

**UFW DOCUMENTATION PROJECT  
ONLINE DISCUSSION  
November 2004**

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/1/04**

**RE: Prayers for a Mighty Chavista**

Dear Richard, Danny, Albert, Sammy, Family and All:

When I first met Minnie it was behind the counter of the Jewish bakery you mentioned in your e-mail, Richard. (I had arrived late from LA to your wedding but just in time for all the great dancing so I never got to meet your parents.) Later, all of us, Anna and Lou, went to see Minnie where I met her from behind the counter with the wonderful aroma of good bread baking that managed to pleasantly form a lasting impression on me and a great way to remember a first meeting. I was amazed at how she could run the bakery, and manage her home and kids from there as well. Four sons is not an easy job. Later, I was even more impressed at how she ran her home. Wish that my home could look like hers and I only had two kids. She really had you guys in check, in sports, community and church work at a young age, etc. She is a tough lady and proved hands down that she could handle so much more.

Minnie ran the San Ysidro Office like a tight ship. She worked on many projects at a time with nothing seeming impossible to her. She was always on alert to bring farm workers in on the spot to help with projects and had the keen ability for spotting them. If she learned someone had a particular skill, or had an eagerness to help do whatever was needed, she would enlist them quickly. They loved her because she empowered them by having them work for *their* union. She was good at identifying people who were eager to help or to be trained to help with the work at hand. Many people who came in to be helped by the union remained to work full time or were more than willing to be put on a list to be called on at the drop of a hat for marches, rallies, picket lines etc. Her farm worker recruits were also the ones who remained to run the San Ysidro Office after she left. What a great testimony to her great work. Minnie did incredible work and my husband Jorge had the honor of working with her there and learning so much from her. He started initially because she recruited him to help with written translations and interpreting work. Before long he was on his way to La Paz. Thanks to Minnie and later your cousin David Villarino, Jorge came on board full time to work for the UFW. Everyday brought problems and needs faced by *all* UFW field offices in those days. So much was of it was of an unpredictable nature and that is what Minnie had to contend with, too; making decisions quickly that would bring good results. It was team work at its best and Minnie was one of my husband's earliest mentors. Jorge has so many memories of those days, of Minnie's tireless energy but most of all the encouraging words she gave him.

Sons, your mother is wise and knows she has your love and it is sweet to see how you all surround her at this difficult time. We know she is in good hands with all of you. Keep your spirits high and know she and all of you are in our prayers continually. sin mas/ abby/ r/d/lp y from L.A. and Jorge y familia.

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/5/04**

**RE: To Sin or Not to Sin? I sinned!**

Hello All:

Elections are over and according to so many news accounts it seems that Bush had all the people with good moral values on his side. My, my, that is interesting. By the sound of it, the rest of us, as it turns out, *didn't have values*, i.e. those who voted for Kerry. I got to hear Dolores Huerta yesterday morning on the radio (following an interview with Eliseo Medina and David Bacon which I missed) just before Kerry's concession speech (KPFA Berkeley). I had had a lousy, restless night and was in a dark mood where I wanted to remain. (Question: Did I get into this dark mood because I have no moral values?) The fact that my feet were still killing me from

standing for a long time at the polls didn't help put me in a better humor. When I heard Dolores, it all went out the window. It was encouraging just hearing her voice and listening to what she said. What a great lady! She spoke of a priest who had told his parishioners that it was a sin to vote for Kerry. It made me laugh aloud when she made the comment "as though the world is still flat" in regard to that and other notions regarding women. She commented that Kerry appointed her to the Woman's Caucus but she never received the resources to be as effective as she (other women) could have been in the campaign. Anyway, true to her style, tough old Dolores was upbeat; so much so that I felt energized as I traveled up Highway 99 to work. Just like in the old union days. Dolores has a way of looking at things clearly, figuring them out quickly, and (since her track record has always been a good one as far as I am concerned) telling it like it is. It lit a fire in me and I knew it was time to move on. I am glad it was she whom I heard during that early morning drive because it was comforting only in the way it happens when one goes home to visit family. Her voice, her spirit, her strength, it ignited me to continue forward, *on fire*. sin mas/ r/d/lp/ hwy 99 fresno

**Lester Silverman, 11/5/04**

**RE: It only hurts when I think about it!**

My brief analysis of the election is that the Reps strategically did better than the Dems.

\* \* \* \*

[W]hile issues were important strategy was critical and Karl Rove beat Kerry.

And really finally, our role has not changed, we still need to be organizing people. If Kerry won of course it would have been better but it would not have changed our role.

My best,

Lester

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/5/04**

**RE: It only hurts when I think about it!**

Lester: Thank you for your analysis. \* \* \* \* Something is wrong here. But like Escalante said, we've always been at this and we will continue until things change. I agree with you, Lester, this "does not change our role." A quote from Cesar Chavez in this regard: "***We are confident. We have ourselves. We know how to sacrifice. We know how to work. We know how to combat the forces that oppose us. But even more than that, we are true believers in the whole idea of justice. Justice is so much on our side, that this is going to see us through.***" sin mas,/ abby/ r/d/lp

**Jerry Kay, 11/10/04**

**RE: One small UFW election connection**

Hi folks,

As a result of Leroy's efforts to get us all reminiscing and communicating, I had the great joy and privilege of meeting Scott Washburn of Phoenix for the first time. I went there from Santa Cruz Ca. for the final 2 and a half weeks of the election campaign and posted a notice on our listserv. He read it and got in touch. We had a neat lunch at the Mexican restaurant adjacent to the S. Phoenix Democratic Office, carne asada, handmade tortillas – and talked about our lives, past and present. While I was doing my best to defeat the President, Scott worked whole-heartedly to defeat a vicious anti-illegal immigration proposition a la Prop 187 of Ca.

We had never met face to face before.

So, thank you Scott, Leroy, all you UFW volunteers – and thank you, George W. Bush.

We'll be back.

Jerry Kay

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/10/04**

**RE: One small UFW election connection**

Hello Jerry,

Scott Washburn has always been one of my favorite people although I haven't seen him in years. To be exact, not since the San Ysidro Field Office years of the late '70s early '80s. He is worth getting to know. His mom, Hazel, was also very active and loved. The reason I am writing is to let you know that if you ever get together with Scott in the future, meet at a place that has a piano. You will be in for a wonderful surprise and I will envy you.

Scott, if you are reading this, I am still to this day, blown away by your skill on the piano. You take care and hope you, Nancy and the kids, are all doing fine. The farm workers from San Ysidro will be happy to hear what you are up to these days. By the way, Jorge and I lived right off Dairy Mart Road in San Ysidro, approximately two miles from the U.S./ Mexican chain linked fence. We got to witness a foreshadowing of Prop. 187 with all the "good ol' boy network" vigilantes standing guard near Dairy Mart doing their American duty of shouting back into Mexico all the undocumented. You know, those law breakers who come here to pick our crops for a cheap wage. Yep, the same ones who get sprayed with pesticides and who work for El Diablo and others all the while enjoying the luxury of sleeping under the stars at night on boxes placed high off the ground so as not to be bitten by rats. Many children of farm workers would tell you their story but they are not allowed to speak in Spanish a la Prop 227. sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**Hugh "Hawkeye" Tague, 11/10/04**

**RE: Hawkeye Boycott Stories#2 Radio Talk Show Muggings**

In May of '73 Eliseo Medina moved most of the Florida staff up to Ohio for the renewed grape boycott. I was in Cleveland for 13 months. In that time I lived in 7 different places: a wino mission, a house, a West Side apartment, an East Side apartment, a convent (no, Mr. Ybarra that's not when I shacked up with nuns) a CYO center and with a wonderful couple named Anita Meyerson and Jared Van Wagenen.

One of the staffers who was trying to freak out her wealthy parents chose an apartment on the East side that was still burnt out from the '68 riots. I wasn't driving then, because of my eyes, so I had to run the gauntlet between the rapid transit station and our apartment. One night I got mugged at the station by a group of teenagers. I was on my way to a late night talk show. They got 50 cents. I broke my rule about fighting all muggers unless they had a gun because they had the youngest kid (about 12 years old) hold a knife on me. He probably would have stuck me several times just to prove himself.

I think that Eliseo assigned me to the late night radio show because he figured that I wouldn't screw it up too much because who would be listening at 2:00 A.M.? However, in the next couple of weeks I ran into several people who said that they heard me while they were working as night watchmen or janitors.

Eliseo got mugged on the radio. He was on a popular afternoon radio show with an alleged liberal who kept baiting him. He wanted EM (ee lee see oh mah dinah) to agree that it was ok to cross Teamster picket lines in Cleveland because they were screwing us in California. Eliseo said that he respected all working people's picket lines and he would never scab on a Teamster.

I did a lot of traveling by public transportation after speaking at union meetings in Slovenian halls, VFW's, factories, Polish clubs etc. I would get a steward to pass the hat and I would carry the money home in shoes and give it to Dorothy Johnson. She said that it didn't smell so good. I said that it might not smell good, but it spends good and I bring in more from the small local unions than comes in from the suburban-types.

There were lots of great people on the Ohio boycott like Nancy Hickey, Mark Pitt, Dale Lindsey, Coert Bonthius Gloria Ebratt, the Encinas Family, Roger Mitchell, Bobby Acuna, Otis Johnson, Becky Hurst, et al.

more later.... Hawkeye '71-'76 Philly-Atlanta-Florida-Cleveland-CA

**Mary Mocine, 11/10/04**

**RE: GOTV in Reno**

Dear Friends,

I went to Reno on Sunday morning, October 31 to help get out the vote for Kerry. Nevada was a swing state and Move-On had asked for volunteers. I decided to go with the Democratic party since I could then canvass directly for Kerry.

I arrived at the mobilization point, at the Speakeasy Motel and Casino conference center and signed in. I was directed to a meeting, SRO it was, and got to listen to a pep talk by one of my heroes, Ann Richards. Soon we were sent out in teams to walk precincts and encourage Democrats to vote on Tuesday and vote for Kerry.

My partner and I spoke with lots of people, most of whom said they were voting and for Kerry. I met a young man, 19, who would vote in his first election. It felt good to encourage him. I met an older man also voting in his first election. He was Hispanic and I imagine he'd recently become a citizen. He asked for some orientation on the process and I arranged for that. Again, it felt good to support someone to vote. As it happened, my partner was a woman who lives in a Tibetan Buddhist community in the hills above Aptos so we had a nice time together. We stopped when it got very dark and cold and the kids began to come out to "trick-or-treat." I was assigned housing in a very nice home in Sparks.

That evening I told one of the organizers that I was a lawyer who had done lots of GOTV work for Democrats in Oakland and for the UFW as I thought I might be needed as a poll-watcher. I was hooked up with the legal team and told to return the next day for training. I did return on Monday and did odd jobs until the lawyer training. I did the training and was told to return at 8 p.m. for an assignment. As it happened, they had so many legal volunteers that they didn't need me. I was asked to be a precinct captain and that is what I did on Tuesday. It turned out that Reno has so many folks that many volunteers were asked to go to Las Vegas instead. That is where my friend from Sacramento, Jim Hare, ended up. Jim is a long-time Zen student, active in the Sacramento Buddhist Meditation Group and a Zen sitting group there.

Tuesday we began early with "door-hanging." BCA (Berkeley Citizens' Action – does it still exist?) does this each election and it is fun. You just go to supporters' homes and put a slate card with the polling place on the door knob. You try to get it all done before folks go to work or to vote. My main job was to see that our poll-watching team was taken care of and that our canvassers were supported. I did some GOTV calling but mostly ran around to get counts, call them in, update canvasser's lists and see everyone got something to eat. We had cordial relations with the Republican representatives at the site. Polls closed at 7 p.m. and we returned to the Speakeasy to turn in the lists etc.

I went to the Victory Party briefly but soon realized I wanted nothing so much as my own bed. I drove home listing to the results and felt dread. I got home at 12:30 a.m. on Wednesday and went straight to bed. Sure enough, when I got up the news was bad.

Somehow, we need to find a way to speak of our hearts' desires and our values in a way that our American sisters and brothers can hear. I think the election was lost for lots of reasons and I reject the notion that it was all about gays. I think there was a tremendous fear factor. There was also not enough heart evident in Kerry, I think. Perhaps the Red Sox used it all up. As Joe Hill and Molly Ivins say, "Don't mourn, organize." I say mourn first, then sit, then organize.

Gassho, Mary

**Kate Johantgen, 11/10/04**

**RE: Hello from Cincinnati**

Hello from Cincinnati, Ohio,

Many of us in Ohio are saddened that our state gave Bush 4 more years. I have siblings living in Pennsylvania, Michigan and Oregon. They each called me on November 3 and said "our state delivered, what happened to Ohio?" My response....we tried, we tried, we tried. We in Ohio knew for months that our state would probably make the difference. We remembered Florida and that a few hundred votes matter. So we worked hard, with passion and dedication, knowing that our work for Kerry might change the course of the election, the United States and the world. (Delusions of grandeur?)

I live in Cincinnati, part of the ultra conservative, ultra Republican, Hamilton County. Being a liberal Democrat can be a lonely experience here in Cincinnati. So I can't tell you the delight and surprise it was to see over 100 people gather for a MoveOn organizing meeting in mid-August. My hopes were high each time I stopped by the hustling-bustling Kerry headquarters in Cincinnati. Hundreds of people gathered for the training sessions/ rallies before heading out to canvass in October. Each time I canvassed, it was the first time my fellow canvasser had ever done so. Each time my canvassing companion and I were committed to completing the walk list, even when the weather conditions were nasty, we had unpleasant encounters with Bush supporters, or the neighborhood was not too safe. Thousands of us took a vacation day to Get Out the Vote on November 2. None of us on my GOTV team had ever worked a GOTV before. We were enthused and dedicated. 84% of our identified Kerry supporters in our assigned precinct had voted by 4 pm. We were optimistic that victory was only a few hours away! If Hamilton County, Ohio could have so many Kerry volunteers, we surmised, surely victory was ours!

And the support of those of you outside of the state! Caller-ID told me that volunteers from California, Oregon, New York and Maine called me asking me to support Kerry. Many out-of-staters came to Ohio to volunteer. ACT campaigned in my swing neighborhood and at least 4 volunteers came by my house. Thank you.

Like you, many of us in Ohio found the MORAL issues to be Iraq, the lies, loss of jobs, tax breaks to the rich, the environment, etc. Anecdotally, many of my acquaintances who were Bush supporters were one-issue voters: Abortion. We tried, we tried, we tried here in Ohio. We grieve with all of you. But we are also motivated and angry. For instance, my GOTV team is planning to form a study/ activist group.

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I have been a silent, but avid, reader of this ListServe since early July. Thank you to everyone who has posted. Thank you for helping me recall many fond memories and many fine people. Thank you for helping me re-think some of the controversial topics. Thanks for being an inspiration to me. I am honored and flattered to be able to read your stories and learn from your wisdom.

I left the UFW and California almost 25 years ago. In my mind, you look the same as you did then. Your children are the same age. None of you has aged.

I moved to Cincinnati when I left the UFW. It is home. I've worked in administrative positions for the same international company for almost 25 years, surviving mergers, buy-outs and downsizing. Two weeks ago, I learned my job is being eliminated when the local office closes in December. As we know, the loss of jobs has become part of the American scene. For me, the campaign for Kerry closes down and my campaign to find a new job is gearing up.

Again, thanks to all of you who have posted, and an especial thank you to LeRoy for this Documentation Project. It has meant a lot to me.

Kate Johantgen  
Cincinnati, Boston, LaPaz, Salinas Legal  
1975-1979

**Hope Lopez Fierro, 11/11/04**

**RE: the mourning after**

Hi fellow grievors.

\* \* \* \*

As Cesar Chavez used to say - "ALWAYS TAKE A LIABILITY AND TURN IT INTO AN ASSET."

LET US GIVE THANKS.

