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1. Ancestry and childhood (1927 - 1935)

Henry: Well, this is going to end up, I hope, with a coherent account of how I got to be where I am today, a bundle of likes and dislikes, quirks and prejudices, and all kinds of eccentricities. In order to arrive at that end, I feel I have to say a few things about my family background. I don't want to be doctrinaire about it, because I'm not a Freudian. I don't believe that all of my faults at the present time are due to my parents. I'm a believer in some considerable amount of free will and personal responsibility. However, there can be no doubt that I've been influenced in some ways by my ancestors, so I'll say just a few words about them.

My paternal grandparents were both born in Sweden in the mid-1800s. They both immigrated to the United States in the 1880s. My grandfather Anderson was a tailor by trade, I think self-employed his entire life, and he was not terribly successful at it. My paternal grandmother was a homemaker. When she was a teenager she was in domestic service. After she got to the United States, I guess she was probably doing the same thing until she met my grandfather. She began having children right away, and I think from then on she was a homebody the whole time. But when times got tough, as they did, I imagine she made a pittance by taking in sewing at home, which is about all that women of good repute could do in those days.

Their first child was my father, and he was named Oscar after his own father. Oscar Alban Anderson was his full name, born in 1890.

David: Where did they live?

Henry: He was born in Champaign, Illinois, and rather soon after that they moved to Davenport, Iowa, which is where he grew up. And I venture to guess that at a tender age, probably by the age of 6 or 8, he tried to supplement the family income by selling newspapers or running errands for druggists, or whatever he could get. The more important point, I think, is that for the first six years of his life, they spoke nothing but Swedish in the family home, and when he was required to go to public school, at the age of 6, he was forced into what I guess they call Total Immersion. There were no classes in English as a 2nd language at that time. He had to pick up English as best he could, by listening to it being talked in the classroom. But he was apparently a smart little fellow, and he learned English. And then he began teaching English to his parents, so that within the space of a few years, by the time other children came along – he had three sisters and one younger brother – they were all speaking English, and by the time I eventually met my grandmother, she was speaking English better than most English speakers, uninflected; she spoke it very well.

Now, I know a good deal more about the background of my father's side of the family than I do my mother's, even though they were all old-stock American. But Sweden was more civilized than this country in the respect of public records, so I know a lot about how they got here, and the ship that they sailed on across the Atlantic, etc.

My mother came from Southern stock. She was born in 1896 in a little town in Texas – I believe it's on the Red River between Texas and Arkansas. The town was named Bonham. I've never been there; I've been to Davenport, but not to my mother's birthplace. Her father was a stock man – he raised horses, thoroughbred horses specifically, which is significant in that it involves a totally different social milieu than being a plantation owner, where you have a lot of hands. That led to what I call a Plantation Mentality, which felt that the owner was naturally superior to the hands. It of course flowered during the period of slavery, but even after that in sharecropping and other devices which perpetuated the caste system.

I don't know that my grandfather even had any year-around hands; I don't know that much about him, actually.

Eugene: What was his name?

Henry: His name was Henry Pope, and I've tried to do a little research on the Pope line but haven't gotten very far. There was a general in the Civil War named Pope but I think he was on the Union side, wasn't he? Yeah, so that was a dead end (laugh).

In any case, my mother's mother died when she was two years old, from typhoid fever, because at that time they didn't have indoor plumbing, they didn't know or didn't believe in the germ theory of disease, and I'm sure the outhouse somehow leaked into the family well, and it killed her.

My grandfather remarried, but it was a marriage of convenience, just so that my mother would have somebody to take care of her. When she was about 5, they moved to a town called San Angelo, where she went to high school, and I assume – once again, the records are not at all clear – that she graduated at about the age of 18, which would have made it around the beginning of the first World War. She has talked to me about her life to some extent, but there's a period of several year, 4 or 5 years, that are very opaque, because she apparently was suffering from some kind of disease, perhaps respiratory in nature, so she didn't go to school and didn't have any employment as far as I can tell. But after 4 years or so, a doctor said that what she needed was a change of climate. The climate in San Angelo and Texas as a whole was not good. They figured that she needed a dry climate. So she decided that the University of Arizona filled the bill, and in 1918 she began at the University of Arizona in Tucson.

