esta perfida mujer...."), "De Colores", "Las Mananitas", and a description of the "Plan de Delano". I still have it.
- Story of bus burning. One of the events that occurred before I arrived was the burning of a contractor's bus. There were court proceedings at some stage, and rumors about who might have been involved. Certainly the feelings ran high. El Malcriado was another source of news, and they were on a campaign against "La Madrugadera"-the system that required workers to show up as early as 3 in the morning in an attempt to get work that day. They would hang out for hours, and might never be chosen to work. I think that was part of the campaign to get a union and hiring hall going to have a more rational method of work distribution.
- Cesar's visit. In order to rally the workers in the Imperial Valley to the union organizing efforts, Cesar planned to come to Calexico that summer of 1974. The preparations included leaflets, decorations (I worked on the black aguilas that adorned the roof of the park gazebo), and so on. At one of the meetings, the planners wanted to have pretty girls work the crowd selling buttons. When one of the women present objected to the sexism of the proposal, Marshall told her in not the nicest tone, "one revolution at a time." That was a source of friction, but everyone still worked to make the rally come off-flags, cheers, speeches, crowds, emotion. It amazed me that instead of Calexico being a remote, rural spot in the middle of nowhere, it was really right in the middle of the action.
- Heat. Calexico is really HOT. One morning we went out to one of the melon fields to demonstrate with flags and slogans, and it was hot even in the early hours. I couldn't imagine working to pick anything, much less melons, in that kind of heat, and developed a greater respect for the work done in the fields.
- Mexicali. On the other side of the border from Calexico is Mexicali. In those days, it was a block or two of tourist shops, a couple more of business district, and the rest huge tracts of dirt roads and colonias. There was supposedly a clinic in Mexicali (Tina Solinas mentioned this in a listserv e-mail) but I never met anyone who worked in it or saw it. The most lasting visual memory of the relationship between the two cities was that of cardboard and cast-off wood shacks literally plastered against the chain link fence on the Mexican side, with a golf course on the other side in the U.S.
- Trip to San Diego. Occasionally patients would need referral out of Calexico. There was an elderly woman with congestive heart failure who needed to see a specialist, and one of the volunteer doctors at the clinic had managed to get an appointment for her in San Diego. I was the medical transport service, and drove her all the way there to the hospital. We talked along the way, and she mentioned that she was sad that her children were not keeping up their

Spanish skills. After a couple of months in the Imperial Valley, San Diego looked like the Emerald City-everything big, busy, rich, and far from what was available to us in Calexico. The disparity was striking.

- San Francisco. Coming back to San Francisco for the second year of med school, as the bus rolled into the city, I was shocked. I always thought San Francisco was beautiful, but what I saw was a lot of concrete.

Khati Hendry

### **Khati Hendry, 7/2/04 (4)**

#### **RE: Calexico part 4**

##### **Calexico 1975 fall**

- Ken Frisof. In the fall of 1975 I returned to Calexico, this time with more experience, and able to attend to patients under physician supervision. I managed to get a community health elective for a month, with the doctor filling out the preceptor papers. It is possible I have the 1974 and 1975 doctors mixed up, but I think that Ken Frisof was there the second time, along with his wife, who was a nurse. The clinic was still seeing patients regularly, and my time was spent either observing patient visits or doing some of the simpler ones myself, so the emphasis was on getting the care right.
- Living in Mexicali. This time I spent more time across the border in Mexicali, staying for a while in an organizer's house in Baja California which was empty most of the time. I remember visiting Yoli's family, and was impressed that the front room was filled with a large bed, the bedroom was filled with two beds, and the kitchen was in the back of the house, partly outdoors. In all, about 10 people lived there, two or more to a bed with the rest sleeping on the floor. When I told them I was staying by myself down the street, they wondered if I wouldn't get lonely, and cheerfully invited me to come stay with them anytime-"we have plenty of room!". This is the same Yoli who was always impeccably dressed at work, while I was rather grubby. When I crossed the border with my borrowed bike every day, I began to experience a bit of what most of the clinic staff and farm workers went through every day. How must it be today-surely very different with the big fences and homeland "security" now in force.
- La Rumarosa, Tecate, Laguna Salada, San Felipe. Beyond Mexicali is a huge dry lake known as the Laguna Salada, and beyond that ultimately San Felipe on the Gulf of Cortez. To the West are the Rumarosa mountains, dry brown hills with deadly highway curves adorned with crosses and flowers. Beyond that is the high, cooler desert on the way to Tecate. A beautiful part of Aztlan.
- Visit to Tehachapi. I went along with several clinic staff to a meeting with Cesar in Tehachapi to talk about the future of the clinics and concerns people had. It must have been about October of 1975. I didn't know that it had been a TB sanitarium, and just remember that it was in a beautiful spot, downhill a bit from the road. We met in a large meeting room in what I thought was a house, with maybe 30 people or more. John Radebaugh from the Sanger clinic was there and quite a spokesperson. The politics were beyond me, but I recall that the clinics were emphatic on the value of the services and distressed by directives from the Union that made it difficult for them to continue. Although the clinic people tried earnestly to make their concerns heard, they were not pleased with the responses. It felt quite tense and sad. Perhaps someone else who attended that meeting could provide more insight. I know that the clinics did not last too long after that meeting, because they were long gone by the time I graduated from residency in 1980.

Khati Hendry

### **Khati Hendry, 7/2/04 (5)**

#### **Calexico part 5**

##### **UCSF boycott**

- UCSF farmworker support committee. Naturally, back at UCSF we had a support committee for the boycott. I remember reading "Factories in the Fields" by Cary McWilliams to get more perspective on the union efforts. The support committee was mostly made up of medical students, but there were some nursing and other people as well, and we were assigned to a UFW staff person named Juan. Our focus was on the student union, Milberry, which had a cafeteria. The campaign was to get iceberg lettuce out of the cafeteria, and we picketed, handed out leaflets, negotiated with the manager, got articles in the "Synapse" student paper, and had some success. In those days, salad was synonymous with iceberg most of the time, and they introduced other types of greens as a choice. We also joined in the Gallo wine boycott, targeting the mom and pop corner stores in the neighborhoods around the medical center. We actually got several of them to pull the Gallo off the shelves.

#### **Postscript**

- La Clinica. After residency in family practice in Seattle, took the "perfect job" at La Clinica de la Raza in Oakland, with the aguila in the logo. One of the attractions was the community health education (Casa CHE) section, which organized the community on a variety of issues using the Paolo Friere ("Pedagogy of the Oppressed") model, so my work would be linked with a larger mission. As it happened, there were internal problems and we ended up organizing the workers at the clinic into one bargaining unit in SEIU Local 535, and negotiated a contract with the first salary structure the clinic ever had. Lots of stories there.
- Proposition 186. Continuing in the spirit of improving community health, I was working with the single payer initiative, proposition 186, in the early 90's. Knowing it is not enough to see people who need health care on an individual basis, I was passing out flyers in a parking lot at CostCo when I had a flashback to 1970 when I was handing out UFW leaflets in the Safeway parking lot, deciding to go into medicine to contribute more. Now I was doctor, but still handing out leaflets in a parking lot trying to make a difference. I really felt I had come full circle.
- UFW documentation project. I'm sure that many people involved in the UFW clinics continue in community health circles today. I saw Ken Frisof's name mentioned as a leader on single payer somewhere back East, and I met Kate Colwell from the Contra Costa Health Department clinic in Richmond only to find out she worked in a UFW clinic, and she told me about the documentation project. I hope more people can contribute other memories from those years when the clinics were an inspiration to those of us wanting to work for a better, healthier life for all through social action.

Khati Hendry, MD

**Kathy Lynch Murguia, 7/2/04**

**RE: Calexico part 5**

Khati, your memories are so valued for this project. I was in La Paz for the meeting in "75". I was not on the Board of the Health Group, but basically organized the logistics around the board meetings and the communications between the clinics and the board. One of the toughest jobs I had was putting together the individual budgets for the doctors who were considered volunteers. Like the attorneys it was at the crux of the Union's position of maintaining a volunteer staff. I knew that we had hired professional staff in the past, so it was hard not to speak up about duplicity. The doctors came with their bills. It was hard to recruit a doc and then it was hard to have a budget approved. There were hard feelings. Khati thank you so much for contributing to the project. I hope others from the Health Group come forward. Que Viva los Medicos. Kathy Murguia 1965-1983

**Doug Adair, 7/2/04 (3)**

**RE: Calexico clinic**

In a message dated 7/2/04 . . . [Khati Hendry] writes:

*I know that the clinics did not last too long after that meeting, because they were long gone by the time I graduated from residency in 1980.*

*Khati Hendry*

Dear Khati,

Thanks for your memories. I probably met you that winter of 1975-76. Many of us new arrivals, organizers, legal department, moved in to Dr. Tom Lambert's apartment as the winter harvest campaign heated up in November/ December. (The landlady lived downstairs. Many of us got up for the madrugadas, the office opened at 3 a.m., as I remember. The landlady complained that one morning the toilette was flushed over over 20 times between 2 and 4 a.m. one morning...). Tom was so focused on his work, he used to open a can of peas or vegetables, and eat it cold, with a spoon, out of the can.

One day he came home from a delivery or accident patient or something, and slipped the bloody clothes into a bucket of water, to soak, and left them under the sink. And forgot them. Many days later, someone noticed the fumes and smell and opened the bucket --- Yech, we accused him of saving body parts or something...

Dear Dr. Tom and Kathy McDonough are married, with teenage kids, living in Billings, Montana.

We still had a clinic going in Coachella, c. 1982?- 83?

Anyone else remember that meeting in La Paz, c. 1975, what the criticisms were?

Vivas,

Doug Adair, Calexico (legal), 1975-76

### **Hope Lopez Fierro, 7/2/04**

#### **RE: The clinics**

I think this is on track. Dr. Khati Hendry points out that the union clinics were of importance to those of us who wanted to work better thro' social action.

The union clinics were never more valuable than during the strikes. During the '73 strike in Coachella, I was helping out as the picket line nurse. Yes, there was a lot of bravura, guts and "esta huelga la ganamos a como d?? lugar", but there was also a lot of stress, tension, and fear. When the teamster gorillas came on the scene, it took more than guts for those huelgistas to remain non violent, and the fears increased for those who were non violent as a matter of course, but their commitment was greater than the urge to kick ass.

At best, the huelgistas were easily dehydrated, what with that scorching 110 degree weather, therefore passing out the salt pills was an hourly task, @ worst the upset stomachs related to the built up tensions. Even worse was the day that one of the goons hit one of the young female strikers with a pair of iron knuckles, and knocked one of her eyes out. A young male striker was beaten and was brought into the clinic oozing blood. We became instant emergency nurses.

I think that "Elizabeth" was the name of the RN in charge of the clinic during those unbelievable days and nights. That young lady oozed efficiency and competence. The clinic was swamped.

I believe that clinic was closed after the huelga, at least for that time. I remember helping Elizabeth? purge the medicine cabinets of all the stored meds.

All the rest of us were dispatched to hither and yon. I was exiled to La Paz, and I had a whole box of sample RX that Elizabeth? had given me. I put them to good use @ La Paz, but that is another story.

The clinics have always served as an Oasis for the huelgistas, the members, the marchers, los mitoteros.

'Nuff said.

Hope Lopez – 66-74

**Carlos and Linda LeGerrette, 7/3/04**

**RE: A Boycott Story**

In our sunny, southern, San Diego city, this Safeway story took place way back when. The boycott of grapes and Safeway was in full force. There were many creative nonviolent actions taking place inside the Safeway stores, regardless what city they were located.

Locally, there was a Safeway employee who was a very strong supporter of the movement. In a discussion, the employee was asked if he could "secure" a piece of Safeway stationary. It didn't matter what message was on the stationary, it was the logo that was needed. Within a few hours the stationary was delivered.

One week later, the majority of the local Safeway stores were clean of grapes.

Story has it that the the grapes were pulled from the shelves immediately after the stores received an urgent and "official" legal notice from Safeway's headquarters to remove the grapes until further notice.

Oh yea, the movement also had a printer who was always walked the picket line.

Hmmmmmm.

Carlos & Linda LeGerrette  
1966-1978  
SD Boycott, La Paz, San Ysidro

**Richard Cook, 7/3/04**

**RE: Coachella Strike**

Hope, your comments about the clinic and the Coachella strike reminded me of how furious some of us became during the Coachella strike, standing across the road from the fields with these 250-, 300-pound imported goons. God, we shouted insults at them! I mean, anything we could think of, went across that 30 feet of dirt road right at those really big dudes. The gorillas got tired of hearing all that and began to edge across the road. I remember thinking, well, come on! I weighed about 155 pounds, so 'thinking' is not exactly the right word to describe my mental state at that moment. Any way, the goons did not cross that narrow little patch of dirt because there was enough patrolling by Riverside Sheriffs to deter them, I guess.

I remembeer being so insanely furious and full fo shout, that I began loudly to insult two or three guys in suits who parked some place near our picket line and did cross to talk to some of us. After shouting a boat load of insults at these natty dressers (coats & ties in Coachella summer), someone said they were staff or investigators from Sen. Harrison Williams and the Senate Labor Committee. I shut up quick.

My recollection is that a Teamster goon, sitting on the passanger side of a pickup flying down in front of a picket line, stuck out his gloved hand and hit one of the strikers in the eye. I am sorry to hear from Hope that this put out her eye. I did not get that detail at the time. I do recall no success in identifying this guy, who the strikers nicknamed "Mangas amarillas" for the gloves he wore.

Richard Cook  
NFWM 72-84

**Margaret Murphy, 7/3/04**

**RE: Calexico Parts 1-5**

Khati - What a really great presentation! What a memory! And thank you, Kate Colwell for inviting Khati to share her experiences.

I worked for the Health Group from Oct. '71 - Oct. '77, with time in Delano as Director/Administrator, set up /administered Salinas Clinic from '73-'77, with a hiatus in late '75-early '76

to work with Coachella Field Office to establish clinic there. The only time I spent time in the Calexico Clinic was during the time I was in Coachella. I went back & forth, during the organizing campaign in Calexico after the ALRA was passed. I spent short periods in La Paz in '71 & worked with Jessica for a few months in '76 after leaving Coachella. But I did visit Calexico occasionally during those other years.

The Katie you mention was one of my best friends, Katie Doyle & she was a nun. She has worked for yrs. in Phoenix - first with a mobile health clinic to service campesinos & currently doing home visits to high risk infants for Maricopa County in Phoenix. She was there with Ken Frisof & Chris Williams, his wife. They live in Cleveland, Ohio & have three kids. We have visited them a couple of times over the years. I remember Katie talking about Yoli & Miki, who I believe was a niece of one of the Calexico Field Office staff. Those apts. you mention were inhabited by UFW staff for years. You mentioned Juanita, the administrator. She lived in Mexicali & actually was at the clinic for years (I believe until it closed).

John Cummings and his wife Maida worked in the Calexico clinic full time in approximately 1972-1973. They moved on to San Diego, but John often came back to help one of the other doctors by covering for him on a day off, vacation etc. The original physicians who went to Calexico when the clinic opened in '72 were Ken Tittle (who was fluent in Spanish & was married to Diane, a Puerto Rican woman) & Graeme Fincke, who came with his wife, Heidi Urich (I believe).

Was Graham Beaumont (a physician from Canada) there while you were, Khati? He spent several months at the clinic. Each one of the clinics had its own flavor determined by geography, clinic staff & field office staff, & by the workers in those areas. I have a special fondness for Calexico, because that's where I met my husband, Jeff Sweetland, during the campaign in '75-76.

One of the most difficult things for the doctors at the Calexico clinic was the lack of backup. They were often there by themselves 24/7. It was very hard for them to get away at all. When they left the clinic, they were on call for deliveries & emergencies, when folks presented at the hospital E.R. Generally, the local Calexico doctors were not supportive. However they did get some support from the staff at the Brawley Clinic. There was a lot of loyalty to the workers & the clinic when some of the physicians left; Ken Frisof came back during one of his breaks to relieve Tom Lambert, so he could take a break. Ken Tittle, who left the clinic & set up an office in the area, was quite loyal, as was John Cummings, whom you mentioned earlier. He would drive from San Diego to help out.

Those early physicians, both in Delano & Calexico, put a lot of energy into establishing long term arrangements for folks who needed specialty apts. For Calexico workers, it was San Diego & for Delano workers, it was Visalia & San Francisco. They drew some of these specialists in to actually come to the clinic & see patients. The physicians in Delano did this early on. I was moved by your story of accompanying the patient to San Diego. In what other kind of clinic would that happen?

As Leroy mentioned in one of the earlier e-mails, most of us came to the UFW when we were young. Most of the early physicians came after one year of residency. Most of them were C.O.s & so signed up for a specific time. The exception to that was Dan Murphy, who was both a draft & tax resister. While he was in Delano, he was ordered to report to his draft board & he refused to step forward. Luckily for all of us, he was sentenced to time at the Delano Clinic. While he was in Delano, he also had his new compact car confiscated by the IRS for nonpayment of taxes. He & Janet bought an old clunker & kept on working.

These were strong independent folks. No wonder there were clashes between some of them & UFW leadership. I remember in the early months of the Delano Clinic, there was some frustration over the Union's decision to exclude services to campesinos, who worked for six companies under UFW contract that had opted to provide their own health insurance rather than pay into the RFK Plan. The rationale was that workers at these 6 companies would exert pressure on the grower to change plans by being denied services at the Rodrigo Terronez Clinic. While I was in Delano, that never changed; I'm not sure about later.

By comparison, when the Salinas clinic opened, we serviced any farmworkers who presented themselves, including those under Teamster contracts. We billed their health insurance. Obviously, since the Salinas clinic was never able to provide comprehensive services, the UFW was not in a position to mandate that workers use the clinic. Some of the first & most loyal consumers were workers under Teamster contract. I can still see & hear Tasha Doner (the roving organizer at the clinic), talking with workers from Hansen & Harden Farms.

I was at the meeting that Khati mentions at La Paz. It was a difficult one. There were others. I don't remember the specifics. John Radebaugh was a good spokesman. He was a pleasant fellow. He had many years of experience before he came to the Union. (He might have been a doctor at the Brawley Clinic; I can't remember). I remember Cesar liking him when he first met him. I remember John's interest was in training farmworkers to do education in the community etc. I don't now how that all fit into the UFW's plan. I don't remember when the Sanger clinic closed. I know that was where Tom Lambert spent a summer while he was still in medical school. He later returned to work in Calexico & establish an office in Coachella so we could start services there.

During the 6 yrs. that I was with the Health Group, we had 5 Directors, Leroy, Sr. Pearl, Warren Bonta, Kathy Murguia, & Jessica. By 1975, there were some clinic staff who wanted the UFW to appoint a board member to direct the Health Group. I believe they felt they would have more input. I'm not sure it made any difference. The Union always had other priorities.

I believe that the physicians who worked during those years were some of the best & had a passion for what they did. They were political in their own way. But once you have a doctor-patient relationship, you don't want someone else to interfere in that relationship. Actually, at that time, I accepted the Union's position. Over the years, I have come to appreciate both sides. Cesar's vision of campesinos having their own clinics was awesome. And I feel that one can look at them with a lot of pride; and the staff from those clinics should feel very proud of their contributions. But I'm not surprised they eventually closed. I'm not sure the Union had the energy & people resources to continue them. In much of the earlier discussions, there has been talk about being stretched too thin. The crisis intervention approach does not lend itself to handling year-round long term planning etc. You can't run clinics on a crisis intervention basis.

I'm not sure why the clinics closed. I don't believe it was all at the same time, or for the same reason. Recruiting physicians was always a challenge. And yet we did it. When the Salinas clinic was closed, we had the clinic's first full time physician. He had worked part time & commuted from San Jose one afternoon/ wk. Eventually, he went to Delano & worked with Dan Murphy & became a believer & started working full-time in Salinas. I left in Oct. '77. A yr. later, the Salinas Clinic was closed. It happened to coincide with a lot of the other unrest in Salinas - legal dept. & field office etc.???????

What a ride! As I said in my essay, I would do it all over again. The experience of servicing workers in their clinics shoulder to shoulder with some of the best folks I've ever known was phenomenal. I've never had another experience like it & probably never will.

Margaret Murphy  
NFWHG '71-77 (LaPaz, Delano, Salinas, & Coachella Clinics, Arizona Fast, Prop. 22 & Prop. 14)

Milwaukee, WI

**Alberto Escalante, 7/3/04**

**RE: An Organizers Story**

Hi,

This is a rather funny story now, but at the time it was pretty scary. It involves our own soft spoken, mild mannered UFW President Arturo Rodriguez. The truth is "Artie es un hombre valiente, sin miedo de nada o nadien..." Case in point, he and I had been working on a particular campaign together during the 1976 Coachella Organizing campaign. The Union had gathered an incredible group of talented people who were concentrated in the Coachella area to begin what was to be the beginning of an organizing campaign that would basically follow and organize that



years table grape harvest all the way up to Delano and go after Guimarra Farms. I can't remember the name of the Company it might have been Robert Carian or Dennis Kassenavich (They used to have the big packing shed up on the main Hwy. next to the RR tracks about 2 blocks west of the UFW Office..Mr. Adair, you know the one I mean) Anyway Artie had been hassled by the owners son (a real mouth breather, if you get my drift!) And I guess knowing the potential for danger that existed Artie wanted someone to go onto the ranch property & fill out a ULP documentation if anything happened. I asked "Happen? Like are we talking about here?" "Oh, you know if he tries to make us leave or tries to deny us our right to access." I'm pretty sure that the Agricultural Labor Relations Law was in still in effect, but it didn't matter, Artie was "Un Tigre" when it came to Organizing. And, the workers just loved the guy, he was like ese otro Arturo, "El Canario", Artie Mendoza. The workers just loved those two. They'd always come out of the fields or huertas comiendose un taco o un burrito, a veces hasta con una soda! Lo tenian hecho! The farmworkers saw them as "muchachos buenos" Anyway, where was I? Oh yeah...Artie R. asked me to drive onto the ranch with him so he could show the workers that we wouldn't or couldn't be intimidated. That way the workers would see that they too had rights, they could talk with us and sign authorization cards, receive leaflets, badges, and bumper stickers as long as they were on their lunch break or before and after work. Sounds simple enough, huh? We had the law on our side, etc. etc. But, things were never easy... Artie asked "are you ready? Do you have your drawing pencils and paper?" He wanted me to draw a picture of the grower's son who was, as I inferred earlier, a real Neanderthal! (Ugly!) Anyway we enter the ranch and spotted where the guy had made the workers sit & eat their lunch...all in this one tiny area like caged animals. "Alberto, watch out for the owners son, and warn me if you see him coming, ok?" Well, that was all that I heard Artie say, because, "KA-BOOOM!" the next thing I know that darn fool rancher no-neck, pendejo sunny beach's has smashed his tractor into MY side of the car and the cabrone is trying to turn the little Valiant over on it's side. Artie just kept saying "Don't look scared, Alberto! We can't let the workers think we're being intimidated!" And,"YES! This is an Unfair Labor Practice, por seguro...!" "But why didn't you let me know that he was going to smash into us with his tractor?" And.."Are you drawing the way his face is all "enojado" looking?" And I say "Artie, the guy is going to turn the car over onto it roof...I'm trying to hold onto my seat so I don't fall on top of you!" And Artie says "Ok, just don't look so scared! Smile, & wave at the workers Alberto, we can't let this make them feel intimidated!" Finally,..Gracias a Dios, the Ranchers idiot son came to his senses or something because he backed his tractor up and as soon as we had all 4 wheels back on the ground we slowly drove away from the Ranch. Meanwhile Artie is still saying "Don't look so scared, Alberto! You're going to frighten the workers. Just smile and act normal!" Once we got to the main road outside the ranch property. Artie was still cool, while I was like sitting there with mis calsones todos mojados, and he says "I know I've got them worried now...see how the guy over reacted!" "We better document what happened and file a ULP with the ALRB!" You gotta love the guy, even though we had almost been killed...He kept his eye on the prize! Puro Chavista! Me, all I could think about was that this was the 4th time in 2 years that I'd almost been killed. Still it made me empathize even more with the workers and hardened my resolve to help Artie win the election. But... I would do it from my desk, where I'd plaster that crazy ranchers face all over some leaflets for Artie to pass out the next time he went out to visit the workers. But man what a crazy day that was. I think we won the election, though! That was the important thing! Me, I still don't trust ranchers! ( Like G.W. Bush! Hey come to think of it that guy in Coachella looked kinda like ol' George W.)

La Lucha Continua Hasta La Victoria Siempre,

Alberto Escalante '74-'77 '85-'87 Departamento De Propaganda

**Kate Colwell, 7/3/04**

**RE: clinics**

Khati : How great to read your stories. Glad you can remember Yoli and Miki's names.... I can perfectly see their faces but was blank on the names. I too started with toe nail polish from my association with Miki et al. I had written some of my boycott and clinic memories in an essay to LeRoy but not added them here; your story tells many of them. We literally just missed each other

in Calexico as I arrived in Feb 76. Interesting to hear about the meeting in La Paz where John Radebough was a spokesperson. I can guess now that that had something to do with his departure from the Union in 11/75. I was the Director of the Sanger clinic (very briefly) at the time of his departure. Monica Sheehan (later Teague) was the nurse, Bob Saunders our phlebotomist.

Earlier this week, I happily spent a long plane ride reading 6 days of postings and wrote the following comments on the clinics but couldn't get it to send for the past few days:

Somewhere, I have 3 articles written by docs who worked in the clinics in the early 70s. Two, I think, deal with the politics of the clinics and one was more clinical. They are on old paper and I'm not sure how they would scan but I will look for them. Doubt they should go on the listserv, but if I can find and scan, I could send to individuals. Two are published and I'm not sure about copyright issues if you add them to the C.D.

I have always wanted to understand why the clinics were closed. When I decided to go to school as a midwife and left the Union there were 5 vigorous clinics. Within 2 years, (by 79), they were all gone. Margaret Murphy opened (another) clinic in Coachella in 1977. Tom Lambert was the doc in Calexico and commuted back and forth covering two clinics. Catherine McDonough was the first nurse in Calexico and they fell in love so she moved in with us in Calexico and worked at that clinic. I don't know what happened to the clinics but I have a few opinions about why it was so hard to run clinics:

1) Small clinics are very hard to make financially viable. Especially when you try to offer all services (X-ray, lab and pharmacy). The more public sector funding and uninsured patients you see, the harder it is to stay afloat. MediCal is notorious today for delayed payments, but it seems to me that it was much worse in the 70s. I worked in a small office in 1977 that routinely gave up on half their MediCal billings because the small amount they were paid didn't warrant fighting the denials.

2) As Kathy mentioned, doctors and nurses are trained to help whoever needs help and that the kind of professionals who came to work for the Union were probably more oriented that way than most. I also know from 30 years in health care, first as a nurse and now as a physician trying to do ambulatory Quality Improvement, that doctors are (self selected by the training process???) stubborn and individualistic. Things have improved a bit in the past 25 years but in our heart of hearts each doctor thinks we know best and just wants to be able to run things our own way. I am sure that the crisis orientation of the Union where priorities rapidly shifted to support the newest campaign (which I thought you wrote about very eloquently Terry) must have been very hard on the professionals ethical sense of obligation to the patient first. We really need to find Dan Murphy in Iowa to get more of the story, but I bet Esther could add to this topic. Other opinions: Carolyn? Lorraine? Angie? Greg Thomas and Bonnie Pietch are you out there?

3) In the Union clinics, as elsewhere in the Union, everyone did whatever they could possibly learn to do without regard to rank or serial number. I think the statute of limitations has run out (or at least there are enough on this listserve to help) that I can now say that I illegally filled prescriptions, drew blood, delivered babies and practiced medicine for a few years as a health worker in Delano, without a whit of professional education. I STILL believe that a lay model (barefoot doctors, promotoras) holds the best hope for culturally appropriate health care and health care in poor communities, and in the Union clinics there were incredibly generous doctors like Dan and Tom and many great nurses who trained dozens of the rest of us so that we could provide the services needed on a shoestring. This was (mostly) a good thing, but from having butt heads with a few visiting doctors (Esther might remember CC having to come down and rescue me when I got into a pitched battle with visiting doctors while Dan was gone on vacation) it may have made it hard to recruit and retain doctors who were more conventional. I think the clinic staff may have been a bit conventional compared to front line organizers, but the clinics were pretty far out in terms of standard medical practice and this was probably quite a role strain for professionals who stood to lose a lot if they were caught by the Medical or Nursing Boards.

Kate

LA boycott 73-74, Delano, Sanger and Calexico Clinics 74-77

**Doug Adair, 7/4/04**

**RE: clinics**

In a message dated 7/3/04 . . . [Kate Colwell] writes:

*for professionals who stood to lose a lot if they were caught by the Medical or Nursing Boards.*

Dear All,

What a fascinating discussion of the clinics, from Kate, Kathe and Margaret. Did malpractice and liability insurance enter into the considerations in the closure? Debbie dreamed of being a barefoot doctor/midwife, but I gather the insurance premium was in the \$50,000 range before she could see her first patient. By the 1980's everyone was suing everyone... a risk for the Union as well as the individuals. How sad...

The Coachella Clinic must have been one of the last to stay open. Dr. Dennis Markovitz came out, fresh out of medical school, in the fall of 1979. A new plaque with his name, DR. MARKOVITZ, went on the door, and he was so proud of HIS clinic. But for Karen Jacobsen and Beth Gary, he was just the latest in a string of doctors in THEIR clinic, which they had been running for years...

In the first staff meeting, Karen was running things, announcements, plans, assignments, Dennis was quiet, sitting on the sidelines, and then the kicker.... "And on Saturday, the clinic is closed, so we're helping the field office with the car wash and Dennis, your job is to bring old rags and schmottas for wiping down the cars..." "But I don't DO Saturdays!" "Well, you do in Coachella. Be there at 7:30 and don't be late!" Not only being ordered around by a nurse, but what a demeaning job! He was living with us, came home fuming!

But he soon learned the egalitarian features of the operation, turned out to be a good and beloved doctor, oversaw the home birth of our second daughter in January, 1980. I think he lasted a year.