Hope Lopez - '66-74

**Alberto Escalante, 11/18/04 (1)**

**RE: Thank You, Leroy Chatfield**

Hermanas y Hermanos,

Before the list closes, and I run out of time.... (I never want to let that happen to me again, it did once and I'll forever be plagued by the knowledge I can never tell someone I knew just how much I loved them!)

So.... just let me tell all of those who I've known for awhile and those who I've recently met via this list, that I'll forever consider myself blessed by your presence in my life, and I thank God everyday that I was so fortunate to have known people like you. You were all my Heros and had huge roles in my life story. A small story about a guy who always wondered why people were made to suffer and toil w/o justice for their hard work and the misfortune of being born south of equality. I'd just like to add what a special honor and privilege it's been for me to have had my tiny scratch marks and drawings about a moment in time in history's long and memorable panorama of Californias Farm Worker saga, even considered as worthy of mention, much less inclusion in the "Documentary Project". Finally, I send a special "Thank You" and Un Abrazo to a person who I never thought I'd be fortunate enough to ever work with because when I joined the staff of the UFW that person, Leroy Chatfield, was just an enigma, a person who had once been there were I was, and whose legendary decency remained long after he had moved on. So, Thank You, Leroy for all that you've done and continue to do. And tell Bonnie thanks for the inspiration she provided me with at a House Party, Ross style, she held during her campaign for Sacto City Council in 1978 or so. She taught me that revolutionaries do in fact, come in a pert, blonde Doris Day edition! Please contact me with details as to how and when the "Documentary Project" will be available (count me in!).... and.... Happy Holidayze to everyone!

I love you all, except for Mike Payne, someone I'm reserving my final decision about!

Alberto Escalante – (aka) Escalante del Volante '75-'87- Infinity

**Alberto Escalante, 11/18/04 (1)**

**RE: Documentation Project**

Addendum:

(error) should be: "Documentation Project" "Documentation Project" "Documentation Project" "Documentation Project" "Documentation Project" "Documentation Project" "Documentation Project" Error corrected..

Ha!

Boy I'm glad Cesar never wanted me to be a contract negotiator. Or that I didn't become a Brain surgeon... cheezz I cain't even spal rite...

Alberto Escalante

**Terry Carruthers (Vasquez) Scott, 11/18/04**

**RE: Thank You, Leroy Chatfield**

Hey Alberto! (and all on the list):

I echo your sentiments wholeheartedly, Albert!!! The UFW days were a big part of our lives and it's been great reconnecting through this listserv—hearing some of the old stories as well as different views on what/ why things happened. I hope that an in-person reunion does take place next year. In the meantime, LeRoy, thanks again for facilitating this conversation and I'm looking forward to the last month of postings, and eventually, the published collection of essays.

((Hugs!))

Terry (Vasquez) Scott

1973-1988 Various Boycott Assignments, La Paz (Cesar's Staff, NFWSC, Fin. Mgmt.)

**Graciela Martinez (Herron), 11/18/04**

**RE: Thank You, Leroy Chatfield**

Well, I guess I'll throw in my two cents. I didn't know many of you – I go way back, to the very first days the UFW was getting itself together, when the first office was an old house with hardly any furniture, before the 40 Acres, during the summer of '64 when droves of people started arriving in Delano, when that beautiful fall was highly charged with the changes taking place. Working with and getting to know Cynthia Bell, Doug Adair, Augie Lira, Jerry Cohen, Frank Dennison, and so many others was the best experience of my life. I came away from that experience with a road map for the rest of my life, and have worked inexhaustibly since to keep the spirit alive. Thank you Leroy, for making it possible for me to connect with those who brought so much meaning to my life. I am also extremely proud of working for an organization as important as the American Friends Service Committee, who brought much support to the struggle in Delano in those early days. How many of you knew that Cesar worked for this organization at one time? That he and my first ever boss, Bard McAllister, worked hand-in-hand to bring relief to the area's farmworkers. I am blessed to be able to continue to occupy the same spot Bard occupied in those days, and have pledged to continue working to help farmworkers find their share of justice in this still not-too-friendly atmosphere, especially for those here without proper documentation. Is anyone creating an e-list to maintain contact when the documentation project is over? If so, please put my name on it. Or should we each create our own private list? May all of you continue to be blessed, and may we all work to keep this important event alive for our children and grandchildren.

**LeRoy Chatfield, 11/19/04**

**RE: MESSAGE FROM MODERATOR**

GREETINGS TO ALL UFW VOLUNTEERS,

I very much appreciate the generous and kind words of appreciation directed to me about the existence of the documentation project, i.e., the essays and the online discussion. I am pleased that I made the effort to create the project, and that so many of you were willing to participate, thereby, making it successful. I could never have imagined how successful it would turn out to be. Obviously, the timing was right.

Again, let me thank those who made a financial contribution to bring us to this point.

Frankly, I think a project that reaches out to contact former UFW volunteers, recognize the sacrifices they made, and honestly thanks them for the historical work they accomplished was long - too long - overdue. I have no title or official standing that authorizes me to do so, but that never stopped any of us before, so why would it now?

At some point in your life, you made the decision to give your life to the cause of the farmworker movement, and the UFW. Whether older or younger, with great personal sacrifice you gave of yourself, expecting nothing in return. Your decision, your work, and what you accomplished was important. You were an integral part of something truly significant. I hope you are proud OF your involvement, because you should be! If only one farmworker family benefited from your commitment, I say it was all worth it.

I believe the essays that you have written for the documentation project, and your participation in the online discussion, will serve to focus the attention of young women and men everywhere, on the farmworker movement, and the volunteers who built it. Believe me when I tell you, that with respect to the history of social movements in the United States, no documentation exists that even compares with what you have created through your essays and discussion. You name it: the suffrage movement, the labor movement, the civil rights movement, the women's movement, the free speech movement, the peace movement, etc. ~ none of them are documented, and their story told, by the volunteer participants who built those movements. But thanks to you, the story of the farmworker movement has now been told by those who built it. Historically amazing, I say.

I COMMEND YOU

LeRoy Chatfield

**Jerry Brown, 11/19/04**

**RE: MESSAGE FROM MODERATOR**

Hi, LeRoy,

Let me add my personal note of thanks to you for hosting this magnificent discussion, for keeping the flame alive, for rekindling old friendships, for documenting this most vital of social movements. As the corrido says, *Hasta Mexico ha llegado las noticias muy alegre que Delano es diferente.*

Several years ago, I read an article in the Miami Herald about a California farm worker and union member receiving, to his surprise, a \$78,000 pension check from the UFW fund. It made me proud to know that I had been part of the movement that had improved the life of this farm worker and his family. But, it was not until you launched the Documentation Project that I realized how profoundly the destinies of all the farm workers and union volunteers were intertwined.

Henry Ford, the greatest entrepreneur of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, was fond of saying: "There are two kinds of people: those who think they can, and those who think they can't. And – they are both right." Cesar certainly taught all of us to believe that "we can," starting his earliest meetings with the mantra "Si, Se Puede"!

There is no doubt that the farm workers movement was the "turning point" for so many of us, inspiring thousands to a life time of working for non-violent change, peace and social justice.

Warmest regards and abrazos,

Jerry Brown (Delano – Toronto – Miami, 1966-76)

**Jeff Sweetland, 11/20/04**

**RE: La Paz Childrens Choir**

I remember going with Margaret to a UFW fundraiser in East LA in late 1979 or early 1980 (about a year after I left the Union), where the featured events were a speech by Cesar and a musical offering by the "La Paz Children's Choir." As I recall it was some of the kids from the La Paz Community singing Union songs. Is there anyone on this listserv who was part of that musical phenom and who can share its story with us?

Jeff Sweetland

1975-1978

Long Beach boycott, Calexico, LA Legal, Salinas Legal

**LeRoy Chatfield, 11/20/04**

**RE: 1977-1981 REFORMATION PERIOD**

Greetings to UFW Volunteers:

Before we sign off this online discussion, let us return to the UFW upheaval period of 1977-1981.



During this upheaval period, **51** (or 28%) of those who wrote essays for the documentation project left the union. In addition, according to the documentation project master list of volunteers, another **106** left the UFW during 1977-1981. These are huge numbers, and without passing judgment, I think it is fair to say there were three distinct periods of the farmworker movement: (1) pre-Proposition 14 (1962-1976); (2) the reformation period (1977-1981); and (3) post-Marshall Ganz, Jerry Cohen, and Gilbert Padilla (1982-1993).

In my view, Proposition 14 was the turning point for Cesar Chavez and his farmworker movement. Against the advice of his key leadership, Cesar approved the statewide political campaign to pass Proposition 14. California agribusiness easily defeated the initiative by a margin of 2 to 1 - a devastating political defeat, and a public relations disaster for Cesar Chavez, and his farmworker movement.

This is not that way I would view the results of Proposition 14, or likely the way Marshall Ganz or Jerry Cohen would view the results, but I knew Cesar well enough to know how he viewed it. This public, political, and public relations defeat shook his confidence, hurt him personally. Even worse, he had no one to blame but himself. Cesar felt threatened, and feared for the life of his movement - and, I might add, for good reason.

Within the movement itself, there was a subtle, growing challenge to his leadership authority, to his role as the founder of the movement. I do not suggest there was any effort afoot to replace him, but there certainly were efforts to modify the power of his unilateral veto.

Start with the farmworker health clinics. The clinic doctors, and other medical personnel, chafed under Cesar's directives about the practice of medicine, and the primary role of the clinics to serve transitory organizing campaigns. This tension began with the founding of the first Delano clinic in 1966, and as the Farm Worker Health Group grew, especially during the table grape contract years, and the Robert F. Kennedy Farm Worker Medical Plan, this tension became much greater. For one thing, there were many more medical professionals involved, and some of them had their own vision about health care for farmworkers, and what was primary.

Early in what I call the reformation period, the clinics were summarily closed. Of course, I was not present during this time, but I see no evidence that the decision to close the clinics came after a period of internal leadership debate over the issue. As far as I can tell, the decision was made quite precipitously, and made by Cesar himself.

However, there may have been another major factor, which required the clinics to be closed, and that is money. Medical clinics cost huge amounts of money, and even though at this particular time, the medical staff were paid as volunteers, the clinics cost the movement a great deal of money - they always had - and of course, this volunteer system was bound to change, and when it did, the costs would skyrocket, and likely be unsustainable.

Let's move to the legal department. The legal department was headquartered in Salinas, and not at La Paz, the headquarters of the UFW. Even though Cesar tolerated this arrangement, primarily because of Jerry Cohen, and the importance of the role of the UFW attorneys in the organizing campaigns, he never accepted it. More and more, he viewed the legal department as quasi-independent, aloof, and even insubordinate. After Proposition 14, he decided to bring them to heel. The fact that the legal department was lobbying to change the volunteer wage system made him all the more determined. Cesar deemed the volunteer system to be the cornerstone of his movement, and he would brook no opposition about this, and he did not.

Even at the board level, there was discussion of changing the volunteer system for everyone, and the issue was to be determined by a majority vote of the UFW board. I have no doubt the board would have voted to change the volunteer system had Cesar not packaged the vote as a referendum about his role in, and his leadership of, the UFW. He stated his position clearly: if you vote to change the volunteer system, I will resign. Was he bluffing, do you think? No, I don't believe he was, but on the other hand, I know him well enough to write that he would not have drawn such a line in the sand, without having first counted the votes.

Then there was the issue of whether local unions should be spun off from the international. Actually, there were good reasons to do this, especially if you think in labor union terms, but Cesar did not think in those terms. How often did he raise the question with the board and staff volunteers at various assemblies, is the UFW a labor union or a movement? The Cesar Chavez I worked with, and knew well, for more than 10 years, was wired to give only one answer: movement. He viewed union locals as a threat to his movement vision. I doubt it comes as a surprise to anyone that Cesar Chavez was not viewed by organized labor, as a labor leader. They were right, he was not.

There is at least one other UFW variable present at the close of 1976, that would dictate upheaval. The union had amassed several hundred volunteers to gather signatures, and campaign for Proposition 14. Additionally, the UFW used their volunteers to work in the Jerry Brown for President campaign during 1976. In fact, most of 1976 was devoted to political campaigns. At the close of 1976, there was nothing to show for the effort, but more importantly, the UFW had hundreds of volunteers at the ready, and nothing for them to do. Believe me, when I write, that volunteers cost money, lots of money, and volunteers who are not meaningfully engaged will soon explode.

At the beginning of 1977, there was no strike, no boycott, no political campaigns, some field office contract enforcement work, some full time staff work at LaPaz, and some farmworker organizing for elections, but all this combined could not absorb all the UFW volunteers in a meaningful way, especially for those volunteers who did not possess the practical skills to organize farmworkers. Many volunteers felt they were not being utilized or they were not needed, and they began to drift away. Others were completely fried from exhaustion, both physical and mental, from the intensity of 1976, and they began to leave. A period of volunteer discontent and discord began to develop because of the advent of the The Game, Cesar's visit to Marcos, the lack of personal spending money, personal time off, and so forth.

Part of this upheaval, or reformation, was caused by change itself, part by volunteers overstaying their welcome, part by the feeling of having no say, and not being listened to, and a great part of it was the grinding nature of a movement itself on its volunteers. Save for the founder, and a handful of other true believers, movements are not a way of life for the vast majority of people, and never will be.

In the end, Cesar's reformation of his movement brought about a sea change in its leadership, so much so, that only one original director remained, and no key staff members from the Delano Grape Strike era were left. The movement had a new deck of cards from which to deal.

I offer this essay as a rationale for Cesar's leadership during 1977-1981. I make no value judgment about what he did, how he did it, or whether he should have done it. (In my view, Cesar Chavez, as a founder, was free to create his movement in accordance with his own vision.) My only purpose is to answer the question, why he did what he did when he did it.

I invite your criticism of my rationalization. I realize that I have mangled some of the sequences of what happened, and no doubt, some of my generalizations are too sloppy, but with your criticism, I can correct these things.

If you have another analysis pertaining to 1977-1981, I invite you to offer it to the rest of us who were in your same boat.

LeRoy Chatfield, 1963-1973

**Susan Drake, 11/20/04**

**RE: 1977-1981 REFORMATION PERIOD**

LeRoy said that none of the staff from the grape strike era remain which means he'd forgotten the deep loyalty and service of Esther Uranday, Maria Salgado Magana, and Lupe Murguia until recently. While Richard Chavez and Dolores Huerta may not officially be on staff, they certainly are called on to speak on behalf of the union I believe. There are probably others I don't know about. It's OK, my memory isn't perfectly reliable either, LeRoy.

Susan Drake (1962-1973)

**Kate Colwell, 11/20/04**

We're winding down to the end of this listserv: a little sadness, a little relief. There were weeks this summer when the listserv took hours each day just to read, and then there were the hours of memories flooding my thoughts, my dreams and hours reconnecting by e-mail with people I'd known 3 decades ago. I probably knew 100 of the writers on this listserv and a few dozen more by reputation; hearing your names and stories has filled me for months with memories, reflections and emotions.

The 3 1/2 years I spent full time in the Union were the formative years of my adulthood. I moved from my teens in to my twenties. I moved from following my parents on Civil Rights marches and farmworker picket lines, to my own independent commitment to social justice. I met hundreds people who were filled with "Si se Puede" and gave everything we had to try and change the world.

This struggle certainly has taken longer than we all expected. The recent election a very sad slap in the face for anyone who dreams of a better world. I am honored to have worked for the UFW despite the hard times and problems. I am honored that I knew many of you and "grew up" with such strong models of social justice activists.

I do hope there's a reunion next year. I thank you all for what you gave that has made the world a better place.