David: We're talking about your mother, Ethel Pope?

Henry: Ethel Pope, correct.

In order to keep the story of the two sides roughly contemporaneous, I need to go back and say a little more about my father. When he got out of high school, once again I'm assuming about the age of 18, which would have made it approximately 1908, he had to drop out and work to help the family, and as best I can figure it he did some kind of social work in the city of Chicago. Maybe he saved up enough that he was thinking seriously about college, and in 1914 he began going to a small liberal arts college in Iowa called Cornell – no connection with the university in

Ithaca, NY. He was very successful in sports, in social affairs. He was very active in the temperance movement – these were the days in which there was a very powerful movement in favor of passing and amendment to the Constitution, known as prohibition, which outlawed the sale of alcohol – and he believed very passionately in that movement.

The war in Europe had been going since 1914, and in 1917, in April of that year, this country entered the war. Apparently my father enlisted in the Army rather than waiting to be drafted, because that way he figured he'd be able to get his choice of branches of the service, which is in fact the way it worked out. During his years at Cornell College, he was taking courses that he thought were leading him to going into medicine. It's very interesting for me to think about how different my life would have been if my father had in fact become a physician. But of course if he had been a physician I would not have been born, so that's just fantasy.

He hadn't turned 18 until October of 1918, which was just a year before the war was over. If he hadn't enlisted, he probably wouldn't have had to go into the Army at all. But as it was, he was in fact assigned to the medical corps, which is what he wanted. But he hadn't reckoned on what that entailed, and he got into the war on the continent of Europe where poison gas was being used by the Germans. Even though he wasn't on the front lines, being exposed to it in that way, the men who were exposed brought it back to the hospitals. One of them where my father was stationed, and he inhaled enough of the residues of the poison gas that if affected his lungs, and apparently affected him in one way or another for the rest of his life. Among other things it made it impossible for him to take lab courses of the sort you would have to take in medical school, and he had to give up any idea of every becoming a physician.

After he was discharged, in fact, he spent a year and a half or so recuperating. He went back to Cornell to get his BA, but he got it in English, and when he graduated in 1922, having taken out time for service in the army and then recuperation afterward, he was considerably older than his classmates. He began looking for a job immediately, as an English teacher, and found one in a little town In Arizona, called Globe. It was in the mining region.

Now just about this same time, Ethel Pope was graduating from the University of Arizona, and looking for a job as an English teacher. Lo and behold, she also got a job in the English department of the Globe, Arizona high school. She met this young – well, actually Oscar Anderson was not that young by this time – she was also older than her classmates at the U. of Arizona, so I think they were both close to 30. In any case, they found they had a good deal in common. They both believed in the temperance movement, which was still strong even though by this time Prohibition had been passed, because a lot of people weren't paying any attention to the Prohibition movement. But Ethel Pope and Oscar Alban Anderson were also interested in the outdoors, hiking, nature studies, astronomy, and so forth. One thing led to another, and in the year 1924 they were married.

Both of them had saved up enough money that they could begin talking seriously about his moving on to graduate studies, and it was assumed that she would start having children and would become a housewife.