Dr. Cella, who followed him, was VERY wealthy, a multi-millionaire from Orange County (real estate), big donor to the Democratic Party, so the Republicans went after him, dinged him on Medical fraud or something, and he was doing his community service in the Coachella Clinic. He put people on his private payroll, as well as their (minimum?) salary from the clinic (there were paid positions in 1980-82). The strong nurses were gone by then, and there was no campaign or organizing going on, but the clinic was still a great benefit to the community.

There was a final doctor, Dr. Miller (c. 1983?), by rumor a crook who had burned down his own clinic for insurance, hired hit men to kill his wife, scraping the bottom on the barrel on that one, just a job for him, no movement feelings.

After our clinic closed, some of the community folks outside of the union got a poverty program clinic going, "El Progreso del Valle", and named their clinic for Dolores. She and Dr. Fidel Huerta (!) came down for the dedication. I gather everyone was soon stealing from everyone, funds diverted for personal expenses, the Board fighting with the Director fighting with the doctors and staff, a sad ending a few years later. But even that clinic was desperately needed for this end of the valley.

Sad ending to an inspiring and really significant contribution of our union to farm worker health, and a vision of an alternate way of life, based on the union and its services to its members...

Viva la Causa, Doug Adair, Coachella, 1976-89

**Kate Colwell, 7/4/04**

**RE: clinics**

Margaret,

So glad to hear from you! I remember you as absolutely always bubbling with positive energy; you were an inspiration. I'm sure for each of us, the parts we lived and the folks we knew are the

most fascinating so I'm really happy to see all the clinic info... names eliciting so many faces and memories. I always wondered why Janet and Dan had that old blue car....

Our clinics were unique! We all saw problems and illnesses that are almost non-existent in this country (schistosomiasis, lots of TB, lots of congenital problems that couldn't get care in Mexico). We pushed the limits in creative health care and patient advocacy. I'm sure there were lots of problems with the clinics, but working in the union clinics changed my life and has influenced me in my career/work choices for 30 years. It was the pivotal experience of my life.

Dan Murphy had all kinds of contacts at Stanford and UCLA. He was an incredible organizer!

There was a GI specialist who came to Delano (One day a month??) and saw patients Dan had selected as needing consultation and then he taught us something about Gastroenterology. He was a talented man and able to give a lecture that was useful for doctors, nurses and health workers. There are a couple of things that I still can remember learning from him.

Surgeons from Interplast at Stanford would bring residents down and evaluate some of our kids (and adults) with major facial anomalies, cleft lips etc (congenital heart problems??) and arrange for them to get gratis surgery at Stanford (don't know if that's even possible anymore).

I remember driving all over with patients. I took a young woman with a rare endocrine anomaly to UCLA for a full day of consultation with multiple specialists. I was the driver, patient advocate and translator. (In Calexico I drove patients with TB once a month from Mexicali to El Centro to get checked at the Public Health Dept and a month's worth of free medication).

I especially remember driving sick babies to Valley Children's Hospital or Valley Medical Center (depending on beds and politics and insurance) in Fresno; it seems like those drives only occurred in the middle of the night. I've written more in my essay, but during the strike in Delano we started having women give birth in the clinic (if they wanted to) because the hospital would not accept them without a \$300 deposit. Then we would visit the mom and babe at home daily for about 3 days. A few babies became ill in labor camps (no heat, no decent water) and a few just became very jaundiced and needed to be hospitalized. We would bundle mom and babe into the car and drive to Fresno and see them through the admissions process. Some scary rides with really sick babies; likewise some scary rides to Kawahia Delta (Spell?) Hospital in Visalia where a friendly obstetrician would do C-sections urgently if we couldn't get someone in Delano Hospital to do it. (Delano got it's first obstetrician in about 1975 and he wasn't too friendly; most of our C-sections done by a general surgeon ? with Dan assisting).

Carolyn has a remarkable story about preemie twins being born in the clinic....

In Calexico there was very little back-up at the hospital and really sick or injured patients had to go to San Diego. Once we had a patient desperately ill with tetany and she had to be helicopter lifted to San Diego. (Tom, I think, got the army to send a helicopter as there were no medical helicopters available.) Every time I drive near the border I remember the comments of the nurse who went along on that : She said that from the helicopter you could always make out the US Mexican border: US had irrigation and mile after mile of green productive fields; Mexico without irrigation was desert. Without going into the politics of agriculture taking over wilderness, I so often think how that reflected our privilege and assumption that it's OK for us to be wealthier. That folks on the desert side are somehow less deserving of what we have here.

I am extremely grateful for my years in the clinics, the inspiration of the folks I worked with. I can still see Esther, standing in the back hallway, looking out over the waiting room and the watching the flow in the clinic. What a stressful job that was, melding together so many competing demands. Thank you Esther for all that you did to keep the clinic functioning, all the folks that you helped and all that you helped me personally. You did a great job and I was SO happy to see you again in Sacto last year! Where's Janie and other clinic folks? Get them on this listserve!

Kate Colwell

**Alberto Escalante, 7/4/04**

**RE: 1976 Organizing Campaign (Shots in the night!)**

One night about 12:30 or 1:00 a.m. I excused myself from a party that the UFW organizers were having, even though it was still going full blast in a Labor Hall or Salon in Mexicali, B.C. I remember that it was something very important because they had a Taca-Taca conjunto and the libations and repast were free and in plentiful and copious amounts. Dolores H, Richard C. & Gilbert Padilla were there as well, but if CEC had been there earlier in the day, he'd already left. Sometime during the night I'd asked Dolores and Richard where they were staying and they'd told me that they were staying at The Calxico Hotel which was an old rather dingy looking 2 story building located on the corner of 3rd St. & Imperial Ave. which was sorta next to the old UFW office which was on 2nd. St. & Imperial. Our 1976 Organizing Campaign offices were across the street on 2nd. St. facing the southern wall off the "old" 1975 Organizing Campaign Offices which were at that point used for the NFWSC, the Legal Dept. and Hiring Hall duties. We had just moved across the street and the offices were really nice (clean and w/ plenty of light!!) We had just moved into a new office for Marshall that had two little modular cubicle-like rooms one for the legal dept. and one for me and a really wonderful graphic artist named Nori (who was a genius!) that Marshall had procured from the NY Boycott, to show me how to put together a really professional looking leaflet. My leaflets up to that time were total "guerilla art" that were patterned after Ruiz's "Cuba for Beginners" & "Los Agachado's". Fred Ross Sr. likened them to Luis Valdez's early cartoons called "El Mosquito Zumbador" I think that's the way Luis spelled it. Luis was truly a "Renaissance Man" So much talent!! The Union seemed to attract and bring out the most incredible array of talented people. I was in complete awe of the of people who gave of themselves completely in the struggle for Farm worker liberation. Not just to raise the wages and improve the working conditions per say, more to remove the "Patrone's" foot from the farmworkers neck!

Anyway, we were celebrating a victory or announcement of some new policy or program. The Union was growing at a really accelerated rate.... so much so that we were making some people really PO'ed at us!! But I was having a blast! Working hard and long hours and having some of the best times of my life. And even though I was drunk and having lot's of fun, I had to leave the party early. So, I just sort of disappeared into the warm Mexicali night, got into my ex-San Jose Boycott 1967 Valiant (TIC208) and drove off into the night and back across the International Border to our offices that were conveniently located only about 300 feet or so from the Border crossing. Yes, Virginia, at one time you could cross the border in less than 10 minutes! And that was if it was busy!!

Anyway when I got to the offices I realized that I didn't have the key to get in! Damn!! Now I had to drive all the way to our "Barracks" in El Centro, CA (About 30 minutes or so to the NE and get the keys to the office (I used to take Dogwood all the way there and back to avoid the Highway Patrol especially on situations like this!) But that's the way it was we worked hard & Partied hardy!! Anyway, I must have had some wonderful Angels taking care of me because when I returned with the key to let myself in to do the next days leaflets, I was totally freaked out to see that someone had just come by the offices and shot out all the windows with some sort of machine gun, and I could still smell the gunpowder! I didn't know what to do. But I was mostly mad because we'd just had the windows painted in a beautiful red with black UFW eagles so that the windows (big 10ft high plate glass windows) all looked like the UFW flag...Now, they looked like some horrible Salvador Dali "La Guernica" type of art.

It wasn't until I'd called the cops and had gone in, run the leaflets off and fallen asleep that I suddenly sat bolt upright and hought.. "Shize, I could have been in there running off the leaflets and been killed! Thank you God, Thank you Jesus.... !" We never did find out who shot out those windows. But Calacas, Anna Pujarich's boyfriend and a scary cat himself (But one of ours!) tried to find out, but nobody seemed to know anything. Not even Mike of Mikes Place, the Bar next door to our offices. He'd also had his windows shot out. (Collateral damage I guess!) But that was just another in a whole series of crazy events like I said before. I still have 2 smashed pieces of lead that I found in some files on my desk. I guess that they could only penetrate so far and then they just pooped out. They were either 9mm or .38 cal. Thank God! I can only think that we were costing the Farmers and Patrone's enough money that they wanted us to know that they were tired

of "Playing around!" Me, I'm just glad that I didn't end up hanging from the walls at the next UFW convention next to Ann Freeman, Juan De la Cruz and Najii...Ruffino would have the honor of that assignment!

Alberto Escalante

**Marshall Ganz, 7/4/04 (1)**

**RE: clinics**

Jessica might have some insight on this question. She had been working on implementing the benefits won in the 1979 strike just before she left in 1981. Before that she had set up the medical program in Mexicali, Tijuana and San Luis. The preliminary was a trip I accompanied Cesar on to Mexico City in 1977 in an attempt to negotiate coverage with the Mexican Social Security. That didn't work at the time, but the contacts we made paved the way for Jessica's work in Mexicali. The plan had been to make the clinics self-sustaining by having the RFK plan contract with the clinics on a pre-pay basis. Could it be the clinics were closed because stabilizing them required paying salaries to doctors and other health professional? When was the decision made to close them? And why was the decision made, especially after all the effort that went into developing them?

Marshall

One piece was working out a "pre-pay" system so

**Marc Coleman, 7/4/04**

**RE: 1976 Organizing Campaign (Shots in the night!)**

Alberto –

Wow! What a memory!

I was the mechanic assigned to the Calexico and Coachella organizing campaigns in 76-- keeping the old Valiants and whatever else people had running the 100 miles or so a day. If I'm remembering the party, it was at some rancho outside Mexicali-- Cesar's brother was there? It was something out of the ordinary-- great Mariachis-- Cesar was present when I was there. But I remember a number of parties at night sometimes with the ALRB guys like Mo Jordaine who were lots of fun.

This was during the Teamster days so I can guess who blew out the windows. It was typical for me to find UFW cars stranded on the road with the front and back windows knocked out. And the Teamsters used some 4 pronged nail gizmos. No matter how they landed one of the nails was always pointed up. Usually our stranded cars would have four of these placed under the wheels. I think we bought up every used Valiant/Dart rear and front window within a 50 mile radius.

Marc Coleman (1975-77, La Paz, Delano)

**Marshall Ganz, 7/4/04 (2)**

**RE: THE BOYCOTT & THE ALRA 1975**

Leroy,

I'm surprised you consider the story of the boycott the "real story" of the farm worker movement, although it might help explain why this list serve seems to be limited to UFW volunteers rather than to the farm worker leaders who also contributed so much to the attempt to build the union. Does your view conform with Jerry's with respect to the 1975 ALRA bargaining? My impression was that a combination of factors contributed to the pressure to pass the law including the boycott, to be sure, but not limited to it. As I recall various rural counties were running out of money for paying overtime to all the deputy sheriffs needed to patrol the strikes of 1973 and 1974, not to mention the costs of jury trials for the 3000 some strikers who were arrested in 1973-4, etc. Your either/or declarations seem to miss the important way in which the organization of farm workers was the strategic foundation for all the support work, no matter how critical in a tactical sense.

Beginning with the DiGiorgio boycott, farm worker strikers played important roles as organizers in the boycotts across the U.S. In the California boycott that year, 9 of the 12 boycott directors were former farm workers. This is not to minimize the role of non-farm worker volunteers, but to recognize that much of the leadership came from people who would not have been there had there been no strike, no core of committed people from whom the outcome was a matter of economic life and death. The boycott worked as a supplement to farm worker organizing, not as a substitute for it and, in fact, depended upon it for its legitimacy, relevance, and urgency. The futility of Cesar's efforts to "boycott by mail" in the 1980s is good evidence of what happens when the UFW tried to substitute boycotting for farm worker organizing, rather than treating it as a supplement to it or a support for it. In our earlier strategy discussions (before 1977) Cesar used to refer to three major non-violent 'weapons': strikes, boycotts, and the law. By the early 1980s he no longer had the capacity to organize strikes or make proactive use of the law, so he came to rely more and more on direct mail versions of the boycott -- and enormous political contributions such as the \$750,000 given to Willie Brown. What was at stake in the "boycott" and "strike" debate was not just about the conditions under which one tactic worked better than another. It was about whose resources would be drawn upon to win union contracts. If the workers resources were required, as in strikes, they would have much more influence in the union. But if it was the UFW's direct mail program that could win contracts, workers would be just as dependent on the UFW as they had been on their employers. While Cesar in his later years might have found this idea appealing, it could never be the way to build a strong "democratic" union.

Marshall

**Susan Drake, 7/4/04**

**RE: clinics**

Two volunteer docs I remember, in addition to Jerry Lackner, before we had full-time docs: Fred Schlichting, an OB-GYN in San Jose, who's still perky and retired, and John Stenovich, a dentist who risked family (in Madera) castigation by coming to worker-land (he's retired but was my dentist until two years ago).

Helen Chavez' sister had to be treated for lupus erythematosus (or however it's spelled) at the County Hospital before our clinics were set up. She passed away suddenly there.. I've often wondered if she might have survived if we'd had our clinics up and running with recently trained doctors who took lots of time with patients who needed it.

Susan Drake (1962-1973)

**Alfredo Santos, 7/4/04**

**RE: Watsonville Field Office**

Alfredo Santos c/s  
Labor Organizer  
Watsonville  
1974-1976

Violence and the UFW

Some have raised a concern about the Watsonville Apple Strike Story that was posted a few days ago and the shooting of David Castro, the head of the Teamster Farm Worker Local 1973. As was stated in the story, he was run off the road and shot. He was able to drive back to Hayward, California and get medical attention for what we understand was a superficial wound in the chest area. But we didn't run him off the road, and we didn't shoot him.

As it turns out, Mr. Castro was involved in a triangular love affair with a woman in Salinas and apparently there was a spouse or boyfriend involved that found out. That the shooting took place a few days after Mr. Castro was warned by us about beating up our people during the Buak Apple Strike was purely coincidental. (Although it was good timing for morale reasons.)

On the broader question of violence and the UFW, I can tell you that in my capacity as a UFW union organizer, I knew without question how Cesar felt about violence. Although I was never told explicitly (sic) by Roberto Garcia (my supervisor) or any one else in the union, I knew that as a representative of the UFW, I could not condone violence or in any way allow it to take place or have it be associated with the union.

But there were acts of violence, sabotage, assault, malicious mischief and arson by people acting in the name of the United Farm Workers. I heard many stories of people, (UFW and others) who claimed to be sympathizers (sic) that could not follow the policy of non-violence and did do things that eventually landed them in jail. (Maybe the legal department folks know more about this??)

I will share this story with you since I have personal knowledge of most of the details. During the Buak Apple Strike in September of 1974, there was a family who apparently had been involved with the union during the Salinas lettuce strike in 1970. The man's name was Ray Martinez. He was a very mean looking dude and seemed to have a big chip on his shoulder. When he would come by the office in Watsonville, he was disrespectful of Cesar and others in the union. I never understood why he would come in and take up my time with his bullshit. There were times when I would have to say, "Look Ray, that's the past, I can't do anything about that."

One day during the apple strike we were on picket line duty. There were about 25 UFW people, sheriff's deputies, and 10 scabs picking apples. As we did our chanting and waving of flags, all of a sudden I see out of the corner of my eye the deputies rushing over to some of our cars. I run over to see what is going on and I see they have on the ground Ray Martinez's son in law. Next to him are some balloons. I asked the deputy what is going on and he tells me that this guy (el son-in-law) had thrown two balloons at them. As we broke open a balloon we could smell the Clorox fumes. This guy had filled his balloons with Clorox.

The deputies arrested him and two others and took them away. Yes they were picketing with us. Yes, they were supporters of the UFW. But they did not have any authorization to do what they did. After we finished picket line duty, and later that afternoon at the office, here comes Mr. Ray Martinez, furious that his family members are in jail. As soon as I saw him coming, I switched on a tape recorder I had hidden behind some books.)

Mr. Martinez wanted to know what we are going to do to get his family out of jail? I tell what do you mean? We aren't going to do a thing to get them out. They were caught doing something illegal. What they did was their problem. As his eyes got bigger and his rage continued to build. I quickly added, "Es mas, Senor Martinez, usted sabe muy bien que los miembros de la Union de Campesinos no pueden andar haciendo actos de violencia!" (And in addition, Mr. Martinez, you now very well that the members of the United Farm Workers Union cannot be involved in acts of violence!)

This made him even madder, because, number one, he knew it was true, and number two, by shifting the discussion into Spanish I knew that he would not be able to keep up and express his outrage had we continued in English. He made up for his limited ability in Spanish by raising his voice louder and finally threatening me and everybody born in the State of California. I told him, that the union was not going to get his family out of jail nor would the union defend them. I stood up and told him, "What your family members did today was completely out of line. And as soon I see Roberto I'm going to tell what happened." "Fuck Roberto!" he shouted back to me almost spitting in my eye. "I'll tell him you said that too!" I said. Well, fuck you too, " he added. He then swore he would get us all and reveal a lot of things that he had done "for the union" that were to me, clearly illegal, and certainly incriminating. After he finished with his threats I asked him to leave and he did so reluctantly. I switched off the tape recorder and thought about how serious I should take his allegations.

A few weeks later, after the apple strike was over, I had locked up the union office and was outside (around 10 at night) smoking one of nature's better cigarettes with a couple of friends in my 1955 Chevy. As we were smoking in the car, I noticed that the California Highway Patrol drove past kind of slow. Then, maybe 5 minutes later, about 10 law enforcement cars pulled up



from all different directions. We were surprised to say the least. Yes, you could still smell the smoke.

They arrested us and searched my car. I had a lot of electronic equipment in the trunk that we used to monitor radio frequencies, cameras, and tape recorders. Well, we were taken to the Monterey County Jail and processed. At around five in the morning we were still in a holding cell when all of a sudden they told us we were leaving. We hadn't even made a phone call. (I was going to call Sandy Nathan.) A sheriff's deputy gave us a ride back to Watsonville. My car had been towed and so I had to walk home. The next day when I went to get my car I think I know why we might have been released.

The tape of the Ray Martinez conversation was gone, along with my tape recorder. While I knew there was nothing on that tape that would hurt us (UFW), there was plenty that would incriminate Ray Martinez and his family. I remember stopping by the UFW legal department in Salinas and telling Sandy what had happened. He said we'll just have to wait and see what happens.

If I had to guess, I would say that what the Monterey County Sheriff's Department found on that tape was more valuable to them than the funny cigarettes they found on us. I decided to follow Sandy's advice and not pursue the matter of my property. Some time later I understand the Martinez family went to prison.

Was there violence associated with the UFW? Some say yes. I can only say that during my tenure in Watsonville from 1974 to 1976, we never did anything that compromised the United Farm Workers Union's principles of non-violence.

Alfredo Santos  
Uvalde, Texas

#### **Abby Flores Rivera, 7/4/04**

##### **RE: clinics**

I recall Gloria Soto who worked in the Service Center in Delano in the late '60s and early '70s did a lot of work with the clinics in Tijuana; she was signing doctors up when I lived in San Ysidro beginning in 1979. I am wondering if she might have worked with Jessica on this? Gloria, too, would be a good source of information on this, right Daneen? sin mas/abby/r/d/lp

#### **Margaret Murphy, 7/4/04**

##### **RE: Calxico Parts 1-5**

[On 7/3/04 Jerry Kay wrote:

*[Of everything I think 'our' clinic was what made me the proudest and showed what the union could have been had it continued in that direction.*

*[What was the name of the campesina who volunteered at the clinic (Juanita?) whose husband was real mad about it?*

*[Remember when you picked me up from jail with a sixpack at like 2 am?]*

Companero Jerry Kay and Kate, Doug et al:

I don't remember the 6 pk. at 2:00 a.m., but I carried many a 6 pk., during those years, so you are probably accurate. I did do a pretty extensive essay on the clinics, with a lot of focus on Salinas, since it will always be a bit special. Jerry, you asked about the farmworker woman, who began as our receptionist. I'm not sure, but was she Ruth Govea? Was her husband Manuel Elias? What a gift she was! I think she had 6 children. So easy spoken. So professional.

As I mentioned in my essay, I worked out of the Field Office while we were setting up the clinic. You and Roberto were so upbeat about the clinic, it made it so easy. When we found the house on E. Alisal which was to become the clinic, I met with the owners at the So. Wood address. I don't know if they had a clue before that who they were renting to, since this was to be Jerome Lackner's Salinas office. But the space served us well. A year or so later, Cesar saw it for the first

time (quite a step down from the Delano clinic) and agreed that we should build on & put in parking spaces the city required. Who else but John Gibson came to Salinas and added on two or three more exam rooms, administration space and a pharmacy. One of the former clinic staff, Wren Bradley, told me that this office is now used by Luis Sandoval, Jr., who is an attorney. He spent a lot of time there as a teenager, when they were all working in the strawberries.

I found the initial e-mails, when discussion about the clinics began, to be very interesting. Joaquin, Hope & Richard Cook all mentioned remembering the Coachella strike clinic in '73.. And your memory is correct, Hope, the nurse's name was Betty (Elizabeth), a former student of Sr. Pearl's. Again, I think it demonstrates how well the UFW could organize on a moment's notice. And so important. The long haul was much more difficult.

Kate, your stories about the travels with patients were so moving, but also scary. I really don't know anything about the cost of malpractice insurance at that time. I don't even remember anyone ever mentioning it. I believe the reason there weren't any catastrophes was because of the sheer commitment the clinic staff had, whatever their role in the clinic. I, personally, felt uncomfortable when the Salinas & Coachella clinics were in physicians' names, because I knew the implications for the individual physicians, if we ever had a problem (medically). Frank Denison monitored the other part of the operation closely. And yet, both Jerry Lackner & Tom Lambert, who were not at the clinics fulltime, were willing to risk it & trusted the rest of us.

I don't know how much re-evaluating was done when the clinics went from 3 or 4 doctors to 1, but I found the schedule for Delano & Calexico totally unrealistic for the long haul. But actually, the physicians themselves said little about it. If I'm not mistaken, I believe that in order to get privileges at the Calexico Hospital, the UFW doctors had to take regular call for the E.R. there, whether the patient was a farmworker or not. Pretty grueling. I'm sure that if the clinics had to reduce services, e.g. not provide 24 hr. call or do deliveries, it would have been a hard thing to sell the membership. So instead, they were closed.

I agree that the financial issues probably played a role. I'm not sure how much MediCal was billed. I don't remember doing any in Salinas. I'm sure the picture for Delano clinic was very different, when contracts were not signed.

I know recruitment was difficult. It always was. I remember interviewing a physician in Michigan, who had applied. He had been released from prison & had lost his license because of doing illegal abortions (before Roe v. Wade). I met with a physician in San Francisco, who one of our Stanford contacts had given me, & was told bluntly, that he had paid his dues. He worked one 24 hr. shift/wk. in E.R. & made enough to live on. He was not interested in coming to Salinas once/wk. I don't know how hard we tried to recruit nurse practitioners, or physician assistants. There were some R.N.s in the clinics, who did their nurse practitioner program through UC Davis, which allowed them to do their practice under the supervision of the clinic doctor.

I know the clinics were great "organizing tools", but I wish they had been more than that. Kate mentioned some of the more graphic, urgent, examples of medical problems. But for most people, the clinics were their regular medical provider. We saw them for acute & chronic medical problems, as well as preventive health. I remember a fellow coming into the Coachella clinic soon after it opened. He was a palmero. He had just returned from work, and complained of feeling like he was walking on air. His B.P. was 200/120. I think 3 of us took it, because we could not believe the reading. But that was something that could be treated quite readily.

Not every physician who came worked out. I mentioned in the e-mail the other day, that Marc Sapir, who was the fulltime doctor in Salinas when the clinic closed, was the first. Actually, he was the third fulltime. For different reasons, the other two didn't fit. Both of them were near retirement, both in their sixties. The first came out of an academic setting & he just couldn't handle the chaos of the numbers of campesinos who came in each day. The other had actually worked in a union clinic elsewhere, but it didn't work. His wife, who also worked in the clinic, was very upset about the birth control policy. She felt that Cesar had caved into pressure from the Catholic Church. Most practitioners worked around it. They didn't stay long.

I guess I believe that the clinics could have continued, probably with less ambitious services. We had voiced "Si Se Puede" to the recall of Jack Williams in Arizona, defeated Prop. 22, etc. I feel the same way about the clinics. However, I believe the UFW leadership had other, more pressing priorities at the time. We needed ongoing evaluation and adjusting of the clinic program, but that really did not happen. Eventually we found ourselves stretched too thin, and it would have taken the expenditure of a lot of resources to sustain it.

I felt very sad, when we stopped at 40 Acres in Delano a few years ago. The clinic building was still being operated as a clinic. It was around 11:00 a.m., but there was almost no one there. One of the clinic staff was just arriving. I stopped and asked her about the clinic. There was none of that creative energy that I remembered there in the 70s. But I don't blame anyone. In the whole scheme of things, having contracts & the power to negotiate for medical insurance, etc. is much more important than having your own clinic.

Margaret Murphy

NFWHG '71-77 (LaPaz, Delano, Salinas, & Coachella Clinics, Arizona Fast, Prop. 22 & Prop. 14

Milwaukee, WI

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/5/04 (1)**

**RE: Calxico Parts 1-5**

Hello, Margaret:

The old Delano Clinic has not been a clinic in years. Because the building was in use, you may have assumed it was still a clinic when you stopped there two years ago. It is the UFW Southern Region Office and has been such for a number of years. sin mas/ abby/ r/d/lp

**Esther Padilla, 7/5/04**

**RE: clinics**

Hello All: Reading about some of the history of the clinics brings back personal memories that were not that pleasant due to my health condition at the time, but also great memories of Dan Murphy and his passion and dedication to the health care of farmworkers and volunteers such as myself and other staffers who got critically ill with rare and life threatening conditions. It was Feb, 1977 when i was pregnant for the second time and went to the Delano clinic for care, instead of gaining weight, I was losing weight (which I wish I could do now). Under Dr. Murphy's care, I received very intense and careful medical care. He tried ruling out different types of diseases that i might have had. Since i had had 13 transfusions when Adelita was born in 1972, I presented a real challenge. When it was time to do transfusions, he admitted me into Delano Hospital in early July. I remember he sat by my hospital bed for hours wondering why my blood count was going down, instead of up, after transfusions. I also began to have serious effects with the transfusions. I could tell he was very worried and perplexed, and he did not leave my side for hours.

Before he hospitalized me on July 16, he came up to LaPaz to check me out because of his concern. I had spilled blood in my urine, which caused problems with my liver and ultimately with my kidneys. (Today, I have had a kidney transplant for nine years since June 27, 1995. Some of the damage that I sustained due to the valley hospitals not being able to cross-match my blood prior to transfusion, resulted in my problem of IGA nephropathy. They did not explain to me then, but the exposure to pesticides also had an effect on my condition. Adelita is my kidney donor, and she is doing fine with her kidney, and I with hers.) Dr. Murphy ultimately contacted Dr. Cummings (also from the clinic), who was in practice in Visalia. After two hospitalizations with transfusions, Dr. Murphy and Cummings sent me to Kawaeh Delta and contacted a hematologist friend of theirs who had me transfered to Stanford Medical Center, there they could cross match my blood and give me a correct blood match.

As some of you may recall, I was found to have a rare blood problem in that when I became pregnant, my body stopped making red blood cells, thus the need for transfusions. It was a form of

aplastic anemia, which had only been found in 43 other cases previously to mine. Thank God for Dr. Murphy and Dr. Cummings who knew this hematologist!!

Obviously, this was a very difficult time for all of our family. While I was at Stanford, Gilbert was taking calls from the bedside about activities in the Salinas area and other parts and meeting with people near the hospital.

All this to say that if we had not had a clinic with a wonderful committed man like Dan Murphy who advocated for his patients and utilized all his contacts to make sure we got the best of care, I and others who had critical conditions may have not survived. At that time we were on Medical (state insurance for low income) and I am sure Stanford paid for part of the bill especially so that my condition was very rare and utilized as a educational opportunity for that teaching hospital.

All the clinic staff was great, and Margaret it is great to hear from you.

I am now serving on a board of directors for a federally funded health clinic which serves many farmworkers here in the city and county of Fresno. I have served now since 1995. Actually because of UFW clinic's work for all those years, the state and feds finally wanted to do something about health care for farmworkers and low income people, thus these FQHC clinics exist in many parts of California, but it was the UFW clinics that paved the way for health care for farmworkers and low income as we know it today.

My regular job, or passion, is that of working for the California Transplant Donor Network as a Community Outreach Coordinator and Family Services Coordinator. I have been there since Sept. 95. I provide the option of organ donation to families (Spanish speaking in particular) whose loved ones have died or are brain dead in the hospital. We help those donors and donor families save lives through organ donation and transplantation. We provide a gamut of services which having been a social worker (MSW since 1988) provides me the opportunity to give comprehensive culturally sensitive care to donor families. Many of those families here in the valley are obviously farm workers, many from Mexico. The other part of my job is to educate the public about the critical need for organ donation. Since I am on the subject, hopefully all of you on this list serve have a signed donor card and have informed your family of your wishes to become an organ and tissue donor.

Gilbert and I are both signed donors, and are able to donate now that we have been clear of cancer for more than five years. Yes, we are both survivors, not only of the UFW experience but of other challenges in our life as well. These experiences have only given us the life experience and expertise to provide good services to our community. I thank the Union experience and all the good work of all the unsung heroes of the union for making my life so much richer.

Take care Margaret and all,

Esther Padilla

Selma field office, Wisconsin boycott, Washington DC boycott (twice), La Paz, Coachella/ Blythe 1971-1980

**Kate Colwell, 7/5/04**

**RE: clinics**

Oh Esther: What a hard story! Sitting by the bedside, being there for people. That has always been the basis of healing... so hard to do in a busy world. Thanks for the reminders.