Un abrazo a todos,

Kate Colwell  
LA Boycott 73-74  
Delano, Sanger and Calexico clinics 74-76

**Marshall Ganz, 11/20/04**

**RE: 1977-1981 REFORMATION PERIOD**

LeRoy,

"Reformation"? That's a rather strange use of the word when what it usually means is an opening up of rigid institutions that have grown unresponsive to the needs of their constituents, the call of their mission, etc. Even in the case of the Church, the Reformation renewed the Church itself as well as launching a religious movement - the Protestant movement - that led to our modern development of constitutional democracy. It would be far more accurate to call the 1977 to 1981 period "the purge", the "fall from grace", the "descent" or a whole variety of other descriptions than "reformation".

It's equally off the mark to call 1982 to 1993 the "post-Marshall Ganz, Jerry Cohen, and Gilbert Padilla" period (no Jessica Govea, Eliseo Medina, Mack Lyons?). Just as I find your way of characterization of the farm worker movement as "Cesar's union" or "his farm worker movement" disrespectfully inappropriate, I find your description of the post-purge period as the post the "three of us" disrespectfully inappropriate. Call it "post the 'cultural revolution'", "after the fall", or whatever you like, but speaking for myself, don't use my name in your designation, further personalizing what was the result of choices Cesar made for his own dubious reasons.

As for the rest of your analysis, I'm glad you acknowledge the fact Cesar initiated this transformation, but I find your claim to be making no value judgment, combined with your assertion that Cesar had some kind of "right" to cripple the farm worker movement if he wanted to, bizarre indeed.

Marshall

**Patty Park (Proctor), 11/21/04**

**RE: the game**

By 1977 I was no longer a full time staff with the UFW. I continued however to be a very active supporter in Toronto. I heard about the game and knew a little about Synanon and their approach to working with addicts which I understood to be a process of basically tearing someone down to the breaking point and then somehow expecting that they would have the strength and sense of self worth to deal with an addiction.

Today this type of therapy would be clearly seen as abusive and psychologically violent.

So I have never understood how "the game" was consistent with the non violent philosophy of the union. It made no sense to me then and still does not today.

When you have experienced abuse and violence in your life experiencing "the game" I believe would have been exceptionally hard for many.

The use of the game said to me that the union internally was in crisis. This internal crisis did of course in no way diminish the need for support of farmworkers to have their own union. And we continued to boycott whatever we were asked to.

I have not written about my feelings about the game and nonviolence before this before because I was not in La Paz during this period and did not experience "the game" . However, for me at least, it seemed like a turning point. While I had experienced an expectation of discipline and solidarity when I worked for the union -- things I also thought were extremely important -- I had not experienced the psychological coercion, which for me at least, the union seemed to have institutionalized in use of "the game."

Patty Park (Proctor)

#### **Jerry Kay, 11/21/04**

##### **RE: UFW periods**

From Jerry Kay (69-75)

From the first moment I went to La Paz (probably in 72) my gut told me that it was the wrong place for the union to have its headquarters. I saw for security reasons the need for a place like it, but it signaled to me that Cesar wanted to be essentially away from the center of action.

And La Paz began to become a separate place, important in itself, instead of serving only the purpose of doing whatever it could to help us organize.

Many years later I read Gandhi and saw what Cesar intended, but I still always felt that move to La Paz meant the leadership took itself away from the farm workers, the offices, the rest of America. Right or wrong.

#### **Al Rojas, 11/21/04**

##### **RE: 1977-1981 REFORMATION PERIOD**

Leroy,

I agree with Marshall's comments, your statement that the UFW was Cesar's union is a very interesting statement, was and is still the problem to this day in my opinion, with many who still make the claim "La Union de Cesar Chavez!", you see Leroy, it was not and still isn't Cesar's Union, it was supposed to be the Farm Workers Union lead by Rank and File Farm Workers and that seems to be the problem to this day, that the Union has become simply "Property," "it belongs to us," non-farm workers, and not them and not the Democratic will of the Workers, you talk about Volunteers, but fail to understand that that was a whole other problem in organizing workers, it was about workers organizing workers, your definition of UFW's "Reformation", I agree with Marshall, lets call it for what it was The "Purge" o como se dijo en a quel tiempo "La Purga", agarras la onda and for those people that tend to neglect and to twist the UFW's History just because we want to "Sanctify" el movimiento, or unwilling to talk about Cesar's retaliatory convictions of people who in the end disagreed with him to late, we need to accept the truth for what it was, I know that there are few of us who were part of the leadership that feel that we

should keep quiet about what really happened especially Cesar's trip to meet with "Marcos" (note, not in reference to Sub comandante Marcos of Chiapas) of the Pilipines, not that there were not others and that one person saying to me now and he knows who I am talking about, "I don't remember what I stated to you Al (on our way to Philadelphia Pa, on the plane), lets not bring out the negative history," what you are attempting to do Leroy is to define the UFW's history by contributing your opinion which is ok, but one needs to respect that we learn to agree and to disagree which is what seems to have been the problem to this day and its called my opinion, as well as yours, but the failure to speak out at that time was what some of us failed to do, which includes you, because you see you/we were afraid to confront as some would say the "Old man" or piss him off, does anybody remember where the Union's Name came from, the United Farm Workers?, or who ran against Cesar's Slate at the first constitutional convention in Fresno and why Cesar dismantled the Grape Boycott in 1970 and the price that was paid for doing so, ask Marshall he knows and he knows a lot more, Cesar made decisions, that's right Cesar made the decisions!, and that had serious repercussions there's no doubt, but for you to state in your analysis that Cesar "was free to create his movement" was again el problema and your statement Leroy sounds as if you "Blessed" Cesar's personal right to the Farm Workers Union movement because it was his vision, there were some of us that had a vision also, Leroy wake up, it was supposed to be the workers movement, in the end Leroy it was about that farm worker who was supposed to be part of that leadership and not the "Volunteers" as the leadership, but farm workers leading their own struggle their was a time that those Volunteers were supposed to step away and they just didn't get it and that's not to say they didn't play an important part of that history, it was about workers leading their Union and not "Cesar's Union," but the workers Union, so the people that are not farm workers should look in the mirror every morning when they pretend to be farm workers to stop pretending to be what they are not, you see Leroy, who you should really be talking to is the workers out in the fields as should the Union, ask the indigenous that come from Mexico who Cesar Chavez is and was and they will tell you "Oh you mean the boxer Julio Cesar Chavez?!" that is but one part of the overall impact history will reflect in the end and that is, that I believe that their will be a new emergence of new leadership and the old will be rightfully be challenged in the end, which will be for the good of those workers who today live in the most repressive conditions and that has not changed, how do I know I was there.

Al Rojas 1964-1979 Oxnard, Delano, Lamont, Pittsburgh Pa Boycott, Poplar Ca Field office, Napa, Yolo County

**Alberto Escalante, 11/21/04**

**RE: 1977-1981 REFORMATION PERIOD**

Sisters & Brothers,

First, I'd like to preface this reply by stating that above all else, we're a family. I realized this just recently when I returned to La Paz after 17 years, although it was this list that provided me with the very first stirrings and re-awakenings of some very deep emotions, an indication that I still felt this great love for all of you, my UFW family. I honestly feel closer to some of you (in my UFW family) than I do to some of the members of my biological family. So the opening up of discussions and essays on the 1977-1981 REFORMATION PERIOD as has been suggested by the list Moderator could either prove to be a valuable tool for learning, growing and helping to bring closure to a period in time that subjected and brought much pain and feelings of betrayal, humiliation, anger and bitterness to many of the finest people I've ever had the privilege to have known. But no one who was in a position of power at that time had "clean hands"! Lots of tragic things happened during that period, the feelings of fear, worry, suspicions & paranoia, all of which were rampant everywhere, were terribly disruptive and harmful to the goals that we had once felt were accessible and within our reach. But in the end we attacked & destroyed ourselves from within. Therefore must I ask the Moderator, why he would want to reopen such a painful period? Of what further earthly purpose would it serve other than to again allow certain people just another avenue to vent their character assassinations of Cesar? And he's no longer here to defend himself. Plus, before anyone attempts to offer their opinion or idea as to why they feel Cesar may or may not have done what they allege that he did, why didn't they offer this astute revelation when the

situation warranted it 25 years ago, not now? I remember they were busy trying to save their own butts, that's why! I defended him (Cesar) then and do so again because I love and respect him and his memory and I don't feel that anything negative or provocative that anyone would want to say about him now, would serve any earthly purpose. Other than give ammunition to our real enemies who'll try to use it to discredit the movement, believe me! Or is it that you want to hurt Helen and her family who lost more than just a friend and leader but somebody who they loved and were related to by marriage or birth. As well as cast vile aspersions at someone who's no longer "physically" alive, although to me his memory is still very much alive and remains as a beacon of hope to many others. And, because Cesar isn't here to respond to these shameful allegations & attempts to explain why he may or may not have thought a certain way about something. Or why he allegedly did or didn't do whatever it is "they" claim he did. So What? Because at this point any attempts at explaining what Cesar was trying or not trying to do and whatever he did or was alleged to have done, can only be considered as speculative conjecture, at best. Anybody's thoughts, theories and/or attempts to reveal or explain the reasons why any of us did what we did 10, 20, 30 or 40 years ago at this point can only be considered as an attempt by that person at revenge or self-adulation. Me, I'm just honored to have been a representative of the UFW & to have served at whatever capacity I could in order to facilitate whatever it was we did, really. Remember all significant change begins within yourself. And if it weren't for Cesar none of us would probably ever met. Or be discussing this right now! And in closing I'd like to point out that I believe that Cesar died much earlier than he would have had he not given us so much of himself to benefit all of those who he did so much for! One thing that nobody seems to have commented on was the fact that Cesar was not a selfish person, except maybe to himself or those who would have loved to have him around for another few years. Seeing Helen, Paul, Liz, Richard and Artie Rodriguez when I was at La Paz in October only made that point that much more obvious. But he denied himself of everything so that many, many others might have something. I am ashamed at those who of you who adulated Cesar when he was alive, but now cowardly attack him in death..

Alberto Escalante

**LeRoy Chatfield, 11/21/04**

**RE: AL, VERY NICE TO HEAR FROM YOU**

Al (Rojas),

I am really pleased that you weighed in with your comments about my essay. You hold nothing back, and that is why it was such a pleasure working with you during those early farmworker movement years.

You make some excellent points. I agree with some, and others I do not. I do not attempt here to make a point-by-point rebuttal, but rather, make a comment or two and seek some clarifications.

1. You take me to task for saying the UFW was Cesar's union, and when you use the words "Cesar's Union" you seem to imply (in my view, anyway) that those are my words.

I have never written about "Cesar's union". I have written about "Cesar Chavez and his farmworker movement." I don't believe I'm being cute or cleverly evasive when I make a distinction between the UFW as a labor union, and the UFW as a movement. From the first day I met and talked with Cesar, until I left the UFW towards the end of 1973, I understood that Cesar was building a movement, not a labor union. Perhaps this is a distinction without a difference, but I can tell you first hand that there was a difference in Cesar's mind.

2. You object to my saying, "Cesar was free to create his movement in accordance with his own vision" because others like yourself had a vision also, and that vision was supposed to be the workers' movement.

Yes, others of us had our own visions, I'm sure, but as founder of the movement, Cesar's vision was the controlling one. He was the only one who possessed (and occasionally, used) unilateral veto power about UFW policy matters. If your vision, or my vision, was ultimately different than that of Cesar's, we were of course free to speak against his vision, or try to mobilize others to do

so, or in some way depose him, but if we did not prevail, then we were sent packing, politically speaking.

Correct me if I am wrong, but Cesar and his hand picked board of directors stood for election at every UFW convention, and the workers returned him to office each time, so if indeed it was a workers' movement, they voted for Cesar's vision of his movement. At least, that is how I interpret what they did at the convention.

3. The way you use "Volunteers" sounds to me like you mean outsiders only. I assure you when I use the word volunteers, I include the farmworkers who joined the strike, manned the picket lines, went out on the boycott, etc. Some of those farmworker volunteers were still hard at it when Cesar died.

I run the risk here of generating a lot more criticism, but I will say it anyway: In my view, the farmworkers movement died when its founder died.

Al, I hope you will continue to take me, and others to task before this online discussion is terminated at the end of December. It is refreshing to me personally, to hear your voice on behalf of the poor, the downtrodden, and the unrepresented.

All the best,

LeRoy (Chatfield) 1963-1973

**Susan Drake, 11/21/04**

**RE: 1977-1981 REFORMATION PERIOD**

[Alberto Escalante] wrote:

*Sisters & Brothers,*

*First, I'd like to preface this reply by stating that above all else, we're a family.*

Alberto, I honor your commitment to Cesar and the UFW family, but I am sad that you don't think the future of farmworkers, or other political bases some of us want to build, can be improved by analyzing what took us away from the movement's original goals, so broadbased they couldn't be called a union yet so much in their favor. Perhaps some are seeking revenge or trying to make themselves look good, but I know many of these folks and, hurt or not, their thoughts add to what I feel is important totality in this history. I really don't see anyone being deliberately harmful to that history. Time will tell whether unconsciously our contributions hurt the ability of UFW to move ahead.

Susan (a)

**Ellen Eggers, 11/22/04**

**RE: 1977-1981 REFORMATION PERIOD**

Alberto...Just for the record, I loved Cesar when he was alive, but I also verbally attacked him, to his FACE, when he was alive, for some things that he did that I thought were really wrong. I'm glad I did, because he always knew how much I thought of him, but when I disagreed (especially my last few years with the union, and then after I left) I DID let him have it a few times. So, I don't know if that means that I'm allowed to talk about the negative stuff (as well as the positive) or not, but I don't think that just because Cesar is not here in person to defend himself, that those of us left behind are obligated to only speak about what went right. Just because people didn't "take him on" years ago, shouldn't preclude any of us from venting now. Don't forget that Cesar did not make it easy for people to disagree with him. I'll never forget the first time I ever questioned something that he said (all I said to him was "are you sure?" and you'd think I had come at him with an axe!!). Disagreeing could mean having to quit the work we loved. I don't think we dishonor Cesar or his memory by speaking freely among ourselves. All the best to my fellow Chavistas. Ellen Eggers

**Jackie (Brown) Davis, 11/22/04**

**RE: UFW Periods**

Though I see what Gerry is saying about the isolation and distance of La Paz, I know that the La Paz folks never lost sight of why they were there. The farmworkers in the field were always the focus and even while washing the floor in the kitchen the motive to put extra effort in it was to make a better life for the people who grew our food.

I think that there's a lot of value in naming the different phases in the life of the UFW for understanding the experience historically and getting a handle on it for our own thinking. It seems to me that the language offered so far - "reformation" and "purge" - miss the mark. We may not be able to do the naming because the emotions of loyalty, hurt, passion run so high. It may be better for dis-passionate historians to identify the chapters, and I do not have anything to offer at this moment, but if anyone does, please share your thoughts.

