

Bonnie Burns Chatfield 1965–1973

Summer of 1965

Little coincidences lead to lifetime consequences. I was a 23-year-old English teacher at St. Paul's High School in San Francisco's Mission District, and I loved my job. The summer before, I had traveled in Europe, but after my father's death from lung cancer in November I was looking for something "meaningful" to do during the summer break. My father had preached civil rights years before I'd heard of Martin Luther King, Jr., and had often been a legal advocate on behalf of the poor. And, like thousands of others of my generation and politics, I had been moved by John F. Kennedy's words "Ask not...but what you can do for your country."

Sister Michael David, head of the English department and my teaching mentor, told me about a summer teaching project in Bakersfield. She had served on several high-school evaluation committees with Brother Gilbert (BG), formerly in San Francisco, but now vice principal of the Christian Brothers' Garces High School in Bakersfield. BG had organized Saturday schools for farmworker children in the area, using high school students as the children's teachers. It was a novel concept at the time. The summer project was an expansion of the program. It would run for eight weeks and serve many more farmworker children in "Negro" and "Mexican" areas. BG was recruiting student teachers from several Catholic high schools throughout the state, as well as master teachers to direct. The second weekend in May, I drove to Bakersfield to meet BG and get more information. My former college roommate and her family, large cotton growers and conservative Italian Catholics, were most hospitable.

BG took me to Willie and Clementine's small farmworker house on Cottonwood Road. Willie and Clementine, in soft but proud voices, explained the hard work and economic uncertainty for potato pickers. Willie and Clementine wanted education for their children. I was touched. I was moved. I was ready to work on the Cottonwood Road project.

In the San Joaquin Valley heat of mid-June, I drove to Bakersfield in my spiffy little blue Mustang and reported in at Garces High School, where all of us would live in classrooms that had been converted to dorms.

But I had not been assigned to Cottonwood Road. In the month since I'd signed up, a new project with Mexican farmworker children had been added, in a town named Delano (pronounced with the accent on the long "a"). I, of course, had passed through Delano on my way to Bakersfield, but it hadn't registered. BG had met a Mexican-American organizer, formerly with the Community Services Organization in San Jose and Los Angeles and now trying to build a farmworker organization in Delano. It was called the National Farm Workers Association. Cesar Chavez had asked BG if they could have a summer project for their kids. With BG and some other teachers, I drove 32 miles north on Highway 99, turned west on Garces Highway and went to Cesar's "office." (My idea of offices were the

San Francisco buildings in the Financial District.) Cesar was soft-spoken and articulate, answering what were probably very naïve questions. My first meeting was absolutely inauspicious. However, my original disappointment at not working with Willie and Clementine's community disappeared. It was long after when I realized the deciding factor in my assignment to Delano had been my reliable blue Mustang.

Because Delano had not been a preplanned summer school, those of us on the "staff," especially the professional teachers, began organizing to locate a site, supplies, volunteers, and food. I walked up and down Main Street, to grocery stores, restaurants, and small businesses, explaining our "summer project" for farmworker kids: Our outdoor summer school would be held in Memorial Park, on the east side; could they help with food, supplies, or money? In the early summer of 1965, the response of the small business community in Delano was positive and generous. The wives and mothers of the NFWA were the support base, and their children and the children of their friends and neighbors were the students. Sally Chavez, Richard's wife, and her sister Alice Jimenez, as well as their friends and neighbors, prepared lunch every day in the park.

The Chavez children and their extended family—Anna, Titibet, Bobo, and Birdie (who cried every morning because like many little ones he preferred not to be in school), and their Chavez cousins, Becky and Suzie—were in the summer school program. So were the Huertas: Fidel, Emilio, Vincent, and Alicia. Peanuts was too young. Helen didn't work at the park because she was running the NFWA credit union. Polly, (Fernando), Sylvia, Linda, and Eloise were too old for the classes. But I knew them and liked them immediately. The mothers called their children *mija* and *mijo*, terms of endearment meaning "mine." I heard such love and patience and kindness in those words.

I can't remember how or when I first met Dolores (Huerta). But one midday, she arrived at the park and asked me if I could drive her out to "the roses." I was clueless but willing because Dolores was so innocently persuasive, I took a break, got in my car, and drove out to some fields (acres of tree roses) where some kind of work stoppage was under way. She needed me because I was absolutely unknown (and a blonde at the time). I'm not sure today why we drove out there or what we accomplished, but that's how Dolores and I became friends.

For me, the farmworker connection began that summer, with the women and the children. I loved them then and was blessed because in the years to come I would know them better and become a part of their lives, and certainly they would be part of mine.

Strike Begins

I returned to my English teaching at St. Paul's High School in San Francisco, but of course I was not the same person. I had friends who were farmworkers. I understood their hard work, intolerable working conditions, and struggle to make ends meet. (I should mention that as part of the orientation prior to teaching farmworker children, we'd all been required

to spend a day working in the fields. Up before light, a ride to the fields where I signed up and took a place. I picked potatoes in the traditional manner—a large belt around my waist, a potato sack with the open end in front and the rest of the sack to the back between my legs, bent over, clawing the potatoes from the moist earth into the mouth of the sack, and moving more and more slowly as the sack became heavier. Because the earth was so moist and clung to the potatoes, the boss called off the picking at noon. I was so, so grateful. But I wasn't supporting a family with my earnings. The other workers lost half a day's wages.)

Toward the end of September, all the summer project participants received a letter from Brother Gilbert, who had enrolled at USC to get a master's degree in social work. The letter informed us that the NFWA had joined their Filipino brothers who belonged to the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AWOC), an AFL-CIO affiliate, in declaring a strike in the Delano grape vineyards. BG's letter asked that all of us try to organize our schools, friends, colleagues, whomever, as support groups—farmworkers needed money, food, and clothes. Without a second thought, I began organizing at St. Paul's High School where the support was unconditional, from faculty, students, and their families. I requested permission to speak at other Catholic high schools in San Francisco, and in most cases was welcomed with enthusiasm. In hindsight, it was amazing. At the time I took it for granted that this was how it should be.

We filled our first large U-Haul one Friday outside of St. Paul's and I took off for Delano to join the Saturday morning picket line. I can't remember where I stayed that night—on someone's floor or sofa somewhere.

There were many farmworker supporters (locally known as outside agitators) on the picket line that weekend, including Brother Gilbert—outfitted in his official Christian Brothers suit with collar—and other nuns and priests, giving the appearance of church support, in a town with an Anglo Catholic Church on the east side and a Mexican Catholic Church on the west side (though it too was controlled by the Anglos). There were labor leaders from San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose, Los Angeles, and Orange County. The farmworker movement had begun.