Abby: I still can't read any of your posts from hotmail. Could you directly send me what you wrote on the clinics please?

Margaret mentioned John Gibson. Does anyone know if he's still with us? I think I heard differently years ago. What a character! He could liven up any occasion (I think a few 6 packs were involved there too!)

This listserve brings back non-stop clinic memories; clinical and personal. Like Khati, and later Cathy (and ? Katie), I , ("Kati" in those days; do we have something going on with the K sound

here???) lived in apartment in Calexico with Tom Lambert. We shared it with a fluctuating bunch of folks, but long term it was Tom's apartment. As mentioned, Tom did not eat (and could be a bit absent minded). He would come home and open a can and take a spoon and eat it and that was dinner.

Now this was 1976.... Feminism was on the rise but still certainly still a major struggle.... I was the clinic director, but also Tom's friend, torn between a liberation voice that said "women shouldn't have to feed men, they should learn to take care of themselves" and a friendship voice that said: "this very thin guy is working 100 hours a week and he doesn't sleep and he doesn't eat and I have to do something about this!"

I remember one time, before going to the market, asking him what he wanted to eat and he said "cereal". I asked him what kind of cereal in the hopes that I could get something he'd like and entice him to eat more. He didn't know, he didn't care..... I felt really mad and frustrated so I bought a dozen boxes of different cold cereals and lined them up on his bed in the hopes that at least he would notice. (I don't think he did). We put a box of canned food under his desk in the clinic in the hopes that he'd eat during the day. (You are right Margaret, Tom took call in the ER for non-farmworkers... including some kid who was vacationing in Mexico and had a head injury and was brought across the border but we had no neurosurgeon available... When will we finally get equitable distribution of health care resources???)

Hasta la Victoria!  
Kate Colwell  
LA Boycott 73-74 clinics 74-77

**Doug Adair, 7/5/04**

**RE: clinics, 1968**

Dear Esther and all,

What beautiful clinic stories, (and thanks again to LeRoy for providing a forum where this history can be preserved).... and what a beautiful vision. We were dreaming dreams way beyond the extra nickle and dime in wages....And our tiny little band of dreamers, with a lot of help from our friends, were making it happen. We were offering members, farm workers, in Parlier and Mecca and Mendota, some of the best and caring health services offered anywhere in the world. Perhaps the folks in La Paz just heard about the problems, the budgets, the lack of personelle, but out in the community, what an amazing range of benefits we were providing.

Finally, a cornerstone of the union's vision for health care was the RFK Medical Plan, which in turn helped make the clinics possible. Again, folks in La Paz heard the complaints, but what tremendous benefits it provided. When it was put into effect in the summer of 1968, it was, again, one of the best plans in the world. In the U.S., a survey of union health plans judged ours second only to the letter carriers', tops in the nation. It was easy to sit around drinking beer at Peoples' Cafe, and dream of the best health care system in the world for our members. But after the dreaming came the hard work, of the nurses and doctors and all the others that made the clinics possible, so many thanks; and to LeRoy (thanks again) for doing the homework, the nuts and bolts of putting the Medical Plan down on paper and then into action.

Dreamers were dreaming all over the world in 1968, in Mexico City and Prague and Havana and Paris..... and Delano, California.

Si Se Puede,  
Viva la Causa.  
Doug Adair, 1965-1989

**Jerry Kay, 7/5/04**

**RE: clinics**

About Salinas Clinic:

From Jerry Kay, 69-75 (NYC & Bay Area boycotts, Salinas field worker, contract administrator and field office director (71-73) Florida Boycott and field office admin (73-75)

This is more about how I saw and felt about the clinic than actual facts.

I became Salinas Field Office Director after the '72 election literally by a toss of the coin. I felt totally unprepared for the assignment though I had spent more than a full long season working in the fields, being elected a D'Arrigo bros. crew rep and working in the field office.

About the time I was 'anointed' by attrition as field office director, Margaret Murphy came to town and announced she was going to set up a UFW clinic in Salinas. I watched as she went about finding a place and getting it set up, organizing doctors, nurses and staff, including farm workers themselves to help in the clinic. I saw it open and came by often to check on how the workers responded to our new service.

I have to say that of all the things that we accomplished in those years in Salinas, I felt most proud of our Salinas clinic and the work those people (you too, Tasha) did. It was also an incredible organizing tool for farm workers under and not under our contract.

There was always a way that WE worked with the workers as part of their community, not just an office with staff and officials being paid by someone far away--even if we were. The clinic was one of our places that so contrasted with anything the city, county, private offices, the church, other non-profits, and certainly the Teamsters or any other human organization could put together that, you know, it felt like home.

Through all of the tough things that Margaret explained about recruiting doctors and staff, I think that the Salinas clinic was the clearest example of what the UFW stood for as something that came directly from the workers on struggles that benefitted them directly in a way that they participated and THEY felt at home.

The hiring hall was cool, a place of meetings, hanging out, dispatches, service center work--but also there we collected dues and sometimes made people mad. Together with the UFW contracts, the clinic was the most wonderful thing we had going; Margaret Murphy was (is) the most wonderful, dedicated, thoughtful, caring and efficient organizer and administrator one could ever wish for. And I, as field office director--in the midst of the '73 strikes, Teamster goons, the assault against everything we had--would gladly carry water for her anywhere.

One other quick memory. Our big strawberry contract with Dave Walsh Co. (heir to Pic 'n Pac) collapsed in the winter of '72-73 and we went on strike--before Coachella, etc. The usual happened--picket lines, injunctions, breaking the injunctions and going to jail. I spent about 2 weeks in jail with about 30 other strikers. A couple days before my sentence was completed, the sheriffs turned me loose from the new county facility, at that time outside of town. It was about 2am. I was allowed 1 phone call, and I do not remember who I called, but about a half hour later, Margaret showed up in front of the jail; I jumped in and she said, "Hey, Jerry, I brought you a cold one." and handed me a beer.

Jerry Kay, Santa Cruz, Ca.

### **Abby Flores Rivera, 7/5/04 (2)**

#### **RE: clinics**

Kate: My computer froze when I was writing to you. I didn't know you had gotten something anyway.

What I wrote was that the last time I heard Dr. Murphy had gone to work in Africa. Do you know anything about that? The other thing I wrote was that my family never had a family doctor when I was growing up. Aside from births, only twice did we see a doctor and that was at the hospital for emergencies. When we had to fill out those emergency cards at school it was embarrassing because we really had no doctor. We were told to write anything down. I recall we would write Dr. Williams from town. but we wouldn't have recognized him if we saw him walking down the street. I felt such pride the day that I was able to write Dr. Murphy, Delano Clinic on my school

emergency card. I only went to the clinic once in my entire life but my family was able to use its services often. We loved Dr. Murphy and the clinic nurses were great. We felt proud having farm workers on clinic staff, too. like Esther Uranday, but especially Janie Aledo because we grew up with her in Richgrove. Thank you clinic volunteers for providing great service. You touched and saved lives. Many patients/ staff went on to help at doctor's offices and at the hospital in town. sin mas, abby /r/d/lp

p.s. An important thing I learned by being around the Delano Clinic and clinic volunteers was that there were a lot of great organizations and doctors out there willing to do things gratis. When I moved to San Ysidro, a farm worker family had a son whose eyelids did not completely open. He was around 10 years old and had to walk with his head thrown back. I put his mother in touch with the Shriners and they operated on him for free. I remembered the Shriners helping the clinics. That kid was the happiest little guy in the world. The surgery took place right before he entered his teen years.

p.s.s. We had dentists that came also during the early years of the strike. That was the first time many of us got to go to a dentist. Does anyone know the history of that and who those dentists were?

**Jeff Sweetland, 7/5/04**

**RE: Challenge to Arizona Farm Labor Law**

In a posting dated 6/28/2004, Chris Schneider wrote, with regard to the Arizona Farm Labor Law: *"Jerry and Salinas legal challenged the statute as unconstitutional and took the case to the United States Supreme Court."*

To set the record straight: all of the heavy lifting on the challenge to the Arizona law was done by Jim Rutkowski and Mike McCrory, UFW attorneys in Phoenix who moved to Los Angeles in 1976 to help set up a separate UFW legal department office there.

I was assigned to LA Legal during its 2 1/2 year existence as its volunteer-staff legal worker. The principal task of LA Legal was to prosecute a class action lawsuit against the Teamsters and Coachella grape growers in federal court under Reconstruction-Era Civil Rights Laws. Jim was in charge of the office.

At the same time Jim and Mike continued their work on the Arizona case from LA. They ultimately achieved a unanimous decision by a three-judge federal district court that the law was unconstitutional. It was a very satisfying decision, particularly since one of the three judges was actually very conservative. The State of Arizona, under the name of its then-governor, Bruce Babbitt, appealed to the Supreme Court. The initial briefing to the Supreme Court was also done from LA Legal before that office was closed at the end of August 1978.

Chris is correct that the Supreme Court reversed the decision in 1979, holding that most parts of the UFW's challenge should not have been ruled on at that time. (It also said that, while workers have a First Amendment right to organize and join unions, they don't have a First Amendment right to require their employers to bargain collectively with them.) By that time, Jim was at Salinas Legal (which was itself in the process of being phased out) and Mike had left the Union to work on a project with farm workers in New Jersey. Although I too was gone by then, I understand Jim and Jerry went to Washington DC to handle the oral arguments to the Court.

Jeff Sweetland

1975-1978

Long Beach boycott, Calexico, LA Legal, Salinas Legal

Now in Milwaukee, WI

**Alfredo Santos, 7/5/04**

**RE: Watsonville Field Office**

I cannot contribute too much to the stories of the UFW clinics only to say that I visited the one in Salinas on several occasions as a patient and received great treatment. The few referrals that we made from Watsonville that I can recall also reported great service.

My last comment on clinics is that I remember Margaret Murphy and she always had a positive attitude. I asked her once at a party in Salinas, if the heart of the union had moved from Delano to Salinas and she looked at me curiously. As I recall, she asked several people present for their view on the question and they too flashed a curious look. So many things were moving very fast back then.

Alfredo Santos c/s  
Watsonville 74-76

#### **Nonie Fuller (Lomax) Graddy, 7/5/04**

##### **RE: Calexico Parts 1-5**

John [Gibson] taught me to hang dry wall in the Salinas Clinic. I have very good memories of working on the clinic. Clyde Goldern worked on it also. What a happy time!

I wish the Union had been clearer about the reasons for the Clinic closures. I always thought it was purely political (timing). I have learned a lot from the clinic discussion, thank you all.

I worked for a few weeks in the temporary clinic set up during the Salinas strike in a labor camp.. When it closed, Marian Moses gave me two cases to follow. One was the daughter of a Puerto Rican striker who had cerebral palsy. I contacted the local Shriners and they got her into the SF Shriner Hospital, they were great. I had been so used to the institutional racism in Salinas, they suppressed the socks off me. I drove her parents to see her frequently during the year or so she was there. She improved greatly, she went in unable to walk and came out walking

The second was a Lady who needed a cesarean and a Salinas OB-GYN, Dr. Hershey, took her case for a flat fee of \$100.00. He was a good man. He kept his promise to me and never told her I had paid him to take care of her.

Nonie (Lomax)  
Salinas, San Luis, La Paz 1970-1975

#### **LeRoy Chatfield, 7/5/04**

##### **RE: CLINIC DISCUSSION VALUABLE**

LeRoy Chatfield 1963-1973

I appreciate the clinic discussion currently underway first, because I enjoy it, and second, it is so important for the documentation project and future readers/researchers.

I deeply regret that Peggy McGivern and Marion Moses are not part of the discussion. Peggy was the very first nurse to volunteer full time in Delano, followed very shortly thereafter by that powerhouse, Marion Moses. These two started the first clinic, housed in two mobile home units, at the Arroyo Camp, the first strike headquarters of the NFWA, located across the road from the city dump (and as it later turned out, also across the road from the future 40 Acres.)

Marion was a prodigious medical recruiter and kept the clinic stocked with volunteer doctors and medical personnel for many years, especially when the clinic relocated to the 40 Acres. Marion was also my sidekick in the development of the Robert F. Kennedy Farm Workers Medical Plan. Those days were filled with grand hopes and medical dreams for the cause of the farmworkers and there was no one more interested, more supportive and more affirming than Cesar himself. He loved to get involved in the nuts and bolts of the proposed medical plan and gave us much needed direction and feedback. When he came with Marion and I to visit some of the ranch committees to explain the proposed medical plan, he would get so wound up and excited by the response of the farmworkers, that he would leave the overlong meeting wrung out and almost completely exhausted - but immensely pleased.



Unfortunately, I have not been able to locate Peggy McGivern nor find anyone who is in contact with her. I invited Marion to write an essay; she promised to do so but in the end sent me instead a long article she had written for the Catholic Worker (1993) when Cesar died. I reprinted the article in the "rough draft CD edition" of the essays I received from former volunteers. If anyone is in touch with Marion, perhaps you could persuade her to participate (at least) in the clinic discussion because it is not often that we are able to talk with early movement pioneers who had to build from scratch.

Thank you all,

LeRoy

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/5/04 (3)**

**RE: Another Doctor**

Kate and all: I just thought of another Delano Clinic doctor. I'm not certain he's been mentioned. His name was Dr. McBride (1967, 68? Not sure). I was their babysitter for a couple of weeks when his expectant wife went to L.A. to film commercials for television. She made them for various companies but I can only remember that Purina was one of them. It was pretty exciting stuff for a country teen like me. From what has been written in previous postings, now I understand why Dr. McBride always seemed tired. sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**Susan Drake, 7/5/04**

**RE: farmworkers on this listserv**

Whoa, Marshall. I bet you haven't had time to read all the e-mails so you don't realize yet that there are at least a half-dozen farmworkers who became movement leaders participating in these dialogues and others who contributed to the written essays.

I found everything else you said interesting.

Susan Drake (1962-73)

**Alberto Escalante, 7/5/04**

**RE: Where are they now?**

Hi,

I'm interested in finding out the where about's of Elena Rojas, Al Rojas and their eldest daughter Debby. Debby may have another surname as she probably got married. Al & Elena were divorced about 1977 or so and besides Debby they had 2 other children, a boy and another girl. Also the where about's of my old pal & bon vivant Marco Lopez. I was sad to hear that Joey Rubio, Roberto Garcia (El Tropon) & Jose Luna (Mr. Moon) had passed away. Can anyone substantiate that? Also where is Mario Vargas (an original Gallo striker) still living? In La Paz? Or elsewhere...? When I saw Mike Ybarra (at CEC's funeral at 40 acres) I asked him about Mario & he told me that Mario couldn't go to the Delano services and that he'd told Mike that as far as he was concerned Cesar hadn't passed away, but that instead "Cesar was probably in New York City!" Mario, was such a sweet fellow. I first met him in Santa Maria in 1975 & for a couple of weeks I thought that he had a slight speech impediment. Until Gene Lee took me aside and informed me that Mario was Portuguese, not Mexican and didn't speak that much Spanish or English, but instead an amalgamation of all three, all the while with a cigarette in his mouth, usually pointed up at about an 80 degree angle! He'd inhale on one side and exhale a steady puff, puff, puff of smoke out of the other side of his mouth. I used to crack up whenever I saw Mario Vargas and Jose Luna arguing about something, and they would always find something to argue about (anything!) and it was usually belly to belly. Mario in his baseball cap & cigarette and Jose Luna in his Tejano (Cowboy Hat)! But we all knew that they were really very good friends. I can still hear Mario's great belly laugh "Ho, Ho, Ho!" One time I made the mistake of saying that it was a "shame that we had lost at Gallo!" Suddenly Mario pirouetted around and let me know that "That's a lie! We haven't lost at Gallo! We're still on Strike!"

So many memories.....

Alberto Escalante - Voluntario

**Khati Hendry, 7/5/04**

**RE: clinics**

Margaret,

Thank you for all your clinic memories. And thanks to others (Doug, Kate) who have corrected my faulty memory-I had the times I worked with Ken Frisof and Tom Lambert mixed up (Ken was '74, Tom '75), it was Katie Doyle I worked with in Calexico, and you Margaret I saw in Salinas.

I never met Ken Tittle, Graem Fincke, Heidi Ulrich, or Graham Beaumont, but I did hear of them through their reputations, all good. They set the tone for the clinic as a place that made every effort to deliver the best quality care possible, with great dedication.

As a side note, and in contrast to that, years later I met a woman who turned out to be the daughter of one of the unsupportive community doctors from the Calexico Medical Staff. He was a surgeon who ended up in LA performing plastic surgery on Asian women wanting deeper eyelid folds and bigger breasts, and keeping one step ahead of the law.

You mention the clinics that still exist serving farmworkers and families. I agree that the UFW clinics provided inspiration to those clinics, as the community clinic movement grew up alongside the UFW clinics in the early 70's. There are now well over 500 community health centers throughout California, which employ (and employed) a number of veterans of the union, and which continue to advocate on behalf of accessible quality care for all. Even if the UFW clinics were not sustainable in the long run, the union deserves credit for organizing around health issues, and the clinics for providing a vision of what health care should be.

Khati

**Larry Tramutola, 7/5/04**

**RE: THE BOYCOTT & THE ALRA 1975**

LeRoy et al,

Before everyone unsubscribes I thought I'd add a couple of thoughts to the ongoing discussion. Like others, I have basically been on the sidelines during most of the discussions. I am thankful that Marshall continues to push the envelop (and the discussion) in the hope that meaningful dialogue and not merely gossip will occur in this forum. As I have sat on the sidelines, I have been intrigued with several things. First, the seemingly inflated view that most people have of their work in the UFW. (sorry it just seems that way) Second, how important the UFW was in the lives of the "volunteers" as indicated by their ability to recall conversations and events of over 25 years ago. Third, how many of the key leaders in the movement (you and Marshall being the two notable exceptions) have not participated in the discussions. I for one, would find their analysis and observations significant.

I spent 11 years in the Union, was "recruited" by Fred Ross ( I still have numerous tapes of Fred's training sessions), worked on the Boycott in the Bay Area , LA and Florida. Worked in the field office in Oxnard (post Eliseo). Livingston during the Gallo elections, La Paz, Hollister etc. Ann (whose mother Doreen was arrested and spent time in jail in Fresno) and I were married in La Paz, Michael our son was born in Delano and we still, after all these years, are politically active and close to many former UFW staff and supporters. I even authored a book on organizing that is based much on the lessons I learned in the UFW from Fred, Cesar, Marshall, Eliseo and others. Everything I have accomplished professionally has its roots in the lessons I learned in the UFW, so trying to find clarity and balance amid all the emotion and memories is difficult if not impossible.

Marshall's latest insightful email regarding the failure of the Union to continue to organize workers rekindled memories and frustrations that led to departure of many of the union's best organizers around 1980.

First some background. As others have noted, the passage of the ALRA in 1975 changed the Union in ways no one could have imagined. Workers now could petition for elections (with or without approval of Cesar or the Union), had the right to organize, negotiate contracts and demand representation. Administratively the Union at that time was a mess. Few people, including Cesar, had the necessary administrative skills to manage this new world. Almost without exception, our field offices were disorganized, unstructured and chaotic. (I am surprised workers didn't file OSHA complaints for the cleanliness of the bathrooms!) Each office had different systems, different procedures, office hours, different rules and more often than not the field office director had a short tenure and any new director was often overwhelmed and developed his/her systems just to cope with the work. There were no policies, no job descriptions, no system to evaluate personnel. The field offices may be nostalgically remembered by some, but working in one was hell. No one wanted to really deal with this.

The election campaigns of 1975-78 masked in some ways how disorganized we were internally. Our success organizing election victories (due to a combination of good organizing, good legal work, a supportive law, worker leadership and pent up demand) created even more demands on the local offices, which were understaffed, under trained and overwhelmed.

The success the Union was having, even with some election losses and some difficult campaigns (Gallo, among others) created an administrative and organizational nightmare. Cesar, wisely knew that the field offices needed to improve AND he had to get his own house (La Paz) in order. I believe his reading of management books and talking to management guru's (Peter Drucker etc.), his ill-fated experimentation with Crosby Milne's Pentagon-inspired systems, and even his association with Synanon need to be considered in this context. Cesar needed internal organization and management skills and was open to new places to find them. What Cesar saw in Synanon was an organization that was managed well and efficiently. I believe Cesar was intrigued that some of what Synanon did right could be implemented in La Paz and perhaps in other Union offices.

I was involved in one of the first two groups that went to Badger to not only "play the game" but to observe how the Synanon people managed their operations (food delivery, radio station, work responsibilities, etc.) In fact I remember more of that than I do of the game. I am not sure who was chosen to go or why, but the game was quite honestly not that big of deal. Those that went to Badger were generally matched up with someone from Synanon who had similar job responsibilities. After dinner and discussions the game was "played". Some people were good at it, some were not, some refused to play. I honestly think that those outside of La Paz over-emphasized its importance. --- What was important however is that Cesar was forcing La Paz staff to change, to improve how they looked at their work, how they managed their work, how they treated others in the Union and guests in La Paz. It was Cesar's hope that by improving the work climate at La Paz he could create systems and improve the quality of the management of our offices and the Union as a whole. (It may have been naïve, but I believe that was his motivation).

At the same time our fellow staff in the field offices were facing an avalanche of work from workers in all parts of the state demanding representation, contracts needing to be negotiated, more elections, managing "hiring halls" and contracts that were rigid and unworkable and at the same time trying to take advantage of more organizing opportunities. "La Causa" had morphed from romantic views of workers, flags, songs, buttons and posters to a need to become a real union. More personnel and more resources to do the work were demanded by all.

Working in the aforementioned field offices, with few resources, the staff outside of La Paz viewed the on-goings in La Paz with justifiable suspicion and skepticism. "What the hell is going on in La Paz? You are playing games and we are dealing with real problems and the survival of the Union." Field and organizing staff were beginning to say that the only way to manage all the work that needed to be done was to decentralize, develop more worker leadership and pour more resources into organizing, negotiating and managing of contracts.

In short the perfect storm was in the making.

At La Paz there were many people that frankly were not equipped to be good administrators. Often they were assigned there because they lacked the skills to be effective in field offices. Others resented being so far away from "the workers". People came and went, some for short periods of time, others for longer. Unfortunately there were no personnel policies (I never saw any if there were) no procedures to evaluate performance or effectiveness).

For years, staff (including the Boycott) was kept to a manageable size by budget constraints and by working people to exhaustion. (LeRoy, you may have been the initial architect of this). Burning out staff was an accepted and appreciated practice. There seemed to be an endless supply of (untrained) people willing to work. Discipline was the key word.

At La Paz Cesar openly posed the question: "Are we a movement or a Union?" He often asked, perhaps rhetorically, if it would not be better not to have contracts but rather to speak on behalf of those in need. While he pioneered efforts to train new negotiators and talked of training organizers, I think he was genuinely concerned about the cost and the ability to invest in the personnel and administration that would be required to build the infrastructure of the Union. At La Paz, in addition to the field offices, some people openly and vocally questioned the leadership of Cesar (and I might add the leadership of Marshall, Eliseo and others on the Ex Board).

As in any large organization, there are some folks who for various reasons need to "move on". But instead of quietly in private telling people that they were no longer welcome "to volunteer" and dealing with the likely hurt and anger, people were "accused" of disloyalty and counter organizing. Unfortunately, the manner people were asked to leave was through a public humiliation and attack. It was planned, it was public, it was unjust and it was terrible. Removal of staff, for whatever reason, could have been accomplished fairly and easily in private and without the public humiliation. But once public accusation became the accepted way of dealing with personnel it was impossible to stop.

I have wondered for years why Cesar chose this method and I can only guess that it was in his mind a way of letting others know that dissent was not to be tolerated. (Being asked to leave privately is one thing, being publicly humiliated is quite another). As has been documented in this forum this was not the first or last of accusations against people or "purges." What was unique I believe was the public nature of the attacks and the total lack of fact in most of the accusations. Disagreement with "policy" now became disloyalty and disloyalty meant removal from the Union. It became clear that to disagree meant that you needed to leave, either willingly or unwillingly. Disloyalty, not incompetence or ineffectiveness became the norm for letting staff go. Loyalty was determined pretty much by Cesar and those "loyal" to him. Disagreement meant disloyalty and potential public humiliation. Just at the time the Union needed able staff, loyalty became more important than competence. It was a huge mistake.

During the garlic strike in Hollister (1980-81) and eventual election organizing campaign in the area (where we won 27 of 29 elections) we were helped immeasurably by the able and effective leadership of the paid reps from Salinas (trained under Marshall) who came to Hollister to speak to the workers about the Union, the importance of organizing, and the benefits they would receive if they became part of the Union. The Bustamante brothers, Mario and Chava, Sabino Lopez and others were invaluable. They were loyal AND effective. Not long after our organizing drive was over I was asked to come to La Paz to meet with Cesar. There, anticipating congratulations I was accused (in this case privately) of being disloyal. My attempts to explain that the success we had in Hollister was due to the workers themselves wanting to organize and the help we received from the paid reps fell on deaf ears. If I wanted to continue to work for the union, there would be no organizing unless Cesar authorized it. It was time for me to move on.

I never regretted the years I worked in the Union or all that we accomplished together. Unlike Marshall, I do not believe that "future movements" will learn from our mistakes. (Who among us read about movements before being part of one?). I don't believe Cesar's legacy will suffer any by an accurate recounting of what happened, both good and bad. More to the point I think we could

all learn if others who were so critical to the successes of the Union (Eliseo, Jerry, Gilbert) added their voices to the discussion.

**Jose Gomez, 7/6/04**

**RE: Larry Tramutola's Posting**

Larry:

As one who left the UFW before the administrative and personnel convulsions that you and others describe, I am eager to understand what happened. At the risk of renewing bitter debate (which I hope does not happen), I need to say that your rationale for Cesar's experimentation with Synanon activities is very different from the critique that some on this listserve have offered. While your contribution is but another piece of the puzzle that I and others who were not there are struggling to put together, I think it is an important one. I found your explanation to be consistent with Cesar's leadership style and penchant for innovation.

I do have a question raised by what you write in your penultimate paragraph. Again, because I (and presumably others) want to understand what happened to the UFW in the late 70's and early 80's, I seek your clarification. I have read and reread that paragraph and cannot tell with 100% certainty if you are saying that the 1980-81 organizing and strike in the Hollister garlic fields were carried out without Cesar's authorization. Can you clarify? Thanks.

Jose Gomez

1970- late 1975 (Portland, NJ, DC & NY Boycotts, La Paz)

**Charlie Atilano, 7/6/04**

**RE: Where are they now?**

Alberto, good to hear from you. The last I heard, Al Rojas was a Deputy Labor Commissioner in Sacramento, however, I've worked for this agency since 1989, and I never ran across Al. He still lives in Davis I believe. Take care.

Charlie Atilano

**Barbara Macri-Ortiz, 7/6/04**

**RE: THE BOYCOTT & THE ALRA 1975**

LeRoy Chatfield writes:

*What struck me about each of these meetings was the influence of the BOYCOTT. The primary reason the growers wanted legislation was to undermine the power of the boycott. There was never any mention of farmworker strikes, marches, or picket lines; it was all about the boycott.*

Of course it was about the boycott! The boycott was the one thing that the growers could not control, no matter what they did. Strikes could be, and were systematically broken. [I will never forget the seemingly endless line of buses crossing our picket lines in Delano in 1973, practically running over the strikers as they delivered their cargo from Mexico - hundreds of poor workers who were imported to break the strike.]. Media blackouts and misinformation in the press were pretty common too, but nothing could stop the organizing that was going on in the boycott. We built such a committed following of consumers who made their presence felt daily by withholding their dollars. The growers had no silver bullet that could effectively respond to a well organized boycott. We could effectively hurt them where it really counted - in their pocket book.

True, the law appeared to leave the boycott intact, but it was just a matter of time before the language would be turned against us. At first we did very well under the ALRB. We had a solid, dedicated legal team litigating in front of a good board, the ALRB was staffed with pretty good people - many Jerry recruited who had worked with the farmworkers in the past; we also had good appellate courts (for the most part) and a great Supreme Court that protected our victories and unraveled our defeats. But all that would change more sooner than we realized.

To this day I cannot forgive or forget the Senator who deserted us, Art Torres, when we tried to get Brown's last appointment to the ALRB - Nancy Kirk as General Counsel, approved. Art voted against her, and so we eventually got Dave Stirling instead. That one event significantly sped up the dismantling of the ALRB as a vehicle to achieve farm worker unionization rights under the Act. Once Jerry Brown was out, the rules of the game quickly changed. CLs were vigorously investigated, CEs died from inactivity. Companies changed their names, painted their buses a different color, and got out of their UFW contracts or certifications. The make whole victories that our lawyers had won were hopelessly tied up in compliance hearings, and would ultimately end up in the appellate courts, languishing for years.. Some cases went up and down the appellate ladder multiple times.

The boycott itself was under constant attack. Charges were filed, cases were litigated before the ALRB and the courts. We found ourselves constantly having to defend our right to boycott. I don't think that it really mattered much to the growers whether they would ultimately win or lose any particular case. They had succeeded big time by just constantly forcing us to defend ourselves, and the more we were on the defensive, the less we were able to play offense. Over the years, as the courts got more conservative, things got even worse as the potential exposure to monetary damages for "illegal" boycott activity really started to cramp our style. The wild and wooley boycott days of the past were long gone. We could expect to get sued not just for what our staff did on the boycott, but also for many of the things that consumers were doing on their own. The boycott became much more complicated, and new strategies had to be developed. Fortunately, due in large part to the internet, the Union has found new ways to communicate its message, and has demonstrated that at least a label boycott, i.e. Pictsweet, can be successful in spite of all the restrictions that are self-imposed in order to minimize the risk of litigation. But it is not easy....

Sorry for the tardy response, but I am hopelessly behind in reading all the e-mails, only 181 to go to catch up... not likely to happen anytime soon.