Jackie Davis  
1971-1974

**Alberto Escalante, 11/22/04**

**RE: 1977-1981 REFORMATION PERIOD**

To my Sisters and Brothers,

No matter how hard we try we're never going to be able to change one nanosecond of the past. All we can do is learn from our mistakes, so we aren't doomed to repeat them again. I feel that if we "Bracketed" the parameters of our discussion within certain guidelines & borders it would allow us to: 1.) center our discussions 2.) Be able to realize & profit (re: learn) from our mistakes and/or failures. 3.) avoid the common pratfalls and hazards that plague most of these so-called "self awareness and inner growth" procedures and their ilk; by not put the blame elsewhere; such as The "Devil" made me do it or it was all "Cesar's" fault! Or blaming any and everyone but ourselves! 4.) Grow up & admit that "We all pack our own parachute" in this free fall fantasy called life, so if we end up smashing ourselves to bits on the rocks of reality guess whose fault it is if our parachute fails to open? 5.) Once again I must state the obvious: If it weren't for Cesar Chavez we more than likely wouldn't be here now sharing this "brilliant" bit of communication amongst ourselves. To wit: Once when the workers of a certain huge No. California farming operation had petitioned for an election, had voted, and realized when all of the votes had been counted, that they had failed to elect the UFW as their representative and sole bargaining agent! Well, all Hell broke loose (Andco Farms Sept. 1975 Te recuerdas Tocayo? (Albert Rojas) (Tocayo means the same 1st name!) So, Al Rojas met with the leaders of the workers committee of Andco Farms which consisted of the key people from each segment of the enormous "octopus" like operation, that had its "tentacles" wrapped around almost every town and region within 50 miles or so of its HQ's in Davis, CA. The end result of the meeting was that Al Rojas ordered me to go along with the "Workers Committee" and conduct a 1960's type "Berkeley" sit in and "take over" of the Sacramento regional offices of the ALRB! It was great at first, every Revolutionists dream! A takeover of an office of the government by a committee of determined, angry workers. Except for one thing, the workers began drinking & the local media with its direct feed to the national networks showed up & started to film & document what by then appeared to be a scene out of the movie "Animal House"! I just wanted to get the heck out of there, but alas, I was there under orders & short of getting arrested & hauled off to jail, I was under orders to stay there with the workers. The phone was ringing like crazy within the offices of the ALRB, until somebody finally answered it. They called for me "Escalante, alguien te quiere hablar." (or "Escalante, someone wants to talk to you!" "Great, now what?" I wondered as I picked up the phone and asked "Bueno, quien es?" ("Hello, who are you?") I knew by the voice who it was, it was Cesar and he asked me "Who am I talking to? Is Al Rojas there?" "N-N-N-N-No Nooo , S-S-Siirr , he's not here ...Can I help you? This is Alberto Escalante?" (No answer) ...about a minute later someone else got on the phone it was Eliseo Medina, my first UFW Director. I'd worked for him in Oxnard, CA before going to No. California to work with Al Rojas. Eliseo is a real spit and polish type of guy. Plus a hell of an organizer in his own right! "Alberto what the hell do you think you're doing? Who gave you the authority to just go into the ALRB offices and have a pinche (damn)



party with people drinking and acting like pendejos (fools) and on national TV! And saying all kinds of potentially harmful and politically dangerous bullshit?" "Plus, do you realize that you represent the UFW? I want you & all of those workers to get the hell out of there NOW!" I know what CEC & Eliseo were trying to tell me was right, because the moment that the TV cameras had seen & filmed one person drinking & acting like a fool, we had already lost our focus & become an unruly drunken mob, instead of a cohesive group of workers with a legitimate grievance! And even the fact that ALRB agents Byron DiGeorgio & Susanna (Chooch) Halfon were willing to stay in there with us to make sure that we behaved ourselves, we had blown it!! By allowing the workers to drink & act like rabble on TV we'd badly damaged any hope of being taken seriously. But still the workers refused to leave. Instead, they got rid of all the beer and alcohol and said "Now we're ready to stay until we're listened to!" I called Al Rojas at the (safe) phone number that only I knew about & told him everything that had transpired up till that moment...He thought about it and asked me again "Alberto, what do the workers want to do?" I lifted the phone up into the air and asked "This is Al Rojas, and he wants to know what YOU the Andco Farms workers want to do? Should we stay? Or should let the ALRB ask the Andco Farms people for a meeting with the management, letting one of the ALRB agents who are here with us set up the meeting so it's all legal and correct? Or should we stay until they come in & Arrest us?" I didn't have to wait very long for an answer, almost instantaneously the workers to the person all held their hands up and yelled out.. "Nos vamos a quedar!" (We are going to stay!) And then they began singing "No, No, No nos Moveran!" The second that I hung up the phone it rang again! (of course!) (this time) It was Eliseo and his voice was very tight and I could feel the anger that was just below the surface of his words.."Well, did you do what I told you to do? Did you get the workers to leave the building like I ordered you to? NO? Who the hell do you think you are anyway, you're nobody, you wouldn't even be there where you are (inside of the ALRB offices) if it wasn't for the Union. You had better just pack up and head on back to (your home in) Oxnard when this is over because Alberto, you're fired! And those aren't just my feelings those are Cesar's orders! I'm just relaying them to you! Do you have anything you want to say before we tell the authorities that this is nothing more than an unauthorized action, completely without any UFW approval?" To which I relied "No, I have nothing to say. But the workers are bound and determined to stick this out and I guess If they are going to get busted I'm going to get busted with them!" Needless to say nobody was arrested, I didn't get fired but I did get called to La Paz where Cesar yelled at me and told that I was just an undisciplined "loose cannon" and that if I wanted to continue to work for the UFW I had better learn that only one person made the decisions and only one person was in charge. Not me, not Al Rojas, not even Eliseo.. only Cesar! You see the UFW wasn't a Democracy, but rather a Benevolent Dictatorship that was run by one person and one person alone. In fact if one were to draw a picture of the Union it would look like a Pyramid. And guess who was at the Apex? Still we all knew that was the way it was and anyone who complains about it now is just crying "sour grapes." The way it was....

Alberto Escalante 2004

### **Joaquin Murguia, 11/22/04 (1)**

#### **RE: the game**

Patty,

Trying to form an opinion about the Game based on hearsay is like trying to form an opinion on Fahrenheit 9/11 or The Passion of the Christ without actually have seen the movies.

I was one of the initial 12 people who went to Synanon to learn the game. While it is true that Synanon was founded on drug habilitation, the Game was not limited to what was referred to as "heavy gaming." Heavy gaming would be used with the addicts and I don't believe that its methodology would be anymore harmful than an intervention which is frequently used today. When a person has bottomed out in there life as a result of drugs or other addictions, there isn't really any tearing down to do the individual has usually accomplished that themselves. I could certainly see the practical value of using the Game with department heads, as Synanon did, not as a last ditch effort but as a progressive step.

Unfortunately, as with anything, there are always two sides. By mid-1979 the Game as it has originally been taught at Synanon, had lost its way and was being used in a way that in my opinion was totally off base. I expressed my concerns about this with others whom had been to Synanon and unfortunately it fell on deaf ears. As a protest, I stopped Gaming and spoke constantly against using it in the form to which it has evolved. This was not taken as a positive sign and not too long thereafter I left La Paz.

The turning point wasn't so much that the Game was tried, as it was the paranoia that seemed to be seeping into the Union in the mid to late 1970's. That more than anything, again in my opinion, was the most destructive element of what occurred during that time.

Just one person's opinion.

Joaquin

**Joaquin Murguia, 11/22/04 (2)**

**RE: 1977-1981 REFORMATION PERIOD**

Alberto,

I too was in La Paz in October. And yes, it was good to be "home." It was also good to see everyone you mentioned. Funny thing is, after having not seen everyone for such a long period of time, I ran into the Villarino's in San Diego earlier this month!

What I have written here has in no way been an attempt to assassinate Cesar's character or diminish his accomplishments. What I have done is try to add my perspective to the many who have participated.

I don't believe that debating the history of the Union will do anything more that strengthen the legacy which Cesar left behind. That legacy is not what remains in La Paz, but the accomplishments of a group of determined people led by a man with a vision. I emphasize man, for Cesar was not a saint and should not be beatified posthumously, nor more than he should be vilified.

Like it or not, the Union was Cesar's movement. Prior to my departure in 1979 I met with Cesar and expressed my concern that the Union need to be a Union. I was working in Financial Management and Membership and saw the shortcomings of both areas. I had various encounters with Executive Board Members over the handling of funds and being more "business like." The encounters were not always appreciated.

On some of these matters, Cesar agreed and we got cooperation, on some he did not. When it became apparent to me, that the Movement would never become a Union, I believed it was time for me to move on as I could contribute no further.

It saddens me to this day that a Union for farmworkers did not reach fruition. The Union that exists today is a shell of what it once was. The headquarters, save for the administration building, memorial garden and kitchen, are in disrepair. What was once a vibrant community appears to be dying a slow death.

It is my disappointment with those things that inspires me to continue to participate and share the history, even when critical or harsh, with those who will follow.

Joaquin

**Glenn Rothner, 11/22/04**

**RE: Reformation/ Veto**

The Reformation? With all due respect to King Charles II, I'd say a more apt label for the era of the late 70's is The Restoration. After the devastating loss of Prop 14 (the collapse of the Commonwealth), Cesar reasserted his autocratic (monarchical) control and was confrontational, to the point of threatening vetoes, in the form of the resignation ultimatum, with the Executive Board (Parliament).

On the subject of unilateral decision-making for the "movement," I seriously doubt that the UFW Constitution would have permitted such a thing. Yes, Leroy, it was a movement, but it was a movement organized as a Union, with a Constitution, an Executive Board, and other checks and balances. Unfortunately, I can't find my old copy of the Constitution, or I would make appropriate references to it. Perhaps someone will oblige.

While it is true, as Leroy notes, that the Convention never produced a successful challenge to Cesar, electorally or on policy (at least during my tenure), the truth is that much information about Union policies and practices was never shared with the membership, even by those of us who had concerns but were too principled/loyal to sow dissension among the members while we were serving on staff. Partly as a result, the delegate selection processes and the convention floor practices and outcomes amounted to nothing more than well-organized affirmations of Cesar and his leadership. There, I've said it.

Thanks, Leroy, for providing a forum in which we can speak truth amongst ourselves without worrying, for now, that we will harm the Union. My vote, however, is that we find a way to make all this useful hindsight available to a wider audience. So much of our history as volunteers, and so much of Cesar's influence, brilliance, and legacy, are worthy of praise that we shouldn't be afraid to temper the good with a reminder that there were mistakes, significant ones, made, by all of us.

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/22/04**

**RE : Julio Cesar Chavez ; the boxer**

Hello Al Rojas and all,

Funny thing about some farm workers today not knowing about Cesar Chavez. When we joined the strike in '65 and they kept mentioning Cesar, I pictured Cesar Romero the Hollywood actor since he was the only Cesar I knew. You see, if you aren't up to speed on current events happening around you, you will miss out on a lot of things, I guess. You know, when your busy trying to make a living! Once I understood what it was about, nothing could have dragged me or my family to accept the life we had been living circa *pre-Cesar Chavez*. Talk about removing the sleep from your eyes, it happened that way to us.

Anyway, Mexico did an outstanding job of building up Julio Cesar Chavez in the media and he was their hero to the world (and I might add, to the Latinos here in the good ol' USA as well) with good reason because he was a great boxer and did Mexico and us proud. Once you get past the mix-up of the two men, many workers can tell you they *have* heard of Cesar E. Chavez. My experience has proven this. Some farm workers know Cesar E. Chavez because they know he received Mexico's Medal of Montezuma, the highest honor that can be given to a person. It was given to Cesar by President Salinas for his dedication for farm workers rights. The UFWA helped farm workers from Mexico receive Social Security back home for a small yearly fee of around \$330 per year. What an accomplishment. The plan covers the medical expenses of not only the worker's immediate family but his brothers, sisters, and parents. What plan in this country does that?

Now my question is why didn't America give Cesar E. Chavez the kind of positive media coverage Julio Cesar Chavez enjoyed in Mexico? Hmm, I wonder? sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/23/04**

**RE: 1977-1981 REFORMATION PERIOD**

Dear LeRoy:

I look at it all as one stage: The Formative Years (from the beginning -1981). (After all, Rome was not built in one day.) Those involved after 1981 can name their own chapter in history. Although I am personally not keen on the need to name anything this perhaps might be more acceptable to those with finer sensibilities. sin mas/ abby/ r/d/lp

**Hugh "Hawkeye" Tague, 11/24/04**

**RE: Boycott Stories – Solidarity pays off**

It's mid-February in '74. Eliseo Medina and I are standing in the arctic cold on a picket line in front of a metal working factory. The workers had wildcatted the day before when a guy got killed. Their union had been trying to correct a safety problem for months. The Company said it was too expensive.

Most of the men were at the main gate where there was a barricade of logs and railroad ties. This was in the city of Cleveland where the cops had learned shortly after the War that you don't herd scabs. Our gate was in Lakewood Ohio where the cops were working together with the Kuntz Security Service (you can guess what we called them) I overheard one of the Kuntz tell a Lakewood cop that they were gonna bring the scabs through our gate and take them into the plant through a tunnel under the street. Just then, we saw a long line of cars head towards us. A guy jumped out of the lead car waving a revolver. I could smell the whiskey on his breath EM and I and a very short Porto Rican guy (with a large paving stone in his hand) stood in front of him. The scab stuck his pistol in my gut and said to get out of the way. We said that we weren't moving. I heard a click (which Eliseo says he didn't hear, but it was my gut). The scab yelled out some obscenities, got back into his car and the cars turned around and left.

The handful of women said we were very brave. A bunch of the men came over from the main gate and thanked us. Later we heard that the Company straightened out the safety problem, so the strike was a victory. Eliseo and I went to the International convention of this union in the Spring down in Cincinnati where EM gave a speech about the boycott. They voted us a nice donation from their treasury.

P.S. A couple of months after this incident we were in EM and Dorothy's house and there were a bunch of street punks outside making a lot of noise. When it was time to leave I suggested that we go out the back to avoid them. EM thought this was funny. I said, "When I risk myself I want it to be for a good cause. If I want to die from street crime I can go back to Philly and use public transit on a regular basis."

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/24/04 (1)**

**RE: Boycott Stories – Solidarity pays off**

Hugh! Wow! You got "gutz," buddy, with a "z." Kuntz didn't know what they were messing with – a real **wildcat**. Had I known this story when the donation check arrived at La Paz, I would have framed it. sin mas/ abby/ r/d/lp

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/24/04 (2)**

**RE: CHICANO ART and the DEAD**

Hello Everyone:

Let me share how some of Andy Zermeno's poster art work got to Delano. Lou and Sylvia Chavez, their boyftiends and I would go to L.A. (My boyfriend was up north in San Jose, or was it Salinas?, most likely not being a good one; you know the saying "amor de lejos"; but I was too young to know.)

On the way back we would stop somewhere on the road and peek at the art work we carried in the trunk of the car. That first time I ever saw the artwork it was a feast to my eyes that worked its magic through me searing my soul like a good Augie Lira song. It blew me and the rest of us away. It was different from what we were accustomed to seeing in any art appreciation class in our public schools, that's for sure. Blown away, all we could do was stand there on the side of the road on the Grape Vine between LA and Bakersfield mesmerized, absorbing it all in and saying under our breath, "far out, man", "groovy", "out of sight", "wow", "it's bad", in the word speak of the times. George Delgado, as I remember, shaking his head the last to break out of the spell. Then we carefully we put everything back, more aware now that no harm should come to the treasure we carried, resuming our trip to Delano inwardly reflecting and savoring the colors, the drama of what we had just seen.

Can any of you recall the first time you saw the poster of the cluster of grapes in the shape of a skull? I had to take in a quick breath! Many times I had heard Cesar speak about boycotting grapes, and about pesticides etc. Nothing convinced me more of the dangers of pesticides and the reality of the need to improve conditions for workers in the fields than seeing that poster. Death! The visual imagery was so powerful it became imprinted in my mind forever. Chicanos/Mejicanos, as most of you probably already know, have a real healthy respect for the skull and the skeleton, "esqueleto/ calacas", which symbolize death. We celebrate for an entire day on the 1st of November, El Dia de Los Muertos, The Day of the Dead, by remembering our loved ones who have passed on. In this cultural celebration of the dead loved ones, we remember who they were, what they meant to us, and honor them by visiting them if possible at their gravesite. Our respect is so great, that we have a deep belief that if we cannot say anything kind about the dead we should remain silent because the dead cannot rise to defend themselves against attack.