I made another trip or two with U-Hauls of food and supplies and participated in picket lines. For the first time in my life, I was confronted by police as “the bad guy.” It was a revelation and an awakening for someone who had grown up as very much part of the “establishment” in San Francisco. I remember feeling very angry because I was doing nothing more than exercising my rights and freedom as a citizen. I had a lot to learn. At the end of October (it may have been Halloween), I received a call from Brother Gilbert, telling me that he was leaving the Christian Brothers, giving up his studies, and going to work full time for Cesar and the farmworkers. He was in San Francisco raising money, and asked if we “could get together.” I said “Sure.”

The March, Marriage, and Menudo

LeRoy Chatfield and I, who had been friends, quickly became more than friends.

His primary responsibility at that time was raising money and support, and developing the National Farm Workers Service Center, an affiliate organization with “charitable” social service purposes that would be a tax-exempt entity. He spent much of his time in San Francisco and Los Angeles, with frequent stops in Delano. I helped as much as I could, but was still teaching English full time and running the Speech and Debate program at the high school. I had met Marshall (Ganz) at the end of 1965, and remember spending several evenings discussing the “movement,” organizing, civil disobedience, anti-war, and all the 1960s topics that were so much a part of our lives. I met Kathy Lynch (who with Lupe Murguía would eventually become our compadres).

I did go to Delano every once in a while, and loved those weekends because I spent time with my friends from the summer, who were actively engaged in picketing and leafleting, and feeding and clothing strikers. I was also meeting others who, like myself, would end up as full-time “farmworkers” for many years.

In March, LeRoy and I decided to get married—in June, in San Francisco.

During the 1966 Lenten season, under the red-and-black Aztec eagle flags, holding high the blue-and-pink Virgen de Guadalupe banner, the NFWA members and supporters marched, singing “*Nosotros Venceremos*” and crying “*Viva la Huelga*,” “*Viva Cesar Chavez*,” “*Viva la Virgen de Guadalupe*” from one small Valley town to another, from Delano to Sacramento. Every farmworker community received us with mariachis, food, shelter, and support. I joined the March on weekends, but rarely saw LeRoy, who along with Marshall, Chris Hartmire, Jim Drake, and others was orchestrating the event. As much goodwill as there was, the March needed a bit of planning to appear spontaneous. Farmworkers hoped to meet with second-term Democratic Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown. The demands were simple: the same protections guaranteed to other workers under the National Labor Relations Act—a decent wage and sanitary working conditions, and the right to negotiate. In my naiveté, I still couldn’t understand why it was so controversial. From my point of view, there was absolutely nothing radical about the demands. Grower charges of “communism” were ridiculous. After all, this was America, and all farmworkers wanted were the same guarantees as auto workers, truck drivers, and longshoremen. (Actually, my point of view hasn’t changed much.) As we neared the Bay Area, the crowds swelled—church people, union leaders and members, students, and writers came out in the thousands.

I joined the March (*peregrinación* or pilgrimage) for the final week, which was Holy Week. On Easter morning, we left the little town of Freeport, marched along the west side of the Sacramento River, crossed the river from West Sacramento, and proceeded up Capitol Avenue to the west steps. It was solemn and festive. As I reminisce, 37 years later, I am

amazed at what had been accomplished in such a short time. We were part of it, of course, but there were so many, many ordinary people giving so much of themselves to the farmworker movement.

LeRoy and I were married in June at St. Cecilia's Church in San Francisco. Jack Doyle, then a Paulist priest who had worked on the summer project in Delano, officiated. I was a traditional bride, and we celebrated a traditional wedding and reception but had only a two-day honeymoon in Bolinas at the Kincaids' cottage. The Kincaids were San Francisco liberals and farmworker supporters and contributors.

We moved to Los Angeles, where we would live until November. Our small office was west of the San Diego Freeway on Olympic Blvd. It was the first official NFWA office in Los Angeles. Our purpose and goal was to spread the farmworker message and ask for money. I look back with amusement and amazement at the "guts" I had. We planned a fundraiser at the Beverly Hills mansion of a supporter. One-hundred dollars per person was a lot of money in 1966. We obtained lists of wealthy L.A. liberals, and I called them:

"Hello, this is Bonnie Chatfield (I wasn't even used to my new last name) and I'm calling on behalf of Cesar Chavez and the farmworkers."

"Who?"

" You know, the Delano grape strike."

As soon as I received the tiniest bit of recognition, I hit them with the fundraiser pitch. And it worked. I can't remember the total, but we were thrilled with the success.

The farmworker movement received generous support from individual Hollywood people—a few actors, but many screenwriters and "behind the scenes" folks. One goal was to get a strike endorsement from the Screen Actors Guild, then headed by Charlton Heston. Cesar and Helen came to Los Angeles for an arranged meeting with Heston on the set of the movie he was making. I forget the name but it was a typical Heston vehicle—something about freeing a musical impresario from the Germans in World War II. We have a treasured picture of Cesar, Helen, LeRoy, and me with Heston in his black tails (treasured because it is so laughable now, given the actor's right-wing proclivities).

During those months, Joan Baez, a strong supporter of *La Causa*, came to the Santa Monica Auditorium and performed, with all the proceeds going to Delano.

Often, LeRoy and I traveled north over the Grapevine, down into the Valley, through Bakersfield, and on to Delano. We observed the first farmworker elections at Sierra Vista, a DiGiorgio operation. I recall a right-wing Catholic woman from Bakersfield, Mrs. Matt, likely a member of the John Birch Society, taking our pictures. After all, we must have been communist sympathizers! I did find it unnerving.

I met Chris Hartmire, director of the National Farm Worker Ministry, during those months—at a truck stop on Highway 99, where he and LeRoy met to discuss fundraising issues. Shortly after, I met Pudge and the four little Hartmires at Filipino Hall in Delano. The Hartmires, who would become lifelong friends, lived in Culver City, but came to all the NFWA fiestas.