Now at that time the best school of education west of the Mississippi was at Stanford U., and my father applied for admission there and was accepted, so that in 1925 he began his studies there for a Master degree in education. In Jan of 1926, they had a child, a male child, as the 1st-borns in the Anderson clan were usually male, and they named him Oscar Alban Anderson also, so he was Junior and his father became Senior. He was due to graduate in the spring of that year, and was looking around for employment, and among other places applied for something in TX. I don't know how many places he might have applied, and I don't know exactly what terms they offered him, but apparently he had no trouble getting that job, because the reputation of Stanford was such that it gave them some bragging rights, in the little town of Mexia, TX. They pronounce it meh-HAY-ya, the way people in small towns frequently pronounce the name of their town the way they please, whether it has any relationship to the way it would be pronounced by anybody else. I think the correct Spanish pronunciation would be MEH-he-ya, but meh-HAY-ya is the way they pronounce it.

Anyway, in Sept of 1927,

David: was it a high school teaching job?

Henry: He was the principal of that high school. That's the reason he took that job, I'm sure it paid a good deal more than they had been making as teachers. So they moved, and my mother was pregnant again at that time. So in Dec of 1927, she was delivered of another male child, this time born at home. Her first pregnancy was in the hospital in Palo Alto, and it was a very difficult delivery. She was in labor for 48 hours, or something of the sort. Fortunately, the 2nd delivery is usually easier than the 1st, and that was the case with my birth. I think she had a midwife, that was it.

She had, I think, a live-in helper, a colored woman as they would put it in those days, to help her with these 2 small kids. My father had a 2-year contract with the Mexia HS, and it terminated in the spring of 1929. According to some rumors – I can't put my finger directly on any of them – the parting between my father and the Mexia school district was not altogether amicable.

So I have a standing joke that whenever someone raises their eyebrows when I say that I was born in TX, everybody assumes that since I was raised ever after in CA that I must be a native-born Californian – I always say that I left the state of TX when I reached the Age of Reason.

I was 1 ¾ years old when they moved back to CA, and back to the same house that they had bought when he was studying for his Masters, at 2741 Cowper St. in Palo Alto, right near the city limits, semi-rural really. They rented it out while he was on this 2-year contract with Mexia.

This time he re-enrolled in the doctoral program at Stanford, once again in the school of education. I think that he had a particular interest, in fact I think that the whole department had a particular interest, in starting education earlier than most people assumed. Some school districts had kindergartens in some of their schools – Palo Alto may have had in some of its schools – but nobody was talking about anything earlier than kindergarten, and I think that in

the Stanford University school of education, they were already talking about nursery schools, or what later became known as Hear Start programs. Nobody was actually doing it at that time, but they were talking about it.

So my father got interested in that; I think it was going to be the subject of his doctoral dissertation; I can't be sure about some of these things.

In Oct 1929, just a few months after they'd moved back to Palo Alto from TX, the Great Depression began. I think it hit my father, because I've heard from some of my mother's recollections, that he, like almost everybody else in the country, thought that the stock market was going to continue going forever upward. He bought stock on margin, as they call it, meaning that he went into debt to buy a stock called International Telephone and Telegraph, and was wiped out.

This, combined with the fact he had this intellectual interest in the concept of nursery schools, I can't be sure how large a role each factor played, in any case my father and mother began what they called the Anderson Nursery School in their own home in Palo Alto, probably in 1930. She would maintain it during the day. He helped by building a jungle gym, a swing set, a sandbox, a marimba – a big stand-up marimba, probably 3 octaves or so. He was very good at woodwork, he could work with metal; he had a lot of interests and a lot of skills.

And furthermore, there were faculty members at the university who had children of an appropriate age, and through his contacts there were able to start school children from the faculty at the Anderson nursery school, even though it began very small. I don't have any idea how much they charged, but it was enough to pay the expenses of the materials for the play equipment, and feeding them at noontime, and so forth. My mother had some help, for a time they had the colored woman, so to speak, from Mexia, who came with them to help with Oscar Jr. and myself. She had to go back to TX, but my mother was able hire a woman who lived in one of the houses closest to us to help with the scut work.

David: Do you remember that woman's name?