Barbara Macri-Ortiz

1969-1990, boycott, strike, contract administration, negotiations, etc. 1980-1990 UFW Legal

#### **Marianne Cafiero Cadena, 7/6/04**

##### **RE: "yes on 14" (1976)**

even though i spent most of my time in the union on the boycott in boston, new york, and my home state of florida, the first thing that came to mind when i got leroy's letter was the "yes on 14" campaign in 1976. i worked in central los angeles with so many great people! under the direction of our fearless leader ricardo cocinero (aka richard cook - hi, richard!), we did a kick-ass, pre-"rock the vote" voters registration drive outside every vons and ralphs in central l.a., and even a few safeways, too, if i remember correctly. i enjoyed it.

less enjoyable was trying to get people to put bumper stickers that said "yes on 14" on their cars. this was also done in the parking lots of the above named stores. it was alot of work, and l.a. was not the most comfortable place in the world to do work in a hot, steamy parking lot (and i'm from miami, so i know!). this one store manager at a ralph's kept calling the cops on us. they'd come out and go, "oh, not you guys again!" then they would go in and talk to the store manager. we would continue bumper sticker-ing. then they'd come outside and tell us not to harrass the customers. we'd agree. then they'd go away. this happened a couple times a week. on weekends, we would go billboarding with workers who would come down delano. that was also hot, sweaty work, but at least you'd get some shade from the billboards. we got a lot of responses - friendly waves, supportive thumbs up, not-so-supportive other fingers up, and at least one mooning on sepulveda, near the airport.

one day richard pulled a few of us aside and told us instead of bumper sticker-ing, we would be taking a poll to see how (or if) the "yes on 14" message was getting across thru the media. the poll people told us in order to be "objective", we should say we were students at ucla, and not mention that we were ufw staff. two of the poll questions were "have you heard about prop 14" and if they answered yes, the next question was "how" (thru tv, radio, whatever). so! happy to be free of the ralph's parking lot, i started going door-to-door with my poll. the first lady who agreed to answer

the questions was really nice and when i got to the part about "have you heard about prop 14" she said yes.

so i started going thru my media list, but she stopped me and said "oh, no, honey, some little white girl told me all about it over at ralph's". then she peered closely at me and said, "honey, she looked an awful lot like you."

busted! on my first interview!

"oh, no", i told her, "i'm from ucla"

true story, i swear!

marianne cafiero cadena

uflw staff 1976-1981

bay area (florida), boston, nyc, la paz

### **Abby Flores Rivera, 7/6/04**

#### **RE: THE BOYCOTT & THE ALRA 1975**

Larry: Great to hear from you and my regards to Ann. You mentioned some good points but I want to address the following:

Larry Tramutola wrote:

*At La Paz there were many people that frankly were not equipped to be good administrators. Often they were assigned there because they lacked the skills to be effective in field offices. Others resented being so far away from "the workers." People came and went, some for short periods of time, others for longer. Unfortunately there were no personnel policies (I never saw any if there were) no procedures to evaluate performance or effectiveness.*

Earlier when we were having discussion about paid positions in the union, I believe it was Jose Gomez who said we could apply for our current position with the union for pay etc. It struck me as an unrealistic and perhaps disastrous idea because we were assuming people would want to apply for the job they currently held. Not so. All said and done, many jobs would have remained vacant. What you say Larry says is partly true, many of us were not equipped to do certain work; but I want to add that neither was a choice given to us as to *where* we would work. Some of us had the skills and the training to do certain work but were never assigned the appropriate job. I don't want to mention names, but I recall someone who had extensive training in the political arena being asked to head the Transportation Department in the mid '70s. To me, then and now, I thought it was a total waste of great skill and talent. I cannot blame that person for packing up and leaving. Some of us, such as the lawyers, nurses and doctors were placed in jobs they had been trained to do. The rest of us were put in jobs that we never anticipated having to do and perhaps did not care to do. Had I been given a choice, I never would have applied to work in Accounting. However, that is where the need was as the time and that is where I was placed to work indefinitely. Those of you who got to work where you wanted, can you even begin to imagine how frustrating it must have been for those who did not have that luxury? How fortunate you were compared to those who worked at unexciting/ unchallenging jobs day in and day out. You can only get so many kicks out of balancing debits and credits all day or sorting mail faster or more efficiently, or getting that car to hum just so. Our commitment to the struggle is what fueled us. I recall many former Clinic staff who later got switched to do office work etc. at La Paz and were no longer working directly with the workers. I got to see a lot of Boycott people go through the same, no public contact. If we were asked to go to Arvin or Lamont to picket, you never heard such excitement at La Paz. Resentment? Who wouldn't feel it having had a taste of the excitement in the boycott and fields? I guess we were waiting to see if somehow we would be reassigned somewhere more exciting and to our liking that would perhaps matched our skills. Even having worked at lack-luster jobs, I doubt we would have traded it for the world. Lers not forget we got to meet and work with a lot of great people. As for personnel procedures, I guess they existed department by department and nothing structured ever happened until later. The union now has a Human Resources Department and a huge Employee's Manual etc. sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

## Marshall Ganz, 7/6/04

It's not "boycott" vs. "strikes".

It's understanding how they were related. Earlier farm worker organizing efforts that weren't linked to effective organization of farm workers (AWOC, e.g.) failed, just as earlier efforts grounded only in farm worker organization (e.g., the Japanese or Filipino unions) also, failed, although they raised wages in the short run.

The truth is that unions rarely succeed in any setting without significant support from the state - or other allies - in one form or another (look at how awful US labor legislation has always been, for example, compared with that of Western Europe and Canada). The reason is that employers are very, very powerful in local labor markets, of which farm work is an extreme case. And even this is a special case of a more general truth about the way power works. A political scientist, E E Schattschneider wrote in the *Semi-Sovereign People* that "elites always try to localize conflict" because they have a comparative advantage at the local level. Insurgents that are successful find ways to make bridges to a broader turf, where they can find support to leverage against their local elites (as in the civil rights movement too).

Often this "outside" support comes in a political form; e.g., passing good legislation. But it also can come in other forms; e.g., secondary boycotts, consumer boycotts, etc. In the 1930s the Teamsters organized rural California, Southern California and the canneries with a secondary boycott they could use through control of Bay Area terminals. The ILWU organized Hawaii in the same way, although they also got legislation passed that helped them.

The point is that there is nothing unique about needing "outside" support when you are facing overwhelming odds on the other side. We couldn't do it through the kind of labor "solidarity" that had worked in the 1930s (but not for farm workers in large part because of the racism that dominated labor relations at that time) because it was illegal. Our creativity lay in discovering we could build it around a kind of "civil rights" solidarity, ironic because between 1940 and 1970, racial oppression had become a way to mobilize support that it hadn't been in the 1930s – just the opposite. (In fact all the publicity about farm workers in the 1930s grapes of wrath, factories in the fields, dorothea lang, etc. all was spurred by the brief period from about 1935 to 1937 when farm workers became "white").

In any event, the thing to remember is that in all these cases it started with workers and it ended with workers because it was about building workers' organizations, not about building boycott organizations (although your point about the political benefits of having such an organization is a good one). And a look at the Teamster canneries can give you an idea of what you can get when workers play no role in their own organization – a staff controlled insurance business, at best, rather than a union.

In sum, you need to organize workers (at least we did) in order to have a successful boycott, but you can't have a successful boycott (at least we never did) without organizing workers.

Marshall

## Kathy Lynch Murguia, 7/6/04

### **RE: Push the Envelope**

In acknowledging those who push the envelope, Larry, you noted:

*As in any large organization, there are some folks who for various reasons need to "move on". But instead of quietly in private telling people that they were no longer welcome "to volunteer" and dealing with the likely hurt and anger, people were "accused" of disloyalty and counter organizing. Unfortunately, the manner people were asked to leave was through a public humiliation and attack. It was planned, it was public, it was unjust and it was terrible.*

Larry, my memory is poor, but I am curious. What role did you play in the above?

I join with Abby in her attempts to respond to your accurate descriptions of the chaos that existed administratively in La Paz and elsewhere. Wasn't sure where you were going in all that, but it sounds right. I caution you however about "the who's who" of La Causa. It's the small, seemingly



insignificant descriptions in detail and the work thereof that made the Union great, not the shot callers. You may consider some posts "inflated," but that involved their lives.. and as I understand the input into this forum was to remain focused, but non-judgmental. After all, there are all those books to read that you all wrote. They're available for review. Que Viva Todos. Kathy Murguia 1965-1983. ps I think the listserve/ documentation project is alive and well thanks to great people like you who push the envelope.

**Larry Tramutola, 7/6/04**

**RE: Larry Tramutola's Posting**

Many of the organizing "campaigns" in the 1978-80 era were less about the Union proactively trying to organize workers, but rather responding to workers who wanted to organize themselves. By 1978 the Union had lost much of its ability to determine where to organize. Workers themselves (some of whom had worked on organized ranches) began coming into the UFW offices wanting authorization cards so they could sign up their compatriots. This was the situation in Hollister. The strike in the garlic was a wild cat strike yet it had the full support of Cesar and the Union. For the most part there was no UFW staff in Hollister at that time. The strike spread from field to field and the garlic was being left in the fields. The Gilroy Garlic festival, the main tourist event of the area was being held and we decided to crown our own garlic queen ( a daughter of one of the strikers) and to picket the festival and to hand out leaflets to all the thousands BAY AREA folks coming down to the festival. the strike was soon settled for a 10 cent per bushel increase.

What is relevant is following the victory the workers themselves began to organize other growers (including mushroom factories and egg farms). Workers drove to Salinas to talk to the paid reps, they organized their fellow workers, they elected their leaders. One election victory led to another and another. Our job as union staff (Mike Ybarra (Richard and Danny's dad), John Brown (Juan Cafe) and I merely steered them through the election process. The point, Jose, is that we were no more in control of workers organizing than someone is in control of the weather. Cesar, I am sure was concerned with the legal and negotiating costs of turning elections into contracts. However for the most part the effort was abandoned. As far as I know, no contracts were negotiated in the area.

**Ellen Eggers, 7/7/04**

**RE: "Boring" La Paz jobs**

Abby was talking about getting stuck in a boring job at La Paz or a job one was not well suited for...made me remember the 3 years I was on the boycott, picketing day after day in the Safeway parking lot, feeling like I would die out there, burning up in the LA sun, getting yelled at by the scabs...! dreamed of one day working in La Paz, where everyone was a Chavista and no one yelled at you and Cesar could be seen walking through the "neighborhood." Seemed like a perfect place to live, at that time in my life. Just goes to show you how the grass is always greener! Ellen Eggers 72-75 LA boycott.... 80-87 La Paz Legal

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/7/04**

**RE: "Boring" La Paz jobs**

Hi Ellen and Everyone:

I just loved what Ellen said about the "grass being greener" on the other side. So true.

Some want to know where I really wanted to work. It would be in the morgue at La Paz, in Information Research. A total bore for some. I doubt I would have seen the light of day much less Cesar. I made the best of every situation I was' in just like the rest of us. The picket lines, too, could get boring thus my great fascination with music and union chants. That kept many of us going. Oh, and I was always up for a good fight at every Safeway store etc. Got very good with come-backs (**quips not customers**; I made sure they didn't come back). Even solo human billboarding was fun, but I would have loved to have known rap in those days. I could have entertained myself better during those long, boring hours. There are a few other places I would

have liked to work in, too. Casa comes to mind. *Hey, what do you know? I do both today at my job today*, couldn't have been too far off-base back then. How about some of the rest of you? sin mas, /abby/ r/d/lp

#### **Al Rojas, 7/7/04**

##### **RE: Where are they now?**

Saludos!

Good to hear from you all, after 27 years with State service I have retired and now spending 100% of my time writing and working with my Zapatista Friends in Chiapas and working on all my activism's film archives for the last 20 years and the period in the UFW, Debbie is in Woodland and she has four kids, Albert my son has three kids, lives in Sacramento, Disiree has one son \* \* \* in Sacramento, and Shalom (Born in the Pgh Boycott) lives in West Sacramento, Elena also lives in West Sacramento and I of course live in Sacramento{.} \* \* \* \*

#### **Stephen Matchett, 7/7/04**

##### **RE: Anyone can do this**

Stephen Matchett 1978-1981, Watsonville (MLK Service Center), Salinas & Calexico (strike team paralegal and very briefly asst. field office director)

Good to hear everyone's voices out there. I've been reading you avidly.

I've always gotten a chuckle of recognition out of the quote from a former member of the CPUSA in Vivian Gornick's book *The Romance of American Communism*, along the lines of how "anyone who left the Party before you did was a coward, and anyone who stayed on after you were gone was an opportunist." Captures perfectly what many who quit or were fired felt at different times I'm sure, while simultaneously gently skewering that human penchant some have noted here for putting ourselves at the center of any big story in which we've had a part. So that's my belated and hopefully humorous contribution to the who-left-when-and-why discussion.

My life in thumbnail since '81: in a personal application of the "one revolution at a time" theory mentioned in a recent posting, I waited till I left the union to decide it was really okay to be gay, came out of the closet and moved to San Francisco and have lived here ever since. Worked a little with SEIU, then quit to finish my BA, and from there to law school, something I said I'd never do, but was fated to after all my paralegal work with the union. I've been a criminal defense lawyer since 1989, first at the state public defender's office where I worked on mostly death penalty appeals with Ellen Eggers (hi Ellen), then on my own, representing people serving more slap-on-the-wrist sentences like life without parole. I'm currently on a self-declared sabbatical while I figure out what I'm really supposed to be doing when I grow up. Later this month I'm heading to Colombia for two weeks on a delegation sponsored in part by the Fellowship of Reconciliation (and including at least one other former UFW staffer as it turns out, Pat Bonner) to visit some rural "peace communities" that have declared themselves neutral in the civil war and whom every side therefore suspects of collaborating with the other and pressure accordingly. International accompaniment and solidarity is part of the way they stay safe, and we're going to check out their situation and be able to speak first-hand about it to our congresspeople etc. when we get back. I'm happy to give anyone more information who asks for it. Fun fact you might not know: Colombia currently receives more US military aid than any country except Israel and Egypt.

I keep in touch with (and just saw) Mario Bustamante and Gretchen Laue and their three thriving kids; also Lisa Feldberg (we were at the Watsonville field office together; lives in San Jose), Ellen Starbird, Angie Fa, John Brown and others. Life is good.

My Quakerism is a big part of my identity these days (hi Graciela). The religious and the political are more and more all one for me, and I struggle to keep my witness in the world spiritually informed or find it goes nowhere. Sounds like others have had similar experiences.

Peace (now).

\* \* \* \*

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/8/04**

**RE: Anyone can do this**

Hi Stephen:

One of the most important contributions being made for historical record is the fact that the union was made up of many people from diverse backgrounds who came together to work for something they believed in. The union was not all about one department, one entity one person although I believe no one can argue that Cesar was central to our movement. I believe this documentation is proving this. I believe it has come as a surprise to some that there were people other than ourselves that had some dam good experiences that we now have an avenue to share with others for future purposes. Personally, I couldn't care less what anyone thinks about what I write or how it fits in the present, but I do want to have it available for the future. I have enjoyed reading everybody's experiences and the farthest thing from my mind was that anyone ever believed they were the "center of a big story". However, I do believe everyone's contribution is part of a big picture.

While I am writing about the contributions of others, I now realize why a group of Chicanos made an oral documentation of the farm workers movement. Many people who did great things for the movement who are shy or intimidated about writing. Not talking, but writing. Has that occurred to anyone? I was impressed with Tina Solinas who wrote someone else's story because that person was too busy to do it. People are busy, people are shy about writing, etc. I want to encourage those who have not contributed to find someone in your family to help you share your story. It does not have to be pretty and written correctly like our English teachers wanted us to write in school (if we could barely speak English how could we be expected to write it; that is a horror story in itself). We will know what you mean; that is the important thing. No one has to read it here. I know, however, that many of you who are good writers so please jump in. Just mail your story to LeRoy and he will be happy to include it for you. Enough said.

Stephen Gospeed when you go to Colombia. My prayers go with you because I know it is rough country. My sister-in-law is Colombian and I don't know how I would have survived living in fear as she did. Keep us posted because I am certain she will want to know the outcome of your visit. sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**LeRoy Chatfield, 7/8/04**

**RE: THE POWER OF THE BOYCOTT**

LeRoy Chatfield 1963-1973

Marshall Ganz writes: "*Leroy, I'm surprised you consider the story of the boycott the "real story" of the farm worker movement, although it might help explain why this list serve seems to be limited to UFW volunteers rather than to the farm worker leaders who also contributed so much to the attempt to build the union. Does your view conform with Jerry's with respect to the 1975 ALRA bargaining?"*

These are fighting words.

1. My point was that in all the Jerry Brown - California Agribusiness discussions in which I was present in 1975 prior to the passage of the ALRA, the boycott was the only farmworker movement issue raised by the growers. The strikes, the picket lines, the marches, the Fasts, the flags flying, etc. never surfaced as their main concern. It was the boycott.

2. I know and appreciate that the UFW could not create a successful boycott without the farmworker stage and backdrop of organizing, strikes, flags flying, music, etc. But I also know from first hand experience (as do most of you) that it was the multi-year work of many hundreds of volunteers AND farmworkers themselves at the produce terminals and in the supermarket parking lots that created UFW union contracts and the ALRA.

3. The power of the boycott is hard to capture in documentary films and books. (I believe Rick Tejada-Flores came the closest with his scenes of one of the Coachella Valley growers going berserk on the telephone trying to get his product delivered and sold at below market prices.) Thus far, books about Cesar and his movement have not captured/ explained the boycott. They refer to the boycott, not as something created and built, but as a "given". The film documentaries also do not capture/explain the power of the boycott. I am hoping (YES, my personal bias) that the documentation project somehow captures and explains the farmworker boycott for the historical record.

4. This listserve group is limited to former UFW volunteers who use email. It has not been limited or "stacked" to help realize or implement my personal bias about the importance of the boycott in the history of the farmworker movement.

5. Finally, I don't know if my view about the discussions in the governor's office conforms with Jerry's (Cohen) or not. First, I have not read his views about this, and second, I have no recollection that he was present in the discussions between the governor and California Agribusiness that I referred to in my posting.

Now then, to quote Vice-President Cheney, "I feel better".

**Kathy Lynch Murguia, 7/8/04**

**RE: THE POWER OF THE BOYCOTT**

I'm curious to throw another in another issue related to weight and effectiveness in getting to where we were in 1980.. When I came to Delano in 1965, there were several out there that were considered leaders. Not certain LeRoy/ Marshall, but it seems you were exploring who came up with the idea of say, the March etc. I think it's helpful to look at that and Marshall's discussion of the idea of the March. In some things we were reacting to what the growers threw at us. In other areas, like the idea of the ALRA as opposed to being brought in under the NLRA was a matter of looking at it and coming up with a decision and plan. I think at many junctures it was a result of brainstorming/ sunbursting whatever you want to call it.(the creative process and looking at resources) The 1968 Fast was different. It seems to have belonged to Cesar and then with the help of many became a focus for national attention. A serious question I have is when did the UFW become Cesar's Union? Was it subtle, was it planned or did it just happen. I never thought of it as Cesar's Union, but it did become so. kathy Murguia 1965-1983

**Tina Solinas (Mondragon), 7/8/04 (1)**

**RE: List serve modifications**

I am enjoying ALL the conversations. (Well, enjoying isn't quite the word, some emailings bring back powerful memories, feelings, angers..

"The Union" is not merely an intellectual pursuit that can be picked apart "analytically", it is filled with our life blood. Some of the messages have appeared to be attacks, and those gut level responses have been just that, from the gut -- as valid as the rest!) I hope they all continue to be on this list serve.

When I don't have time to read them, I just delete, and then it's my choice as to when and what to miss. These sharings of volunteers from the incredibly varied geographical areas, eras, and focuses of the Union; each with their differing backgrounds, experiences, philosophies and attitudes are rich, rich, rich.

Start writing, keep writing.

This said, I'm going on vacation soon .... to Greece! to dance! (If you know anybody in Greece, let me know)

Hope you'all change the world while I'm gone.

Tina Solinas  
72-89

**Jerry Kay, 7/8/04**

**RE: THE POWER OF THE BOYCOTT**

Jerry Kay: (69-75 – NYC, Bay Area, Salinas, Fla.)

Not to toot my horn, but I believe I was the first of us on listserv to muse some weeks ago that the original grape boycott was our most shining effort and success. And my most memorable and exciting experiences were of working in the fields and the field offices, so I do not feel any way more emotionally tied to the boycott.

And I say the original grape boycott, because, 1) we had a crystal clear message: farm workers need a union to improve their terrible lot at the hands of uncaring, greedy growers.

2. It was the perfect boycott product: grapes, symbol of luxurious eating, semi-perishable, not a necessity (unlike buses in Montgomery).

3. everyone could easily participate on many levels, from simply not buying to actively boycotting.

4. the union, Cesar, farmworkers, the whole Causa was new to the rest of America, and we know how liberals pounce upon the cause of the year--and then move on. So 67-68 was 'our' year.

5. It sent farm workers across the country (and Canada) spreading the message, building solidarity on personal levels, and gaining them skills and confidence that could hardly be matched at home.

BY the time the lettuce boycott hit, (and it was becoming effective) the message was already blurred because of the Teamsters (Hey, farm workers have a union now, this is a 'jurisdictional' dispute).

And lettuce--jeez, 'iceberg lettuce,' only 'non-union iceberg lettuce'--was not as clear and 'sexy' as just good old grapes. And then by '73 we had grapes, lettuce and Gallo wine.

We did a lot of great and wonderful things, and as many of you have listed and documented many other 'successes'.

But the grape boycott was our golden goose, and I don't think it could have carried on as effectively to other things, partly because of the product and of changing times, the end of the Viet Nam war, the movement, you all know. I went into business after the union, first as an organic farmer (sort of per Cesar's advice to me-- don't attempt this if you're color blind), then as an owner of a natural feed and organic farm and garden supply store in Santa Cruz.

One thing I've learned about success is that it can make you think that you can be successful at just about anything you attempt because you think you are so smart, experienced and also lucky. Well, I proved myself sometimes smart, experienced and lucky, but also screwed up a bunch. Of course you can't succeed without trying, and you need failures along the way to get the experience and wisdom.

As another business guy once told me, "Good judgement comes from experience; experience comes from bad judgement."

And I'm wondering if some of that attitude that we were so smart and lucky spilled into La Causa?

**Scott Washburn, 7/8/04**

**RE: ALRA etc**

Hello all,

I've been reading on the sidelines after hearing from several people that I had been reported dead. I'm actually just one step away which is in Arizona. I have been sent by Eliseo Medina to start SEIU in AZ, organizing healthcare workers, public employees and janitors along with the political stuff that we are doing in a "battleground state." Nancy and the rest of the family along with my mother (Hazel Washburn) will be joining me in a few weeks.

It's strange to return to Arizona where I started (in the Tolleson Field Office and the 72 fast and recall) to see how much the fast and recall have been a part of people's formative experiences. It has also forced me to consider how I formed as an organizer because it was also my first real organizing experience. Most of the Latino politicians and leaders talk with great reverence about the effect that coming to Santa Rita Center where Cesar fasted had on their view of public service. And of course the phrase Si Se Puede has a lot of meaning to them since that is its birthplace. At the same time, you can't help but remember that there used to be members working under grapes and lettuce contracts with a hiring hall and busy service center. None of that exists today.

I just have to weigh in on the ALRA. I have had only one job for what will soon be 33 years...organizer, so I can't help but think that way. Organizers see things like laws, contracts, benefits, fasts, relationships and even Cesar himself as useful "tools" to help us organize. That is their purpose for us. And the ALRB was a wonderful tool to organize. I've spent the last 7 years organizing hospital workers many times under the NLRB and there is just no comparison. And the hospital managers do anti union campaigns just as or harder than what we saw in the UFW. The point is it can and is being done. Young organizers are shocked to learn how much better the ALRA was and is even with the bad changes. If it doesn't help us organize then we need to find a different way...but we have to keep organizing...not complaining about bad laws. There are always a million reasons why we can't organize. Our job is to find out and lead people in how to win. The sheer volume of elections that we did forced us to learn how to win them.

I think that the the Union changed after the ALRA. Because all of a sudden there were elections and you either won or lost...there was a score at the end of the day. You could complain about dirty tricks etc but you still either won or lost. The boycott was a lot different. There was a lot more interpretation to how you were doing on the boycott...not to say that the boycott was not effective and powerful, but less clear in where and how.. much less accountability. Cesar and the original core of UFW leadership never really did the 1975 mass scale elections which were something different for the UFW and so it felt like there were different set of organizing leaders for those election campaigns...like Marshall and Eliseo and Artie R. who really understood how to win. I think it changed the power dynamics a lot.

As far as the legacy of the UFW...I use it shamelessly if it helps me. If it doesn't I don't. We teach the basics of winning elections just the same way that we did in the UFW, with Marshall's guidance almost 30 years ago.

1. Complete and accurate list of all employees
2. Organizing Committee in all departments and classifications with a 1-10 ratio
3. 65-80% signed on cards (negotiable)
4. Animo, lose your fear (open letter, wear a button publicly)

It's amazing how these simple steps that we followed so successfully a long time ago are useful in organizing so many hospitals today. I love seeing white (many times Republican, evangelical christians) RNs talking amongst themselves about how they are doing on "animo."

To me that's the real legacy....

Scott Washburn  
Organizer  
1971-1981

**Tina Solinas (Mondragon), 7/8/04 (2)**

**RE: "Disloyalty"**

Ok Folks, Larry, et al:

A fact about the 60's, 70's and 80's in America was infiltration by the government in many organizations.

Before working for the Union, upon returning from Cuba, a group of us in Visalia set up an organization for teens: "Sunshine Youth Development Corporation" above a grocery store downtown (circa 1971 ). Our purpose was to provide a place for local teens to hang out, be creative, etc. All this was to be funded by our own record store. We also got involved with Jessie de la Cruz's tomato co-op in Sanger and helping the farmer Robert McAffe deal with the enormous backlash after he bailed Angela Davis out of jail.. ("Sunshine" was an intense and short lived learning experience.) That little organization was infiltrated at least twice that we know of by two hicks. One tried to break up couples and kept notes that we found after we ran him off. When we found someone else using almost the same script, we ran him off too.

So

That was just our own tiny, ineffective, unfocused, naive group.

You KNOW that the UFW had to deal with infiltration by our government, and probably from many different agencies, federal, state and local. But who, how, when, where..... those were enormous questions. Besides everything that the Union was doing, Cesar had to deal with death threats and infiltrators--and stories of infiltrators.

When talking about dissent and disloyalty, we need to consider the full spectrum of what Cesar was dealing with. Many questions and problems with no tangible answers.

Please understand that I point no fingers.....simply remember that those were very very tough political times throughout our whole nation.

PS

Larry, I want to read your book on organizing.

Tina Solinas

72-89

#### **Graciela Martinez (Herron), 7/8/04 (1)**

##### **RE: Clinic Closure: Catholic Conspiracy?**

I also recently drove by the 40 acres, and you're right. It brought me great sadness, and as I stopped by the side of the road, and heard the wind soughing around the buildings, it carried echos of the movement of yesteryear, and I can still hear the squeals of the children as they played outside the clinic -- Roger Terronez Clinic, wasn't it? as parents waited inside. Who would we have to approach to have a get-together "ruminator" time if you will, out there? Who owns the place? I wouldn't mind walking the halls I walked as a young girl. Graciela

#### **Graciela Martinez (Herron), 7/8/04 (2)**

##### **RE: Have we got buttons!**

Is there a museum or something where artifacts of this sort are being/ will be kept? Not that I would necessarily want to get rid of the only mementos I have, but I might consider it.

#### **Joaquin Murguia, 7/8/04**

##### **RE: THE BOYCOTT & THE ALRA 1975**

Larry,

Just a comment or two about your email. I believe people's ability to recall and their inflated importance is directly related to the same thing, that being that it was recognized that they were a part of something bigger than themselves.

From my earliest years a La Paz where I mowed the lawns, to hauling trash, to working in data processing, to working in the shop tuning up cars, I always viewed it as things I was willing to do because of La Causa. When I asked to be assigned to financial management during my junior in high school, it was the first time that I asked for me.

I think being a part of something bigger than ourselves took people beyond what some might view as boring or menial. Whether a person is the janitor or the manager is irrelevant when a common

goal is the focal point. Unfortunately, it's the sense of purpose, that something larger, that is perhaps lacking today. Without volunteers, everyone is now an employee and it becomes just another job.

What can be learned from this is uncertain except that perhaps La Causa was more about the vision that about an individual or group of individuals.

I do have to say I agree with you on your assessment of why Cesar may have been interested in Synanon and the game. The efficiency with which Synanon operated was truly amazing. However, as the game became diluted, I think this aspect was lost and the game became a destructive tool rather than something on which to build.

Joaquin

P.S. One of my fondest memories of La Paz, and mind you, this was some 30 years ago, was being invited to your home, helping make homemade pasta and enjoying dinner with you, Annie and other friends.

**Vickie Lopez, 7/9/04**

**RE: Radio Campesina**

Greetings.

I was out of the country for a few weeks so I missed the discussion on the radio stations. I enjoyed reading all the different experiences regarding Radio Campesina, especially Cynthia Bell's. My involvement with the radio station was somewhat limited: I prepared the programming part of the FCC application for KUFW in 1978. I came up with all different types of programs we would offer. The original idea was that it was to be mostly an all-talk format, but of course that all changed once we got on the air. When the strike began in late 1978, I was whisked away from the radio project and worked with Mark Grossman on press tours with Cesar to the major cities. A few months later I was transferred to the Legal Department, never to return to the radio station project. However, my part of the project was essentially done and I continued to remain a member of the board of directors of Farmworkers Communications, Inc. (FCI) until a year after I left the union in 1981. But I do know that Ken Doyle and Birdie were in charge of all the technical aspects and spent a great deal of time setting up the microwave system and preparing the technical end of the application. Ken Doyle was also on the FCI board and was also Executive Director of the non-profit corporation. In August of 1979 a Porterville newspaper featured an article on the UFW application to the FCC for a radio station in Woodlake. Of course, this set off letters of complaint to the FCC by grower representatives, objecting that the station was either not needed or would be used a propaganda tool by the union. The FCC asked us to respond and Ken did that in a very professional manner. There were various road blocks along the way to getting the station licensed and then up and running, but the amazing thing is it happened and now there are several radio stations.

Emilio Huerta was in charge of the overseeing the legal work for FCI and the radio stations (and I believe he still is). I did a little legal work for him on FCI about 5 years ago.

I guess the precursor to Radio Campesina was our little closed-circuit radio station at La Paz, in which I did a daily show for about an hour on things of interest to the La Paz staff, mostly what organizing was going on in the fields, what contracts were signed or things related to the ALRB, what happened at the executive board meeting, etc. I had to be careful what I said on air, because it could come back to haunt me during the game. But I really enjoyed it.