Strange as it might seem to others, we respect it because this celebration of death brings with it a keen awareness that some day we too will be buried six feet under. Aware also, that we will be unable to defend ourselves should someone decide to recount our life story perhaps happily embellishing our imperfections in the recounting of it. Yet, we hold on to the assurance that those who truly cared about us and loved us will not speak ill of us. On the contrary, we feel confident they will share what was good and decent about us, the good we did during our time on earth to make it a better world, share with others our dreams and the expectations we had in leaving it a better place than when we came into it, share with others the sacrifices and good works we did for others and for our family, although never expecting or desiring for a moment to be elevated to the status of sainthood never expecting to be denigrated either. There is some comfort in that for me, *Chicana that I am*. I couldn't see myself coming at someone that is dead with a fly swatter much less an axe, but that's me. It is always best to bury the hatchet when a person is alive and to be careful in the recounting once that person is gone.

It is uncanny how recalling Chicano artwork from long ago can trigger so many memories. Thank you Andy Zermeno, and yes, your art work was always "out of sight", bien de aquellas, and I wish I had the proper words to describe it. Viva Cesar Chavez! sin mas/ abby/ r/d/lp

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/24/04 (3)**

**RE: Happy Thanksgiving**

To All: I would like to share a poem with you. Happy Thanksgiving to all:

*Lifeline Hands*

*In the lifelines of my hands I see myself,  
I see the years of bending and stooping to help feed my family,  
the anguish and triumph of the few successes I have had  
and in that cup of lifeline wrinkled skin I see that I am never alone;  
so I stand tall with others who believe as I do,  
that good will overcome evil  
that the deeds of those less known and those less thought of,  
themselves will overcome those who selfishly take  
as they cannot take my soul and they cannot take my spirit;  
as from my outstretched hands  
I share what I can give.*

*Juan.Guerrero*

*(permission given to use given on 11/24/04)*

**Graciela Martinez (Herron), 11/24/04**

**RE: Happy Thanksgiving**

Abby -- thanks for sharing something written from the heart by a good friend. May you all have a good day of thanks surrounded by your loved ones. This will be the first year ever that my table

will not be overloaded with food and family. All my children have grown up and are establishing lives of their own, cooking their own birds, celebrating each in their own way with their new families. I want to give them that space - although I don't know what I'm going to do with myself other than plan a solitary trip to the mountains to reflect, to absorb energy and touch bases with He who guides my every step, and Who is sometimes ignored in the rush of everyday living.

**Hugh "Hawkeye" Tague, 11/25/04**

**RE: LIFE IN THE UFW - WHAT WE ATE**

First, let me say that I'm not complaining, I'm just contributing to the historic record. I'm sure that most of you have similar stories. Mine might be a little more varied because of the widely different situations I found myself in.

My introduction to UFW food was on the Philly boycott where we ate pinto beans from a 50lb. sack 3 times a day. If I did this today my wife would make me sleep in my truck. We also ate large quantities of Apple butter (a PA Dutch concoction made out of fruit that fell on the ground) that some Quaker gave us. One day we were excited because a supporter came in from Harrisburg with a station wagon full of canned goods. There was a lot of tuna, even the good kind that's packed in water in big pieces. It turns out that there was a "tuna mercury scare" and the rich liberals were afraid to eat it, so they gave it to us.

In Florida we ate some weird stuff! Too many of us were living in a trailer in Harlem (near Clewiston) when we hadn't been paid for a while and were pretty hungry. Roger Mitchell (quite a character who helped organize H.P. Hood where he was working) said we would have chicken. There were wild chickens (mostly noisy roosters) running around, so we cleaned up a couple of them and threw them in a big pot to stew. We threw wild papaya in there too because it's a natural meat tenderizer.

I ate some great meals doing home visiting. Southern hospitality is not a myth! One evening I had 3 big meals (hog maws, chitlins and fish roe) and could barely walk home. I never knew that there were so many kinds of corn bread, usually served warm, but sometimes served with butter milk poured over it.

For a while we lived in Bean City on Lake Okeechobee near South Bay. There was a wealth of fruit in our backyard. There were papayas, mangos, avocados (the big, starchy ones) guavas and of course, sugar cane. This house was a real shack and shook when you walked. One morning I went into the bathroom to find this strange animal had come up through a big hole in the floor. When I told Roger about it he said we should have eaten it. In the Florida citrus areas the workers called bad sections of orchards "armadillo sections" because you can't make enough to buy good food, so you would have to eat an armadillo dinner.

Up in Tampa, some Catholic brothers had gotten a whole wrecked train car full of canned goods that they gave to us. Trouble was that there were only 2 varieties, spicy tomato juice and green beans. We really had to use our imaginations to come up with ways to eat that stuff !

Eliseo and I were driving one day when he slammed on the brakes and said, "Oh boy nopalitos!" He said they were the best thing to eat in the world. All I saw was some cactus. I thought it was another one of my eyesight problems. He quickly cut a big pile of the lighter green smaller leaves (hurry up Hawkeye before somebody Else gets them). It seemed like it took him hours to cut and scrape all of the thorns off them, dice them up, boil them (for a short time) and saute them with onions, and of course, fresh jalapenos. EM was very disappointed in my lack of enthusiasm. I said that I would rather eat a good possum any day.

In Atlanta the Bakery Workers Union gave us cases of Nabisco Chips A'hoy. We got pretty tired of them too. We started pouring powdered milk on them, which wasn't too bad the first 40 times. It took Kellogg's another 10 years before they came up with the same idea as a nutritious cereal.

In Cleveland I lived in a wino mission for a short time. There was lots of soup, of course, but there was great bread. The Catholic Worker people (I affectionately called them "commie catholics") taught this ex-con how to bake a wide variety of delicious bread. He got the baking down pretty

well, but wasn't real good on the sanitation part of it. I had a girlfriend whose family were first generation Polish-Americans. Their food was new to me and very filling. The trouble was that it was fat and boring like them. I had another girlfriend who worked at Arthur Treacher's Fish and Chips. She brought lots of leftovers for me and the rest of my current "household". This situation was neither fat nor boring. Trouble was, she was a Trotskyite, and once I figured out what that was, I didn't like it.

With about one week's notice, we were told that 80-some farmworkers (including kids) were coming to Cleveland. Mark Pitt (one of the under-rated, unsung UFW heroes) and I were put in charge of hustling enough food to feed them "for the duration". We were to be housed in a 3 story former CYO retreat center with an industrial kitchen. Now, I had worked full time in an industrial kitchen from age 14-17 but that was with chefs, endless supplies and equipment. All of the staff started hitting up churches, etc. We got a flood of canned goods. These fell into 2 general categories: tasteless, overcooked vegetables and weird, one-of-a-kind items. I never knew there were so many different kinds of beans! I also had never heard of smoked oysters, calamari, grape leaves, etc. We were hoping for another "tuna scare" so that we would have more protein. The farm workers didn't stay in town very long for various "reasons". It was a pretty crazy idea in the first place.

I had another girlfriend in a mansion in Shaker Heights. I had great food there. She would have the maid get me anything that I wanted, including Guinness, which wasn't readily available then and very expensive. Quite a switch for a chauffeur's kid, huh?

Speaking of beer, Mark and I usually drank P.O.C. - Pilsner On Call, aka Piss of Cleveland. It wasn't great, but it was only .99 per 6 pack.

Pot luck suppers were a major source of nourishment for many boycotters. This was a new concept for me. I guess it was a Protestant thing. One time everybody got sick at a ham soup dinner that these revolutionaries threw for us. More than one of them claimed that it was purposely poisoned by the powers-that-be.

At Thanksgiving everybody but this old farm worker and I got sick from a donated turkey. The theory was that he and I had food poisoning so many times that we were immune. I think that it was Mark who had the theory that my large alcohol intake killed the bacteria.

P.S. Mexican food remains my favorite genre these days. However, I shy away from the organ meats, sesos, cabeza de rez, etc. If I'm eating somewhere and somebody says that I'm too finicky, it gives me the opportunity to tell them about chitlins, armadillos, nopalitos, neck bones, etc.

BON APPETIT !

Hawkeye Tague '71-'76

#### **Nonie Fuller (Lomax) Graddy, 11/25/04**

##### **RE : LIFE IN THE UFW - WHAT WE ATE**

Your letter brings back memories of cooking in the Kitchen at La Paz. I made enough "Three bean" salad to last a life time. It was the only way I could stand the canned green and yellow beans. The vinegar helped a lot. Thanks for the memories

Nonie

#### **Kate Colwell, 11/26/04**

##### **RE: The food we ate**

Nonie,

I wrote about food in my essay because constructing meals from donations across at least 2 cultures was certainly always a challenge. Your story made me laugh because it made me remember a Chicano seminarian named Juan who came for a summer to the LA boycott. He came from his seminary in Ohio (Cleveland?) run by an order of German priests. He was sweet and

hard working etc... But the ONE thing he would not eat was three bean salad. We had it fairly often to use up the canned beans, but he just HATED all the German food and vinegar he'd been forced to eat and he would not eat 3 bean salad.

Each to their own!

Kate Colwell

**Jackie (Brown) Davis, 11/26/04**

**RE: The food we ate**

During the San Ysidro tomato strike I ate donated chocolate chip cookies for 3 days! Wish I could get away with that today!! :) I never liked pinto beans until I had them cooked in lard. Then I loved them. And during my San Ysidro days is when I first had hand-made flour tortillas which I still consider a slice of paradise. I think it was on the L. A. boycott we got cans and cans of pink grapefruit juice, which finally gave me a sick tummy. I learned to like low-fat milk during my L. A. days because a wonderful family bought it for us since we also had a baby at that time.

I love our food stories.

Jackie Davis  
1971-1974

**David Ferris, 11/26/04**

**RE: The food we ate**

I remember once getting a large donation of Tastee Cakes on the Philadelphia Boycott back in the early 70's. It was our staple for about a month. It is a great Philly cupcake tradition that us native Midwesterners don't get! I mean I like Philly Cheesesteaks but Tastee Cakes taste like pure chemical additives. I still live in Penna but can't stand Tastee Cakes. The things I ate on the boycott still haunt me! The beer, beans and tortillas were good though! David Ferris Michigan Boycott '73, Philly Boycott '74-'77, Yes on 14 (Orange, San Berdo, Riverside) and Brown Presidential Primary Campaign (NJ, RI)

**Mary Mecartney, 11/26/04**

**RE: The unfinished project**

From Mary Mecartney  
late 1974-1993 and continuing

Dear LeRoy,

Thank you for organizing this project and for presenting thought provoking analysis and questions. Reviewing it from its original scope of providing "documentation" from the perspective of the full-time volunteers from the union's founding to the passage of the ALRA, I consider it an important tool to fill in parts of the UFW history that hadn't been written. Thanks to all who contributed, all the different viewpoints and stories - the essence of the movement in those days shines through.

However, the project as amended to include post ALRA enactment to 1993 and to analyze the essays via the online discussion is extremely incomplete. As I scanned the postings this year I frequently was "fired up" and scribbled many notes on many events, comments and analyses planning to contribute my different (or conflicting ) perspective. I disciplined myself to wait until after the November election before I invested time going back over all of this and adding to the record items which had not been written and correcting inaccuracies written by people who were commenting on partial information. Instead, I have to choose at this time between reflecting/documenting on the past or applying what I've learned/observed in the thirty years of working with the UFW to help launch new chapters for the "next generation." I wish I had the stamina to do both. I'm submitting these comments as a "placeholder" to file objections to any conclusion that everyone who had something to say had their chance and the record is closed.



LeRoy, I disagree with your statement in the Nov. 21 posting "In my view, the farmworkers movement died when its founder died." I'm not ready to accept another obituary. There were a lot of changes in the 80s and 90s-- one of the chief legacies Cesar left us was the challenge to not be afraid of change. There is not enough evidence for such a statement to be made. Wait ten years. Let a more complete picture of what was planted in the 80s and early 90s come to fruition before writing us off.

Beware of reading meaning into statistics based on participation in the documentation project (e.g. your Nov. 20 posting). A more interesting statistic to ponder could be based on the fact that before Proposition 14 there were 290 boycott staff. In the days immediately after Proposition 14, 130 left staff and 167 committed to stay (some new staff was recruited during Prop. 14) and many were reassigned to field operations in California.

I compare the organization's development to a person. No one is perfect, neither are organizations. I like Abby's naming of the beginning as "The Formative Years." Then came the years of a lot of testing/ experimenting/ risk taking/ learning, then the time of grieving, and now I think we're in the time of maturing. The next few years are critical. Some of the remarks I might offer could reopen wounds. At this time I need to focus on what contributions people can make today, not issues of twenty five years ago.

My opinion of some ex-staff has changed based on what they wrote this year (some for the better and some for the worst), but in general I saw that an incredible base of activists received ground training with the UFW and this results in a lot of hope and opportunity to make this world a better place and we don't give up. There is plenty of work ahead. I hope to be working with some of you in the future for the future. Celebration is important and I look forward to sharing more stories and good times with some of you in the future. (The tentative date for the 40th anniversary celebration of the Delano Grape Strike will be Sept. 11, 2005 in Delano. Subscribe to the UFW listserv to keep in the "pipeline"-- [www.ufw.org](http://www.ufw.org) -- and if you include your address you'll also get email notices of key local UFW events. While the military budget is in the billions, the City of Salinas is closing all its libraries including the Cesar Chavez library on the east side and the John Steinbeck library downtown due to lack of revenue (a tax increase ballot measure failed Nov. 2). I'm personally getting involved in efforts to get them opened with full services again and developing options for temporary use of the facilities in the interim, and expect to involve the UFW as this campaign evolves.)

I hope that ten years from now someone will undertake a part II of the project you, LeRoy, started, and demonstrate "El Espiritu Indestructible" (the theme of the 1992 UFW convention) despite all the obstacles and failings. I hold this project in my heart and in the upcoming years I will work on writing out my perceptions and memories and organizing more source files to be kept in the UFW archives at WSU, including, but not limited to, raising my two daughters in La Paz; the successful 1977 campaign against Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company (to date we still have a contract with Coachella Growers and one of our current executive board members is from the rank and file at that company); health and medical projects/campaigns that didn't end with the closure of the clinics in the late 70s; the gutting of the ALRB in the 1980s (I'm still responsible for the UFW evidence on this which needs to be organized before it can be sent to the archives but that's not in my work plan yet); the legal departments/ firms; staff layoffs from 1977 forward; personnel policies (including alleged purges and the "volunteer" system); "beat the burnout"; closing the boycott in May, 1978 (then less than a year later there was boycott staff in NYC again); SAMs/ MBO/ MOR -- evolving management systems; staying focused; the "Mojica" suits conclusions in 1989; defending the UFW against multi-million dollar law suits by the ag industry and their allies in the early 90s; selling the NYC boycott house in the mid 1980s and what that seed money developed; the worker organizing programs in the late 80s early 90s (I had to prepare to litigate the allegation the UFW abandoned the farm workers in an ALRB case in 1994 -- but won at the pre-hearing to limit the scope to legal issues so didn't have to get into all these historical issues); transcribing my sporadic journals; lasting contributions of the 1977 AOM (Administrative Office Management) project ; "results" of Larry Tramutt's 1980 Hollister election campaign; telephones; cars; food; dances; various times I almost quit; political campaigns (I drafted 4 pages on this subject Nov. 14); the "Nick Jones" affair (from a Midwest boycott staff perspective which is

different that anything written to date); Marshall Ganz report on his trip to Israel; cooperatives; the names of all those (staff and worker leadership) who participated in the Aug. 1978 conference to prepare for the vegetable industry negotiations (I finally found the booklet of the notes, these are folks to someday be interviewed); sexism; technology; conventions (I have access to all the Actas -- transcripts of the proceedings, and most of the resolutions); memories of conversations with Cesar after I returned from taking the bar exam (March and April 1993); the Indian dinner feast Cesar cooked for us in La Paz March 31, 1993 and his comments which including the various phases of building the movement (I wish I had taken notes or had a better memory, what I remember is ridicule being early, something along the lines of attempts to destroy in the middle and respect being at the end, with Cesar saying he believed the respect phase was starting.); et al.