Cesar wanted LeRoy back in Delano, so in November, we moved our mobile home to the Forty Acres, a recent acquisition purchased with funds raised for the Service Center. Our home was set up in the dirt, with a non-permitted septic system built (or dug) by our farmworker friends. We became neighbors of the farmworker clinic, also housed in a mobile home—across a dirt patch. I remember a wet winter and lots of mud. But it was our first home and we had a continuous stream of company—farmworkers and other volunteers. Marion Moses, whom I had met the year before in San Francisco, was an R.N. who came on full time to run the clinic, along with another full-time volunteer nurse, Peggy McGivern. Marshall and Jessica Govea were regular visitors. I was a fledgling cook, but always happy to have company for dinner. I cooked my first Thanksgiving dinner in that trailer—left the bird in the oven while LeRoy and I drove to Bakersfield to visit the Govea family! Helen taught me how to make menudo—we are among the very few Anglos I know who really do like it. But I never could master tortillas.

I worked in the Farm Worker Service Center, which was set up in a small stucco bungalow next to the Pink House. Gilbert Padilla became my mentor. I loved him on sight—who could not love someone who looked like David Niven, and had his sense of humor? Gilbert translated for me and explained to me what had to be written, explained, and called for, on behalf of the workers. I learned what documentation was needed to prove that one was, indeed, a U.S. citizen, though born in Texas but lacking a birth certificate. I became proficient in filling out income tax forms—even though farmworkers rarely owed taxes, they still had to file. I made contact on behalf of workers who were having Welfare problems, medical difficulties, or issues with their children's schools. I loved the people, the work, the camaraderie, in spite of hardship. Each situation offered another glance into the dark well of exploitation and poverty. I remember, too, that we laughed a lot.

One day I had to visit a family in Richgrove, a few miles north of Delano. Richgrove was a really small town, mostly Mexican, and extremely poor. The home was neat, clean, and very, very well organized, with several beds in one room, each bunk with its own thin rope above which hung the clean shirts and pants. The house had a dirt floor. Honestly, I hadn't known there were homes with dirt floors in California—the South maybe, but not California. My education continued.

For the record, Jack Pandol was the first man who ever shoved me, tried to knock me down. I was on a picket line at his property. I don't remember what I said or did—probably a smart remark or a dirty look, but I got to him.

Friday nights were meeting nights at Filipino Hall. The highlight was the Teatro Campesino—satirical, sarcastic, sardonic, and slapstick.

Family

I became pregnant in January of 1967. LeRoy may have had some trepidation, but Cesar was delighted! He told LeRoy that he had suspected it because I looked so radiant, as pregnant women are supposed to look. Helen and “the girls,” and Petra and Dolores, and Fina, Sally, Alice, and all the members of our Delano farmworker women’s group were excited and happy for me. I became part of that very special mothers’ club that is cross-cultural and universal. Those women were my friends and “support group” (though we didn’t use that term in 1967). I spent a lot of time at Cesar and Helen’s house on Kensington—a tiny two-bedroom cottage that housed eight children and all kinds of guests—room for all, pots of food on the stove, and repartee and laughter all the time—especially when Cesar was gone. I felt completely at home.

Sometime in the early part of that year, I met Madeleine and Jerry Cohen. Jerry was still working for California Rural Legal Assistance. They lived in Delano. Their son, Danny, was two. Jerry was lured away from CRLA to become chief legal counsel for the NFWA. Madeleine and Jerry became very close friends, and remain so.

In the spring, we moved out of our trailer, which became part of the clinic’s operation, and moved to a rental house on Pond and Driver roads, east of Highway 99, between Delano and McFarland. It was a lovely setting, a corner lot surrounded by rose orchards. Our black lab, Schenley, named for the first UFWOC contract with the Schenley Liquor Industries, roamed the fields. It was a sizable three-bedroom house, and we seemed always to have someone staying with us. Alicia Huerta, in first grade, stayed with us for the better part of a year. The yellow school bus picked her up at our back door every morning. She came to the service center in the afternoon, where I was still working. Often, on weekends, Vincent and Emilio, her brothers closest in age, spent the night.

Also that spring, the Catholic Church hierarchy endorsed the strike and took up the farmworker cause. There had been hundreds of religious—priests, nuns, and brothers—who had been with the farmworkers from the beginning. But, because so many of California’s big growers were Catholic, taking an official pro-farmworker stand had been politically difficult. Their support, a coup for Cesar and the union, opened the doors to additional fundraising opportunities. I recollect calling Joe Alioto, then the mayor of San Francisco and a longtime family friend and colleague of my father’s. He agreed to talk with Cesar and explore possibilities of settlement with growers. The farmworker cause, which in 1965 had often been deemed radical, was becoming legitimate.

On October 26, 1967, Clare Ellen Chatfield was born at Mercy Hospital in Bakersfield. My life took on a new dimension. I was a “stay-at-home” mom for six months (another term that wasn’t in use then). But, as with everyone in the farmworker movement, I was

totally involved—emotionally, psychologically, and socially. I loved company for dinner and people who stayed with us for a few days, a few weeks. The farmworker movement had become nationally relevant and there was a constant stream of supporters coming to Delano. If one was a labor leader, a church person, part of the East Coast liberal establishment, Delano was the place to be. I remained very much a part of what was going on.

By this time the NFWA had become United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC), part of the AFL-CIO. The director of organizing for the AFL-CIO, Bill Kircher, originally from Cincinnati and now from Washington D. C., was a frequent visitor and dedicated and loyal supporter of our cause. Bill had adult children and young grandchildren of whom he was very proud and fond. I think he looked upon LeRoy and me, as we began our family, in the same light. He very often took us to dinner at Bert's, in downtown Delano—the best restaurant in town, in the grower price range. I loved it—a gin and tonic and a steak, rare. Thank you, Bill. You were a good and kind friend.

I cooked Thanksgiving dinner that year, too, and among our guests were Marge and Al Kieffer, a retired couple from Buffalo, whom LeRoy had recruited. They came with accounting and office skills, sorely needed but not always valued in the movement. They became good friends of ours. (We gave Al the honor of carving the turkey, in which I had left the giblets, paper and all.)

Helen was my surrogate mother. If I had a “baby” question, I called Helen. Sylvia and Eloise were my primary babysitters, but more like younger sisters for me, beloved aunts to Clare. We had fun, and they could always make me laugh. The Mexican women with whom I lived and worked were loving, patient, and generally relaxed mothers. I've looked back and been grateful for their influence.

Year of Violence

In the beginning, I was opposed to Cesar's fast. Not necessarily fasting—that was his business—but the use of the fast as an organizing tool. Using religious belief to manipulate people struck me as hypocritical. There were a few others, Tony Orendain among them, who were opposed. Since LeRoy, along with Marshall and Chris, was the organizer of the fast, I accepted it and became a participant in the nightly pageantry and weekend celebrations of hunger. It was staged as a Fast for Nonviolence. And it became a spectacular pageant. I began to understand its value, realizing that all of us are influenced by drama that plays upon our emotions and elicits action.