Henry: Sure, her name was Nelly Ellsworth. Her husband was Charlie Ellsworth, and he was a carpenter by trade, an excellent carpenter, but in the depression he couldn't get a job. He was grateful for whatever my mother was able to pay his wife to do the cooking and dishwashing and stuff like that.

Eugene: That was the local woman?

Henry: Yes.

Eugene: What about the woman from TX?

Henry: She went home.

Eugene: What was her name?

Henry: Oh, her name was Cornelius, and nobody ever called her by her last name, and I don't know what it was.

David: And you were 4 or 5 by this point?

Henry: Well, you can figure it out. In 1930, most of the year I was still only 2. In Dec of 1930 I would be become 3. So I was probably able to mingle with some of the children of the Stanford faculty. They were probably admitted to the Anderson nursery school at the age of 3, as long as they were housebroken.

Now, my mother was pretty much on her own as to how to run a nursery school, but she figured out that it wasn't just a matter of babysitting, it was a matter of stimulating them in various ways. So there always music as part of the day's activities, including playing the marimba with some nursery songs, and the children would sing along with that.

Eugene: I remember her talking about that marimba.

Henry: Oh sure, it was a big deal. It was a beautiful piece of work, as well as very useful in the curriculum of the Anderson nursery school. And then of course there was a lot of reading, always something of interest and probably not just pap, but reading with some merit to it. And then very valuable play time - it was more than just recreation, it was a matter of getting along with other people, a very important aspect, in ways that were not anticipated. It seems that many of the members of the Stanford faculty, particularly those in the psychology and education depts., had problem children, and it was thrown upon my mother to figure out how to cope with them, and get them working and playing together. She had some kind of intuition, that she was able to prevent a kid who was a bully from acting like a bully. He was allowed to do so in his own home, because this was in advance of the theory that being tough with your child is liable to damage his psyche.

So many of these faculty members let their kids do whatever they damn well pleased, and some of them were just spoiled rotten. But my mother had a technique, and all I can do is guess; I was a little young at that time to see it being put into practice, although she tried to put it into words later on. She said that she exercised what she called the "voice of authority". For example, if a child used a bad word, and incidentally one of the words I learned at an early age was a bad word was the word "nigger"; she would not allow us to use that word. So if a child became overbearing, or tried to push somebody out of the way, or tried to grab the last cookie, or whatever might be objectionable, she would say, in her own way, "we don't do that here". It worked. I don't recall that she ever used the clichéd methods of sending somebody to a room without any lunch, or anything of that sort. It just worked.

So the Anderson nursery school thrived, and I thrived. I got along well with others, and I was learning to appreciate music to the point that I would begin making up little nursery songs myself. It wasn't just a matter of listening to her read from the Mother Westwind stories to the group, but in the evenings, at bedtime, she would read to my brother and myself, as we looked

over her shoulder at what she was reading, and so we began to learn, which leads me to the subject of my entry into the outside school system.

As it happens, 2741 Cowper St. was one block away from the South Palo Alto grammar school, and I don't think that when they bought the place back in 1924, that they had in mind that that was a very convenient location. I think they bought it because it was very reasonable, being well out of the tony parts of PA. As I say this was semi-rural. We were surrounded on many sides by open fields. Directly across the street from us there was an entire city block absolutely vacant, except every year a crop of wild oats would spring up, and somebody who had permission to do so from owner would bring in a team of horses and a device which cut down the grain, and when it dried in the sun would bring in another team of horses and rake it up with a big rake.

So there was this elementary school that had the first 8 grades. It was a 2-room school – grades 1-4 in one room, 5-8 in the other. They had one teacher in each room. They were single women, as almost all grammar school teachers were in those days. Many school districts had regulations against teachers marrying, on the theory that they start having children and drop out, and they'd have to go out and recruit somebody else, and it was better to keep them single. It was a different age in many ways, believe me.