At the 2004 UFW convention two of the regional reports in the delegate binders contained the UFW core values. I used these last week while interviewing applicants for an administrative assistant position. Just as the person must have the skills to do the job, the staff must also work to insure that all we do is aligned/ consistent with these values and the importance of raising the issue with UFW leadership when something feels out of sync. Remember all staff had to be on the lookout to protect Cesar's personal safety? Likewise we need to be on alert to protect the core values of our organization against actions that undermine it. Integrity (Doing the right thing even when no one is looking); Si Se Puede Attitude (The embodiment of a personal and organizational spirit that promotes confidence, courage and risk taking); Innovation (The active pursuit of new ideas); Non-Violence (Engaging in disciplined action); Empowerment (A fundamental belief in and respect for people).

Viva La Causa!

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/26/04**

**RE: Meals**

Hugh, Look at what you started.

Females were not allowed at the Guard House at La Paz so my boyfriend, husband now, brought a meal over to my place. I couldn't figure out what the dish was because it looked as though he had used everything from the fridge to make it. He said they didn't have much food so he had used most of what they had. I was so touched by this and began to politely take my first bite. Then he made the mistake of saying that one of the guards had said eating moldy bread and food was okay because that is where penicillin comes from. I used plenty of napkins the entire meal. sin mas/abby/ r/d/lp

**LeRoy Chatfield, 11/27/04**

**RE: RESPONSE TO MARY MECARTNEY**

LeRoy Chatfield 1963-1973

In her most recent posting, Mary Mecartney makes some excellent points, and I would like to add a few comments:

1. I agree. There is still much work to be done to adequately document the farmworkers movement, 1981 1993, and I am hopeful that someone- no need to wait 10 years as Mary suggests - from that era will take it upon themselves to organize it. Mary writes as if she herself would be willing to undertake such a project, and if she does, I hope she will receive the same cooperation and support that I have received from former UFW volunteers.
2. I count at least two dozen essays that shed a great deal of light, in my view, on the movement, beginning in 1978 and going forward to 1993. These are important essays for the documentation project, and I am pleased to have received them. I call special attention to the essay of Mark Sharwood, 1976 -1982, which is a text book example of historical documentation.
3. One of the major accomplishments of the farmworker movement that has barely been touched is what I call the business-side of the movement - such enterprises as real estate, mass media,

fund raising, political advocacy, and investments. No documentation project, in my view, will ever be complete without including these aspects of the farmworker movement.

4. Lest there be any confusion, I have never taken the position that the farmworkers movement during what Mary calls its "formative years" (1962 -1976) is inherently better or more important than the years that followed. I simply say the two periods of the movement are different. (Frankly, I am still of the opinion, that there was an interim "movement course correction" 1977-1981.) - that makes it three distinct periods, not just two.)
5. I respectfully disagree with Mary when she writes the farmworker movement did not die with Cesar's death in 1993, I believe it did. I am not suggesting that the UFW does not seek to emulate the principles of its founder, or that its core values - integrity, si se puede attitude, innovation, non-violence, and empowerment - do not emanate from Cesar's teachings and example, or that the UFW is not carrying on the work of organizing farmworkers. It is, but that does not make it a movement. Quite naturally, it seeks to accomplish its goals, and fulfill its mission by institutionalizing Cesar Chavez and his farmworker movement. Historically, this is what happens to movements when founders pass on, or are deposed.
6. Finally, Mary Mecartney writes that her comments are that of a "'placeholder' to file objections to any conclusion that everyone who had something to say had their chance and the record is closed." I agree, the record is not closed, and as long as there are academics interested in the movement, it will never be closed. Without sounding defensive, I can only say that from April 2003 through December 2004, I have been urging all former UFW volunteers to write (or say) whatever it is they wish without fear of censorship. Several hundred have chosen to do so, and several hundred have chosen not to. To suggest that these hundreds of former UFW volunteers did not have "their chance" is incredulous. I respect the decision of those who chose to participate, and I respect the decision of those who chose not to participate. It is obvious to me that the documentation project responded to a felt need, and I am very grateful to those who responded.

**Nonie Fuller (Lomax) Graddy, 11/27/04**

**RE: The food we ate**

I was able to survive the summer heat (113 the day I arrived) in the San Luis Field Office without air conditioning only with the help of canned grapefruit juice. I would freeze it and eat it like sherbet, it sure helped

Nonie

**Marshall Ganz, 11/27/04**

**RE: The unfinished project**

Mary,

You may want to test your perspective against that of Maggie Jones in her article "Migrants No More" in the November/December issue of Mother Jones. It doesn't sound as if the people described in her article have 10 years to wait to discover the "true" legacy of the farm worker movement. Actually, I'd argue the movement died long before Cesar died, when he began to strangle the organization he had built, at the same time, unimaginably distorting the goals on behalf of which the movement had been built. Antonio Gramsci, the radical Italian organizer and activist once wrote, "The old is dying and the new cannot be born. In this interregnum, there arises a great diversity of morbid symptoms." In my book that's what's been going on with the UFW since the late 1970s which is one reason why most California farm workers today may even be worse off than when the first NFWA convention was held in 1962. Back in "the day" the UFW made a big difference in the lives of farm workers and many others. But that day is long past (except for those few who continue to live within in it), the UFW is now more of a museum, than a force for improvement in the lives of farm workers in California or anywhere else. Isn't it time to let it die, move on, and deal with the challenges of the present -- which are many, dangerous, and powerful. Marshall

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/27/04**

**RE: The unfinished project**

Marshall,

According to Maggie Jones, "800,000 undocumented workers arrive in the US annually... 60% from Mexico". Not all of them are coming to work in the fields and we see them everywhere needing help now, pronto. Many are standing in the streets waiting for work while others are working without contracts in the trades, construction, restaurants, hotels, garment hell-holes, etc. the list is long. A very real and present predicament for many unions. Should all unions, therefore, also let themselves "die, move on," in order to "deal with the challenges of the present - which are many, dangerous, and powerful" as you suggest? Whether you want to accept it or not, the union *is doing* a lot for farm workers. sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**Graciela Martinez (Herron), 11/29/04**

**RE: Meals**

Does anybody remember the fishhead soup at the Filipino Hall where the strikers used to take their meals? Had I appreciated how healthy that soup was perhaps my cholesterol would be lower, my heart healthier, but no - I bought into the general feeling of "yuck - having all those eyes looking back at me". What I wouldn't give for a nice, hot bowl of fishhead soup and the "tasteless" white rice that was a staple then!

**Glenn Rothner, 11/29/04**

**RE: Meals**

After I left the Union I stopped eating meat, but I have wonderful memories of food from the Summer of 1974, while still a law student. This was before the Agbayani Village was finished. Many of us had dinner with the Manongs at the labor camp where they and the construction crew lived at that time. (Was it called Sierra Vista?) I couldn't get enough of Tony Armington's adobo, either chicken or pork ribs, and rice. As is typically the case with meals one recalls fondly, the company was as much a part of the experience as the flavors. It was a great opportunity for the Delano organizers, construction crew, legal department, Manongs, and staff visiting from other parts to get to know each other better.

**Andrea O'Malley Munoz, 11/29/04**

**RE: Meals**

In Boston, the best was the fresh hot tortillas de harina with peanut butter or margarine. The peanut butter would melt and run from the heat of the tortilla. Marcos was a good hustler, so we would get a full baloney roll and a 30 pound ham from the Meatcutters union every month to help feed the staff. In those days there were only about 5 university based Mexicans living in Boston ('68 - '72) so there weren't any Mexican herbs, spices or chiles available - just pinto beans. Marcos would beg Marshall or Jessica to send us a can of jalapeno chiles that would get chopped up and mixed with chopped onions, tomato sauce and water to pass for salsa.

In Chicago, we would get a big wheel of Chihuahua cheese, fresh fruit and vegetables, eggs and baby formula and pampers from a supermercado on 18th Street (Felipe's). We had pot luck dinners for all our supporters every Sunday night at the church where we all lived in Hyde Park. The food was good and usually lasted for a day or two after the dinner. We had a store room that was always full of can donations and a couple of farm worker women who stayed at home with their young children and cooked dinner for all of us. They could make miracles happen with odds and ends!

Andrea O'Malley Munoz (Boston, NY - NJ and Chicago)

**Graciela Martinez (Herron), 11/29/04**

**RE: Meals**

When we were boycotting at Safeway in San Francisco, I was the house cook for a while. I was not good at seeking out food, but if you put it in front of me I could usually figure out something to cook - lessons learned from my mother, who could take 1/2 pound of carne and make a delicious meal for 10 out of it. I enjoyed that, and I believe that's what gave rise to my interest in cooking. I still love to cook for large groups, and love to show off my beautiful flour tortillas that were also thoroughly enjoyed with peanut butter dripping out of them. Was anybody on this project part of that San Francisco effort?

**Alberto Escalante, 11/29/04 (1)**

**RE: Meals 2 (Out of the Kitchen and into "The Game")**

To All,

Recently Abby Rivera told of a romantic little interlude when a suitor, now her husband, cooked a meal for them to share. Besides being very sweet and romantic, it was actually quite a prudent thing for him to do. Because, unfortunately, one of the very first things that I discovered after moving to La Paz was that on \$5 a wk. a person couldn't go to the Keene Market for a cheeseburger and french fries more than once a week or it would mean financial ruin, putting a severe crimp into his/her finances. I once thought that the Keene Market made the very best cheeseburgers and french fries in the entire world! But then everything seemed to taste better if you've had to cook or eat communal meals with a group of people who were mostly vegetarians and/or vegans! Remember, Cesar being a vegetarian made Vegetarianism something rather du rigor in certain circles at La Paz.....

**The Hospital & The various Kitchens.....**If you lived in the singles housing (otherwise known as the Hospital) you were assigned to a communal kitchen where you could put your food or contribute an agreed upon "fair share" which entitled you to eat whatever it was that your kitchen group prepared that evening. The food was usually good, simple and plain and tended to be budget minded since the person who prepared it knew the food supply had to last until the next time someone could go to either Tehachapi, Arvin-Lamont or Bakersfield.

**Me, Meat & the Vegetarians:** Whenever I cooked a meat dish or a steak I felt as if I was getting many disgruntled looks and angry scowls. I imagined that the vegetarians resented the fact that I was cooking meat and fouling up their meat free environment. And it made me appreciate the fact that at that time La Paz was a peace loving community. Most of the people were really pretty nice and gentle and would try to organize me into becoming a vegetarian by telling me that "Eating meat is the cause of all evil and violence..." Others wouldn't be quite as tactful and they'd cover their nose and mouth with a cloth if they had to come into the kitchen while I was cooking or eating a meat dish. Other kitchens weren't as radical in their approach to what other people ate, as long as they kept the kitchen clean and

**As Long As The Dishes Were Washed!:** Alas, there were some people who didn't share the same feelings about having a hygienic, sanitary & healthy cooking and eating facility. It's a miracle that there wasn't an outbreak of Hepatitis, Salmonella or something similar, for if there had been it would've seriously hampered the day to day workings of the union, since La Paz really was the hub of all UFW operations, and so, if a kitchen became unsanitary it the responsibility of all those who were using it to make sure that it was kept clean. The same with the toilets, baths & shower areas. I took part in a couple of "full scale clean-ups" of the hospital, or the singles living area, when I was there. It often took more than just 1 day!

**When the Kitchens became Party Rooms:** Sometimes people just needed to relax and forget about the latest crisis happening in La Paz or the UFW. And just "Party Down!" So, we'd use somebody's (pre-Boom Box) Radio/ Phonograph/ Cassette player & the Kitchen became Party Central. The movie "Saturday Night Fever" had been popular and was in a way responsible for the Disco Scene that was really in vogue.(That really dates this letter, huh?) But, after a week or so of grueling 10-12 hour work days of doing monotonous paper work, nothing was quite as much fun as just "kicking it!" Dancing all night with a bunch of your friends in the friendly confines of one of the Communal Kitchens (and the Hallways) We ate, drank and partied the night away. In a way it was, unbeknownst to any of the revelers there, the beginning of the end. Soon there'd be a

sickness, something so insidious it would destroy the La Paz that we were enjoying that evening, and replace all of the happiness and joy felt by the residents of our Utopia with intimidation, paranoia & the actual fear of unjust reprisals. All because of what would soon become known as "**The Game**".....

To Cres, Norma, Cathy Murphy & Tom (we had fun while it lasted...)

Alberto Escalante

**Alberto Escalante, 11/29/04 (2)**

**RE: The Beginning of the End**

This is a continuation of my earlier email,

Yes, besides partying sometimes we talked about the current politics at La Paz, and since I wasn't actually a resident, only a "temporary guest" who was there in-between my next assignment I never really felt as threatened as the people who lived there full time. But, because I was a member of the Organizing Committee I always knew that whatever was affecting the people in La Paz would sooner or later find its way into the policies that affected those of us in Organizing too! And although I was never someone who was considered a resident of La Paz, but more like someone on R&R, I still could feel the tension growing tighter and more obvious. And, I would hear about the fears and worries about spies being everywhere. And each time I'd go to La Paz on business or another assignment I noticed that certain people who'd either been popular or somewhat controversial were gone! Then we started to feel the same weirdness within the Organizing Committee, which up till then had been rather autonomous. Governed by our own people. But by 1977 we no longer felt like we were as united and as we'd once been, or as free to talk about the problems and worries like the "Big Brother" syndrome that was beginning to preoccupy everything and everybody. We considered ourselves rather like Spartans, ready to die for what we believed!

But that was before the madness started by "The Game" infected what had once truly been a benevolent, healthy and sane leadership. It wasn't very long until we experienced the first of the witch hunts, purges and "Kangaroo Courts" that took place within our group. It began in Coachella when 3 female and 1 male organizer were "brought up" on charges of attempting a mutiny, by complaining about not having enough of a "Democracy" within the ranks, and their feelings that there was sexual discrimination taking place within the Organizing Committee.

Needless to say they were all fired. But first they were humiliated by a "panel" of Judges. It was all very surreal, with the oppressive heat outside. Yet we were all gathered inside a hot, vacant and dirty storefront that had recently been rented for our daily Organizers meetings. Up in front sitting at a long table were the Judges; Eliseo Medina, Director of the Coachella Field office, Jim Drake, Marshall Ganz, Ben Maddocks and Artie Rodriguez. I believe that Jessica Govea was present but she wasn't a part of the Inquisition. Looking back at it now I suppose it was just an attempt by the leadership at "nipping the problem in the bud" or an example of the "Zero-Tolerance" policy that was now in effect regarding anyone & anybody who thought they had the right to complain or voice their opinion or objection about the policies of the hierarchy and leadership of the union. I regret that I didn't have the guts to say that what was taking place was just as bad as the intimidation that the ranchers and farmers used to oppress the farmworkers. Because that was the hypocrisy of that entire episode, supposedly we were telling the campesinos that we were the liberators of the oppressed & downtrodden workers. But in reality we had less rights than the people who we were supposedly liberating!

It made no sense then and still makes me wonder why we blew it by letting it happen!

Alberto Escalante

(p.s. Doug, you were there, do you remember the names of the organizers who got axed?)

**Marshall Ganz, 11/29/04**

**RE: The Beginning of the End**

Good call, Alberto, and a good memory. I think Phyllis Holbrook was the organizer whom we accused of a variety of the "sins" you mentioned. And, yes, we were all part of it, caught up in the management by purging approach rather than simply meeting with Phyllis, one on one, talking about what her concerns were, seeing if they could be addressed or not, etc. This was the spring of 1977 but we were already caught up in the paranoia. Marshall

**Deborah Vollmer, 11/29/04**

**RE: Meals**

All,

I do remember the fish soup! And I loved it, but I confess that I would always look for the pieces of fish, other than the head. This was O.K., as I was dating Philip Vera Cruz, and he didn't mind the heads, in fact he was used to them. So if there was a fish head in my soup, with those eyes, I would give it to Philip.