Each night there was a mass at the Forty Acres, celebrated by a host of clergy from all denominations, always in full regalia. As the days passed, and as union organizers in the small farmworker towns within 100 miles spread the word, more and more workers came to participate, first in the candlelight procession along Garces Highway to the Forty Acres and then at the masses. I joined them, singing, in Spanish, all the songs of the liturgy,

waving flags, carrying the banner of the Virgin of Guadalupe. The faith and belief of workers, men and women with their children, who would drive great distances enveloped in valley fog, inspired me.

In fact, I was so caught up in the emotion of the candlelight walk, chatting with friends and associates as I pushed Clare, bundled up and sound asleep in her poorly sided red stroller, that I didn't notice that she rolled out. A woman behind me tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Your baby fell out." She hadn't even awakened, wasn't injured (it was a very low stroller), but it took me at least 20 years to tell that story. Clare's 36 now. I don't think she sees the humor.

As the weeks wore on, union members began camping at the Forty Acres, tents and all. The women set up a kitchen to feed the hundreds, and then thousands, of people who came. We made menudo and other types of soup. My fingers smelled like garlic. In the morning there was coffee and pan dulce. I slept out there one night, in a tent, on very damp ground. But it was too cold for an infant, so it was only one night.

In April, Cesar ended his fast at Memorial Park in Delano with Senator Robert F. Kennedy in attendance. The mass was a spectacle of spectacles—only the Vatican could compete. (LeRoy's religious background served him well.) The crowd (thousands) was high with celebratory joy. As RFK was preparing to leave the park, shaking hands, patting shoulders, inching his way through an adoring crowd, he spontaneously jumped to the hood of a car and asked, "Should I run for president?" The affirmation was deafening. He announced his candidacy a few days later.

Later that same month, Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassinated. Along with the sadness and feeling of loss, I felt a sense of fear.

In May I went to Bakersfield to become deputized as a voter registrar. I have a photograph of Madeleine Cohen and Mack Lyon, with Clare in her plastic infa-seat, sitting on the edge of the fountain in the county building plaza. We were going to get RFK elected. My registration area was Green Acres, a mostly Anglo, but working-class, neighborhood in the northeast corner of town. Every day, in the early morning and again in the late afternoon, with Clare still in her red stroller, I went door-to-door, registering Democrats, and pitching for Kennedy.

In late May, LeRoy went to East Los Angeles to organize the get-out-the-vote (GOTV) campaign for RFK. The first of June, I met my mother in Modesto so she could take Clare to San Francisco for a long weekend. Then I was off to East L.A. as well.

I have rarely, if ever, worked as hard as I did those next several days. I walked door-to-door, finding voters to serve as precinct captains for our massive GOTV on Election Day and making sure that every registered voter knew where to go on Tuesday. Every house had a picture of JFK and a statue or picture of the Virgin Mary. I was often invited in for

food or drink, but rarely accepted because I had too much territory to canvas. Every voter was for RFK. I just had to make sure that on Election Day, they got to the polls. I walked, usually alone, from 8 in the morning until 8 in the evening. But I recruited many local Chicanos to help me. They were as energetic and excited as I was. We knew we were going to win.

All of the farmworker GOTV organization was invited to the Ambassador Hotel on Wilshire Blvd following the 8 p.m. poll closing. LeRoy was in the main room, just off the stage where RFK would appear at the appropriate time to claim victory. (We didn't yet have sophisticated exit polls as we do now, and they had to wait for a certain vote count.) I was in another huge room, one of many, with hundreds of campaign workers and supporters. I really can't remember what I first heard or from whom. There was a gun and a shooting involved. People who seemed to know something were moving us out of the hotel. My first thought was to find LeRoy. It was chaotic, no one was in charge, and we were ushered by the hundreds out to the street. LeRoy and I found each other and walked out together onto Wilshire Blvd. People in parked cars turned on their radios and that's how we got our news. We stayed the night at Patti Heinrich's in West L.A., before making our way to San Francisco on Wednesday to pick up Clare. We were at my mother's when Robert Kennedy was pronounced dead.

Months of optimism and exhilaration were over. There's no comeback election from death. LeRoy accompanied Cesar to the funeral at St. Patrick's in New York. I remained in Delano, and hosted an Irish wake for friends and volunteers. It went on for several days. We had to cope and move on, but first we mourned.

During that summer, I experienced two incidents of personal violence. One early evening, LeRoy called from his service center office needing a ride home. His car must have been disabled but we were housing Marion's yellow Volvo, the two-door rounded model, while she was on the boycott in Toronto. I drove west along Pond Road with Clare in the front seat—that plastic infa-seat, no seat belt, when a car came up close behind me, pulled out to the left, and tried to drive me off the road into the irrigation ditch. I recognized Gilbert Rubio, a young anti-union pimp and scab, paid by the grower. I floored the pedal, held on to Clare's seat with my right hand, steered with my left, and peeled away. Thank god it was a Volvo and faster than whatever he was driving.

Later that same summer, someone shot a B.B. bullet through the picture window that faced onto Driver Road. No one was walking, or crawling, through the living room.

I worked for Jerry Cohen and David Averbuck in the legal department for several months during 1968. Jerry's legal secretary, Martha Schaeffer had left, so I filled in. I could read and write and type, so I guess I was qualified. For anyone who knows or has worked with Jerry and/or David, you understand that there was always laughter. As serious and committed as we were, the three of us always found humor. We laughed about the growers, about Cesar and others, and about ourselves.

The Guimarra grape boycott was undermined because Guimarra was able to “borrow” labels from other growers—supermarket managers could tell our boycotters throughout the country that they didn’t stock Guimarra grapes. One day Jerry and I, undercover agents, sneaked into Guimarra’s warehouse. We found other growers’ empty boxes, ready for Guimarra’s grapes.

A few days later, Marshall called the office and told me we were going to strike every table grape grower in the “red book” (the growers’ directory). If we were on strike, we could boycott them, right? I sent a telegram to every grape grower in California stating that the UFW represented their workers and demanding an election. The start of the international boycott of all table grapes was easy.

Sometime during that year, Peter Matthiessen, the author, arrived in Delano to begin writing the book *Sal Si Puedes*, then unnamed. He spent a lot of time at our house. I served menudo one evening and he just couldn’t eat it. Peter told me about his trip to Africa, riding in the back of a truck filled with people, animals, and all sorts of food, including huge slabs of tripe covered with flies. I understood his reluctance. I’ve since read almost everything of Peter’s, and realize that by the time he came to Delano, he had seen and written about much of the undeveloped world. He was so modest and unassuming.