Cesar wanted me to improve my Spanish, so I could broadcast bilingually. So I ended up going to San Felipe, Mexico, with the guys and gals from the negotiating and contract administration schools to be immersed in the Spanish language for several weeks (I think it was in September 1978). We all stayed with families and became very close to the families in the short time we were there. I went to San Felipe equipped with my hair dryer and hot rollers, only to discover the family I was staying with didn't have electricity and we had to bathe outside in the yard with a hose. But it was truly a great experience. A young couple (I think their names were Guy and



Alice) also stayed with the same family I stayed with and we all slept in sleeping bags on the floor or outside on the grassy area. A couple of times I think we slept right on the beach, it was so beautiful and the water was warm. In the daytime we would hang out at the shrimp fishermen's union office and would talk to whoever was around (practicing our Spanish skills). One night Irv Hershenbaum was sent to the fish market to buy some shrimp. He was instructed to ask for "camarones," (shrimp). When he got there apparently he got confused and said, "tienen cabrones?" (Do you have any jerks here?) The clerk laughed and said, "Aqui no hay, pero si hay en la tienda al otro lado." (None here, but there are some at the store next door). Where is Irv now?

Vickie Lopez, 1977-1981, President's Office & Legal Department, La Paz & Salinas

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/9/04**

**RE: Radio Campesina**

Hi Vickie,

Welcome back. You mentioned Guy and Alice. That would be Guy Costello but I cannot recall Alice's last name. Someone on the listserv asked if anyone knew their whereabouts. Irv Hershenbaum is a present member of the UFW Board. Still a great guy. I remember the camarones/ cabrones story but I had forgotten it was Irv who confused the words. It was priceless. Cabrones does have a stronger meaning than "jerk" and the quickness of the reply to Irv goes to show you how sharp the fisherman can be. One thing that came out of that trip is that you guys came back speaking Spanish. I thought it was incredible and made a believer of me in the "total immersion" teaching method. There is the flip-side to this. While those of you were in San Felipe learning Spanish, the non-English speakers (my husband Jorge was in this group) were going up and down the state speaking at colleges and universities. They just threw them out there "cold"; sink or swim. What an experience it was for them so I certainly can sympathize with Irv. .

There is a story from that side, too. David Valle was in that group and he was explaining contracts to the student audience. At the end he said that "contracts are final and binyl" for "final and binding". Talk about getting "gamed"; he never could live that one down.

By the way, for those who may not know I am sorry to have to report that David Valle passed away not too long ago. I can still picture his shy, sweet smile. Thanks for the good memories from La Paz; rest in peace.

Your posting made me remember something I had forgotten. You had a call-in-requests portion in your radio program at La Paz. I remember requesting the song "I Just Called To Say I Love You" by Stevie Wonder that I would request for little Olivia Rodriguez (Lou and Artie's girl) because she loved to sing that song. She was so bright even then at age three. Your music had us dancing in the offices and singing at the top of our lungs.

sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**Alberto Escalante, 7/9/04 (1)**

**RE: I'll miss their laughter and smiles.....**

Sisters and Brothers,

Last night I learned (how could I have missed hearing about it in 2001?) of the passing of Jim Drake in September 2001. My belated condolences to Susan, Vivian, Chris, and I guess a couple of other women who were married to Jim, too. And especially to his children who lost their father. Jim was a dedicated & noble person who was an inspiration to me & thousands of others in the way he so selflessly gave of himself in so many ways. I will miss his gentle kindness, his truth and his ability to keep his mind and heart focused on the greater good at a time when many others were starting to tear away at each other. Jim Drake "nunca era un chismoso" which to me was the mark of a true man of God. He didn't have to go around reminding everyone that he was a Reverend, an ordained man of the cloth. He lived his life by the principles and teaching of a Jesus, Gandhi, Martin Luther King, Fred Ross Sr. and CEC. I can still see him, sitting there at the

Organizing table smoking, or just having his pipe in his mouth, taking copious amounts of notes in his notebooks, files, charts and maps. He was a beautiful and good person that I had always hoped to be able to see again someday. But, alas I'll have to wait until we are all reunited once again as promised.....

To Jim, (Nori (Davis) Lawson & Wendy Simon (Hlavac) too)

"Some will come and some will go,  
We shall surely pass.  
When the one that left us here,  
Returns for us at last.  
We are but a moment's sunlight,  
Fading on the grass.  
Hey, people wont you,  
Smile on your sisters & brothers now,  
Let me see you get together, and  
Love one another right now....." \*

Amen.....

\*"Lets Get Together" Old Hippies Anthem by Chet Powers 1967

Alberto Escalante C/S (Con Safos)

#### **Alberto Escalante, 7/9/04 (2)**

**RE: Sleep well Sweet Princess...**

To All,

I just wanted to add this belated condolence as well, to the familias Chavez y Rodriguez on the passing of the wonderful Linda (Lou) Chavez Roriguez on Oct. 9th, 2000. She was a very nice person and unless someone told you you'd never have known she was Cesars daughter except for her steadfast dedication to La Causa. Once I was asked to drive her and Olivia from La Paz to Calexico, where Artie was. I figured she would talk to me if she felt like it so after I said "Good Morning" and asked "Are we ready to go?" loaded up the car and drove off to our destination. I kept to myself, not wanting to disturb her or the baby. I asked if it was OK to turn on the radio & she asked "do you know of any "oldies but goodie" channels?" I answered "Sure..XERB (home of the Wolfman Jack Show)..". Well, that was the start of a really great drive, and Linda and Olivia were happy just to sing along to the songs on the radio & laugh. Along the way she told me how she'd met Artie on the Boycott & how even though she'd worked hard picking grapes to buy it, everybody tried to make her get rid of her pride & joy, a dark brown Pontiac Firebird. She said "No way, man. Thats MY car, I worked HARD to buy that car...!" And then, "BOOM!" I caught this flash of complete determination go across her face and her dark eyes suddenly lit up and I saw that yes she was Cesar's daughter all right, even though (I felt that) her smile and other facial features were all Helen. But that sudden glimpse of angry strength told me that she had paid her dues and now she just wanted to be a wife and good mother which she was. She and Artie (and 'Livia) were so in love that the day became even more beautiful when the three of them were reunited.

Alberto Escalante

#### **Susan Drake, 7/9/04**

**RE: Have we got buttons!**

Don't know specifically about buttons, but archives are at Wayne State, Stanford, and I think UCSF (or maybe SF State?). If anyone finds out, I hope the list will be advised.

Susan Drake (1962-1973)

#### **Doug Adair, 7/9/04**

**RE: "Real Story of the Movement"**

In a message dated 7/5/04 . . . [Marshall Ganz] writes:

*Leroy – I'm surprised you consider the story of the boycott the "real story" of the farm worker movement, although it might help explain why this list serve seems to be limited to UFW volunteers rather than to the farm worker leaders who also contributed so much to the attempt to build the union..... not to minimize the role of non-farm worker volunteers, but to recognize that much of the leadership came from people who would not have been there had there been no strike, no core of committed people from whom the outcome was a matter of life and death. The boycott worked as a supplement to farm worker organizing, not as a substitute for it and, in fact, depended upon it for its legitimacy, relevance, and urgency.....*

Dear LeRoy, Marshall, Larry Tramutola, and all,

I would propose that the real story of the farmworker movement was the vision the union offered; and then the real, live benefits we offered the workers as part of that vision. The Credit Union was operating before the strike in 1965 (as was a nascent coop for oil and car parts; resurrected later at the 40 Acres and apparently later at La Paz); the service centers and then clinics and Medical Plan, all operational before we won the grape boycott; the grievance procedures, starting with the first contract at Schenley, and its emphasis on worker respect and dignity; the Retirement Village and the pension plan of later years; and finally a real increase in wages, at least in the early 1970's. (though partly gobbled up by the inflation of the Carter years).

The Schenley boycott was critical in opening the door to negotiations, and the following boycotts and threats of boycotts opened doors to organizing and or negotiations at Di Giorgio, Almaden and Christian Brothers, and finally, in 1970, the grape industry. But we were inspired by what was happening at Schenley, at Almaden, at the 40 Acres... We were making a real difference in farm workers' lives.

I totally disagree with Larry's statement that the contracts were "rigid and unworkable". At every negotiating step, they were modified, lessons and experience incorporated into the new charters, the Ranch Committees learning the ropes of how to make them produce more benefits for the members. By the winter (pruning) of December, 1972, the Ranch Committee and stewards from Tenneco/Ducor handled the recall and dispatches for the whole ranch, probably 300+ workers, with minimum burden on the Delano field office. I think Roberts Farms was also handling their dispatches by this time. (Barbara could comment on the progress made in the Hiring Hall between the dispatches of June-July, 1970, and those of December, 1972, but my impression was that many, many of the problems were being worked out, and ranches were learning how to handle their own affairs). The Teamster raid was a devastating blow, but it did focus attention on the defects, back dues, excessive fines, problems in the hiring hall procedures, that needed attention. These were all dealt with, the next time we had a chance...

By the 1980's, we had automatic recall in the grapes, notification by the company, by mail; reporting directly to the crews, no standing in line or even going to the office for seniority workers; liberal policies for permisos for showing up late or leaving early; a local clause for kids working with their parents in certain seasons; and of course dues withholding, payment only when working. And every crew had many members who could testify as to the benefits outside of the contracts, the service center with help on immigration and so many other problems, the clinic staff offering medical attention unsurpassed, anywhere...

I'm not surprised folks in La Paz liked going down to the office in Lamont or Delano to be with "the workers" -- a reminder of what we were fighting for, real live farm workers, grateful for the services and benefits the union was producing. The field offices I worked out of (Delano, Coachella, and very briefly, Calexico) might have seemed "disorganized, unstructured, and chaotic" (and Coachella's bathroom was infamous!), but all these offices were churning out benefits, inspiring hope, turning people's lives around. The boycotts could be effective because we had something worth fighting for.

When Padilla came to Coachella to help us organize and negotiate in 1980, he introduced the "pre-huelga", neither strike nor boycott. Each afternoon, the ranch committee would meet and decide the next day's schedule, pick one box, or pick until first break (8:30) or work 8 hours, or a visit from la tortuga (extra slow)... and yes, marches and meetings and flags, and we ended up with the best contract any grape workers anywhere in the world enjoyed.

After dumping on the field offices for their chaos and dirty bathrooms, Larry presents their viewpoint: "Field and organizing staff were beginning to say that the only way to manage all the work that needed to be done was to decentralize, develop more worker leadership and pour more resources into organizing, negotiating, and managing of contracts." That was/ is certainly the way I felt...

Doug Adair, 1965-1989 (Delano, Coachella Calexico field offices)  
under UFW contract, Tenneco/ Ducor, 1971-73;  
David Freedman Co., 1978-89

(P.S. but I do hope the stories of the boycotts get told, great stories, a critical part of the effort)

### **Kathy Lynch Murguia, 7/10/04 (1)**

#### **RE: "Real Story of the Movement"**

Doug, you'll recognize this recollection. The fog...but an emerging picket sign, like that carried by Reuther. Manuel with his bullhorn, his voice muffled by the heaviness of the early morning dew. That was La Huelga. That's where we began and that's where we have to return. Scott is right. It is very basic; it is very simple. How did it become so confused? It wasn't about Cesar.

I had long talks with Bill Esher. The warmth of his stove sheltered by the waves of Voice of America became characteristic of the dissonance I often came to experience with the Movement. I found comfort in that winter of 65. Bill was a soul untouched by the rigors of being organized. Doug, in many ways you have followed his path. Be safe on your journey. Namaste Kathy Murguia

### **Donna Haber Kornberg, 7/10/04**

#### **RE: Sleep well Sweet Princess...**

In my (admittedly limited -1966-1968) experience of the Chavez family in Delano, I would suggest that the qualities of determination and 'angry strength' could have been inherited from Helen just as credibly as from Cesar - indeed perhaps more so. I am VERY sad, however, to learn of her untimely death.

Best,

Donna Haber Kornberg (Delano 1966-1968, London 1969-1974)

### **Kathy Lynch Murguia, 7/10/04 (2)**

#### **RE: Sleep well Sweet Princess...**

Upon learning of Lou's (Linda) death, I happened to be in East San Jose (Sal Si Puede). I went to the Guadalupe Church on Alum Rock and lit a candle, I felt so sad. I thought about her; the memories of her being part of the boycott staff in the Bay Area in 1968. She was still a teenager and full of vim and that Chavez/Fabela defiance. Before summer ended, she along with Lori, Ana, Becky and another of Richard's daughter's (memory lapse) returned to school in Delano. Whoa what tigers all of them! I like the idea of carrying on the Mom's name.

Then in La Paz, being my neighbor. Linda was her mother's daughter. The qualities of toughness and openness reminded me so much of Helen. Yes, Donna I'd agree, there was a lot of the Fabela blood in those veins. The warmth and kindness, (a sweet princess), but also a protector, fervently defending her family and the Union.

Que viva las Mujeres ...Kathy Murguia

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/10/04 (1)**

**RE: Sleep well Sweet Princess...**

K: I believe you are searching for the name Dorothy Chavez? sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**Marshall Ganz, 7/10/04 (1)**

**RE: THE POWER OF THE BOYCOTT**

[LeRoy Chatfield wrote]:

*Marshall Ganz writes: "Leroy, I'm surprised you consider the story of the boycott the "real story" of the farm worker movement, although it might help explain why this list serve seems to be limited to UFW volunteers rather than to the farm worker leaders who also contributed so much to the attempt to build the union. Does your view conform with Jerry's with respect to the 1975 ALRA bargaining?"*

*These are fighting words.*

*1. My point was that in all the Jerry Brown - California Agribusiness discussions in which I was present in 1975 prior to the passage of the ALRA, the boycott was the only farmworker movement issue raised by the growers. The strikes, the picket lines, the marches, the Fast, the flags flying, etc. never surfaced as their main concern. It was the boycott.*

This was not too surprising, was it? County government was raising concerns about going bankrupt, law enforcement had similar concerns, etc. But the other question is what was it that made the boycott so effective. My argument is that was effective not as a stand alone "tactic", but rather as part of a broader strategy that began with the organization of farm workers -- and the effectiveness of which had to be judged ultimately in those terms as well. You err to take it out of context.

*2. I know and appreciate that the UFW could not create a successful boycott without the farmworker stage and backdrop of organizing, strikes, flags flying, music, etc. But I also know from first hand experience (as do most of you) that it was the multi-year work of many hundreds of volunteers AND farmworkers themselves at the produce terminals and in the supermarket parking lots that created UFW union contracts and the ALRA.*

Your use of the word "stage" to describe the farm worker organizing part again suggest you see that mainly as a prop to "set the stage" for a good boycott. But it was much more than that. Without the organization of farm workers driving the whole thing it had no reality -- as Cesar found out in the 1980s when he tried to substitute the boycott for organizing. I think what I object to is what seems to be your need to assert that the boycott was "the" thing. In my experience in other campaigns of all sorts it's rarely a single "tactic" that is the silver bullet, but rather the way an effective tactic enacts a broader strategy. Sit-ins were a brilliant tactic in the early days of the civil rights movement; later they weren't so useful. The key was to understand what the strategy was that made sit-ins so effective. And that strategy was grounded in understanding the need to couple local action (in that case the courage of college students breaking the color bar) with the mobilization of national support (government, general public, etc.) to pressure Southern institutions. Rarely is it all "one thing".

*3. The power of the boycott is hard to capture in documentary films and books. (I believe Rick Tejada-Flores came the closest with his scenes of one of the Coachella Valley growers going berserk on the telephone trying to get his product delivered and sold at below market prices.) Thus far, books about Cesar and his movement have not captured/explained the boycott. They refer to the boycott, not as something created and built, but as a "given". The film documentaries also do not capture/explain the power of the boycott. I am hoping (YES, my personal bias) that the documentation project somehow captures and explains the farmworker boycott for the historical record.*

Why do you keep calling the farm workers movement "his movement"? The farm worker movement, while led by Cesar, was the product of the efforts of many, many people.

But I agree that few people have told the story of how the boycott actually worked, the fact that it too was organized when it worked and not a matter of slick pr, direct mail, and the like. And I saw it very clearly in 1970 when I was the one dealing with those Coachella growers whom you describe. You may want to take a look at the chapters on the Schenley, DiGiorgio, and Perelli-Minetti boycotts that I sent to you that are part of my dissertation. I try to help rectify this a bit.

*4. This listserve group is limited to former UFW volunteers who use email. It has not been limited or "stacked" to help realize or implement my personal bias about the importance of the boycott in the history of the farmworker movement.*

I don't mean to imply that your intent has been to "stack" your list. But "stacking" can occur in lots of unintentional ways too. . . which is one reason we need affirmative action to challenge "natural" forms of stacking. In fact, the list serve seems to show just how divorced volunteer networks were from farm worker networks. Did anyone make an effort to reach out to farm worker networks? Did you consider conducting the discussion in Spanish?

*5. Finally, I don't know if my view about the discussions in the governor's office conforms with Jerry's (Cohen) or not. First, I have not read his views about this, and second, I have no recollection that he was present in the discussions between the governor and California Agribusiness that I referred to in my posting.*

Leroy, you and Jerry have been friends and have discussed the ALRA for years, for years. Surely you are aware of his views as to what contributed to getting it passed.

Marshall

*Now then, to quote Vice-President Cheney, "I feel better."*

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/10/04 (2)**

**RE: Broader Strategies**

Marshall,

You wrote in your last email:

- *In my experience in other campaigns of all sorts it's rarely a single "tactic" that is the silver bullet, but rather the way an effective tactic enacts a broader strategy. Sit-ins were a brilliant tactic in the early days of the civil rights movement; later they weren't so useful.*
- *I agree that few people have told the story of how the boycott actually worked, the fact that it too was organized when it worked and **not a matter of slick pr, direct mail, and the like.***

I see the direct mail, and the like, as well as "slick pr" being, as you say. "an effective tactic" that "enacts a broader strategy"; helping farm workers. Why shouldn't the union use these options as many organization and labor organizations do throughout the U.S.? Now with internet, more so. Should farm workers remain behind the times? Also, the direct mail was around even during your time with the union. Did you ever object to its use? I tell you, the money sure was necessary to maintain our strikes, organizing work, boycotts, etc. Organizing is still going on today. Didn't you once state that you wanted to discuss how the union was able to do what it did with the few resources it had. Well, wasn't direct mail one of them?

I got to receive the mail that came in Accounting at La Paz. Each check came in with a letter that Cesar's office made every attempt to answer. People sent in money because they felt that maybe they couldn't be out in a picket line with us but the least they could do was send a small donation to further our cause. People from all walks of life. Hundreds upon hundreds of letters of encouragement, praise and good will for a better life for farm workers. I used to be touched most of all by the letters from children in the families who wrote about their concern for farm worker children. I do not feel we should look at them as a name on an envelope because that is not how we treated them. I am certain that must still apply today since each time I send off a message in support of farm workers, I get a response thanking me. sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**Marshall Ganz, 7/10/04 (2)**

**RE: Broader Strategies**

Abby,

Take a deep breath and reflect a little bit before you answer.

The test of a good strategy is whether not it accomplishes the goal which, I agree with you, was to help farm workers. My point was that the direct mail boycott, the tv boycott, and "slick pr" never won a boycott or a contract and thus did very little to help farm workers. The boycotts were won, in the days they were won, through the same kind of skillful, persistent, creative organizing that built the union. And the irony is that the UFW had the best "pr" when it earned it, when it was real and when it didn't have to be bought, as in the 1960s and 1970s.

I don't doubt the UFW raised lots of money from direct mail during the 1980s and perhaps in the 1990s. Lots of groups do. But this was long after the UFW had stopped organizing farm workers so it is very unclear to me and others just how that helped anyone except those working for the union.

Marshall

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/10/04 (3)**

**RE: Broader Strategies**

Marshall:

Thanks for caring enough to give me advice. It's easy for me to "take a deep breath and reflect a little bit" before answering. I notice, however, it isn't as easy for you to let go of past hurts. My advice, let others do their work. We only have to write about what went on when we were volunteers. Anyway, what may seem unclear to you and others is not necessarily the case with farm workers. Are you also saying that other organizations in labor etc. are collecting money only for those working within their organization? sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**Hope Lopez Fierro, 7/10/04**

**RE: I was there.**

To all Ye of little faith

¿¿Can anyone really explain the boycott? ¿Why its success?

At the risk of tooting my own horn and inflating my ego, all I can rationalize is that I was a living witness to the daily growth of the farm workers union. And so were you.

¿¿Can we speak for our co volunteers? I think not. We certainly can speak of our own personal - I was there - involvement.

The organizing of the members was done by the workers themselves, I was there. I didn't recruit them, I didn't organize them, they came into the Fresno office in droves to sign up. Yeah, I did a lot of talking.

Incidentally, Cesar did all the leg work, before any of these offices sprung up.

On the boycott, I was there - I didn't recruit anyone, I didn't organize anyone, the consumers themselves were hot to trot to help out the farm workers and refused to buy grapes. Yeah, I did a lot of talking

The boycott across the nation was self made once the consumers made up their mind that grapes were no longer a biblical fruit, but the product of greed.

Las huelgas, I rest my case. The only recruiting was done by the growers, and those esquiroles were not getting five bucks a week. There's no ill wind that doesn't bring some good, those guys probably received their first decent pay check in their lives -- I think.

The contracts - were workable. I was there. The growers made it a point NOT to make them work. Here in the Fresno area, there were a couple of packing sheds that wanted to work with the members. These members were their bread and butter, and had been for years. Two come to mind, The Barr ranch, and Bill Hamilton. Neither one of these guys had the acreage the likes of Guimarra, but they were agricultural employers.

Doug - has his own version, his own experience - he was there.

All the rest of you ditto - you were there - in different places.

We, the volunteers, were the slick PR, the members were the e-mail of yester year, the media, [Thank God] were partial to the farm workers - with the exception of Phyllis Schlafly - they were the computers of instant messaging.

In conclusion, sadly the farm workers still do not have access to computers, a Spanish listserv would be pointless.

Nuff said. Hope Lopez - 66-74 and counting.

They were there.

### **Alberto Escalante, 7/11/04**

#### **RE: Power of the Boycott**

To the List:

How successful was the Boycott? How many grapes do Americans consume today? I bet that even though (how many?) years have passed since the 1st Grape Boycott was called off, and not 1/3 of the people who used buy grapes regularly ever returned to buy grapes again. Or with the same frequency that they had purchased them before the grape boycott. Plus entire generations, our kids and now their kids have never even eaten the "tainted, evil fruit" least they violate some sort of pact they have lived their entire lives under. And Gallo wine forget it, they had to go to "Turning Leaf" and who knows what else as the entire economic bottom fell out of that company, too. Making wine companies that were under UFW contract rich! And the head lettuce market, too saw their industry crippled by the massive power of the Boycott...

Alberto Escalante 1974-78/ 1985/87

Oxnard, DQU-Yolo/ Davis/ Sacto, La Paz, Sta. Maria, Calexico, Blythe, San Luis, Ariz.

Calexico, Coachella, Avenal, Harbin-Lamont, Delano, Calexico, Oxnard/ Moorpark

(Now Retired and ruminating peacefully in Port Hueneme, CA 14 yrs. C&S)

### **Alberto Escalante, 7/12/04**

#### **RE: Organizing under the ALRA comes to a sudden halt!(1976)**

To the List,

Last week as I read how essential each branch of the United Farm Workers had been to the other, I realized how varied and multitiered the UFW had become. And I knew that many labor leaders and social scientists had tried to make sense or a plausible account of how and why it (the UFW) had realized so much success with so little money and in such quick order. Even though, to those out on the lines the dream of a good, strong working Union seemed to take forever to come to fruition. Earlier I posted my thoughts on the Power of the Boycott.

Organizing under the "protection" of the ARLA (1975/76)

Gov. Jerry Brown had once said succinctly that "Nobody could stop an idea whose time had come." And that was about as concise as I've ever heard it put. La Causa was the next step in the slow rolling struggle for civil rights in America that has been redressing the wrongs that had been done to one after another of the various strata of ethnic and racial groups that had been subjected to unjust working conditions, poverty level wages and most importantly segregation from main stream America. All that was needed for change was a catalyst.



How successful was the first Organizing effort under the ALRB Law? Well, that is something that historians can study & argue about. Personally, I can say that when I left Calexico in the spring of 1976 when "they" (growers, pro-agricultural groups & Right Wing Republicans) had managed to "temporarily halt" and put an end to the whole ALRA/ALRB/UFW/TEAMSTER ball game. I felt that I had just been a witness to a historic moment or period of Farm Labor History unlike anything that had ever happened before or since. As I headed home for the very 1st "2 week, all expense paid R&R" that I'd ever been given I wondered "WOW! What the heck was that all about?" In respect to the incredible string of Victories we'd just had, all leading up to and culminating with "La Victoria En La Brochca" or the incredible Bruce Church Victory (at the time the 3rd largest lettuce & vegetable grower in California.(I think). So now we had, I thought, 2 of the 3 largest lettuce growers in all of California with Interharvest & now Bruce Church. I felt that "Barento" (Bud Antle) couldn't be that far behind! Boy, was I ever in for a rude awaking!! But for now I was like some proud, victorious Indian warrior riding my war pony (A little white ex-San Jose Boycott 1967 2 door Plymouth Valiant lic. # TIC208) home after the heady 1975 winter & spring 1976 election campaigns. I'd been offered a lot of different and quite lucrative opportunities that I'd promised I'd get back to people about..Offers of book deals, reporter gigs, even one very serious proposal of marriage (No thanks!) I just wanted to go home see my kids, take off my boots and soak in a long hot bath, put some clean clothes and sleep until they called me to come back...Little did I know my next assignment was going to be La Paz! (GRRRR!) Working in Cesar's little (?) Organic garden out behind the North Unit, something that would be revealed to me or the other organizers (We didn't know what to do with you guys...) Meaning "us" the crazy organizing crew of whack-o's who were "temporarily assigned to weed dig out and turn over tons & tons of fertile soil and put in a "French Intensive" method garden for Cesar & all of the La Paz community. What an Ironic turn of events from a "hot shot" Tom Paine/ Carlos Ruiz-like cartoonist & "vato loco" leafleteer to a campesino working in complete non-union conditions (just kidding!) all within the period of a couple of days! I never worked so hard in all of my life! What a great Cosmic Joke my life had become! I got to be a pretty good shot with rocks out there, and it was really quiet and beautiful perfect for meditating and reflective introspection (except for the stupid, noisy train that passed 25 ft from us twice or so a day!) But, I knew that I was going to have to get outta there (La Paz) because, sorry it just wasn't my cuppa tea. (Next: I plan my escape from Eden! Without Eve!)

Peace, Love & Happiness...

Alberto Escalante

1974-78/ 1985/87

Oxnard, DQU-Yolo/ Davis/ Sacto, La Paz, Sta. Maria, Calexico, Blythe, San Luis, Arizona.  
Calexico, Coachella, Avenal, Harbin-Lamont, Delano, Calexico, Oxnard/ Moorpark  
(Now Retired and ruminating peacefully in Port Hueneme, CA 14 yrs. C&S)

#### **Jackie (Brown) Davis, 7/12/04**

##### **RE: Power of the Boycott**

It's really true! I know lots of people who do not eat grapes still today. THAT is the power of the UFW boycott! Very important point that you make, Alberto.

Jackie Davis  
1971-1974

#### **Susan Drake, 7/12/04**

##### **RE: Power of the Boycott**

When I write Gallo or whoever UFW or NFWM asks me to "encourage" to cooperate, I mention the earlier boycott effectiveness. Little do they know that my words are meaningless since I haven't and NEVER would buy Gallo, grapes or shop Safeway anyway (except a couple of times when there wasn't another store in town). Same with iceberg lettuce, but that's more a health issue (darker lettuces are more mineral-rich).

Susan Drake (1962-1973)

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/12/04**

**RE: Power of the Boycott**

Bro. Escalante:

You made a good point. How interesting that we can feel the way we do about grapes, Gallo, lettuce, and Sateway after all these years. I never could shop at a Sateway and when they closed and other stores took their place; I still couldn't go into the stores.

Well, a Raza party wouldn't have been a party without the cheapest rot-gut we could afford at the time: Thunderbird wine. I think El Movimiento Chicano not drinking Thunderbird put a huge dent on Gallo. Drink the good stuff first and settle for the T at the end. Then wine coolers became the thing. Yeah, Gallo lost loads of money with us simultaneous Raza and UFW folk. By the way, Gallo is off limits right now, too.

sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**Gary Brown, 7/12/04**

**RE: Power of the Boycott**

Dear Abby and all:

You know it is a bit funny, given the mail posting times, that after Marshall asked you to reflect a bit you responded within hours. Also, it seems that you have as much difficulty in letting go of past hurts. Marshall's point was well taken, in the first part, raising money without organizing of workers and establishing the boycott through skillful organizing will not work to promote the Unions primary goal, the coverage of workers under a Union contract. Your point concerning his final remark also make a good point. I can find several reasons for the Union to have drawn on its goodwill to raise funds. I do not think it was the most effective way to organize workers but that may not have been the intention. While I have trouble with the direction of the Union during the 80's and 90's there are some good reason's to have used direct mail boycott, the tv boycott, and "slick pr." Yet it is true, that alone, these actions do not effectively organize workers.

Marshall your remark that the money could not have" helped anyone except those working for the union" seems to be a restatement of the age old anti-labor remark that the "Unions only serve the Union bosses", even with the preface that the UFW had stopped organizing. Having seen a poor Union, a wealthy Union might have been a better approach. I see no reason to leave money making to the capitalists. Odd to leave such a weapon to the growers. Being afraid of money has its drawbacks. No, I would have loved the Boycott of 1974, the strikes of 1968, flush with money.