I first enjoyed Filipino cooking at the Schenley Camp; later at Agbayani Village. Philip and I grew closer together and became a couple, and we lived together, in Rich Grove, Delano, and later in Bakersfield. I never liked to cook, but Philip's cooking was great. Whenever he asked me what I would like him to cook, I almost always had the same answer-- chicken adobo! And what's that strong-tasting, fishy sauce that came in several varieties--I think it was called bagoong, but I probably have the spelling wrong. I loved that stuff--the stronger the taste, the better!

Deborah Vollmer  
1973-1976 Legal Department, La Paz and Delano (mostly)

**Jerry Kay, 11/29/04**

**RE: meals**

Okay, you got my food memories going, now.

My first union meal; October, 1969, I hitch-hiked from LA to Delano, Filipino Hall to 'check out' and 'help out'. The first thing the Filipino guys asked was, had I eaten-- and they gave me a big bowl of thick and delicious potato soup in the kitchen. I felt right at home since they cared whether I had been fed. Three days later I drove with Dolores to San Francisco and stayed a week at the 'Folsom Prison' house. A fellow named Ray made us chile rellenos, the first time I had ever seen them cooked, not to mention by a guy. Also it was the first time I ever saw or ate 'Top Ramen.'

Next door to the Oakland boycott house, next to the freeway, lived Alma. Those of you who were there will remember her. She entertained a select group of gentlemen callers, and taught me how to make corn bread. Then there was Feliciano Candido, a manong boycotter in Oakland who cooked us a Filipino dinner of rice and lumpia and whatever else and taught us how to eat with our fingers while sitting on the floor. I spent most of the next year in New York City on the Grape Boycott, and used whatever limited left-over cash I had to eat black beans and saffron rice at Puerto Rican restaurants at 65 cents a plate. Never grew tired of it. After the boycott, my first day as a farm worker, I worked for a Watsonville family, campesinos, who had a small plot they put into zucchini and tomatoes. I cut zucchinis until I was so hot, tired and full of zucchini 'stickers' I almost collapsed. So they treated me to a special lunch right there in the fields: goat's head and fresh tacos. I had a tough time trying to swallow the meat that we just picked right off the skull. But I had a tougher time when they gave me the honor of eating a roasted eyeball. I did it, though.

Living in La Posada camp in Salinas, the first sounds every morning were the radio followed by the heavy pounding and rolling of fresh flour tortillas by the daughters. I hated the wake-up, loved the food. The moms of the households sent me off each morning with fresh burritos (though they called them 'tacos') of chile, stew, or eggs and potatoes rolled up in tin foil and placed in a wide thermos to keep warm, along with a frozen soda wrapped in foil which thawed to a perfect cold by lunchtime.

During the '73 strikes in Salinas we got hundreds of pounds of eggs, beans, potatoes, tortillas and drinks donated and organized a corps of strikers to make fresh tacos to be delivered out to the picket lines. As Napoleon (I think) said, "An army crawls on its belly."

On the Florida boycott, near Homestead I helped make tamales but we started by slaughtering a small pig. That wasn't pleasant. The tamales were great. In all my six union years one of my regrets was not paying more attention to the food being cooked, and the techniques and especially the unusual ingredients.

But my family is supposed to get together before Christmas with a long-time Chavista family from my Salinas days to make tamales--don't think we'll be slaughtering the pig.

Jerry Kay ('69-75)

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/29/04 (1)**

**RE: Meals 2 (Out of the Kitchen and into "The Game")**

Hello Escalante, Graciela, Glenn and All:

The first time I ate mussels was at the Filipino Hall. Fish head soup never upset me but the mussels were a mystery to me until the Filipino brothers taught me how to open them or I might have attempted biting into one. Later, when I was working in L.A. someone who loved clams invited me to eat seafood. I felt worldly, sophisticated ready to show off my skill. Big disappointment. His idea of eating clams was in a chowder already shelled. Then, they brought out the lobster. *I stared at my plate stumped; where were the brothers when I needed them?*

I recall doing those clean-up assignments at the hospital. Once I thought I'd be smart and put a lot of suds on the floor. Big mistake. Rushing through my chore (literally running with the mop down the hallway) I slipped and went flying up in the air, my arms flapping like crazy, and landed on my back knocking the air out of me. I can't recall who the volunteer was that witnessed this but he couldn't stop laughing for the longest time not to mention that he didn't come help me either. The "veggies" (I didn't know about vegans back then) eventually got their own kitchen at the end of wing closest to the gate which became our party-house. I remember it was great fun dancing and visiting with everyone but I never knew you were there, Escalante. You are right. The "game" did follow, but I also remember great parties and dances during that time, and a lot of weddings. Well, I especially remember mine that's for sure which means I survived my boyfriend's cooking. Later he assured me nothing spoiled had been added to the food and that he was just making polite conversation. Whew! All you volunteers out there, you might have come to my wedding if you were working for the union on January 20, 1979. If I remember correctly, we had a conference for all staff that week and many of you were still there if not living in La Paz already. Cathy Murphy? Are you the photographer who took my wedding pictures or am I confusing you with someone else? There were about 500 people who partied late into the night that day.

Before the game, people who had problems or concerns would ask for a meeting with Cesar. If anyone ever came to talk about or complain about someone to Cesar, that wasn't too bright if you thought it was going to be only between the two of you especially if it was a chisme (gossip). How Cesar handled it was by bringing both (or all) parties together. So if you believed you could talk about others it was a mistake because Cesar would listen to your entire story or immediately stop you. Either way, he would still call the other(s) in. Whatever you had to say was then said in their presence. What I could never understand is why people always kept running to Cesar with their problems instead of solving them on their own. Another option was to go to an immediate supervisor or director, but many chose to run to Cesar instead. When the "game" started it changed the dynamics of how problems got solved and people came with their chismes or complaints to the game. I never heard so much petty nonsense as I did in the games yet it had existed all along, i.e. he said, she said, he looked at me this way, she looked at her that way. he's not working, she's always late, etc. It was like watching a soap opera if you want to know the truth. How did Cesar ever handle it all before? The intention of the game was to help us deal with the day to day office work problems, petty or otherwise so we could become



more disciplined and work as a team. It was meant as a way to get rid of the issues that weren't allowing us to work well together. What happened at the beginning, though, was that so many people got freaked out before they knew what it was all about. Many started openly calling Cesar names, and those who were just beginning to play the "game" were looked upon by the non-gamers as being on a witch hunt. No one was out hunting anyone. What happened though, was that some who were not playing the game became very vocal and brought on the problems they were fearing. When someone early on in this Documentation Project was discussing the "game" he mentioned that some Synanon people had sat at his table; he said he felt that they were trying to "recruit" him. Believe me, no one in Synanon had any desire to recruit us. Some probably wished we would stop coming around. In reality, what they were doing was talking to him to find something to game him on later since they didn't know him from Adam; but their presence made him paranoid. The same thing happened at La Paz. The people that went early on to be trained in the game frightened those who had not gone yet. In a way, they became paranoid about what they imagined the game to be. Once everyone was trained in the "game" it lost its mystery. If you don't believe me, talk to some people and they will remember funny moments in the games but the first one and some at the beginning might have been very unsettling because of what we thought the game was about before we knew how to play it. It was that way for me. By the way, for those of you who have never played the game there were rules. I may be speaking to the choir since so many of you played the game. If you want to know more about the game, though, ask me off line and I will help take the mystery out of it for you. I don't believe the game was used for everything, by the way. I cannot speak for what happened in Coachella. People describe some meetings as games when that is not what they were. I left La Paz and the games continued. I believe with time I would have tired of them since Sr. Florence had put the Accounting Department into tip-top shape and there was nothing to complain about in my job. I believe Joaquin might agree with me in that. About the game, does anyone want to discuss "contracts"? That might be what turned a lot of people off to the game. sin mas/ abby/ r/d/lp

**Lorraine Agtang (Mascarinas) Greer, 11/29/04**

**RE: Meals**

Hello Glen and all,

Wasn't it Schenley Camp and part of White River Farms at the time at least in my memoria. Eating Tony Armington's food was a treat and the tradition was carried over to Agbayani Village where there were several cooks. Being half Filipino I continue to enjoy adobo and pork ribs. I remember my Dad and Uncle Pete would help the Manongs butcher goats and pigs another tradition I miss. And at Village you had all the vegetables you could eat from the gardens of the Manongs planted. There were great stories shared over lunch and dinner among the volunteers, visitors and Manongs. The holidays were especially memorable where all the people who needed a place to have a special meal with friends would come to the Village the Manongs loved the company.

I lived at the Union's Clinton house (with Abby and Debbie Renteria and my 3 children during the mid 70's) and we always cooked up meals for our many companeros, do you remember Abby. We would party and listen and sing the great songs of the seventies yes, fond memories. I was probably the main cook and we would eat Filipino, Mexican and what ever we could mix together. Back in those days there many volunteers who were all close and supported one another como familia against the then obnoxious growers and Teamsters. We worked hard and celebrated often.

Lorraine

1973-1977 Delano Grape Strike, Rodrigo Terronez Clinic, Agbayani Village, Farm Worker Elections

**Kathy Lynch Murguia, 11/29/04**

**RE: LIFE IN THE UFW - WHAT WE ATE**

From Kathy Murguia

Before the Chavistas joined with AWOC at the Filipino Hall, there was Fina and Julio's kitchen. I also recall Maria' Magana's Mom and Aunt helped out. The Huelgistas showed up at a Quonset hut not far from what is today the Forty Acres. We'd sit at a counter and the Hernandezs' dished up a plate of beans and sopa, together with a scoop of canned green beans or corn, with all of it doused with sauza. It topped most of my meals at the Coop in Berkeley where I had eaten in the past.

It was difficult to get into the heads of those who hustled food for the strike that "the farmworkers didn't eat pork and beans. Make it easy, send a sack of pinto beans. The food became an integral part of living and working together; the tortillas, the nopalitas, and then there was the first experience with Menudo. There was a conspiracy not to tell me what it was until I finished a bowl of it. The onions, the lemon juice, the cilantro, and then the delicious broth with garbanzos and ?. There was a tall guy who was part of El Teatro (usually played the Rancher) who never stopped talking about how he was duped into eating cow intestines. He embellished it each time he retold the story.

I remember once having a Jalapeno stand off with Cesar. The closer you got to the end of the chili, the more seeds it had and the hotter it got. Won't say who did the last bite. There was the capirozada (bread pudding, but much more) and the Tezwin that Amelia Cadena made for special occasions. Chicken gizzards with noodle shells that Lupe taught me to make along with Mole etc.

Lupe would tell me "como mejicano" he could put up with a lot...el trabajo, un contratista, el carcel, la pobreza, etc. but one thing that's most difficult to put up with is not having tortillas, frijoles, sopa, y chile. Comida simple pero comida de los reyes de la tierra.

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/29/04 (2)**

**RE: Meals**

Yes, Lorraine, but do you remember what I did to that poor watermelon that one time when I was starving? By the way, I love to use my white rice like a tortilla to pick up my food. A wonderful skill I learned from you. All of it was good: good food, good friends, warm hearth!!! sin mas/abby/ r/d/lp

**Vickie Lopez, 11/30/04**

**RE: Meals 2**

When I lived at La Paz, I was part of the "Veggie kitchen" for a couple of years between 1977 and 1981 and although I had been a meat-eater prior to joining the veggie kitchen, I never ate so well as there. The hospital was not just for single people. Quite a few couples lived there too, including Marco and I. The Cooperriders were part of our kitchen and Mrs. Cooperrider (can't remember her first name) made the best homemade bread on a regular basis. She also made her own yogurt. Each person assigned to the kitchen had to cook about once every 10 days. There was a schedule posted so each of us knew when we were assigned. It required some planning as we had to purchase the ingredients in advance. Everyone tried to out-do the others by cooking up the most sumptuous meals. Whenever Cesar had a surprise visit from someone special, he would bring his guest to our kitchen for dinner, because he knew they would get a great meal. I recall Assemblyman Tom Hayden and other VIPs eating at our kitchen. I also recall Ramona (?) frying or sautéing these really hot Serrano chilies for Cesar. He would come into the kitchen and eat a whole plate of them at one sitting. They were so hot my eyes cried whenever I walked into the kitchen while she was cooking them. They called them "red devils." We never lacked for food at La Paz because we all had food stamps and when we combined our resources we did pretty well. I didn't do so well when I traveled to New York for a couple of weeks to set up Cesar's press conferences and media interviews in 1979 during the strike. Our daily food allowance was something like \$2.00 per day. Unfortunately, the person I stayed with was single man who did not cook and was never home, so I ate two pizza slices a day for those two weeks. I was so glad to get back to La Paz.

Victoria Lopez

La Paz and Salinas 1977-1981

**Alberto Escalante, 11/30/04 (1)**

**RE: Meals 2 (Out of the Kitchen and into "The Game")**

In a message dated 11/29/2004 . . . [Abby Flores Rivera] asked the question:

*About the game, does anyone want to discuss "contracts"? That might be what turned a lot of people off to the game.*

Hermana,

Sure, after so many years of hearing about the "Koo-Kooey" aspect of The Game, it would be refreshing to hear about it from someone like yourself who seems to have had little or no difficulty with The Game. Unlike the majority of reports I've received from many others who played or claimed to know about the inner and group dynamics of the game. And they seem to put great emphasis on it being one of the key factors for the eventual fall from grace of many of the "old" Legal Department, lots of Left wing or progressive trade unionists as well as a few others who refused to play and thus were soon gone from the union. As for Cathy Murphy, she was/is a true artist with her camera. I believe she is living in Arizona, where she manages some property for her son. The last time I saw her and Big Tony was at CEC's funeral where our eyes made contact and it was immediately "abrazo time." She has been a good friend from the very first time I saw her in the Santa Barbara, CA. area when I was doing advance work on the statewide March of 1975. She asked if I could arrange for her to meet with CEC's people ("Radar" Marc Grossman & Richard Ybarra) so she could take a "few" quick photos of Cesar for the Santa Barbara newspaper she was working for at the time. She was allowed to take a few photos of Cesar w/ Boycott and Huelga plus a few others, and she later asked if she could tag along on the march for a few miles. Well, those few miles turned into a few years with her eventually moving to La Paz where she lived in the first of the little apartments near Cesar and Helens house, the ones that face the road that goes out to where the trailers are. She set up a Photo Lab in the old Taller Grafico print shop where she worked w/ Paul Chavez and Emilio Huerta...and yours truly (for about a month)

Yes, we probably did "Bump" into each other at La Paz and never knew it...

Alberto Escalante 2004

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/30/04 (1)**

**RE: Meals 2 (Out of the Kitchen and into "The Game")**

Dear Escalante,

From your tone I gather you are being sarcastic. Am I wrong or is it a little tongue-in-cheek humor that I should find engaging? Please ask me again, without all the curlicues so J can be sure you are making a serious request because I am nobody's mensa. I don't believe I have ever been anything but straight with you in all the discussions we have shared but find this new twist a little unexpected from a so-called "amigo", hermano. Just the same, in your vast experience with all those who were affected by the "game" it is amazing no one mentioned "contracts" to you since they seemed to be so vocal about everything else. sin mas/ abby c/s and you know what that means vato!

**Terry Carruthers (Vasquez) Scott, 11/30/04**

**RE: Meals 2**

Hi Vicky and all:

Rosemary was Mrs. Cooperrider's first name. For a while ('78-79), the Service Center office was in the hospital wing just outside the Veggie kitchen, and we would get so hungry smelling that fresh bread baking!!! Rosemary even wrote out the recipe for me one time, but I just checked my pantry and seem to have misplaced it :-(. Ramona Holguin was the person who used to saute the chilis-- she sure could eat them hot!

The spontaneous parties were one of the best things about the union-- we knew how to work hard and play hard both! To me, the laughs and good times together are what really made people want to stick around-- you can have all the dedication in the world to working for positive change, but enjoying the people you're working with and being able to kick back and laugh and dance and be silly together is what keeps you buoyed up during the hard times....