So that raised the question, as I figured out later, at what age to enter me in the 1st grade. Being born in Dec was an awkward time. People usually began in the 1st grade at the age of 6. Well, I turned 6 in Dec, when I would have been considerably older than another 6 year old who had turned in the middle of the year. On the other hand, if I entered at the age of 5, I would have been much younger than my classmates. So I was entered in 1st grade at the age of 6. I had turned 6 in 1933.

Of course, by this time I not only had an advantage over many of my classmates that I was a little older than many of them, but I had had the advantage of years of preschool education. All that they could think of to do with me was to skip grades. I suppose that the teacher – her name was Foggio – must have talked with my mother about what they were proposing to do, saying that I was just wasting my time with kids who didn't even know the alphabet, whatever they began teaching in the 1st grade. So my mother agreed that I would skip the 1st grade. That worked for a year or two, until I guess by the time I moved from one room to the next, beginning with grade 5, the teacher of that room, her name was Somerville, complained that I was so far ahead of the other kids in the 5th grade, that I was wasting my time with them, and she wanted to skip me another grade.

I'm assuming that once again she must have had the permission of my parents, and she talked them into it. So here I was, 2 years behind my classmates in terms of my age, and this has colored my whole life ever since. There's got to be a better way to deal with that problem.

David: You would have preferred that they not skip you?

Henry: Well, as I say, there must be a way to keep a person intellectually active even if he's ahead of his classmates.

David: It's a recurring problem.

Henry: So, on the plus side of the ledger, none of my classmates ever looked on me as being some kind of freak. None of them resented the fact that I was given certain privileges. For example, my mother wanted to visit her relatives in Texas during the school year of 1936, so I was given permission to go on a vacation of 2 weeks. Of course, nobody else was given that privilege, but nobody seemed to resent it, and when I got back I was called upon to give an account of the things I had done and experienced. I was greatly impressed by the fact that I was able to eat off a menu 3 times a day. We went back and forth by train, and it was a trip of at least 2 days each direction. So I got all these meals off a menu, which I considered to be a great treat. It was like going to a restaurant 3 times a day, and a restaurant in real life was a rare event in our household.

So I reported on all this. I was well-accepted by the class. I want to say another thing about the nature of the South Palo Alto grammar school: I would estimate that 50% of my classmates were of brown complexions. They were southern European in extraction, all of them being born in this country, as I later figured out. The nature of the agriculture in South Palo Alto was dairy farms primarily, rather than crops of the types that require seasonal labor. This was in the middle of the depression, when some parts of CA had terrific problems with dust-bowl refugees and literal wars between workers and employers in tree crops and row crops, but they didn't have that kind of problem in the dairy industry.

So we all got along beautifully together. One of my best friends was a Filipino. Another was a Portuguese in extraction. They were all native born. We didn't have any problem with newcomers, because they weren't allowed under the immigration policies of that time. But there was no magnet for people to come from Mexico into the US at that time, because there was a surplus of labor already here.

On other point worth mentioning is that perhaps my best friend in the whole group was a girl, but not because we were boyfriend and girlfriend in the usual sense. I had much in common with her because was a tomboy who was interested in sports, and I was interested in sports because my father was interested in sports, and so we had much to talk about. She of course was 12 years old when I was 10 years old. I was pre-pubescent whereas she was fully pubescent, but I never thought of her as a girl in that sense.

David: What was her name?

Henry: Her name was Joan Putkamp, an unusual name. Another interesting aspect of that friendship was that we discovered, halfway through the school year, that she came from the neediest family in the entire school, which she managed to keep hidden. At Christmas time that year, 1937, somehow my mother learned their address, and got together a bunch of Christmas presents for my friend Joan and her sister Louise and brother Bill, and we drove by

this place to deliver them, and I don't know we found it, because if didn't have an address sign. It was a tar-paper shack. They were really destitute.

So, it didn't make the slightest bit of different to me. My mother took it upon herself to see that when I did activities which she thought might be pleasurable and educational to Joan, she invited her to go along. For example, I took horse-riding lessons, and she took part in those, and that was greatly appreciated. Somehow she was able to convey all this with no sense of *noblesse oblige*.