Also in 1968, the farmworkers demanded that the Catholic church on the west side, Our Lady of Guadalupe, be their church, with a pastor who was responsive to the needs and lives of the Mexican poor, rather than the Spaniard who was condescending, and exploitative. The Franciscans in California had been supportive of the farmworker cause from the beginning. Cesar wanted them to run the parish. But it was Bishop Manning’s (Fresno diocese) decision. Manning was opposed. Cesar would not confront the bishop directly. But he and LeRoy thought that a delegation of farmworker women might be persuasive.

Our sit-in at the Bishop’s palatial residence in Fresno was very comfortable. We demanded entry and were willing to “wait for the bishop.” I sat on the lovely Persian rugs along with 40 to 50 other women. We had several babies and young children, Clare among them, whom we nursed and fed and changed. Poor Roger Mahoney, outfitted in his long black red-trimmed frock (he was still just a monsignor-secretary to Manning), came back and forth as the bishop’s emissary, assuring us that the bishop would be made aware of our concerns, and pleading with us to leave. We were never impolite or hostile, but we were firm. We must make our own case to Bishop Manning. Of course we knew, absolutely, that neither the bishop nor Mahoney would call the police to have us forcibly removed. The morning wore on and after noon, we all were hungry. Marion took orders, left through a side door and came back with huge bags from McDonald’s. The Bishop’s regal office smelled like hamburgers and French fries. Manning came in. I can’t remember who the spokeswoman was. Neither Dolores nor Helen was there (deliberately, because this was a spontaneous demonstration of women from Guadalupe parish), nor was it any of the

Anglo women. But at some point, Fina Hernandez spoke up. She was eloquent and moving. Fina began by telling the Bishop she was very nervous because she had never spoken to a bishop before, and she didn't know how to address him so she would just call him "Father." Manning was touched. She went on to say that she had been born a Catholic, that she would die a Catholic, no matter what. But her sons were different. They would not remain loyal to a church that did nothing for them. "I want my sons to be Catholic," she said. "That is why I am here—to ask you, Father, to let the Franciscans have our church." Manning agreed. We thanked him for his hospitality and left.

In September, LeRoy and I relocated, temporarily, to the Silver Lake Apartments in the Echo Park district of L.A. We would again organize support and GOTV in East L.A.—this time for the Humphrey election. Sylvia Chavez, now finished high school but not yet at cosmetology school, accompanied us to babysit while I worked on the campaign. The election was important. Humphrey would have been better than Nixon for the farmworker cause. I liked being back in East L.A., and spent a lot of time at Suzie Villalobos's house. She was Cesar's cousin and always had a home open for those of us in need of a meal. Her daughters took care of Clare as well when Sylvia went back up to Delano. But the fire was gone. And besides, there was the Vietnam War issue. During our absence, our house in Delano was ransacked and robbed. We didn't have much of any monetary value, but they took the picture of LeRoy with RFK at the end of the Fast.

Cesar's back began to bother him during that winter. LeRoy went to Carmel with him for recuperation. It was a terrible, cold, dismally foggy December. I spent a lot of time with Helen and the girls—often sleeping all night on the sofa with Clare because it was too dangerous to drive back on country roads in low, dense fog. Similar to a no-visibility blizzard white-out, it's a fog gray-out.

1969

Early in 1969, awaiting the birth of our second child, we were evicted from our house on Pond and Driver roads. LeRoy's picture had been in the newspaper with Cesar, and the absentee grower-landlord realized who we were. The grower-attorney who handled the eviction, Petrini, was a former student of LeRoy's. In order to move us out fast, they stopped providing water—it was supplied from a well that was periodically filled. I called Carnation Milk Company, explained that I had a baby with another on the way. Could they provide water? They sent out one of their milk tank trucks filled with water for our well. I didn't know much about Carnation, their politics or labor practices, but they provided us with water, free of charge. I still buy Carnation products.

We moved into town—a nice three-bedroom house on 17th Street, across from Delano High School's football field and track, and around the corner from Madeleine and Jerry. Danny was in kindergarten, Laura was an infant. Richard Chavez had been the contractor who converted our house's attached garage into a huge playroom. I was happy to be closer

to friends.

Sarah Elizabeth Chatfield was born on April 24, 1969. I mostly stayed home with two little ones, spending time with Madeleine, and several other young mothers. We had a small co-op preschool at home. Sally Duggan had loaned me a gorgeous pram—the old-fashioned, British model, made by Rolls Royce. It was large enough to hold two children. I walked around Delano as if it were Hyde Park.

Father Dave Duran baptized Sarah in our big garage/family room. Richard and Sally Chavez were her godparents. It was a grand fiesta with everyone in our community invited.

We always had guests, some just for a meal, others for a few days. I loved it and never felt apart from the action even though, temporarily, I was not directly involved.

Every couple of months, with Helen, her sister Petra, Kathy M., Esther, Fina, and many other women, we had a ladies' night out—a beer party. “Don't tell Cesar that I smoked,” cautioned Helen. God, did we laugh. About everything. My sides ached the next day.

In August of 1969, LeRoy's father, Ray, of whom I was especially fond, was diagnosed with incurable pancreatic cancer. They visited often in the coming months, and we often went north to Sacramento to see them. Ray died at the end of the following January.

Los Angeles Grape Boycott

In March of 1970, Cesar asked LeRoy to relocate, at least temporarily, to Los Angeles to organize and direct the grape boycott in the greater Los Angeles area.

I was ambivalent. I would miss my Delano friends, yet I looked forward to Los Angeles and the excitement and stimulation of a large city, including the involvement with local and labor politics. We packed up necessities, “loaned” our 17th Street house to Joanne and Bill Carder, and departed the week before Easter. We had two cars, a reliable Chevy station wagon, and my very old secondhand Ford that I had purchased from a Ford mechanic in Delano. (It served me well on Los Angeles freeways.) Clare was two-and-a-half, Sarah was not quite a year, and I was pregnant. I did identify with migrant workers.

A teacher friend of LeRoy's (Cathedral High School) loaned us his small apartment during his vacation. My recollection of that Easter weekend is being very sick with some kind of stomach flu. LeRoy carted Clare and Sarah here and there, making contacts and trying to find us long-term lodgings.