GARY BROWN 1969-1974

**Jeff Sweetland, 7/12/04**

**RE: "Real Story of the Movement**

In a message dated 7/9/04, Doug Adair wrote:

*I would propose that the rea story of the farmworker movement was the vision that the union offered; and then the real, live benefits we offered the workers as part of that vision. The Credit Union was operating before the strike in 1965 (as was a nascent coop for oil and car parts; resurrected later at the 40 Acres and apparently later at La Paz); the service centers and then clinics and Medical Plan, all operational before we won the grape boycott; the grievance procedures, starting with the first contract at Schenley, and its emphasis on worker respect and dignity; the Retirement Plan and the pension plan of later years; and finally a real increase in wages, at least in the early 1970's. (though partly gobbled up by the inflation of the Carter years).*

I think Doug is onto something very important. What was the "vision the union offered" to the farm workers and what were the different "parts of that vision"? I think the reason we are engaged

in this exercise is to answer those questions, and then address the most fundamental question of all: "How successful was the union in realizing that vision?"

As we do this, I think there are some other questions we need to keep in mind:

1. Whose vision are we talking about? Cesar's; the Union's (whatever that is, if the Union's vision was different from Cesar's vision); the farm workers' vision; our own?
2. Which vision? I think the most important and the most reliable as a measure of success or failure is the vision of *the broader farm worker community as served by the Union*.
3. What were all the different pieces that made up that vision? Several have been identified and discussed in depth - the clinics; Radio Campesina; the boycott.
4. How did each piece fit into the overall vision and why was it part of the vision?
5. How did the vision change over time? What parts of it grew in importance, when and why? What parts diminished or were eliminated, when and why?

An obvious example of the latter is the clinics. They thrived in the early 70s, when the vision included a network of direct health-care providers linked to the Union. Decisions were made in the late 1970s to close them. Why? By whom? How did their closure affect *the vision of the broader farm worker community as served by the Union*?

Jeff Sweetland  
1975-1978  
(Long Beach Boycott, Calexico, LA Legal, Salinas Legal)

Now in Milwaukee, WI

**Alfredo Santos, 7/13/04**

**RE: Watsonville Field Office**

Brother Sweetland and Brother Adair raise some interesting questions.

I will take a break from recounting the Watsonville Field Office stories from 74-76, and offer my contribution to the vision question.

As I related to Doug Adair in a posting a few days ago, I believe that those of us who worked in the field offices as labor organizers, in our day to day contact with farm workers either in the field, through the service center, at dances, clubs and even cantinas, what we were selling was hope. Hope as in a better tomorrow. Hope as in a better future for one's family. I remember one of our standard lines was, "Con la union companero, podemos lograr beneficios tal como tienen otros trabajadores en otras industrias. Porque vamos andar empinados en el fil con las nalgas pa arriba toda la santa dia ganando unos cuantos centavos cuando podemos ganar mas?" It was a question that had only one answer.

Looking back now after 30 years and taking a deep breath as per Brother Marshal's recommendation, Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers Union were vehicles for realizing the hope we were selling. It is interesting to me now that my age and my waist line match, that the Catholic Church was/is in the same business we were in. The church was/is selling hope, (they call it salvation) but you don't get to enjoy while you walk this earth. With the union at least the implication was that maybe you could taste the fruits of your labor in your own life time with labor contracts that brought benefits.

I believe that the farm workers who were more partial to our message (not all of them were) were the ones who realized that they had a choice, do nothing and have nothing. Or, take a chance with Chavez, piss off your boss and join with the rest of us crazies who were working for \$5.00 a week and maybe, just maybe, you'll be making more money down the road. Farm workers had a choice, some realized what we offering and they were willing to roll the dice. Others did not. But by and large, I believe that everyone who worked in the fields knew what was going on, maybe not the

specifics, but for the most part they knew you could play good Mexican and not rock the boat or you could declare for Chavez and fasten your seat belt because it was going to be one hell of a ride!

The other thing I saw in my time in California, (and I'll include myself in this group because it was not but four years prior to coming to work for the UFW in 1974, that I too was empinado con las nalgas pa arriba picking tomatoes in Stockton) that being part of the United Farm Workers Union made you somebody. It gave you a new identity and of course it made you proud that you were on the cutting edge of social and political change during those turbulent times. I'll never forget the reaction of the people when several of us walked into a bar in Watsonville once. All the buzz in the place immediately ceased. People looked up and beyond our buttons or red windbreakers and you could sense they either felt fear or respect. (When Roberto Garcia was with us, it was probably fear, porque el si estaba grande y feo) Then the ice would break when someone we knew or someone who wanted to talk would invite us over to their table. Of course we tried to not let it get out of hand because after all, we were there to organize and that meant talking to as many people as we could before last call. (We never went to a cantina just to drink, we went to organize, si tu.)

The farm workers who I knew that became Chavistas, were proud to wear their buttons. And they enjoyed invoking the name of Cesar and the union in their work place when they felt they needed to remind errant foremen about the consequences of his bad behavior. I believe that over time as more and more folks from Watsonville came to know and understand the operation of the union and what it meant in their lives, they also realized that it was their right to speak up whenever they felt the need to. Although I had come back to Texas in 1977, I kept in touch by letter with many of the members in Watsonville, and I was particularly proud of Jose Renteria and from what I understand, the larger leadership roles he was willing to take on.

So in terms of vision, I would say that most of us shared Cesar's vision, at least the parts we knew. But for everybody that was part of the farm workers movement, there was probably a personal reason why they decided to be a part. I would be less than honest if I did not say that the part of the union that I liked the most was the strikes and confrontation. Even though we didn't shoot or hit anyone, (Abby) the excitement and engagement of going face to face with the growers or Teamsers was something that I only get to experience once in a great while out here in Texas. After the elections and all the legal stuff started to kick in, I and others in the Watsonville Field Office found ourselves running around finding workers for depositions, affidavits (sic) or going to one hearing after another. I think Marshall said it one time, that when the Civil Rights laws were passed in the 1960s, it sort of took the wind out of the civil rights movement. When the ALRB kicked and we had the elections, maybe the same thing happened in California. I don't know, maybe others of you have more insight on this.

I will end my contribution by stating that the spirit of Cesar Chavez and the United Farm Workers Union of America still lives on in minds and memory of all who were a part of it at one time or another. And as someone else once said (Jessica Govea??) many of us who spent what ever time working in the movement continue to work in the spirit of the movement in some capacity even today.

Alfredo Santos c/s  
Uvalde, Texas

**Kathy Lynch Murguia, 7/13/04**

**RE: Visions**

Sorry "Brother Sweetland." I know your name well. Good focus Margaret.....km

Great focus Mary.

The vision and the experience, and the disconnect betwixt them. How long the vision carried some and how soon the experience along with new skills led to looking elsewhere. For volunteers it was I believe different from farmworkers.(Doug it seems you were an exception) I know basically what Lupe's vision was and I think Brother Alfredo Santos put it eloquently. It was about all the experiences that led to being somebody. The image of Don Sotaco of El Macriado

fame, turned into the blazing Senior Huelgista and the creations of Andy Zermano. Most farmworkers thought this image blended with Cesar's vision. In the beginning it did. Something changed. It may be important to consider what Cesar was about when Fred first came to his house in Sal Si Puede to organize him and Cesar, to learn the skills of organizing. What was his vision then? Then his vision as he became the Organizer par excellence. He wanted to build, but not something made of wood. He decided to build a Union for farmworkers and then so much more that is being discussed.

My vision fell into the basic volunteer idealism of the 60's. Hey it wasn't fair. Power to the people; fair day's pay for fair day's labor. The laws of this country apply to everyone, economic and social justice to all. No real vision. The Union provided a means of interpreting and bringing these thoughts and values into reality as did other movements in the civil rights era. When I fell in love with Lupe, my image joined with his dream and vision of a future for farmworkers that I thought coincided with CC's.

But Cesar was an Organizer par excellence. We learned how to bring into the world the visions we had as both farmworkers and volunteers. We began a quest. As a volunteer, Cesar was a teacher in this, and he was a genius.. But then his vision was either different or had always been what we came to know in the late 70's. Did it have to do with Escalante's, Lupe's or Alfredo's vision?. The empowerment thing was great. But wait was it too much empowerment for Cesar's vision?. Was it perfect enough? Was it about a Union for farmworkers? Or was it about a perfect community where things happened that didn't fit with the accepted norms and values of our common experiences.Or was it me not getting it?. The vision thing in my experience became a disconnect. Only speaking for myself.

When I go to our home in Tehachapi, I sometimes go along with Lupe on his night watches of La Paz. Like others who have reminisced about trips to Delano and the Roger Terronez Clinic now a regional office, my mind wanders. What happened to the vision? Can we get it back? Is it back Abby? Are we recovering Chris, LeRoy, Marshall? Was it never really, really gone Artie, Esther, Maria, Ralph? Helen your family made it and they're great. Que viva la Union y sin mas Kathy Murguia

**LeRoy Chatfield, 7/14/04 (1)**

**RE: THE TELEPHONE PHOBIA OF CESAR CHAVEZ**

LEROY CHATFIELD 1963-1973

The Telephone Phobia of Cesar Chavez

Cesar believed that all field office, strike or boycott business on the telephone could be accomplished in less than two minutes and all the rest of the conversation was simply chitchat and a waste of time. Not only did he believe this, he tried to reform telephone usage in the farmworkers movement.

When one takes into account all the methods employed by Cesar over many years to implement his cost cutting telephone theories, it is only a slight exaggeration to say that one full year was devoted to and consumed by this losing endeavor. One of his favorite tactics was to refuse to pay the telephone bill from any UFW office unless he, and he alone, felt it was justified. Of course, none of us charged with the responsibility of paying the bills could meet his standard of proof, which he deemed necessary before payment could be authorized. His position was always the same: the telephone calls were too long because they were used for unnecessary and useless chitchat.

When I, or some one like Rudy Ahumada, brought in the monthly bills from the field and boycott offices for his approval, he would immediately go to the telephone bill. "Nope, it's too high. It's out of control," he would growl, and then throw the sheaf of papers on the floor. Throwing the bills on the floor was Cesar's way of showing that he would not be cowed by the telephone utility or held hostage by staff members who were wasting precious organizing time on the phone.

One by one, nearly all the offensive bills ended up on the floor, except for a handful that he dare not oppose because he would receive too much political grief. But even with these few he dared not oppose, there followed a suitable period devoted to grumbling about them and another lecture about telephone usage. Then reluctantly, very reluctantly, he authorized payment.

I would get down on my hands and knees, gather up all the monthly budgets that had been scattered on the office floor, reassemble them, and try to make the case why we had to pay each one, whether he thought the bill was too high or not. Sometimes I could convince him, but generally not. My instructions were to get back in touch with each office, tell them that Cesar would not approve their monthly telephone bill (and therefore, their budget), and ask them to justify why the bill was so high. Oh, what weeping and gnashing of teeth was caused by those calls! What a waste of time and energy and morale! All I could do in the end was to ask the office directors to give me some plausible explanation that I could use with Cesar to convince him to pay their monthly telephone bills.

Around and around we went, until other movement priorities interfered with and trumped his obstinacy. Under those circumstances Cesar would authorize me to pay the bills but still complained about the misuse of the telephone and he made it very clear to me that next time he would not give in so easily. Sometimes, during this fruitless process, I would get lucky. Cesar would be called away from Delano or La Paz for weeks at a time and I was left in charge of paying the bills. I could pay anything I wanted to pay, and I did.

Throughout those years I dealt with Cesar about paying, or better said, not paying, telephone bills, he instituted some of the most painstaking (and to my way of thinking, time wasting) telephone record keeping known to mankind. One of these telephone record keeping nightmares required every UFW office telephone call to be logged, including the name of the person called, the name of the person calling, the number called, the time of day, the length of the call, and the purpose of the call. His theory was that I/we would be able to take the telephone bills and match them up call for call when compared to the office log and this would immediately snag every unauthorized call, which, of course, would not be paid. Of course such a system was so onerous and so impractical, that most people could not follow it, even if they wanted to do so. This system didn't last too long because even Cesar himself could not stomach the staff outcry and the silent rebellion of non-compliance.

Another Cesar- telephone-control-method required me, or others in my stead, to go through each offensive telephone bill, i.e., the ones he threw on his office floor, and identify those telephone numbers that could not be readily identified as union-related, and then to require an explanation or justification from each office director about these suspect telephone calls before the bill could be paid. Given the fact that there were upwards of fifty offices - field offices, administration offices, boycott offices - this was mission impossible. We went through the motions and waited for the most opportune time to get the bills paid.

Yes, all telephone bills eventually got paid, sometimes with late charges and/or under the threat of service cut-off and its attendant punitive reconnect fees, but, I thought at the time, and I think now, what a waste of time, energy, money, focus and morale. But what I thought made no difference. For whatever reasons - his impoverished background, his training, his personal bias against telephone monopoly, his kicking against the goad - I don't know. The only thing I knew - and experienced first hand - was his stubbornness about not wanting to pay for staff telephone use. More than 30 years later, I still cringe when I hear a well-meaning board member or a program director suggest that our Loaves & Fishes organization could save a lot of money by controlling the telephone bill. I nod my head in agreement, but I know full well I can't do that again, and I don't!

This now-too-long-essay gives you the background why Cesar was so determined to develop a UFW statewide microwave telephone system. Some one in a recent post wrote that he/she had been told at La Paz that the farmworker microwave system was the second largest in California. (I forget which one he/she said was the largest).

I do know that a UFW microwave communication system was built in the late 1970's but what I would like to know is: Did it work? How did it work? Did it save any money? How long did it last? How much did it cost to develop and construct? How many staff members were required to maintain it? Why was it closed down or does it still exist? (I don't think it completely truthful to say that the documentation project needs the answers to these questions; it is more likely that I am looking for a kind of telephone vindication.)

I can only hope that Cesar's obsession about outflanking the telephone utility system was finally realized and was successful. And I hope for the sake of many others who followed in my footsteps - and those of Rudy Ahumada - that they no longer had to get down on their hands and knees to retrieve from the office floor the telephone bills Cesar refused to authorize.

**Gary Brown, 7/14/04**

**RE: THE TELEPHONE PHOBIA OF CESAR CHAVEZ**

Dear band of Brothers and Sisters:

LeRoy's position is interesting and I understand his frustration. Cesar's fixation was very real. Yet, at the time Cesar decided that he was not going to cow tow to ATT, his move to free us of that giants grip was seen as a rebel with a cause. Remember ATT was part of the evil empire at the time. If there was an icon to corporate greed and monopoly it was "ATT." If I recall correctly, the moment that the customer no longer had to rent the equipment from ATT Cesar had Richard C scour the valley for used equipment. We got a load full of vintage phones. (we took solid red and solid black phones disassembled and reassembled so that some phone were red and black.) So was it phobia or liberation? I think Jackie Davis and Clyde Golden can add some more info about Cesar and phones.

GARY BROWN 1969-74

**Richard Ybarra, 7/14/04**

**RE: THE TELEPHONE PHOBIA OF CESAR CHAVEZ**

LeRoy,

While I was not there for much of the microwave detailed history Cesar and others shared details and steps of its existence with me.

I remember the entire quote being something like "the fastest way to financially break an organization is long distance phone bills and transportation costs (you all remember gas credit cars and blown engines by some of our star performers) therefore the slant six engines, the garages, the used greyhound buses, etc and the microwave phone system.

The only bigger system at the time belonged to Southern Pacific. At one point it worked exceptionally well and Cesar got a bit of his lifetime wish a call from Santa Helena to Calexico or San Ysidro was either the same or a few cents more than a local call.

The person charged with using his genius was Ken Doyle. He and Anthony (Birdie) Chavez were the two top designers who also maintained the system (doing everything from siting and installing towers and satellite dishes to wiring and installing phones. At one time Lee Corriel worked with them as did a host of young people from Tehachapi. At times they would hire other experts.

Someone else should know how it ended, but I do recall conversations of offers in the 5 to 10 million dollars to buy it, maybe just before telephone deregulation and phone credit cards....

**Kathy Lynch Murguia, 7/14/04**

**RE: THE TELEPHONE PHOBIA OF CESAR CHAVEZ**

LeRoy, the excruciating effort to deal with budget approvals is still familiar. I admire your patience and tenacity, because you did it for so many years. I'm not sure about the "73" boycott, but on the first Grape Boycott in "68", one of the first requests we made was "farming out" the

payment of the telephone bill. I think Cesar appreciated the use of the telephone when it didn't cost. In my work as Boycott Information Director in 74/75 I spent my work time on the phone constantly. Giving reports, getting reports, channeling information to Cesar etc. I think that was the time when 800 numbers began.

Romona Holguin would know about the seed money for the La Paz Communications. Ken and Gloria set up their office not far from the sewer pond at La Paz. They were brave. There was some sort of structure about an eighth of a mile from the ponds. Birdie also set up the cable dish for La Paz near their offices. Ken and Birdie became Mountain Men as they went into the remote areas to set up the towers high in the mountains across Califa. The system was incredible and it did work. The maintenance was difficult, and was a cause of frustration when it went down either due to what at times was believed to be sabotage or just the elements. Birdie would venture out in the dead of winter to trouble shoot and repair. For the crew of three, including Gloria who did a lot of the administrative work, they worked a small miracle.

In 1993 I know the system was being dismantled. Ricardo and Benito along with Lavalle Johnson from Tehachapi worked with Birdie in taking down some of the towers. I'll check with them to see what they recall. As Joaquin mentioned we still have the snowmobiles from the project at our house in Tehachapi. Would say they possibly belong in a museum. They were part of a great effort that did work and saved not only Cesar from his incredible frustration over the phone bill, but any one in a position to deal with budgets. Possibly also having Sister Florence cooled his nerves. Couldn't throw the bills on the floor. Most of what Cesar wanted was information to make decisions and approve costs. The devil was in the details. Thank God for computers. I chuckled at your description LeRoy. To know Cesar was to know and understand his sometime wrath. This is what I recall. Kathy Murguia. 1965-1983

**Alberto Escalante, 7/14/04**

**RE: THE TELEPHONE PHOBIA OF C. E. CHAVEZ**

In a message dated 7/14/2004 . . . [LeRoy Chatfield] writes:

*Cesar believed that all field office, strike or boycott business on the telephone could be accomplished in less than two minutes and all the rest of the conversation was simply chitchat and a waste of time. Not only did he believe this, he tried to reform telephone usage in the farmworkers movement.*

To All,

I have to say in all honesty that Cesar was right on this issue. Telephone bills were very an expensive and often, an unnecessarily large financial burden on the United Farm Worker Union. The Watts line and later Microwave line are examples of how far advanced and forward thinking The Old Man (CEC) was. Given today's Cellular Phones and computers in every home or backpack, a completely "wired" society has really become something that we almost take for granted. Also Leroy, I wish you would have put the picture you so captiously recollected for us within the brackets of time that it occurred. The way you told it wasn't really fair. Accurate, yes but fair, NO! You failed to mention that to Cesar, the money that he had to use to approve or deny payment of all Union activities, didn't come from HIS bank account (Did Cesar even have a bank account?) or yours, Leroy. Or mine, or any of the other Staff, Organizers or Board of Directors, ad infinitum...Nope the money belonged to the union rank and file! It was their money, that some of us, me included...(And I caught hell for it, too!!) so capriciously used by making unnecessary phone calls, and I'd venture to say if we'd followed Cesars instructions and training (He did show us how to cut down the length of our calls. 1.) By writing a brief outline of what we wanted to say. 2.) Say it and get off of the phone! 3.) Think first! Can this be accomplished with a note or memo instead of a phone call? 4.) Find some "Friendly" Agency or Government Program whose phones you could use. 5.) Use the phones of the National Farm Worker Service Center 6.) No "Personal" calls allowed on the Field Office phones unless previously authorized. We should be thankful that Cesar was as frugal as he was. To many it was as if Cesar was "nit picking" or being way too "tight fisted" and you even infer that he was being cheap and spending too much time on reviewing phone bills, budgets all costs & overhead expenses. That's because Cesar really took his



responsibility of Stewardship of the Farm Workers money seriously. He knew what would happen when (or if) the money ever ran out, & he did a lot of very wise & necessary things to make sure we were all aware that we would incur the "Wrath of Cesar" if we did something as relatively minor (to us!) as use the phone foolishly. Like he told me once.. "Look if you want to do things your way, go somewhere else and do it, ok?..Here you do it "Our" Way!" then he asked me "Ok? Now...Do we understand each other?" And I said "Yes, sir..." So he smiled & said "Good! Now you can go" And I left his office ( I don't think I even had to open the door, I just sort of crawled under the door frame ).Nah, I walked out and I even winced a smile as I passed by Esther Winterroads desk. But, believe me I was a more conscientious & frugal staff member after that one episode. I wish he were still around So I could thank him again for all the valuable lessons that he taught me!

Alberto Escalante

**Alfredo Santos, 7/14/04**

**RE: LeRoy Chatfields Story on Telephone Use**

Brother Chatfield's story on telephone use was an excellent piece of writing!

Regardless of perspective or slant, it was well thought out, had just enough detail to paint the portrait and the ending was appropriate.

If I understand the purpose of this documentation project, the idea is to commit in the written word our respective recollections of the time we spent working for the UFW. Whether what we write fits with the popular image of the United Farm Workers and Cesar Chavez is beside the point. Lo que paso, paso. When this list serve closes down, someone is going to attempt to organize and edit what appears to be a wealth of knowledge that has never been produced before in this fashion. And I would hope that at some point we will get to see a book produced from all time and effort we are spending in going back and reconstructing our experiences. The contribution to the body of knowledge on the farm workers movement that this project will add is extremely valuable.

Alfredo Santos c/s  
Uvalde, Texas

**Tom Dalzell, 7/14/04**

**RE: The Boycott/ Telephones**

I was away for a few weeks and missed the peak of the discussion of the boycott.

I agree that the grape boycott that produced the 1970 contracts was extremely effective. I don't think that the boycott was particularly effective after that. I ask those who think that the boycott was effective after 1970:

- 1) What contracts were signed as a result of the boycott after 1970? After 1973? I don't remember any. I might be wrong, but I don't remember any, and certainly not many.
- 2) If the boycott was such an effective weapon, why did we agree to the ALRA? Why did we not wait things out and let the boycott bring us the contracts we had lost in 1973? I believe that the public support that made the first grape boycott such a huge success had largely evaporated by the mid 1970's, a fact that was reflected in the loss of Proposition 14. In the fall of 1974, Jerry Cohen had several of us in the legal department spend several months analyzing the effect of the grape boycott. Fairly detailed information on the sale price of lugs and the amount of grapes in cold storage was available from the State, and it appeared from the work that we did that the grape boycott was not having anywhere near the effect in 1975 that it had in the late 1960s.
- 3) If the boycott was such an effective weapon, why did the growers agree to the ALRA in 1975 without any restrictions on the secondary boycott? I am sure that there were a few growers - most notably Gallo - who were anxious to see an end to the boycott even if it was not hurting them enough to bring them to the table, but I personally believe that the growers agreed to the ALRA because they thought that we would not do very well in the elections and that the Teamsters would

do very well. To say, as Barbara has, that it was just a matter of time before the growers amended the ALRA to restrict the boycott is a tad speculative, especially since it has not happened in the 29 years since it was first passed.

4) Was it the boycott that led the growers (with our tacit agreement) to block supplemental funding of the ALRB in early 1976? No. It was our unexpected success organizing farm workers. In the last months before the shutdown, we enjoyed huge success in Oxnard and Imperial, and that these successes were the tipping point for the growers and to some extent the Teamsters. Albert Escalante describes well the exhilaration that we felt in Imperial after the run of wins that culminated with Bruce Church. We had them on the run.

5) If the boycott was such an effective weapon, why was it shut down completely in January 1978?

I suspect that most of the disagreement about the importance of the boycott is simply a matter of perspective. It is natural for those of us who worked largely on the boycott to think that the boycott was the most important facet of the Union, just as it is natural for those of us who worked in field offices, on strikes, on organizing drives, or on negotiations to think that the workers were more important than the volunteers working on the boycott.

It goes without saying that as individuals, with the exception of a very few people, the Union was more important to us than we were to it. I mean no disrespect by that statement, and I certainly don't count myself as one of the few. If asked whether the workers collectively or the volunteers on the boycott collectively had a greater impact and were more important after 1970, I would have to disagree with Barbara and LeRoy and vote for the workers.

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#### The Telephones

We in the legal department lived through the timed calls, the telephone chits, and - worst of all - the telephone chit inspections. Cesar had standing instructions to the La Paz operator to terminate ALL outgoing telephone calls after the two or three-minute maximum. More than a few times Jerry was cut off on conference calls with judges and opposing counsel. He was not happy about that. It made us look bush league. We weren't bush league.

Yes, phone bills were an expense that could be controlled, but the fact that Cesar occupied himself with this level of detail is the sign of a control freak at work, and the ineffective ways he came up with showed an ineffective control freak.

The microwave system ended up being a failure, probably because it was outside our core expertise. My major objections to it were the timing (right when we needed to be focusing on the transition from movement to union, Cesar took off on the microwave tangent with all the zeal that he gave new projects such as the earthworms at 40 Acres in 1968, the Poor People's Union in 1974, the never-planted orchard, the retaining wall near the guard gate, etc.) and the fact that we were using government money to do it, which meant that the phones were in service centers for service center use only. The instructions to Union staff to make Union calls from service center to service center rather than field office to field office invited government scrutiny, if not criminal investigations. This was one reason that Cesar had always rejected government money. During my time in field offices, which ended for all intents and purposes in 1979, the microwave system was also largely unreliable.

Tom Dalzell

**Richard Cook, 7/15/04**

#### **RE: Marshall, You Felt My Prop 14 Pain**

Marianna Cafiero Cadena's recent recollection of Prop 14 called to mind the intensity of that campaign--despite which, I had to leave L. A. suddenly in the middle of it all.

Our son Matthew was 6 years old. Barbara called me from our home in St Louis to say that Matt had climbed a tree and slid down the trunk - catching his scrotum on a stump or a knot or something. There was swelling - and not of the tree stump. Barbara was very anxious that there might be some permanent damage.

Could I come home?

Well, we are right in the middle of . . .

Yes, I know, but it swelled up and the doctor does not know how serious this could be.

I had to go talk to Marshall. The idea of asking for time off from Marshall in the middle of a campaign was worse than dealing with the pissed off store managers and cops in Central LA, that Marianne called to mind.

No choice. I had to go see Marshall.

Marshall, sitting behind his desk, almost doubled over when I told him what had happened to my son. "Yes, go," he said. I was back in 3 days, I think. The swelling went down but we lost on Prop 14.

Little Matt, now is 35, 6'1", 200 plus lbs, living in San Jose, Costa Rica with his Tica wife Lilly, and 2 beautiful children, Isabella (age 5) and Nikolas (3). No permanent damage.

. . . but the excuses you had to come up with to get a little time off . . .

Richard Cook  
NFWM

#### **Alberto Escalante, 7/15/04 (1)**

##### **RE: more about THE TELEPHONE PHOBIA OF CESAR**

Sisters and Brothers:

In my haste to post my last email I didn't proof out the opening sentence which should have read:

...."I have to say in all honesty that Cesar was right on this issue. Telephone bills were a very expensive and unnecessarily large financial burden on the United Farm Worker Union. The "WATT's" line and later The Microwave system are examples of how advanced and forward thinking The Old Man (CEC) was in 1975-78)...."

The reference to the "WATTS" line was about one of Cesar's many forays into alternative means and less inexpensive ways of being able to talk to the various F.O's. And a way in which he could still have his conference calls, a sort of "virtual reality" method of communicating with many Field Offices at once. You could always tell when the somebody (Usually Cesar or one of his staff) was trying to make a "WATT's" line call. It made this funny little "buzz-like" noise not a ring or anything more like an anemic "pblhtzz.." like sound. The "WATT's" also had a little red light that lit up on the corner of the phone, that way if you didn't hear the tiny little noise the "WATT's" system phone made you could see the red light flashing. One thing that I didn't like about it was, because there were always too many people on the line it was all rather chaotic. Especially when everyone tried to talk at once. Then Cesar would come on and ask "Who's on the line? Say your name!" That would quiet things down real quick! Cesar wasn't someone you wanted to "P-Off" (Before I first joined the UFW I thought Cesar was some Guru or Holy Person...! The more I got to know of and then experience him myself the more Human he became to me!! Which was good because it's just too hard or unfair for anyone to have to be a "God" figure! Cesar was just a man, but a very special Man) Anyway back to the story, Cesar even "threatened" to conduct "telephone etiquette" classes if people didn't learn how to be more considerate & kept trying to "Hog or Monopolize" the "WATT's" calls which were essentially for the benefit of the Field Office Staff so they could ask & answer questions & submit reports. Mundane minutia that was necessary to discuss but would take too much time on the regular phone, which meant it would cost too much money, or more money than Cesar was willing to allocate for something that wasn't of a top priority nature. Supposedly the "Watts" line which was

transmitted via telegraph lines (?) or so I was told only cost a fraction of what it would cost to make a pre-deregulated phone call! (Since this was before the dismantling of Ma Bell into all of the little "Baby Bells")

Alberto Escalante (who was very fortunate to have been able to do my little part)

**Gary Brown, 7/15/04**

**RE: The Boycott/ Telephones**

Dear Brothers and Sisters:

In response to Tom's remarks concerning the boycott. The Boycott was more than the just getting people to stop eating grapes. As already stated the boycott was part of two, perhaps three if you include legal, weapons of the Union. Strikes/Organizing being the other. But the Boycott was part of the political muscle of the union and the information arm. Thousands of volunteers bringing the Union cause to the public., not just in California but across the nation. Remember the Boycott registered voters, campaigned on behalf of individuals and for/against propositions. This Boycott was respected. The ability to put people on the street, I believe, insured support from McGovern to Jerry Brown, to Alatorre and Torres etc.

As for the ALRA the growers had lost one proposition but that did not mean they could not try again. It was reasonable to seek a law that would settle the question of union elections rather than face another expensive proposition battle in the future.

I disagree concerning the loss of public support. If anything the back and forth of the proposition battles would make the public weary.

If my memory serves me right the Chiquita boycott was successful. Can't remember the year but it was post 75?

I feel the ALRA caused the boycott apparatus to crumble as the Union focused on making the ALRA work. The initial successes of the ALRA elections tapped the Union resources. It may have made it appear to those both inside and outside of the Union that the boycott (small letter-meaning the request not to purchase a product) was not as necessary. Not having an apparatus that obtained support in the way of boycotting a product would appear a natural evolution after ALRA. However my contention is that the BOYCOTT (meaning the apparatus) was still valuable in other ways and it is unfortunate that it was allowed to dissolve.