I remember also from those years that men would occasionally come to the back door of the nursery school, and would knock and ask if we could spare a sandwich or something. My mother always did, and would invite them in, invite them to sit down at the table, and talk while they were eating. I found that, well, I'm sure that was unusual.

David: Your mother would get them to talk about what got them where they were?

Henry: Yes, she would ask them to talk about whatever they wanted to talk about, which frequently was their life story. In ways such as that I developed what you could call a social conscience, without it ever having been flaunted.

My father was a conflicted man. He had great difficult at Stanford in his doctoral program because he developed a writer's block. I don't think he had to write a thesis to get an MA at that time. I got an MA in a professional school at UC; I didn't have to write a thesis in public health. But in the PhD program he had to write a dissertation, and he wasn't able to buckle down to it. Years went by. During a good chunk of those years, 2-3 years at least, he had a very good job in the PA unified school district, as the assistant superintendent, with the expectation that when he got his PhD the incumbent superintendent would retire, as he was getting long in the tooth, and my father would take over as superintendent. Well, it didn't work. As time went by it became clear that he wasn't going to be able to finish that. I think he ran out of time. They probably had a limit on how many years you could spend as a candidate. So there was a time when he was let go as assistant superintendent, and the only job he could get in the district was teaching wood shop in a night school class. Very humiliating. And at the same time my mother was making a fabulous success out of the Anderson nursery school, which was humiliating to him, I'm sure, as a matter of male pride. To make a long story short, things became tense at home. I wasn't able to do anything about it. It made me uncomfortable, of course, and unhappy.

Another complicating factor during that period of time, early 1930s, was that my mother wanted very badly to have a girl child, whom she would be able name after her mother, Mary Alice. Along about 1933 she did become pregnant for the 3rd time, and had a child who seemed at first to be healthy, and was in fact a girl, but there was some kind of congenital malformation, probably involving the heart, which required the ambulance to be called several times. There's a great deal I don't remember about those early years, but I do remember that. And then the child died.

My mother became pregnant once more, a 4th time, and this time it never came close to term. There was a miscarriage, and her gynecologist said that if she were to become pregnant again it might very well endanger her own life. So that was the end of the physical relationship with my father. That added to their estrangement. In looking back on it, it seems to me that it would have been very helpful and healthful to me if I had had a sister, because I would have learned on a day-to-day basis how to deal with a girl as a real human being, rather than what you see in the movies or fantasize about. So when the time came when I had to deal with a woman in real life, I didn't know how to do it.

David: But you had this friend. Maybe she was unusual.

Henry: No, I never got the knack. I always thought of women as being on some kind of pedestal, or else – what's the old dichotomy – Madonna and whore. Stereotypes of one kind or another.

David: That pretty much sums it up.

Henry: (laugh).

In 1935 or so my brother and I both had tonsillectomies. He needed one because he was frequently getting inflamed upper respiratory infections of ear, nose, and throat. I wasn't, but in those days they believed in yanking out tonsils as a preventive measure, which nowadays would be a no-no, because any operation has the possibility of something going wrong. Anyway, we both had our tonsils yanked out, at the Stanford hospital, and the doctor suggested that during the recuperation period we ought to look for a better climate in the summer than we'd get in Palo Alto. As you know from reading Mark Twain, the coldest winter he ever spent was summer in the SF bay area. Somehow or other, I think through a contact with a fellow named Fran Binkley, who had been at the school of education, my parents learned there was available a cabin they could rent for the summer. It was in Lake county, where the climate was high and dry, warm, ideal for what we boys needed. My parents got the idea of combining that with the nursery school, as the Anderson summer camp, and that will open up the next chapter of my story.

David: What sports had your father done at Cornell college, and what sports were you interested in during junior high school?