Paul Hilsdale, a former Jesuit friend, and his wife generously offered their lovely Hollywood Hills home for a few weeks while they were on vacation. I look back in amazement at the generosity of so many. People wanted to help the farmworkers. If they

could accommodate us for a few days, a few weeks, it was their way of becoming involved with the cause. And of course, I was very grateful.

The large, two-story, brown-shingled home on South Harvard Street with a wide front porch became our home. It would serve as the Los Angeles boycott house for many years. South Harvard, parallel to Western and Normandy, was just north of Pico, and very close to USC and the Migrant Ministry office on Olympic Blvd. We were the only white family on the block. The whole area was black, not yet transitioned to Korean. The front door didn't lock from the outside. I left strollers, tricycles, and other toys on the front porch. I walked from my car, often at night, after attending a meeting, by myself. I was perfectly safe.

The house on South Harvard Street, still furnished but long unoccupied, was owned by the American Friends Service Committee, which had inherited the property years before. There was an eerie feeling in the house. The former owner had been an engineer with the Los Angeles Water Department many years before. A tiny upstairs back bedroom was filled with old magazines, newspapers, and documents relating to the L.A. Water Department. Many evenings during those first few nights, along with fellow farmworkers and supporters, we had fun reading magazines and newspapers from the 1930s. (Eventually LeRoy called his friend Peter Loewenberg, a member of the history faculty at UCLA, who had a truck sent to pick up all the material, hoping there might be some scraps of historical significance.)

Cesar and Dolores, and several others from Delano, were among our first overnight guests. We had told them about the possibility that the house was haunted. There were many strange noises during the night. The house was spooky. I felt the owner's presence, but it didn't bother me—too much. In those days, guests, including Cesar, still slept on mattresses on the floor—as did we in our “master bedroom.” Our guests kept lights on all night—just in case of ghosts.

We had a piano in the house. Dolores played. Cesar taught me how to make nopales with chili sauce. During that year on South Harvard, I would cook many, many meals for our boycotters, as well as guests. I thought nothing of whipping up some kind of meal for 10 or 12 people.

Two Betsy's lived with us, as well as a couple of young men (college age) who worked, with me, at the Ralph's on Vermont.

A former teacher of mine referred me to a kind and loving babysitter who lived only two short blocks away. Gracie Charbonnet did a little childcare in her own beautiful home with a huge fenced-in front yard. Gracie's husband was a mechanic for Western Airlines. Their daughter was grown. Clare and Sarah, Gracie's only little ones at the time, spent several hours every weekday with Gracie. I, obviously pregnant, worked the parking lot at Ralph's. I felt so successful when a potential customer turned away. And I was certain that those

who said they “had to shop today” but wouldn’t come back, would honor their word. Why would they want to face me again?

In addition to leafleting and talking to people at Ralph’s, I spent time meeting with church groups and other potential supporters in our continual quest for assistance, volunteers, and of course, money.

Peggy Kiskadden, a longtime member of the Los Angeles and Hollywood establishment and a liberal (her son, Derek Bok, was later the president of Harvard), took me under her wing. Peggy invited me for tea and supplied me with a list of people to call, using her name. She also made a generous contribution. Peggy’s goddaughter, Sharon Zinnemann, became a loyal supporter and active boycotter.

Paul Mazursky and his wife, Betsy, were among our volunteers. Betsy walked picket lines and leafleted stores. At the time Paul was a screenwriter for the Danny Kaye Show. He would later become well known for his films. *Bob and Carol and Ted and Alice* was one of his first successes.

I think of these people often. Peggy has died. I hope the others are well and continuing to do good work. They were so generous with their time. They chose to do more than just write a check. They wanted to be active, to participate. Their willingness to be physically present reflected their genuine commitment to the farmworker cause. These were the kinds of people who made social change possible.

The Los Angeles Catholic Diocese led by Cardinal McIntyre was not particularly supportive. Actually, they were hostile. I remain amused at the fact that my name was on their list of those unwelcome in the Catholic schools. Some friends (Catholic school teachers) had arranged for me to speak at various Catholic high schools, either classes or clubs, about farmworker efforts in Los Angeles—hoping to pick up some enthusiastic, energetic boycotters. I was welcomed in the schools by principals and faculty, but when word got out to the chancery office, I was banned. The cardinal deemed that a 28-year-old pregnant mother reminding students about Catholic labor teaching was a threat. What his actions did show was that the Church establishment was receiving pressure from Catholic growers and supermarket chain owners—which meant they were feeling the effects of the boycott.

I look back with amazement at the way I was willing to live my life. When we were home together, LeRoy was usually on the phone. Every evening, beginning about 6, he made contact with every team leader throughout the L.A. area, including San Bernardino, Riverside, and Orange counties. He counted numbers at every store: How many contacts? How many turned away? The table was spread with charts. I prepared dinner, usually had some help cleaning up, bathed the girls, and put them to bed. Marriage and family life were not a high priority. But we did have a successful boycott. At some point during that summer, growers agreed to elections and the union called a temporary end to the grape

boycott. Like many of my fellow boycotters, I loved grapes. They were especially sweet and juicy.

Chip Hoffman of the Migrant Ministry arranged a meeting with other ministers who might be helpful to our cause. The meeting was at USC. It was a productive gathering, and I left with invitations to speak to social concerns committees and with names of church members who might provide support and money. I remember that meeting so well because when I turned on the car radio, the news was about the Kent State killings. I cried.

Kate LaGrande Chatfield was born at UCLA hospital in the very early morning of September 1. Avelina Vasquez was my “on call” babysitter who came in the middle of the night to stay with Clare and Sarah. I stayed in the hospital one extra night before going home. LeRoy took off for Salinas and the lettuce strike. It was all for *La Causa*, and to question or complain was selfish, “middle-class Anglo.”

In early November, Cesar told LeRoy that he wanted him to stay indefinitely in Los Angeles. Our house was vacant in Delano and the union was paying the rent. We were to let it go. I called the management company and gave notice. A few days later, Cesar called to say he wanted LeRoy back in Delano. I was furious! I demanded that we get that house back—no matter what the cost—or else. In hindsight I understand that I was reaching the end of my rope. Liberal Catholic guilt had its limits.

We did have a mini-vacation in Carmel Valley, thanks to longtime loyal supporters Howard and Rosemary Matson, who lent us their home while they traveled. Howard, may he rest in peace, was an activist minister with strong farmworker ties. His amazing widow, Rosemary, continues to work and support social justice causes.