Terry (Vasquez) Scott  
1973-1988 Boycott (LA, Seattle, St. Louis, Kansas City, Detroit), La Paz (Cesar's Staff, NFWSC, Financial Management)

**Kate Colwell, 11/30/04**

**RE: What we ate and who cooked it.**

Fun to read the tributes to the good cooks and good food as well as the weird and bad food we ate. Nearly 30 years later, every time I stand at the stove and make "spanish rice" (less frequently now, as the pounds just won't come off), I remember the people who taught me to cook in the Union. There were many campesina and campesino cooks, in multiple boycott houses, but it was Kathy Murguia who taught me to make spanish rice; an essential "comida mejicana".

Salvador had just been born and one of my joyous tasks as a "health worker" in the Delano clinic, was to go do home visits for moms and babes as we sent them home so soon after a birth at the clinic. So Kathy must have been about 2 or 3 days after giving birth, and there she was, standing at the stove and making time to teach me step by step how to make good spanish rice... fry it dry (I'd never seen that before), add the tomato etc.the water, cover.....eat.

Thanks Kathy and everyone for the camaraderie (and the food)!

Kate Colwell  
LA Boycott, and several clinics 73-76

**Donna Haber Kornberg, 11/30/04**

**RE: Meals**

I certainly do remember -- opening the pot and finding my dinner staring up at me! I quite liked the rice, but couldn't bring myself to eat the fishheads. I (together with a few other volunteers) lived instead on donated jars of peanut butter, but if I remember correctly, it was only on Fridays that the fishheads were served.

Best,

Donna Haber Kornberg

**Doug Adair, 11/30/04**

**RE: Purges and discipline**

In a message dated 11/29/04 . . . [Alberto Escalante] writes:

*It wasn't very long until we experienced the first of the witch hunts, purges and "Kangaroo Courts" that took place within our group. It began in Coachella when 3 female and 1 male organizer were 'brought up' on charges of attempting a mutiny, by complaining about not having enough of a "Democracy" within the ranks, and their feelings that there was sexual discrimination taking place within the Organizing Committee.*

*Needless to say they were all fired. But first they were humiliated by a "panel" of Judges. It was all very surreal, with the oppressive heat outside. \* \* \* \**

*It made no sense then and still makes me wonder why we blew it by letting it happen!*

*Alberto Escalante*

*(p.s. Doug, you were there, do you remember the names of the organizers who got axed?)*

Dear Albert and all,

The organizer (only one, I think) asked to leave was Phyllis Hasbrouk, I think originally from Chicago and now living in Madison (probably has e-mail), but the issue was complicated, and I never completely understood what was coming down.

One of the most bitter organizing campaigns in Coachella was against Harry Carian and Sons, with the grower's son, Bobby, and another thuggish Bobby (Castro?), general foreman, initiating attacks on organizers, pickups and tractors ramming cars and running down organizers, lots of violence... When I went in to that meeting, I was clueless as to what was happening, but apparently one of the female organizers, Liz Carpenter, had been attacked (sexually molested? raped? something serious), out at the Carian ranch, but had not gone to the police (her decision? Eliseo's?)..... and Phyllis began talking about (organizing?) among the other women, talking about protection, the women working together to provide better security. As I pieced it together later, the charge was that she was meeting secretly (i.e. males, leadership, not included?), organizing a caucus, a faction, internal and organized criticism of the leadership behind their backs, without them being able to respond? It was one of those rare times (only time?) I questioned something Eliseo did during the campaign, and we were all so busy, we just hurried back to work, wondering "what was that all about?".... later, Debbie clued me in about Liz, and the concerns of some of the women.... I don't think anyone else was asked to leave.

To tell the truth, I found Eliseo very open to criticism, a diversity of opinions, tolerant of all kinds of idiosyncrasies, got us all pulling together. He got so much work out of us in that campaign, juggled so many competing demands and agendas. For all my lifelong struggle against "bosses," working for him, and also for Gil Padilla, and Jerry Cohen (and Richie Ross in the Philly lettuce Boycott), all were really inspiring experiences for this eternal Malcriado.

And the First Purge goes back, way back, to 1966, after the merger with the AFL-CIO. Donna Haber was involved in that, as were Eddie Frankel and Ida Cousino and Ellie Riszco, all suddenly gone, what had happened? It had been my impression that Riszco was the only one "asked to leave" (by Cesar, personally?). As it was hashed over in People's Cafe, Eddie and Ida (and Donna and Luis Valdez?) all felt strongly negative about the merger, saw George Meany and the AFL as part of the problem, not part of the solution, continued to talk against the decision after it was made.... and Cesar asked them if they thought it was time for them to leave, that there were many opportunities to participate in the struggle, continuing to help us, but off staff, or in the civil rights or anti-war struggle, but that the time for criticism of that decision was over....and they left of their own free will... I bought that argument. I had been in favor of the merger as the only way to unite the two unions, and got the impression that Cesar and Padilla and the leadership had cut a pretty good deal, preserved a lot of our independence. Nobody defended Meany, except maybe Bill Kircher, and even he spoke of Meany with a wry smile...

(There was also a conspiracy theory, that Sam Kushner, the Commie, had given a party at which all of the conspirators plus Dolores were present; and that Dolores reported back to Cesar that they were all talking about world revolution and such, and that that led to their being purged.... but I think the prevalent feeling in Delano in 1966 was that we were part of the world revolutionary movement, and that Meany could be more of a threat to our movement than were the Marxists, because he had power, like the Teamsters, to split and divide the farm worker movement if he so choose. People like Phillip Veracruz were revolutionaries, but for the merger...)

I've loved the memories of food, many things I've wanted to comment on, but have been all wrapped up in the date harvest (mostly in), picking, sorting, packing, shipping... anyone interested in delicious, organically grown dates, e-mail and I'll send you an order form and spam about our farm....

And an apology to Leroy, my dissing you as the union's Savonarola brought out many well deserved kudos for all the contributions you made to the struggle. I'll now always think of you as the movement's Quetzalcoat! (with feathers?) And so many thanks for putting this together, and keeping it going this long, with gentle nudges, with comments that generated heated responses...

Viva la Causa,

Doug Adair, "El Malcriado, 1965-1970

Termal, Ca

**Abby Flores Rivera, 11/30/04 (2)**

**RE: Contracts**

Brother Escalante,

Here goes as promised:

Having a "contract" is being in cahoots with someone on something and making an attempt to keep it from the rest. Before the game, people pretty much got away with a lot of things but we didn't know because we didn't talk to each other to the degree that we did later in the games. *Contracts* became noticeable though when we all got to talking to one another in the games. They brought to light the fact that some staff enjoyed wandering around doing creative disappearing acts to keep from working or loved gallivanting from one office to another poking their nose into other people's business or had an insatiable desire, like a reporter, to know everything that was going on in the union but too impatient to wait for a regular meeting to find out, etc. They did all this instead of being at their own desk doing their own work. Go figure; as if we didn't have enough work to keep us busy. I guess you could also call them disorganizers and rearrangers because they always seemed to be full of great ideas for doing things although no one was asking. Shoo! Go back to your own office. Although, some just went on long walks to avoid work. Hope this answers your request. sin mas, abby/ r/d/lp

**Nonie Fuller (Lomax) Graddy, 11/30/04**

**RE: Meals 2**

My memory re: Cesar and chili is a little different. I cooked his meals while he was in Jail in Salinas. Dr Lackner "prescribed" soy beans for Cesar since he was so weak from the previous summer's fast. The Sheriff refused to provide special meals for him but said that they could be brought in. Dr. Lackner enlisted me to cook and take two meals a day to the Jail for Cesar. Everything I cooked had to have soybeans in it. To me the soybeans were very bland and I made up for it with lots of chili. I made tofu enchiladas (with a couple of soybeans on each end to pass), soybean patties with mushroom gravy, and several other things I have forgotten. I also invented a dish of soybeans and calabasa (I was told that Cesar loved zucchini) with lots of fresh jalapenos for flavor. The next day when I delivered the his meals and picked up the containers from the previous day, there was a note from Cesar: "Please Nonie not so much chili."

My fondest memory of Cesar is his cooking pancakes in the La Paz Kitchen with me for the Auto workers. My crew and I were up early to get breakfast ready and Cesar walked in about the time the first people came in for breakfast. Cesar took over the griddle. He got such a kick out of their surprise to see him cooking.

Nonie

Salinas, San Luis, La Paz

**Alberto Escalante, 11/30/04 (2)**

**RE: Purges and discipline**

In a message dated 11/30/2004 . . . [Doug Adair] writes:

*One of the most bitter organizing campaigns in Coachella was against Harry Carian and Sons, with the grower's son, Bobby, and another thuggish Bobby (Castro?), general foreman, initiating attacks on organizers, pickups and tractors ramming cars and running down organizers, lots of violence*

Yikes!

I can attest to violence during that [Harry Carian] campaign! I wrote about it in one of my very 1st posts to the listserve months ago. There was that occasion that Artie Rodriguez asked me to go along with him on and act as a witness in case anything happened...HA! Little did I know that that

Coked-out Bobby Carian was going to try and kill our Valiant with his tractor. That Sucker center punched my side of the car. All the time that the fool is trying to turn the car over on its side, or roll us over, Artie (Arturo) is trying to get me to calm down and to act as if nothing was happening "Calm down Alberto, calm down and act as if nothing happened...Or else the workers will get intimidated and won't want to talk to us!" All I could do was sort of talk out of the side of my mouth that the workers couldn't see and ask him, "Artie? What do you mean ACT NORMAL? That jerk is trying to KILL US!!" To which he said something like "OK, Just wave to the workers then.." Because of that little altercation I can say with little or no doubt that Artie Rodriguez "Es un hombre con muchos cajones!" I think by the time we were able to extricate our buns out there I'd probably lost 3 of my 9 lives. I think I finished a 5 page declaration which we took to the ALRB. It was a couple of days later that I was able to stop my stuttering and nervous twitching. Although having to drive by their packing shed 2 or 3 times a day wasn't a happy-happy period for me. And I still duck when I drive by it on the way to the Imperial Valley! That why I think Bobby Carian is a Poster Child for that movie "Deliverance" Way inbred. I asked Artie about that incident when I saw him at Lupe Murguia's retirement party and we both had a good laugh. Those were some great times or, as that book starts, "Those were the best of times and they were worst of times!" Thanks for reminding me about it again, Doug! And can you email me an order for some dates, please. \* \* \* \*

Como Siempre, Tu Hermano,

Alberto Escalante 2004

### **Kathy Lynch Murguia, 11/30/04**

#### **RE: Meals**

Damn...my brain is slipping. I said garbanzos and I meant hominy (white no less). Well, it gives me a chance to talk about the food in Rio Grande City Texas. The year was 1967. What was different were the corn tortillas and Irene Chandler's efforts to advice the cooks to cut the lard. But it was the lard that gave the eggs the crispiness and the tortillas their seeming bulk, and they were tasty. Frijoles refritos etc., Kate, I could never bring myself to use lard in my own cooking, but truly it added to both the texture and the taste. Does anyone know the story about adobo? The varied ways to provide the basics? No one need answer and spoil the dream.

Hepatitis has been mentioned in relation to the hospital kitchens. Well, it was a school cafeteria in Tehachapi that almost did my family in. Carolyn Purcells, your recall was memory provoking. It began with Ana I believe, and then one by one we all succumbed, and were summarily quarantined by the Kern County Health Department after the school reported on our plague. I felt so alone but for the visits by you and others from the Health Group. Kate were you around? Finally someone sent word to Lupe and he returned from the organizing campaign in Coachella and immediately went to the Keene Creek and harvested bunches of Estafiate. He cooked up a tea and all of us drank cup after cup of the unsavory brew. We all recovered and forever had to report on the episode in our medical history. Joaquin was hit the hardest. His liver was severely damaged. Never again to donate blood for all of us. Yes Carolyn, I looked into the jaundiced faces of my kids with their wonderful eyes sunken in yellow pools and despaired. Thanks for coming to visit.\\That's what being a huelgista was all about. Walking into hell and doing what one could/

Si Se Puede. Kathy Murguia

### **Hope Lopez Fierro, 11/30/04**

#### **RE: The beginning of the end.**

Hi Gang:

This is the worst week in the year to send a sane, rational message, Mercury is retrograde, you see. Be that as it may. I cannot allow you to close the door on this madness without giving credit to all those godly, saintly persons across the country who gave of themselves to support the farm workers.

Yes. I'm referring to all those Friends of the Farm Workers, the Farm worker Committees. In Philadelphia - the Neighborly State, I could not have functioned without the help, the moral, physical and financial support, the food, the clothing, the picket lines, the confrontations, the sit ins, the fasts, that were a part of being neighborly

I'm referring to upper middle class and very rich persons, who had no reason to leave their comfort and personal stresses to take on the hunger and poverty clear across the country, and yet they found a maniacal satisfaction in taking on the rich and powerful in Cahleeforrneea [ apologies to our fearless governor] .

I'm referring to the students who found that organizing grapes off the markets and school cafeterias was on- the- job training, and better than sitting on a hard bench and listening to some boring rich white instructor speak about poverty in the ghetto.

I'm referring to the sweet little old lady, who apologized because she had to cross the picket line in front of the chain store under attack, " I support farm workers, I promise you I'm not going to buy grapes, but this is the closest market to my place and I have to walk. I'm just going to buy a dozen eggs." Of course she was given a ride to another market, and back home.

I'm referring to the Boycott coordinators of the various committees, who used their imagination in coming up with more and more unique ways to stop the grapes from Califas.

I'm referring to the militant Black lady, who kicked the door down in a market and insisted that those grapes just bloody well be trashed. Or else. An offer the grocer couldn't refuse.

I'm referring to the United Auto Workers, who brought us a truck full of groceries the day before Thanksgiving and Tonia Saludado, Carolina Franco, my kids Val and David, and I were fasting. Much of that food was still stocked in the basement when I left the following July.

I'm referring to Lilli Sprintz, who came home with a van full of clothes that a cleaning establishment had donated, fashionable clothes that their rich owners did not have time to pick up. Tonia, Caro and I inherited the clothes. Everyday we tried out a new model. When I left there were still clothes hanging on the racks, never been used. Doug Adair and Tom Dalzell slept with such luxurious clothes in the basement.

Thank you to the Unions, the students, the Political Caucus ladies, the Jewish Labor Council, American Jewish Women's groups, the umpteen different churches, the ministers, the priests, the nuns, The Friends, The Peace and Freedom ladies, and on and on and on.

Mil Gracias.

Hope Lopez – Philadelphia Boycott – 1968 - 1970

#### **Khati Hendry, 11/30/04**

##### **RE: farmworker cookbook**

Speaking of food still, I was packing and came across an ancient copy of the Farmworker Cookbook, which I must have obtained in California in the early 70's. It has a picture of a woman with a scarf, and the aguila.

Khati Hendry

#### **Jeff Sweetland, 11/30/04**

##### **RE: The Beginning of the End**

In an email dated 11/29/04, Alberto Escalante wrote:

*I regret that I didn't have the guts to say that what was taking place was just as bad as the intimidation that the ranchers and farmers used to oppress the farmworkers. Because that was the hypocrisy of that entire episode, supposedly we were telling the campesinos that we were the liberators of the oppressed & downtrodden workers. But in reality we had less rights than the people who we were supposedly liberating!*



I was still at LA Legal when the call came down from Jerry Cohen in April 1978 ordering all members of the Legal Department to go to La Paz the following Saturday for the first of several mandatory weekly Games. People came from the field offices as well that day, including from as far away as San Ysidro, all to join in the Game. At the regathering after that morning's Game, Cesar instructed all of us to say nothing about the Game to the farm workers because they would not understand it.

Jeff Sweetland

1975-1978

Long Beach boycott, Calexico, LA Legal, Salinas Legal