GARY BROWN

**Jackie (Brown) Davis, 7/15/04**

**RE: THE TELEPHONE PHOBIA OF CESAR CHAVEZ**

I wish I had some analysis or wisdom to add to the telephone discussion. I'm open to your responses and experiences with this turn of events. Maybe what I have to say reflects what we've talked about from other aspects. When Cesar started talking about obtaining our own phone equipment I remember understanding this decision based on the amount of money we were spending and putting this in the context of despising Ma Bell as well as saving the movement dollars, I was saw this as a great innovation for us. When he explained further that he wanted someone who would disconnect the calls at 5 minutes, I had no conceptual argument with it and volunteered for operator duty. Cesar simply did not believe that I had the capacity to do this job and was very hesitant to allow me to do it. But I was not thinking too hard about the people it would affect, only the task and the dollars saved and the "revolution" against Ma Bell. I was also quite the believer in Cesar, so if he said it, it must have been the right decision. Not very questioning, but in the roles I served, that attitude had its place for that time.

I began on a beautiful mid-morning to disconnect those folks who talked more than 5 minutes. There was much rebellion, but within a very short period of time, the 4 minute warning was all that was necessary to end the call. I don't know what you were saying behind my back, but I was unaware of any personally directed anger. Thank you.

It was wise to give this job to a single-minded youngster, because I could no more do this to you all today than to cross a picket line. As a matter of fact, this would be a good time to apologize to LeRoy, Marshall, Jim Drake (rest his soul) and all of you who were moving mountains and I was keeping you from your appointed task. (sheepish grin inserted here)

I have a personal note in Cesar's handwriting thanking me for saving La Cause thousands of dollars which was an honor then, and a memory which I cherish today.

Jackie Davis

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/15/04 (1)**

**RE: Visions**

Hello All:

Great discussion. I've been taking some "deep breathes" for several days. My son was stabbed in the neck and back but is fine. He is home doing great, Praise God. He went shopping early afternoon in Fresno before going to see a friend and was confronted about what gang he belonged to. He told them none that he didn't claim any gang because he isn't in one. Didn't matter. He is blessed to be walking; and the only gang he has ever belonged to Body and Spirit is the CHAVEZ GANG, por vida, c/s. There in lies the "hope" we need to make this world a better place. sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

We all have worked to make this a better world for farm workers. The Union has never lost its vision as far as I am concerned. When a grower's son (who was working on a flatbed truck recieving the lugs of grapes from the Mexican lugger, no less) refused my little brother's leaflet and told him to "wipe your ass with it you dirty Mexican", well, that was what made all the pieces fall in place for me. I recall Maria and Antonia Saludado (now Maria Magana) had to come and hold me back. Dirty Mexican? Good enough, though to pick your grapes. I dared him to come *wipe mine* to show me how brave he was. The union gave us dignity and I don't know about having my rear facing the sun, (translating Alfredo's Spanish phrase), but one thing I do know, we could fight on our feet instead of living on our knees (Zapata). The union helped us stand tall and do more than what we could ever have dreamt doing alone. That, my friends, is what the union has done for farm workers. My knees are only for praying to my Maker and not kowtowing to anyone. Thank you CESAR and VIVA LA UNION DE TRABAJADORES CAMPESINOS!

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/15/04**

**RE: Visions**

Dear Joaquin:

\* \* \* \*

I see more farm workers in the valley get pulled over in their cars than I do any others. Type-casting at its worst because the assumption is that they do not have a license therefore no insurance, etc. An easy target. You can spot a farm worker by the way they dress to go to work or how they look returning from working all day in the fields. Perhaps they should begin to dress differently, too. sin mas abby/ r/d/lp

**Mary Mocine, 7/15/04**

**RE: The Boycott/ Telephones**

Dear Tom,

What do you mean our tacit agreement to the non-funding of the ALRB? I was in Sacramento with Dolores and Barbara, lobbying like mad for emergency funds. Were we just window-dressing in your view? Please explain.

thanks, Mary

**Joaquin Murguia, 7/15/04**

**RE: The Boycott**

Much has been said about the boycott and the contribution it made to the early success of the union. The fact that it helped is obvious. The fact that the majority of the first wave of boycotters to depart Delano were by and large farm workers was another big step in the success of the boycott. Those early pioneers had a vested interest in the success of the boycott.

Unlike the tools available to other labor unions, these early unionistas had nothing on which to hang their hat other than the success of their boycott and the success of their union. With the passion of these pioneers, the boycott spread across the U. S and Canada and became a formidable weapon of the union.

That said, I think one of the things that has been over looked is the social climate in the US at the time the boycott was launched. There was rebellion in the land. People were marching in the streets and at political conventions. The masses were mobilized and passions were at an all time high due to the conflict in Vietnam and the civil rights movement. People were looking to be involved, to find a way to be an activist. For some, I don't believe it mattered the cause because they all seemed to blend together.

I remember being on the boycott in San Francisco in 1968 and enlisting the aide of the Black Panthers. In return, we participated in rallies and marches at San Francisco State in support of Angela Davis. The boycott staff was present at the numerous gatherings at Peoples Park in Berkeley, it didn't seem to matter who the group was. I even recall going to a meeting of the Communist Party in San Francisco to enlist their support "in the worker's struggle."

One has to wonder whether the boycott would have the same kind of success in the social stagnation that exists today. Priorities have changed, even politics have changed.

There was a time when people were ashamed to be a Vietnam vet for fear that it would hinder their career, political or otherwise. Those who sought to avoid service in Vietnam by fleeing to Canada or being conscientious objectors were heroes that had stood up to the hawks of war.

Today, the liberal left embraces a Vietnam vet as he runs for President and criticizes one who used another means to avoid service. As Bob Dylan said, the times they are a changing.

Joaquin Murguia  
San Francisco, Delano, La Paz 1967-1979

**Alberto Escalante, 7/15/04 (2)**

**RE: Cesar on telephone (photo)**

Sisters and Brothers..

I downloaded the photo that Pete Savino sent to Leroy to share with us. It shows a wide eyed innocent young Cesar Chavez back in the early sixties ('62-'64) I can only think of how innocent we all were back then. Before Viet Nam, before Bobby and Martin were taken from us. Before La Huelga was called The Strike, before The Boycotts made the UFW a force to be reckoned with. Before Nixon, Reagan, Bush 1& Iraq 1, Bush 2, 9-11, Iraq 2 Before WMD that didn't exist. And the Election of 2000 that was stolen from the people and replaced by a total scam. Before all that we had a man with a vision, who lived in Delano who was photographed talking on the telephone and I can almost hear him saying " Yes, I know that we can improve the working conditions of the farmworker. Together there's nothing we can't do, if we want it bad enough and are willing to work hard to achieve it...."

Se Puede?

Alberto Escalante Vote Kerry-Edwards! Vote Democrat! We Can Restore Hope to America!

**Rudy Ahumada, 7/15/04**

**RE: RUDY AHUMADA & THE TELEPHONE PHOBIA**

[Per LeRoy Chatfield:] Rudy Ahumada, 1967 - 1971, is unable to post from his office computer, and he asked me to send his response regarding, "The Telephone Phobia of Cesar Chavez" to the entire group.

"You said it as it happened.

I believe Cesar also wanted to tap into the Southern Pacific phone lines, either for a statewide Watts line, or somehow connect the lines with a microwave system.

At the beginning years, back 1966 or so, I recall he also wanted to put a transmitter in a tower up in Frazer Park. Lenny Goldberg, Luis Melendrez (?), myself and some other person took a couple of trips up there and tested the radios that were being used on the picket lines for communication. If I recall, these two-way radios were hand-me-downs and were constantly malfunctioning. Anyway, his idea was the tower would be used to transmit radio messages with the hope of eventually using it for some type of communication system statewide. I was still working at the Post Office during that time. By the time I left the Post Office, this idea had been dropped. I don't recall there being any more of these radios being used by the staff.

With regard to the telephone bill payments, the mistake I made (as many others did) was that I took Cesar's type of behavior personally. That's why it used to bother me. Even though I knew what he was doing, it still used to drive me ballistic when those checks and invoices came flying at me and down to the floor.

The telephone system he really hated and couldn't stand was the PBX system that initially was installed at the Forty Acres. He hated the special billing numbers because they were just like credit cards and staff could use them to make calls from anywhere. The PBC system didn't work well at the Forty Acres because the room where the equipment (switching equipment) was, was susceptible to a lot of dust. The equipment kept breaking down and we'd be without phone service. I believe that's the reason he used to eventually disconnect it.

After I left the union, I would go help out at La Paz on some weekends. He never changed. For some reason he had this obsession that the phone costs were too high and he someday was going to be able to bring those costs totally under control to his liking. I doubt that ever happened."

**Alfredo Santos, 7/16/04**

**RE: The Watsonville Field Office**

The Watsonville Field Office

Today I learned from Brother Chatfield that I could do an essay for this documentation project, but that I needed to get on it soon. Now that I know this I will work faster. But I do want to say that the opportunity to participate with everyone and contribute these occasional postings has been a good writing exercise. It has made me go back and remember things that I had forgotten. For extra help in jogging the memory I have gone into the garage and pulled out my UFW boxes that are filled with things (photos, notes, calendars, flyers, etc) I have not looked at in quite a while. I will say that reading everybody's postings has helped to jog the memory, although I have not heard too much about the field office operations in Salinas.

In this posting I will finish the 1974 year for the Watsonville Field Office and then move into 1975.

After the Buak Apple strike ended in October, the Watsonville Organizing Committee met and decided that we should work on the boycott. I believe in an earlier positing I described that we just targeted the stores in the Watsonville area and did our picketing in the evenings.

One thing that we learned from being on the streets regularly in Watsonville was that on Thursday nights the streets were packed with people crusing around in their cars. We found out quickly that Thursdays was cruising night in Watsonville, Friday nights was Hollister and Saturday nights was Salinas. Well, with this set up we decided that since Thursday night was "our" night, when ever we needed to get the word out about a union event or meeting, we would make a couple of thousand flyers and just stand in front of this little park/plaza in downtown Watsonville and hand

out flyers to all the slow moving cars until we ran out. People were of course very receptive to being handed a flyer through the window and "VIVA Chavez" was the standard exchange/salutation. Rarely did we catch a Teamster car.

As we moved into November and December of 1974, the Martinez family that had been caught throwing Clorex balloons at the Santa Cruz Sheriff Deputies made good on their promise to get us. (i.e. the union) One night in the middle of November, Pedro Gonzales was banging on my door. "Se esta quemando la oficina!" (The office is on fire!) I put on some shoes and raced out the door. By the time Pedro and I got to the office there was a crowd of people and the fire department. Someone, (I think I know who), had set the UFW office on fire. As the firemen worked to put out the fire and perform their clean up operation, different union members came up to me and said they were going to go home and bring back some lumber and boards so we could at least secure the office for the night. Most of the damage was to the front of the building and all the windows were knocked out.

As I watched the firemen do their job, I surveyed the growing crowd. Then out of the corner of my eye I saw three guys smoking cigarettes off by themselves. As I looked closer I saw it was Mr. Martinez and friends. I fixed my gaze on them and they returned a defiant (sic) look. Well like Denzel Washington said in that movie "Training Day," It's not what you know, it's what you can prove. I couldn't prove they did it, but I was willing to bet one week's pay (pinche \$5.00) that it was Martinez.

The firemen finished their business and we secured the building before leaving for the night. I drove back to my house and thought about how I would tell Roberto Garcia in Salinas the bad news.

Story not over.

Two days later we were just about finished fixing up the office. We called it a day and went home. I lived in a little two room shotgun house off of San Juan Road. I owned a 1955 Chevrolet and I always parked it in front of the house. When I woke up in the morning I peeked out the window to check on my car. Well lo and behold, something looked strange. There was something sitting on my hood. I got dressed and carefully went outside to inspect. Somebody put a firebomb on my car. The thing went off and scorched the hood and windshield, but the flammable liquid inside didn't completely ignite. I didn't call the sheriff or fire department, but I did carefully remove the Clorex container that the firebomb was placed in.

I remember telling the organizing committee what had I found and they agreed that it was Martinez and friends. I talked to Roberto and told him I was going to have to move because if they came back, the place where I was living only had one door in and out and that I needed a safer place to live. He agreed and so I secretly moved to San Juan Bautista, California which was about 15 miles away. We made sure not to let very many people know and I would periodically change my routine and routes.

The Watsonville Organizing Committee agreed that for security reasons, we should set up a place in the office where someone could sleep and guard the office. Different people took turns staying in the office at night. We also made sure to have an extra phone line nearby and the water hoses ready. There was a guy from Watsonville who worked in the San Jose area. I can't remember his name and can only recall that he was a member of the United Auto Workers and drove a Datsun 240 Z. His union local gave us a donation to replace the glass that had been destroyed during the fire. I remember he got mad at me, because instead of replacing the glass, I made the decision to buy plywood and hinges instead of glass. Each morning we would "open up the office" by raising the wood covers and lock them into place. To make them look more pretty, we got some students to paint covers of El Malcriado newspaper on the outside of the plywood.

As 1974 came to a close, we were excited in Watsonville. We even had a big Christmas Party with conjunto music and people brought covered dishes. We felt like we were doing our part to push the Teamsters back. Richard Nixon had resigned as President of the United States. Jerry Brown had won the governor's race in November and as far as we knew, he was friend of Cesar and the union.



As I mentioned in a previous posting, the Watsonville Field Office was sort of on the margin of things, we didn't get much news about the inner workings of the union. No one ever visited us, not even the mechanics from the transportation department. (We fixed our own cars.) We didn't know about telephone limitations and Cesar's policies on their use. All we knew was that we were part of the United Farm Workers Union of America and really we were just an extension of the Salinas office. Although Roberto Garcia never told me the details, in December he came back from a big meeting in, I assume, La Paz. As we walked over to that Chinese restaurant around the corner from the Salinas Field Office for some pork fried rice, he turned to me and said, "Ponganse trucha, 1975 se va poner cabron!" (Be alert, 1975 is going to be a bitch!)

Es todo!

Alfredo Santos c/s  
Uvalde, Texas

#### **Abby Flores Rivera, 7/16/04**

##### **RE: Sleep well Sweet Princess...**

Brother Alfredo Escalante wrote in his belated condolence for Lou to the Chavez and Rodríguez family:

*And then, "BOOM!" I caught this flash of complete determination go across her face and her dark eyes suddenly lit up and I saw that yes she was Cesar's daughter all right, even though (I felt that) her smile and other features were all Helen.*

I can't believe Lou sang in front of a total stranger; she must have felt extremely comfortable with you back then. She probably also wanted to make things fun for Liv. Lou's smile touches everywhere I look. /abby

*So, when the sky seems bluer, and when the blossoms wear  
Some tender, mystic shading we never knew was there,  
We'll say, "We see things earthly by light of sainted eyes;  
She bends where we are gazing, to-day, from Paradise."*

(Lucy Larcom 1824-1893)

#### **Nonie Fuller (Lomax) Graddy, 7/16/04**

##### **RE: THE TELEPHONE PHOBIA OF CESAR CHAVEZ**

Not all the bills got paid on time. When I was working in the San Luis Office the phone was disconnected for non payment. David Camacho ( El colorado) the field office director had taken off on one of his sudden disappearances and I was left in charge by default. A couple of days after the phone was disconnected I got a telegram from Cesar wanting to know what in the world was going on. I think David was given the funds for our phone and he took off without paying it, but I am not sure. Anyway, I had no money since David had not paid me my \$5.00 + \$10.00 and I had no home phone. I talked my landlady into letting me call La Paz collect. The call was refused. I finally convinced my landlady that she would not get the rent that was due soon unless she let me make a call on credit. When I finally got through to Cesar he was furious with me. That is probably one of the reasons that I ended up in La Paz purgatory key punching in Data Processing.

Nonie Salinas, San Luis, La Paz 1970-1975

#### **Chris Schneider, 7/17/04**

##### **RE: THE TELEPHONE PHOBIA OF CESAR CHAVEZ**

In March 1977 I arrived at La Paz to work with Larry Tramutt in the boycott office. One of my assignments was getting information to and from the boycott offices several times a week and

sometimes daily. Fred Ross used to talk about the organizer's "love/hate" relationship with the phone. With this assignment it was only a "hate" relationship.

At the time there were 17 boycott offices in the U.S. and Canada. I was to convey information to the directors that they would then pass on to staff members at the daily meetings. We were mostly doing "label" boycotts at that time. And I was supposed to get reports on the number of picket lines, pickets, house meetings, sit-ins, etc. etc..

I couldn't just make calls. The calls had to be made in the early morning before the "day time calling" charges kicked in. That would have been relatively simple. But there were a few more twists. I wasn't supposed to waste money calling a boycott office only to find that the director wasn't in. I had to call the office person to person collect. Of course the person answering (usually the person I was trying to call) would inform the operator that the director was not in. I would then wait for the call to be returned. So the calls had to be completed before the day-time rates kicked-in in the boycott cities. So I started the calls 4:00 AM Pacific Time so I could finish up the eastern seaboard calls by 8:00 AM Eastern Time. I'd then race the time zones and make my last calls to Los Angeles and San Francisco by about 7:45 AM finishing up by 8:00 AM----just in time to start the regular work day.

Of course there was only one operator working at the phone company in Tehachapi at 4:00 AM and she was well aware that despite my hundreds of person to person collect calls--no one ever accepted. At first she seemed a bit upset. After a while I think she figured what the hell--she wasn't placing any other calls and it broke the boredom.

I needed a chit sheet for each call--even though the message to each director would be the same. I jotted down the reports they gave me on the chit sheet---only to be transferred to another report document. If Wayne State has the chit sheets there should be some good documentation of the boycott activities back then.

My most memorable call to a boycott director; Gretchen Laue in Los Angeles.

The L.A. staff and supporters had been picketing the produce terminal. The owner of one market had given incredible grief to them--trying to run the over with fork lift trucks, insulting them and so on. When I asked Gretchen how things had gone at the terminal that day she said not well and that she had violated the union's commitment to non-violence. I asked what happened and she explained that the owner had been especially obnoxious that morning and had really harassed a student supporter named Clara Solis. "He just kept going on and on. And I lost it," she said. I asked "What do you mean you lost it?" She replied "I kicked him." I became silent, took a deep breath and asked "Where?" Gretchen replied, "I missed."

I figured that this particular conversation should probably not be memorialized at that time so the conversation will not be found in any chit sheet.

### **Abby Flores Rivera, 7/17/04**

#### **RE: Cesar's Home Phone**

Hello All:

If you read Joanne Carder's essay on the cd, she writes that she and her husband lived a few houses down from Cesar's in Delano in 1970. They received then delivered phone calls from their personal phone for Cesar and his family. She did not know why Cesar did not have a phone and speculates that it must have been a nuisance to him. I believe he thought phones were a nuisance, unnecessary and expensive. Cesar hated wasting money. I sometimes wonder how he would have reacted to the energy crisis of today.

For a long time, I seem to recall Cesar did not have a phone when he lived on Kensington in Delano. Later, he did have one at the insistence of the union but his family received so many crank or threatening phone calls that the incoming-call feature was eventually blocked. Members and the union leadership were concerned about Cesar's safety and the safety of his family especially during the Gilbert Rubio incidents. Do any of you recall that time? Bonnie Chatfield

was run off the road and there were many death threats made on Cesar's life during that time. It was imperative that Cesar at least have a working phone for emergencies. After a while, I guess everyone forgot about the phone which is why not many people knew about it, including Joanne. When I worked in the Credit Union with Helen and since her children could only call out, everyday at a designated time like clockwork they called to let her know they were home from school, finished with their chores, or to receive instructions to jump-start dinner preparations. The kids always planned their day beforehand so their mom would know what they were doing and would call Helen before leaving or upon returning home.

By the way, speaking of phones. With the exception of the new area code, the phone number at La Paz is still the same one from 1970: (661) 822-5571. Talk to all of you later, sin mas, abby/r/d/lp.

**Susan Drake, 7/17/04**

**RE: Gil Rubio**

Jim and I moved to a large house across from the park that fronted Delano High School. I came home one day to find Gil Rubio standing on our lawn shooting pictures of the house. He thought that Cesar had moved into the big house, because Jim held lots of staff meetings at our place! With his photos, he hoped to show that Cesar wasn't the frugal \$5/week saint the press made him out to be. Part of me felt sorry for him; double agent spies have no friends and he was pretty young and mixed up.

Susan Drake (1962-1973, Goshen, Porterville, Delano, La Paz, boycotts in NY, NJ and OH)

**Vickie Lopez, 7/19/04**

**RE: THE TELEPHONE PHOBIA OF CESAR CHAVEZ**

Chris –

I was laughing out loud as I read your description of the boycott calls. Thanks for the entertaining stories.

Victoria Lopez, 1978-1981 Salinas and La Paz

**LeRoy Chatfield, 7/19/04**

**RE: NEED INFORMATION ABOUT AGBAYANI VILLAGE**

LeRoy Chatfield 1963-1973

Agbayani Village

During my early years with the National Farm Workers Association, Cesar talked with me many times about his dream to build a retirement village for the single Filipino farmworkers. Of course in those years the union had neither the money nor the stability to build such a facility but that did not dampen at all his ardor about his dream project. It was never a question of whether such a retirement village would be built, only when.

I left the union towards the end of 1973 and it was only a few years later (I am not sure the year it was built) that the village opened. I have to believe it was a Cesar-dream-come-true, but I know little else about it.

In his essay, Rudy Reyes writes about living in the village while he was working with the union in the Delano area, but he couldn't stay there very long because he could not afford the rent. He also wrote that several other former Filipino strikes lived there out of loyalty to the union, but they could have rented a shack in the area much cheaper, and in the end, many chose to do so. He mentions that Maria Rifo lived in Agbanyi Village when he was there, and she had created a flower garden. (In her patio area, I presume). But according to Rudy, one of the main objections the retired Filipino workers had about living in the village was the fact they were not permitted to have women come to their rooms for sexual intimacy. Rudy claims that La Paz was responsible for this rule because such visitations would upset UFW supporters.

This is all the information I have about Agbayani Village.

For the sake of the documentation project, can those of you who were involved with Agbayani Village, or those of you who were on-the-scene observers or otherwise in the know fill out the story of the village?

How many private apartments were there? Did it have communal or private bathroom and kitchen facilities? How high (or low) were the rents? Who was permitted to live there? Was there a resident manager? What were some of the amenities of the project? What were the major house rules? Was it ever filled up? How accurate is Rudy Reyes' recollection, do you know? When did the village close and why? What are the buildings used for today?

The documentation project appreciates any information you can provide. Thank you.

**Alberto Escalante, 7/19/04**

**RE: My mother decides to visit La Paz**

Hermanas y Hermanos:

About 1981 or so, a couple of years after I'd left the UFW, my older sister was invited (by the Union) to come up to La Paz and be screened for possible placement with the Legal Department. Since she didn't know if they were going to ask her to stay or not, she asked my brother, Alex, to drive her up to Keene, CA (La Paz). My brother's wife and our Mom went along to get out of the house & to keep him company on the drive back home. It all sounded so neat, simple, quick and easy, eh? Well, anyone who's ever been in the Union knows that everything, even the simplest, easy to follow plans and instructions are subject to change. And so was this "Simple and straightforward request" my sister had asked of my brother. Just drive her up to the front entrance of La Paz, announce her arrival wait for her escort to come up to the front gate and say their adios's & see you soon's. Except that on the way up to La Paz my Mother kept thinking "Hmmm, maybe now I can finally find out just how much truth there is in all of those rumors that Cesar is actually a very rich man & that the stories of his living in a simple, plain little wooden house like the other volunteers & staff was just a big slick PR lie, to garner even more sympathy and donations! (from all the great many loyal & committed supporters that the UFW & Cesar had made over the years!) And so, after my sister had met her escorts and gone to the Administration office, my mother asked the person stationed in the kiosk if they wouldn't mind giving a "sweet little old lady" a tour of La Paz. (The front gate guards would greet or stop the people who tried to enter the UFW's compound. Ronnie and Elizer were the best at creating an aura of the unknown. And I'm sure most people thought it all pretty strange and mysterious the way that the front gate guards tended to at times be so unresponsive and aloof.) Well, I'm sure my Mom's request threw the guards off balance because pretty soon someone from security came up to the gate and said that they'd been assigned to show "the guests" around the compound. My brother who is like a poster child for the "Paranoid Survivalists & Right to Bear Arms (to defend themselves) Conspiracy Nuts of Amerika" didn't like the idea at all. He was sure that the whole thing was being filmed by the FBI & CIA. My sister in law and Mother were both completely in awe of all the neat plants & how nice & well cared for everything was. But when my Mom asked to see Cesar's house, the guard politely said "I'm sorry, that's against the rules!" I guess that they were standing by the La Paz Dining Room/Kitchen area, because Helen who was hanging up some wash or something asked the security person "What seems to be the problem?" My Mom who didn't know who Helen was or what she even looked like, spoke a few words in Spanish with Helen and Bingo! that was all that was needed, Helen asked the security person to bring my Mom & my brother & his wife into the main compound, because she had invited them to come in and visit with her (Helen & the Chavez family) and stay and have a B-B-Q with them. Well, that was it! Because she was able to actually see the modest manner that Cesar lived (Although Cesar was gone for a few days, and my Mom wouldn't be able to actually meet him until 5 or 6 years later when I was fortunate enough to be able to introduce them to one another.) But, for my Mom that day, would be one of the highlights of her life. Being able to break bread with Helen and listen to musica Mexicana was all the proof that she would ever need. From then on she was one of the staunchest supporters and admirers that Cesar ever had. Anytime anyone attempted to denigrate

Cesar or his sincerity my Mom would rise to his defense by saying "All of those things that the Ranchers and Growers are trying to say about Cesar Chavez are all lies! Because I was in his house and its just a small little neat and clean wood frame house. And his wife Helen is a wonderful person who is very warm and gracious. She is a very special Lady who still lives the way our people used to live before we started to act like "Gabacho's." In 1993 we went to Cesars Funeral, and at 85 yrs.of age my Mom walked all the way from Delano back to 40 acres in respect and tribute to Cesar Chavez. Where she would exhort people one third her age who had stopped along the way to " Get Up "Flojos" and walk! Show your respect for a Man who NEVER sat down and gave up trying to accomplish all the good things he did for us! You should be ashamed of yourselves, so young and without half of the same commitment that Cesar had! Llevantense! Si se Puede!"

She had become a Chavista, too!

Alberto Escalante Vote Kerry-Edwards! Vote Democrat! Lets Renew Hope to America

### **Daneen Montoya, 7/19/04**

#### **RE: Clinics/ Medical care**

Does anyone remember Dr. Jerry Lackner who had a practice and lived with his wife Yetta and family in San Jose? I know that he treated Cesar and came to the Delano clinic periodically and I know that Gloria Soto was one of many staff women who benefited from Jerry's medical knowledge. My husband, Reuben and I were recruited to the boycott when we were invited to a house meeting at Jerry & Yetta's. That's where we met Kathy and Lupe Murguia and Susan Drake (1968). It would be great if someone can tell us about Jerry's many contributions to the movement.

Daneen Montoya  
San Jose/ La Paz  
1968-1973

### **Doug Adair, 7/19/04**

#### **RE: Philadelphia area?**

In a message dated 7/19/04 . . . [LeRoy Chatfield] writes:

*In his essay, Rudy Reyes writes about living in the village while he was working with the union in the Delano area, but he couldn't stay there very long because he could not afford the rent. He also wrote that several other former Filipino strikes lived there out of loyalty to the union, but they could have rented a shack in the area much cheaper, and in the end, many chose to do so. He mentions that Maria Rifo lived in Agbanyi Village when he was there, and she had created a flower garden. (In her patio area, I presume). But according to Rudy, one of the main objections the retired Filipino workers had about living in the village was the fact they were not permitted to have women come to their rooms for sexual intimacy. Rudy claims that La Paz was responsible for this rule because such visitations would upset UFW supporters.*

Is there anyone in the Philadelphia area who could help Rudy [Reyes] get on line and participate in this project? He would add an invaluable insight, like Roberto Bustos, an original striker... Marched the whole way to Sacramento, on the boycott (NYC, LA), an organizer living in the Di Giorgio camp, Malcriado staff, Ranch Committees at Tenneco-Ducor and David Freedman Co.... and I am sure he would be interested in participating....