Keene, California

In 1971, in Delano, there was talk of moving farmworker headquarters to Keene, a tiny town in the Tehachapi foothills about 30 miles east of Bakersfield. LeRoy had arranged for the purchase of an old tuberculosis sanitarium. Eddie Lewis, a Hollywood producer, put up the money for the UFW Service Center to make the purchase. I strongly objected. The union was becoming more and more cultlike, moving away from farmworker organizing.

LeRoy, Marshall, Cesar, and others, but not Jerry Cohen, spent most of the spring at La Paz, the name that had been bestowed upon the complex. As I remember many of us, including Helen, were opposed to the move of farmworker headquarters from Delano to Keene. But more important, we were opposed to the beatification and glorification of Cesar, and to the increasing siege mentality that was overcoming farmworker leaders. We referred to LeRoy and Marshall (and probably to Chris Hartmire) as “true believers,” those whose devotion and dedication to Cesar was complete and unquestioning

I capitulated and moved to La Paz in August of 1971, pregnant for the fourth time. (I had

always wanted a large family, but never gave much thought to who would provide. I suppose that I had faith myself, though not necessarily in Cesar.)

Kathy and Lupe Murguia had been among the first to settle at La Paz, in the spring, with Lupe's three children and their additional three (I think it was three at the time). Cesar and Helen moved not long before we did. We shared a duplex with Kathy and Venustiano Olguin, who were expecting their first child. It had two bedrooms, with a living area in the middle. Clare and Sarah were in bunk beds and Kate was in a crib, all in one room. We had the second bedroom. Tiny though it was, our little home was comfortable.

Sandy and John McLaughlin, on sabbatical from IBM in Minnesota, were friends and neighbors in one of the several mobile homes that had been purchased to accommodate additional families. Their two-year-old, Kathy, was the same age as our Sarah. Blaise and Teresa Bonpane, both former Maryknoll missionaries in Latin America, with their toddler Colleen, our Kate's age, were friends. Nick and Virginia Rodriquez lived there with their two little ones and Virginia's babysitter, Clare. Richard and Barbara Cook were there with Sarah and Matt, and Glenn and Sue Percy had Noah. Jack and Nancy Quigley, an amazing couple, were our friends and neighbors, Nancy often our resident nurse. We were a community of families with very young children and lots of pregnant women. Once a month, someone had a new baby. I have often looked back with nostalgia on our tight-knit support group. We wives and mothers were a village and we often cared for each other's children, cooked for each other, and listened to each others' complaints.

Cesar was proud of the "population explosion" at LaPaz, and indeed mentioned it often both to us and to visitors. However, he frowned upon our "middle-class" needs, such as a playground with good equipment for our children, a resource that most of us saw as necessary. I recollect that he was not pleased when Sandy McLaughlin raised money among their Rochester, Minnesota, friends earmarked specifically for playground equipment. The playground was built.

Amy Burns Chatfield was born on April 1, three weeks beyond her expected date. The night before her birth I babysat for Kathy and Venustiano's infant. In the morning I drove myself to the Tehachapi hospital to proceed with induced labor. Dr. Conklin was at the bowling alley having lunch when Amy began her final descent. The physician was the babycatcher. LeRoy, with no one to prevent him, had wandered into the delivery room. It was his first childbirth. Later that evening LeRoy and Cesar came to visit.

My roommate in the maternity ward (we were the only two) had delivered in Tehachapi because the child's father was in prison there. She offered me a cigarette and I smoked it! She also warned me that I wouldn't be released until I'd told them I'd had a bowel movement. "Just lie," she advised. I did. LeRoy picked me up the next morning and I went home with our fourth daughter. Friends cared for Clare, Sarah, and Kate, shopped, cooked, did laundry. In that respect, La Paz was a wonderful place to live.

Later that spring, Cesar traveled to Arizona to support striking lettuce workers. He began a fast in Arizona. LeRoy went down to “organize” the fast. In late May, bored at La Paz, and wanting to be where the action was, I caravanned to Phoenix with Kathy Murguia and her four children. We loaded up in the evening to avoid the heat, and took off through the desert. Sister Pearl rode with me. I had to stop every once in a while to nurse Amy. Clare and Sarah, along with Ricardo and Maria, were thrilled when we stopped for “breakfast” sometime in the middle of the night and I allowed them to have French fries and ice cream.

LeRoy had a house in the poor farmworker village of Guadalupe, outside of Phoenix. The house was tiny, tiny, with a little bathroom, but no tub. The temperature was so hot that the girls took their baths outdoors with the lukewarm water from the hose in a little pool. As I remember Guadalupe, it had few paved streets and certainly no sidewalks. It was all dust. I don’t remember what I did during that final week of the fast. We hung around a large hall—probably affiliated with a church. Joan Baez came as a supporter. Following the fast, LeRoy and I and our children visited the Grand Canyon where I clung to Clare and Sarah’s hands as we walked along the South Rim. Amy was in her carriage with Kate in her little seat that straddled the sides of the carriage. We returned to Phoenix for a day or two in order for LeRoy to tie up a few loose ends. There we acquired Kathy and Venustiano’s dog, which had run away but had been found after they left. No problem, we can always put a dog along with our children in the “way back” of the station wagon. Cesar had retreated to the mountains outside of Tucson for recuperation. We visited him and Helen there—a spectacular high-altitude lodgelike cabin among the cool pines, far above the hot desert. From there we drove all the way to San Diego in one day. What a way to live.

I believe it was sometime during that summer that Dorothy Day of the Catholic Worker visited La Paz. One morning she dropped in for coffee at our house. Several of the mothers were around with infants and toddlers. She stayed for a couple of hours, chatting and visiting, very interested in and supportive of our community lifestyle. On the positive side, as communes go, La Paz at that time was tolerable. And I can speak only about the year between August 1971 and August 1972. I did have my own home and individual family life. I was free to come and go, which I did often, to Bakersfield or Delano to visit friends. Demands to participate in union community activities were there, but they were subtle. And, since those activities were social, I was usually an active participant. I can’t speak for those “single” volunteers who lived, dorm-style, in the old sanitarium building and ate all their meals in the cafeteria. That seemed bleak. But of course, I was 30 by that time, “older” and more settled.

I know, only through the accounts of others, that the psychological climate and conditions at La Paz changed drastically in the mid-1970s. Fortunately, I wasn’t part of it. I don’t recall what was going on with the union, as a labor union, during 1971. The boycott was in abeyance, strikes didn’t seem in the forefront. Cesar was definitely in control at La Paz, which was becoming an isolated compound with security guards and police dogs. There was a lot of gossip; petty jealousies flared up. There were too many people with not enough

real work to do.