Henry: Interesting question! He was very active on the track team at Cornell, and was apparently pretty good at it, and in the year 1936 took me to a track meet at Edwards field here in Berkeley. I believe it was a lead-up to the Olympics that were being held that year in Germany, and if my memory serves I believe that Jesse Owens was involved in that track meet. In any event it really sold me on the whole subject, and in the last year that I was at the South Palo Alto grammar school I talked the teacher into letting me put on a track meet of our own, with improvised quarter-mile, which probably was closer to 220 yards around the schoolyard, and so forth. The other kids entered in good spirit, and of course in high school I went out for track, but that's getting ahead of the story.

Eugene: Other sports?

Henry: I never was good enough or big enough. I certainly wasn't tall or heavy, which ruled out a great many things. I was a shrimp!

David: So is Messi – same size as Henry.

Eugene: Messi's a little shorter.

David: You mentioned the plusses, what about the minuses of skipping 2 grades?

Henry: I'll give you another example of the way I was favored. I was given permission to go home for an hour every week to listen to a radio broadcast about music. That developed my appreciation of music other than nursery rhymes. I still don't quite understand why the others didn't look upon me as being the teacher's pet, which is not usually looked upon favorably, yet I don't recall there being any resentment.

Eugene: How many students in the school?

Henry: Maybe 60, divided 30 and 30, just a guess.

Eugene: Just 1 teacher per room?

Henry: Correct. Two other things I neglected to mention. You'd expect that my brother and I, being so close in age, would have gone to the same school. In fact, we never did. He was considered to be the brains of the family, and was sent to private schools, to develop his scientific bent. I was the aesthete; I was expected to be interested art and music, and he was into science and math, which required a better quality of education than I could get in the public schools.

Eugene: Was the nursery school a separate building?

Henry: No. I can't understand how we were allowed to get away with it. It was all done in a very modest bungalow – 2 BR, 1 bath, and the kids had to have some place to take naps, and I don't know exactly where that was. Nowadays it would have been shut down immediately, I'm sure.

David: What was the typical number of students in the nursery school?

Henry: Probably eight.

Oh, the other thing I almost forgot is that during the last year or so as my father's tenure as assistant superintendent, one of his duties was to personally visit every classroom in the district, just to sit in the back of the room and observe how the teacher was carrying out her duties. So in due course he'd come around to South Palo Alto grammar school and there I was,

trying to pretend that I didn't know him. But at the same time I was very proud, because that was a heck of a good position.

Another of my conjectures about how different things might have been, to wrap this whole thing up, and this is positively the last: if my mother's pregnancy with Mary Alice had gone as everybody hoped, it probably would have meant a hiatus in the Anderson nursery school of at least a year or so, and very possibly that would have made such a difference in my father's morale. He would have once again been in the position of being the bread-winner in the family. Everything might have been different.

2. Summer camp in Lake County

David: So I have a general question which is that you talked a bit about you father who I knew really nothing about. Can you say more about him as a person and what he was like as a father and what traits from him you think you acquired or inherited?

Henry: Very insightful question because I had that on the list of questions I wanted to add to what I said last time. Which I would call the nursery school years those were the years that my father was still around and you will learn from this segment he departed very shortly after I finished up last time and I didn't see him again for about 20 years but I do have definite memories and they definitely affected my later life and sometimes it ways I didn't ask for but couldn't help. For example he had a very characteristic of indicating displeasure, frustration and anger. He took a characteristic Norwegian method of clamming up and sulking and retreating rather than confronting whatever was the issue. I have followed that same pattern ever since. It's not very healthy but I have never learned the art of getting things off your chest.

On the other hand there were things that I inherited from him not in the biological sense because I don't believe in that, but simply from observation. He was very fond of word play. He was a punster. I certainly picked that up and have gone through life making bad puns all the time. Which sometime are appreciated and sometimes not even understood as such. And that was one of the problems I'm convinced between my father and mother. She didn't have that sense at all and didn't understand when he was trying to be funny by making a pun. She didn't appreciate it and he didn't appreciate that she didn't appreciate it. And it was one of those things that just added up.