Doug Adair, 1965-1989

### **Alberto Escalante, 7/20/04**

#### **RE: Agbayani Village**

On 7/19/2004 . . . [LeRoy Chatfield] asked: Re: Agbayani Village

*How many private apartments were there? Did it have communal or private bathroom and kitchen facilities? How high (or low) were the rents? Who was permitted to live there? Was there a*

*resident manager? What were some of the amenities of the project? What were the major house rules? Was it ever filled up? How accurate is Rudy Reyes' recollection, do you know? When did the village close and why? What are the buildings used for today?*

To all,

During the 1977 Giumarra organizing and election campaign many of the organizers were housed at Agbayani Village and were given the option to eat there as well. I don't know what the rent was because the union was picking up the tab as part of the campaign logistics. But I do know that there was one (1) bathroom between every two (2) apartments (rooms) that was communally shared by both lodgers. I think that some people may have doubled up two (2) to a room but that was a personal decision, not a Union mandate. We did have to pay or were asked to pay, anyway, about \$1.50 per meal which even in 1977 was a very good deal since the meals were very hearty and sort of an "as much as you could eat" affair with lots of rice, rice, rice and more rice as part of every meal..even breakfast!! Also you could count on the use of "Adobo" spices on many of the items offered. And Bitter Melon soup, which despite its rather dreadful sounding name was really quite tasty & was actually considered somewhat of a delicacy. It too was offered with some regularity. The Village had washers and dryers that were for the tenants use and there were 3 or 4 (maybe more) vegetable gardens planted in and around the Village property. Most were for the communal use of the residents & the Village manager to use preparing the food served by the Village kitchen. Meals were served in the dining room but could be taken to ones room. Sometimes I took my neighbor (that I shared a Bathroom with) his meals, as He was elderly and was infirmed much of that summer. I remember Elvis Presley also died that summer (8-17-77) & a big picture of Elvis suddenly appeared in the Village Recreation room. Back to the food, the manager offered to cook me whatever food I bought myself, like a steak or pork chops from the grocery store or butcher shop. Drinking was frowned upon as it often led to rowdiness and the UFW leadership felt that it wasn't proper for Union organizers to drink with or around the farmworkers. Also the evil "S" word (SEX) was ruled taboo for "single" organizers during the course of a campaign. In fact during the Giumarra Campaign Richard Chavez and Dolores held a couple of "Shame on you!" meetings where we were put on notice that 1.) Some organizers were taking advantage of the Village Dining Room and eating meals, but not paying their bill or even signing for it (so that the Union could make restitution for the meals)...and...2.) Dolores got up and really laid into the organizers for having what she no self control or discipline and termed what was going on as "Indiscriminate and shameless sex in an indiscreet and obviously laissez faire manner and attitude that reflected bad on the Union!" Marco Lopez and I were sure we were gone! I had already packed all my stuff up BEFORE the meeting so that I could just grab my stuff and go. But, luckily (?) We were spared the chopping block, but other heads did roll. In fact the entire west wing was put on notice as they really partied, almost every evening, and usually left their doors wide open scarring the heck out of the little Filipino brothers who were the last of the remaining original strikers! But, as for the "Ladies of the Night" I can attest to their visits usually about the same time as the brothers received their Social Security Checks. But these same "Ladies" would get all dressed up in their nicest, most alluring dresses & show up and mourn whenever a Filipino brother passed away. In fact the more "Ladies" at a Brothers funeral, the more the other Brothers would praise the manlyhood of their dearly departed friend. That was so sad seeing them pass away one by one with no living dependents to carry on their name thanks to the vile Misogynation Laws that prevented them from marrying and having families. So we would all (the organizers) try to attend the funerals & wakes after the funerals the cemetery was right up the road from 40 acres right before you left the town of Delano on Garces Hwy. across from the public housing complex. So much History crammed into such a small area that almost every corner had some kind of historical perspective. I imagine all of the original Filipino grape Strikers are dead by now, although Rudy Reyes is still alive according to Doug Adair. Rudy used to be married to Meta Mendal who came to California from the NYC Boycott in 1975 along with John Jardinero (Gardener) who some people wrongly thought was an FBI agent because he was such a "straight arrow". didn't smoke, drink or cuss. But man what an organizer. Plus he had an incredible mind for historical, movement oriented data. Also, from the Santa Monica area Local Carpenters Union came John Gibson. What a solid cat he was! And Carol Schoenbrohm who went to the UFW legal after working on the Village. Well, I better stop now.....gotta recharge my batteries...

Alberto Escalante Vote Kerry-Edwards!! Vote Democrat!! Take America Forward!! Help stop Mad Cowboy Disease!!

**Susan Drake, 7/20/04**

**RE: Clinics/ Medical care**

[Daneen Montoya] wrote:

*Does anyone remember Dr. Jerry Lackner who had a practice and lived with his wife Yetta and family in San Jose? \* \* \* \* It would be great if someone can tell us about Jerry's many contributions to the movement.*

Last I heard, Jerry is living in Davis or Sacto. Yetta lives in Santa Cruz. In addition to helping some of us have his medical care for reduced rates while we worked for UFW, Jerry oversaw Cesar's health care, C's mother's and maybe other family members'. LeRoy, did Jerry recruit some of the doctors who volunteered at the Delano clinic on weekends?

Susan Drake (1962-73)

**Doug Adair, 7/20/04**

**RE: Vision statement**

In a message dated 7/12/04 . . . [Jeff Sweetland] writes:

*What was the "vision the union offered" to the farm workers and what were the different "parts of that vision"? I think the reason we are engaged in this exercise is to answer those questions, and then address the most fundamental question of all: "How successful was the union in realizing that vision?"*

*As we do this, I think there are some other questions we need to keep in mind:*

- 1. Whose vision are we talking about? Cesar's; the Union's (whatever that is, if the Union's vision was different from Cesar's vision); the farm workers' vision; our own?*
- 2. Which vision? I think the most important and the most reliable as a measure of success or failure is the vision of the broader farm worker community as served by the Union.*

Dear Jeff and all,

When I ran into Gilbert Padilla in 1965, it was, for me, "the union's vision", ("Padilla's vision") that inspired me. That's who turned my life around, opened my eyes to a whole new way of looking at things. "The world doesn't have to be this way," he was telling me, "it's not fair..." (that was a no-brainer) "and we have it in our power to change it..." an offer of hope...

I think when Cesar and Gilbert left CSO in 1962, their vision was to build an organization dedicated to serving and "empowering" farm workers (that word came along later, but was the idea). Maybe Cesar had the "Big Idea," as Luis Valdez did with the Teatro, but the loyalty and support and good advice of Gilbert (and Helen!) made it possible. And at the core of the idea was "Si Si Puede," open farm workers' eyes and minds and souls to the alternative possibilities, and nothing can stop us.... As Alfredo noted when organizing in Watsonville, we were offering hope. When Dolores joined up full time in 1964, she radiated hope...

It is natural for LeRoy to personalize his discussion by noting "Cesar's dream" to build a retirement village for the Manongs, but after September, 1965, everybody was dreaming these dreams. It would be as appropriate to talk of "Phillip Veracruz's Dream" or "Fred Abad's dream" to build the Village. It became Cesar's job, as director, to bring focus on some of these dreams, prioritize them, put energy into making them happen. And while the Village was not first on the list, it was receiving priority and launched during the first grape contracts, 1970-73.

The vision offered by Al Green and AWO in 1965 was a 15 cent raise (from \$1.25 to \$1.40 and hour), gained through a strike. They had won this in Coachella in May (but with no contract), had failed to win at El Rancho Farms in Arvin in July, and were now trying in Delano. The foremen

who spoke for the Filipino membership were also hoping for some kind of recognition by the companies so that their control of the camps was protected. But it is my impression that the workers, like Fred and Phillip and Rudy Reyes (we're trying to get him included in this discussion group), were willing to go much farther, as soon as the NFWA vision, "Cesar's Vision," was presented to them.... the workers themselves could run the camps (this is what did happen at the better organized crews in 1972); the residents would run the village.... and most of all, the workers would end their subservient relationship with the growers, would sit down with them, with dignity and respect, and negotiate conditions of employment...

The NFWA vision before the strike seemed to assume an incremental building of the Association (hopefully without a strike, at least not soon) through offering benefits, starting with the Credit Union. And month in, month out, for 40 years, the Credit Union, the most unglamorous department in the union, has been benefiting members, helping them escape the banks and loan sharks... and the second piece of the vision was the newspaper, El Malcriado. Both were operational before the strike, and with Helen Chavez and Bill Esher, they were on auto pilot, benefiting the members while paying their own way in the organization (neither had phones in 1965!).

The next priority was transportation, with a coop at 102 Albany offering oil, tires and engine blocks. Padilla and Pablo Espinosa had some kind of gas coop started up in Woodville. When we started developing the 40 Acres, the coop gas station took priority, even over the clinic. Transportation was such a central problem, headache for farmworkers, we had to try to deal with it. The Station was to have top rate mechanics, and teach mechanics, and have tools available so folks could work on their own cars. But it never had adequate management to function in a really beneficial manner. It was "Cesar's dream," (even more, "Richard's dream," Richard personally built a lot of the gas station, did so much to develop the 40 Acres), but dropped off the list after the move to La Paz...

The next priority was the clinic, even before we got the 40 Acres. And whoever gets credit for "the dream" of the clinic, it was Peggy McGivern that really made it happen, with Marian Moses giving critical help... The retirement village was a natural to be built adjacent to the clinic...

Central to that vision was the 40 Acres, our own land, embedded in the farm worker community but "liberated territory," outside the system, striving to provide members alternatives to the capitalist health care, banking, insurance, transportation systems that robbed them of any gain in wages. Wages seem like almost an afterthought... (Trying to escape the AT&T monopoly and creating our own radio station seem logical extensions of that early vision).

The Plan of Delano was our "vision statement". I don't know of anyone at the ranches I worked on who ever read the Union constitution. I'm glad it's there, but it is not something that inspires. The Plan of Delano was our social contract with the farm worker community, our pledge to seek the overthrow of the existing social order. Exciting times... Viva la Causa,

Doug Adair, El Malcriado, 1965-1970

**Abby Flores Rivera, 7/21/04**

**RE: Natural Healing**

Hello Folks:

As my 100th contribution, I would like to speak about Richard Cook's e-mail a while back in which he writes how Cesar healed his son of an earache. He wrote that according to his wife, Barbara, Cesar rubbed his hands together to create heat and placed them on his son's ear. Dr. Lillian Beard, author of Salt In Your Sock and Other Tried-and-True Home Remedies, (Random House), writes that heating about a cup of salt, putting it inside of a sock and placing it against the ear will draw out the liquid from the inner ear which is what is causing the discomfort or pain. I thought it was an interesting piece of information that you might want to know. Some things may appear incredible but can have such a simple explanation. There are other home remedies listed that I am familiar with. I know Cesar loved to drink camomile tea. I learned many of the home remedies I use today from Helen. sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp



**Graciela Martinez (Herron), 7/21/04**

**RE: Natural Healing**

Home remedies are alive and well. Tulare County has a number of herbalists of the best kind - the ones that learned at their parents' knees. A walk along a river or a lake is a true education, and I have unfailing faith in those yerbas I know how to use. For those with newborn children, the first thing to do when baby comes home is bottle or spoon-feed a "te de cominos". Helps dislodge and evacuate that black tarry stool, which is very uncomfortable for the baby. I was blessed to have had my mother insist on her famous atoles for better breast milk, and the first bottle of te de cominos. Also keeps the child from developing gases which lead to colic.

**Lorraine Agtang (Mascarinas) Greer, 7/23/04**

**RE: NEED INFORMATION ABOUT AGBAYANI VILLAGE**

Lorraine Agtang-Greer

1973-1977 Delano Grape Strike, Rodrigo Terronez Clinic, Agbayani Village, Organizer Farm Worker Elections Tudor Ranch, Radovich and Sons, Lucich, Zaninovich y mas.

Agbayani Village will always be a part of my life and who I am. Being as I recall the only Pilipino woman who volunteered for the UFW in Delano Agbayani was the place I was able to get counsel on how I was doing my work and how to do a better job. The Manongs adopted me concerned of my image when representing Pilipinos. When I was working at the clinic and loved to eat lunch with the Manongs. My Dad and Uncles would come out and visit play a little cards and watch the gardens grow.

When Ben Maddocks asked me to be first manager of Agbayani I wondered why the Village had been operating without one. I later believed there were hopes that the Manongs would manage their own home. I was just a kid but so proud to be involved working with the my Pilipino Bothers. Each day was wisdom filled.

Agbayani is a sixty-two unit retirement housing complex initially targeted to house the retired Filipino community. Rent as I recall was \$60 - \$62 a month. I accepted payments and gave out receipts monthly. Bathrooms were shared connecting rooms. Payments for meals were handled by the cook. Generally a Pilipino cook had responsibility to buy and cook meals with meal money collected. I was an off site manager later managers I believed lived at Agbayani.

Agbayani Village featured one bedroom apartments w/ a shared bathroom. Community kitchen offered meals served for residents and local volunteer staff at the same time each day providing the Brothers with opportunity to see and visit with the larger community at Forty Acres. There was a beautiful living room area for those who had family members come to visit. All the Manongs present when family members were visiting would make sure to say hello and be sociable. The Manongs were able to use the grounds for personal use gardens and fighting cocks were mostly the interest areas. The fact that the Clinic was on the grounds was a selling feature there was always emergency care if needed. In addition there was the Service Center staffed to assist the Manongs with any social service needs that would come up. Transportation was always available I often taxied and would provide advocate services for the Manongs at the Social Security Administration and Welfare Department for Medi-CAL problems.

I was responsible for convening community meetings agenda items designed by the Manongs, and whom for the most part managed their meeting. I was the secretary taking notes of decisions made. Bringing me back to the idea that this community was to be responsible for their own governance. I recall one meeting in particular where the Manongs were discussing and voting on the rode side environment/ visual view from the road. One of the bothers suggested that no fighting cocks should be in visual view for the local policia to see. I remember Manong George who was the one with most the road property covered with fighting cocks huts. He refused to agree to moving his cocks and a long discussion with some yelling and digging-in that ended in Manong George finally agreeing to move his cocks. His actual statement was, "if I have to move my fighting cocks, I will get a hatchet and chop all their heads off one by one rather than move them". No one

responded only to suggest we move on. He ended up not killing his fighting cocks and later did move them. The Manongs enjoyed a good discussion (argument) but once a communal decision was made they all supported the outcome. I do recall conversations regarding the women of the night, they may have agreed not to solicit visits. The way I handled this issue was to accept that the Manongs had worked hard all their lives and deserved retirement and the right to enjoy life as they saw fit with the visitors (women) of their choice. What I did not see I could not comment.

Agbayani never filled as hoped, and part of the problem was that Pilipinos did not retire they often work until death. My job was to go to labor camps all over California and recruit potential candidates a tough assignment. I was able to convince several retirees to move into Agbayani. It would take years of convincing this community the value of retirement an unknown tradition in their culture. If in the beginning the Manongs moved into Agbayani according to what Rudy Reyes had written in his essay that changed over time. I remember the pride the Manongs displayed when talking with and touring visitors around Agbayani Village. For many of the Manongs they were each others' family.

I recall more of concern of volunteers and their sometimes indiscreet sexual activities. If there was something else that annoyed me were the many people/volunteers who did eat at the Village and did not pay for their meals leaving the cost to be paid by the Manongs who did have fixed incomes.

Rudy Reyes did live there for a time before moving on to Freidman Ranch and returning to work. Yes, and I remember Maria Rifo the only woman at the time who enjoyed friendships with the Manongs.

I managed the Village for a short time before moving on th organize for which I was glad because as the Manongs began to die I was extremely sad and could not handle watching them become ill and passing away.

En La Lucha,

Lorraine

**Kathy Murguia, 7/24/04**

**RE: The Reunion**

We've been quiet... As for my chatter, I never was one for much words until I [had] this opportunity to put some stuff out there. Haven't connected with many ex-volunteers, so any on the sidelines I apologize for too much said. Oh well. It was interesting. I am curious though. Any further plans for a reunion??? Could be we're all too busy with the upcoming elections. Kathy Murguia 1965-1983

Hope all is well with ALL of you. Augie Lira if you get this I have not been able to get any of your e-mails.

**Elaine Elinson, 7/24/04**

**RE: The Reunion**

Kathy, Your "chatter," as well as your many, many years of commitment to the UFW, as well as your welcoming smile on my first day in Delano have all been very much appreciated. Please do not stem your flow of memories.

And ditto to Augie Lira. I received your e-mail, but everytime I tried to respond it bounced back. If you see this, please write again.

Elaine (1968-70, 1974-76)

**Sandy Nathan, 7/24/04**

**RE: THE TELEPHONE PHOBIA OF CESAR CHAVEZ**

[On 7/17/04, Chris Schneider wrote:]

*In March 1977 I arrived at La Paz to work with Larry Tramutt in the boycott office. One of my assignments was getting information to and from the boycott offices several times a week and sometimes daily. Fred Ross used to talk about the organizer's "love/ hate" relationship with the phone. With this assignment it was only a "hate" relationship.*

Regarding this email about telephones from Chris Schneider, one can only say, sadly, that "... the problem my dear Brutus lies not in the stars, it lies in us."

**Doug Adair, 7/24/04**

**RE: AGBAYANI VILLAGE**

In a message dated 7/22/04 . . . [Lorraine Agtang-Greer] writes:

*When Ben Maddocks asked me to be first manager of Agbayani I wondered why the Village had been operating without one. I later believed there were hopes that the Manongs would manage their own home. I was just a kid but so proud to be involved working with the my Pilipino Brothers. Each day was wisdom filled.*

\* \* \* \*

Dear Lorraine,

Thanks so much for your comments on the Agbayani Village. For me, the Village, like the Clinics and Health Plan, was "the real story of the Union."

Before the strike, housing was high on the agenda of the NFWA. As a family-based association, there was a lot of talk about "self-help housing," where workers helped each other build their homes on their own property. Jim Drake and Phil Pharnam and the Migrant Ministry folks were involved in Goshen and Woodlake projects. Bard McAlester and David Burciaga were involved in farm worker housing along these lines..... that little handfull of people, for the whole state..... After winning the Schenley contract, this was the approach we supported in Richgrove, and many members took advantage of it. The basic ideal was that the workers should own their housing.

The experience of Gil Padilla and the Migrant Ministry folks in organizing in the County-sponsored farm labor camps in Farmersville and Woodlake that spring and summer of 1965, pointed to a kind of dead end. The public issue was a rent increase, from \$18 to \$25. Power resided in a county Housing Authority appointed by County Supervisors. Any tax dollors going into that housing were going to be minimum, and at the service of the political power of the county, agribusiness. The camp had an elected, but powerless "committee", no funds, that sent out Christmas Cards. Public Housing, as administered by political appointees, was not going to be run in the interest of the tenants or farm workers.

When the AWOC workers went out on strike, we assumed the real issue was housing, the future of the camps, with the extra \$ .15 as the excuse. I remember Dolores describing the camps as places of disease and prostitution, gambling and cock fighting, dirty and substandard plumbing, and providing the foremen and growers with a captive labor force. Her gut reaction was that they all should be bulldozed. That was obviously not a bargaining position that the Filipino strikers wanted to hear. But even Dolores conceded that if the workers wanted to fight to keep their camps open, it was the union's job to back them up.

Al Green, the boss of AWOC, had no vision, no focus on housing, would have been happy with the \$ .15. The Filipino foremen, who controlled the camps under grower authorization, would have been happy to go back to that situation (with the extra nickles for the workers), or under union authorization, if AWOC had ever gotten a written contract. Most foremen got more income running the camps (a profit of \$1 or so a day from the food, maybe a charge for transportation; interest on loans;) than from the grower. During the harvest, foremen might steal boxes from both the workers and the grower. There were good Filipino foremen, but there were plenty out there out to make an extra buck. And if you were from a different province, or race, you were fair game.

The NFWA vision started with the workers, through their own committees, running the camps. The cook became the critical issue in the power struggle. If the workers could hire the cook, or work with him on budgeting and shopping, and then handle the accounting to share the costs, the workers might end up saving significantly on meals. It's my feeling that most Filipino foremen went with the Teamsters, after the AWOC split, in large part because of this issue.

The Village was the NFWA vision, taken to the next step. The Union, in service to the workers, sets the priority, helps finance the building, involves the workers in the planning (I assume; as I remember there was a "card room" in the original plans); helps with the administration and "landlord" responsibilities (utilities paid, plumbing repairs done)... and the residents mostly "manage their own home." The Manongs probably dealt with some of the same things as the Chicken Shit Committee in La Paz, all those intersections of private and community life, the loud music and dogs and pets and birds and gardens... and the business women coming and going is part of life. I can assume that if La Paz tried to come down as the heavy, the land lord, it would have been resented.

(I heard the Union has some kind of housing project in Fresno; maybe Chris can tell us what's involved. I gather it has nothing to do with farm workers, is much more upscale)

In my opinion, the end result with the Village is something we can be totally proud about. It was Cesar and the Board listening to the Manongs, and making their dreams our dreams, and sticking with the program until it got done. And the minimal funding we actually put into it produced tremendous real benefits for a totally deserving group of farm workers...

Viva la Causa,

Doug Adair, Delano, 1965-70, 71-73

**Fran Ryan, 7/25/04**

**RE: Documentation Project Information**

Hello All,

It has been an eye-opener for me to read the threads of discussion on this listserve since I was only a volunteer from 1967-68. Things were simpler back then and activities were clearly aimed at strike, boycott, contracts, farm worker services, like clinic and credit union. Lorraine's posting (thanks for so much info) encourages me to share about a woman named Leona who came with our busload of farmworkers and volunteers who traveled in January, 1968 from Delano to New York to give a big presence to the fresh grape boycott. Leona was a Pilipino farmworker from Earlimart, perhaps in her 50s who left behind her husband and children to join the boycott. She shared with us that it was very important to her to contribute however she could. She said this with tears in her eyes, pulling her sleeping bag around her for warmth in our unheated bus. (Bus was an old schoolbus donated by supporters in Denver) Leona was already homesick but was determined to stay the course as long as she could for the Cause. Once in New York, she was a regular part of the early morning (madrugada 4:00 am) picket line at the Hunts Point Produce terminal in the Bronx. There were several Pilipino brothers along, also, such as George Catalan. Leona seemed comfortable hanging out with the women in the group who were all either Mexican or anglos.

Leona has remained an inspiration to me all my life - for some reason she touched my heart with her sincere desire to personally make a difference for future farm workers. Her hope was that soon conditions in the fields and in the home lives of farm workers would improve. She put her body on the line - it was tough and scary in New York sometimes!

Leona went back home after a few months in New York but she has not been forgotten.

I want to thank Kathy Murgia for calling and inviting me to come to Delano to volunteer way back in 1967 and I have been enjoying her postings.

Anyone who wants a REAL TREAT just has to order some organic dates from Doug Adair at PATOZDRM@aol.com. They are fantastic. thanks, Doug, for being in the business. I really enjoy

reading your postings and deeply respect your firm vision that sticks to your viewpoint without putting anyone else down. Viva!

Since leaving the UFW I have worked as a licensed clinical social worker in different settings such as hospice and dialysis clinics. Doy la gracias profundamente a todos mis companeros en la lucha para justicia y paz. Que Viva la Lucha!

Fran Ryan, 1967-68, Delano, Pórtland, New York

**Roberto Bustos, 7/26/04**

**RE: The Reunion**

don't forget to include Delano, as number one place for la reunion! what better place to bring everyone back, where it all started! viva los campesinos, viva la union. Roberto Bustos 1965-1972.

**Kathy Lynch Murguia, 7/27/04**

**RE: rocks and stones**

Like most Cesar had a profound influence on my life. I watched Cesar a lot. Tried, as most, to understand this man of such intensity, anger and for the most part hidden pain.. searching, hoping, creating, rejecting, changing, destroying, remaking.

When his Dad, Librado died I went to Mass at the Conference room in LaPaz with my family. David Martinez with his shining smile read the homily. Father Ken celebrated the Mass. Joaquin played the guitar. I asked to read a poem. Walt Whitman's voice echoes in it.

Speak Again

The sun parched earth welcomes the relief of night,  
cool winds caress the brush..., the land has found relief.  
The land is good. it responds to this man's labors ... feeds his  
children...offers hope.

The State is not so kind, its banks destroy this man's dream...life becomes  
winding roads in endless search for work, for food, for renewed hope

The poet has said;

    speak, speak again as fresh as the scent of spring,  
    speak, talk again to a tillsman's smell of earth.  
        a voice, a whisper, a sound,

    come home, sow seeds my father, of new dreams,  
    come home my teacher, come home my friend  
        come home dead man  
        come home to me  
    who made your mind my home.

k. Murguia 1965-1983

**Chris Schneider, 7/28/04**

**RE: Great new photographic history book of farm workers**

Today's Fresno Bee ran an extensive article about the book "Photographing California Farmworkers" by listserv member Richard Steven Street. The top half of the front page of the "Life" section was one of the famous George Ballis photos. The article also gives background on George (Elfie) and his work.

\* \* \* \*

**Tom Dalzell, 7/28/04**

*RE: Great new photographic history book of farm workers*

I have it. It's a wonderful, powerful, painful book. It shows why we hoped we hoped.

Tom

**Marianne Cafiero Cadena, 7/30/04**

*RE: reply to chris' PHONE PHOBIA OF CESAR message (7/14)*

oh, how i remember those phone calls! i was often on the receiving end of them, telling chris that whoever our director was at the time, was not there (even tho' most of the time he or she was standing right next to me) and then we would call back.

one time, our director was out of town and i, being office manager, was to talk to chris. when he called, i said our director was not there (the truth for a change), and then i called back. i started complaining to him about calling so early- i think it was about 7:15 a.m., EST. there was this silence on chris' end for a few seconds and then he informed me that if i thought it was early where i was, guess what?? it was 4:15 a.m. where HE was, so what was i complaining about?? my only excuse is that i'm not a morning person. still not a morning person, all these years later.

marianne cadena

ufw staff (florida, new york, boston, la paz) 1976-81

**Gary Brown, 7/30/04**

Dear all:

\* \* \* \*

I got an e mail recently that reminded me of a small story. In the LA campaign in 72, I worked primarily in the San Fernando Valley. Occasionally those of us in the Valley would be asked to go elsewhere. On one occasion we went to Century City, which at the time was more of a downtown for LA than downtown LA. Our job was to leaflet the several towers in the area. We would go to a building go to the highest floor possible and work our way down. In one building we started our little campaign and entered the doors of an office. We never even bothered to note the names on the doors. We in we marched. I think there was about three of us and as we walked in to the lobby. One of my party handed a leaflet to Jerry Lewis who was probably as surprised as we were. Boycott Safeway was all we could say. He was gracious thanked us for the leaflet and on we went.

Gary Brown 69-74

**Sandy Nathan, 7/30/04**

Regarding Gary Brown's chance encounter with Jerry Lewis: most boycotters would have immediately feigned MS and asked to go on the telethon.

**Carlos LeGerrette, 7/30/04**

*RE: Another Story*

Circa 1969, I get a call from Cesar asking if San Diego could hustle some meat for Richard Chavez to BBQ celebrating a Coachella grape victory. I asked Cesar how many pounds Richard needed. "About a ton" was Cesar's response.

Two weeks later, a caravan from San Diego was en route to Coachella with 2000 pounds of hustled meat. During the drive, we decided to stop at one of the rest stops that had a view of the valley. There were two men very manicured and dressed to the "nines" who were there when we stopped. As I and one of the UFW supporters got out of the car, one of the men says to the other, "You take my picture first, then, I'll take yours." I say, why don't both of you stand together and

I'll take a photo of both of you with your camera. They said that would be wonderful, stood together, and I snapped the photo.

"Oh, thank you so very much" said the smaller man with the very fine (and expensive) hat. The UFW supporter who was standing next to me says, "It is our pleasure, Mr. Capote."

The man was Truman Capote.

Carlos LeGerrette  
1966-1978

**Alberto Escalante, 7/30/04**

**RE: The Re-Union**

Brothers and Sisters:

Last night I had the first of what I hope will be many more great "Re-Unions." My friend and former organizing buddy, Juan Jardinero AKA John Gardener met my wife and I for a great evening of breaking bread and remembering whenz, what's been happening since and what we hope will be's. And it's that HOPE that's the really tantalizing equation. The rest is (as they say) "Es algo que ya paso!" But it's the reconnecting, and meeting each other again that is so incredible! One thing that I've discovered is that, somehow, somewhere along that long dusty road that we organizers have all traveled since we went through Professor Ross's School in the North Wing ( Campesino U.), we have all become members of one great big loving family. One so magnificent and real that EVEN after 30 years we still have a wonderful feeling of being connected to one another. I really can't explain it... maybe it's from sharing a common hunger that we discovered only organizing could satiate. And yes, sharing in the victories was an exciting and intoxicating thing, but we also learned how to share the pain and help each others get over the defeats and sorrows. Something that only another true cadre or kindred revolutionary can ever share with you. My wife, who is originally from Hanford, CA. seemed to somehow intrinsically understand us, as John and I rekindled this great feeling of Familia or Re-Union or what ever it's called. (Maybe it is some kind of Central Valley thing, like a strange strain of Valley Fever) I don't know, I just know that its wonderful and real..and I'm truly blessed to have such a great extended family of Brothers and Sisters!

Alberto Escalante  
(Still searching for the key to World Peace and the Gentle Commonality)

**Doug Adair, 7/31/04**

**RE: Great new photographic history book of farm workers**

In a message dated 7/27/04 . . . [Chris Schneider] writes:

*Today's Fresno Bee ran an extensive article about the book "Photographing California Farmworkers" by listserve member Richard Steven Street. The top half of the front page of the "Life" section was one of the famous George Ballis photos. The article also gives background on George (Elfie) and his work.*

\* \* \* \*

Dear Chris,

Let me add my praise for Richard Steven Street's new photo-histories of farm labor. His subject is actually the photographers who decided to focus on farm labor, or who captured especially powerful images.

This discussion group has heard that it was really the worker priests who made the union possible, or that the boycott was the real story of the farm worker movement. Street suggests that it was the photographers and dramatic images that brought farm labor to the American agenda: "Without such imagery, Chavez could not have succeeded in mounting the boycotts, sustaining the organizing drives, forging the alliances, raising the funds, and building the political alliances..."

the photographs...placed the questions of race, class, justice, and nonviolent protest before the public far more effectively than had all of Chavez' speeches..." (p. 239)

Well... like Larry Tramutola says, we all want to think our role was critical, so Street is allowed a little hyperbole. But he really does present some powerful photos, and does interesting stories on some of the photographers, especially Jon Lewis ("by far the most intrepid"), who moved to Delano, financed his own equipment and supplies, and stayed to record the struggle. He and George Ballis (along with Paul Fusco, who did a stunning book- photo album, La Causa, and John Kouns) are the key photographers featured in 1965 and 1966 period; and Bob Fitch, with his powerful shots of the violence in 1973, the beating of Marta Rodriguez..

Street opens the section on the Grape Strike with the 1965 photo by Harvy Richards of (young!) Dolores, standing on the roof of the "perrera" with the black and white "Huelga" picket sign held up over her head, a backdrop of sky. The photo was used on the cover of the Oct. 2 "People's World" and then picked up by the "S.F. Examiner" and others. "...the image soon caught the attention of an anonymous informant. On the basis of the informant's request, FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover initiated an investigation of Richards, opened an ongoing file on Cesar Chavez, and spied on the farm workers movement for the next ten years..." (well, maybe longer than that!).

When the Farm Worker Press printed Eugene Nelson's book, Huelga! The First Hundred Days of the Great Delano Grape Strike, (1966) we used that photo of Dolores on the cover of the first edition. For the second and later editions, we used a panarama of a picket line. I can't remember why we changed, since the photo of Dolores is much more dramatic.

Street's book (books) cover the whole history of California farm labor, and have amazing scenes of the 1933 Cotton Strike, centered in Corcoran (Fina Hernandez was in that strike, used to tell stories of that era), when 30,000 cotton pickers were on strike; and has a photo of a dying worker, shot down in the Pixley Massacre (10/10/33) by Sherriffs/vigilantes...

The sweep of photos, from the 19th century to the present, ends with workers of the 1990's, sleeping in dug-out caves, under bridges, in San Diego County.... the photos tell a terrible, on-going truth, but the American public would rather avert our eyes...

Viva la Causa, Doug Adair  
El Malcriado, 1965-1970