No on 22

No one within the UFW was paying much attention to the growers, who in 1972 qualified an initiative for the November ballot that would have effectively destroyed the farmworkers' right to form a labor union and negotiate a contract.

LeRoy was chosen to direct the No on Proposition 22 campaign from Los Angeles. Northern California was much more liberal and labor-friendly. The battleground would be the southern part of the state.

I was ready to leave La Paz and head back to an urban lifestyle, free of a compound. We stored our furniture, including my piano, in an old garage at La Paz, packed up the essentials, which of course included a few cribs and baby carriages, and set out again in search of a home—this time with four children under five. That aspect of Farm Worker life appealed to my sense of adventure.

I think that Chris Hartmire found the house for us on Yukon Street in Inglewood, very close to the Hollywood Park racetrack and the Forum, and directly below a flight-landing pattern at LAX. Those jets came through our bedroom where again we slept on a mattress. It was another fairly large, somewhat rundown church-owned property in a neighborhood that had become almost entirely black over the past decade. We arrived at the house one Sunday afternoon, anticipating that we would move in. But the house was used as some kind of “encounter therapy” house for whatever group owned or managed it. The couple who had lived there, but weren't living there anymore, were undergoing some kind of “marriage counseling.” The counselor took the woman upstairs while her spouse remained in the living room watching the Detroit Lions play football. He was a Lions fan because his wife's brother—the wife upstairs—was a star player. This was the 1970s. My skepticism deepened. I think we visited Chris and Pudge for a few hours, waiting for the troubled couple to vacate.

But I was happy and anticipated becoming involved in the political struggle. Again, the UFW headquarters in Los Angeles, for this campaign, were joined with the Migrant Ministry office on Olympic Blvd. Grace Charbonnet, our babysitter from 1970, was available to take care of Clare, Sarah, and Kate in the afternoons. Clare was enrolled in kindergarten at Morningside Elementary School, kitty-corner to our house, where she was one of only a few white children in her class. It was an interesting scholastic beginning. California primary grades then had “team teachers,” as many as three. The poorer the school and its neighborhood, the more support and funding it received.

By 1 every afternoon, I arrived at the office, with Amy, whom I was still nursing, in tow. At first I did the usual—making lots of telephone calls soliciting support. I worked under

Chris's direction, soliciting ministers and church groups. His longtime secretary, Sue Miner, was so patient and tolerant of all of us. When I had to attend a meeting, Art Torres, at the time a full-time volunteer, later a state senator and longtime chair of the California Democratic party, took care of Amy. When she awoke, he picked her up from her carriage and held her as he did his work and talked on the phone. At 5 p.m., I picked up the other girls and headed home through the L.A. traffic.

I can't recall the exact date, but sometime during late summer or early autumn, LeRoy and Chris became suspicious that signatures for the ballot initiative had been fraudulently solicited and possibly forged. The "Food for Less" title on petitions and the misinformation proffered by the petitioners had misled many into signing. Actually, the fraud was much greater.

I was the first to begin documenting the fraud. I went to the county registrar's office and petitioned to see the signatures. I was allowed into an attic warehouse room where the thick petition tablets, signature after signature, were stored. I began, one tablet at a time, to assess the possibility of duplicate signatures, and forgery. At the same time, I was copying down names, addresses, and telephone numbers. Eventually, the registrar's employees allowed me to make copies. I discovered that the petition gatherers had been paid, a novelty at the time, and that they had canvassed and obtained signatures in areas where there had always been strong farmworker support, such as South Central and East L.A., and in pro-labor communities in the southeastern part of the county. It became evident that signature after signature had been done with the same hand—there was little attempt at real forgery. People had signed family, friends, and neighbors. There was not enough time for one person to read every petition. I solicited help from our volunteers and supporters. We had teams in the attic, pouring over names, addresses, and phone numbers. We began telephoning signers and documenting what they had been told about Proposition 22. They had been duped into believing that 22 was a pro-consumer ballot measure. LeRoy, Chris, and others took our information and ran with it—to the press and to Jerry Brown, then secretary of state. What absolute jubilation the morning we picked up our *L.A. Times* with the headline "PROPOSITION 22 FRAUD." LeRoy began a human billboard campaign on freeway on- and off-ramps, and put out leaflets and ads, including some television ones. Proposition 22 was defeated handily.

What an election night party! But the defeat of Proposition 22 was the only political good news that November. Nixon began his second term.

Later that month, I accompanied LeRoy to La Paz where he was given a hero's welcome. We both understood that if Proposition 22 had not been defeated, he would have taken the fall.

1973

We remained in Los Angeles following the Proposition 22 campaign, into 1973. LeRoy

was directing the difficult Safeway grape boycott. I opted out. I wanted some independence from the farmworker movement and I wanted to earn a little money. There was a serious flu epidemic in Los Angeles that winter and the high schools were in desperate need of substitute teachers. I found a nice, middle-aged babysitter who lived close to us, and I taught at least three days a week. In those years, the secondary-school situation in parts of Los Angeles was becoming increasingly difficult. I took the place of teachers who did not have the flu, but who had been attacked in the classroom the day before. I had a few frightening incidents myself.

In the summer of 1973, LeRoy and I decided to leave the UFW. Our reasons may have differed but they coincided. Now that my children were beginning school, I wanted stability. We moved to Sacramento, where LeRoy's family lived. It was close enough to San Francisco that I could see my family and renew long-missed friendships. We both became involved in California politics: LeRoy worked for Governor Jerry Brown, I for the Democratic caucus of the state legislature. I think there was shock and dismay on the part of some when we left the UFW. I have never regretted the choice. More important, I have valued my years with the union, from the 1965 summer teaching NFWA children in Memorial Park until now. I treasure all the friends I have from those years. Helen, Fernando, Sylvia, Linda (may she rest in peace), Anna, Titibet, Bobo, and Birdie, Esther, Petra, Dolores, Gilbert, Fina, and on and on will live in my heart forever.

Postscript, January 2004

Anne Genevieve Chatfield, our fifth daughter, was born in Sacramento on October 20, 1977. She's the only one who likes menudo. Clare, Sarah, Kate, and Amy are married with children (we have nine grandchildren). LeRoy and I have maintained contact and friendship with many former farmworker volunteers. We were honored and delighted a few years ago to be among the few non-family invited to Helen's 75th birthday party. My life was enriched beyond measure during those eight years with the NFWA/UFW. I am forever grateful.