In combination with other things as well. I got as we mentioned before a great fondness with sports. I have spent innumerable hours and I still do even though there are others thing that I should be doing with my life. I'm hooked on sports in television and radio and whatever form. I read the sport page every morning even though there are things going on that are infinitely more important. My father was also interested in art. He himself did some watercolors at one time when he went to Cornell and if I ever get my archives totally organized I think I can retrieve some of those and when it came time to try my hand at graphic expression I leaned toward watercolors. He was also interested in music. One of the mementos that he brought home from Europe when he was discharged in WWI was a bugle. I don't know if he was ever a bugler but I inherited it and I learned to play the bugle and eventually got a merit badge in the Boy Scouts as a bugler.

Well so I was influenced by my father no question about it. As we go along later on I will talk more about my mother of course. She was the big influence for most. I'll say a few other things about the nursery school itself. It wasn't entirely a cash operation. My mother was quite a believer in a barter economy. So if she needed a job in carpentry she would have preferred to find a carpenter to give her a bid and if he had a child and if everything else was appropriate she would have offered to swap. 10 days in the school for the value of his labor. So there came

a time when she felt that my brother and I needed music lessons. And she decided that Oscar should take violin and I should take piano lessons. She couldn't find a violin in Palo Alto of the child of the right ago to go to the nursery school for a time. She had to pay the violin teacher but she found a piano teacher with a boy who was my ago so they agreed to exchange a day at the nursery school for a piano lesson.

And I began taking so called piano lessons. As time went by it turned out that this guy's piano lesson was for him to practice an etude or sonata with me sitting by him on the piano bench and every once in a while he would stop playing and have me point at where he had stopped on the score. I was supposed to be able to read music in that way. I don't recall even going through the usual basics of playing scales or whatever. It was a scam he was getting away with it because he thoughts that I didn't know any better. But there came a time when I told my mother that I didn't think that was a proper piano lesson. She bought a piano to play in the nursery school. I never got beyond the point of playing chopsticks with Oscar. And so that lead to a confirmation with Mr. Hackett and terminated their arrangement and I never did learn to play any instrument at all. Well later on I took a stab at learning the clarinet and trumpet but never became proficient at anything of that sort.

Well. The last time I did talk about the beginnings of the Anderson summer camp which began with the fact that my brother and I had tonsillectomies and my brother continued to get upper respiratory infections to the point where we finally found a doctor who said he should spend some time in a warmer climate that was available in Palo Alto. I'm not sure about the details and but they found a former Stanford graduate student who had a piece of property in lake country that he wasn't using at the time let my parents use for the summer at some very, very reasonable rate and so they got the idea of simply transferring the nursery school to the extent that the parents were interested in doing some into lake country for about 6 weeks in the summer of 1935.

And as they succeeding years went by the ideas and the group became a little larger each time. And by 1938 it was quite successful. My mother felt that we had enough people there that we should have a nurse on duty and she was able to find nurses that were in financial trouble and were willing to serve for basically room and board.

At this same time I believe I'm right in my father got a call from Davenport that he was needed back there to help settle the estate of my grandfather Anderson who had died. There was some problem in the probate. Maybe it was an excuse for my father to get away because he and my mother at the time were having real problems. He had basically moved to the attic and was having his meals sent up there by one of us boys and so forth as so on. It was a very unhealthy situation. So that meant my mother was by herself in running the camp. But she was very good at managing things without any help and she hadn't been getting any help from my father for some time before that. And it was quite a successful camp. Financially and in other ways and I strongly suspect that she had had the idea fairly early in the game that there wouldn't be any real point of going back to Palo Alto to this emotionally unhealthy situation there.

As far as she knew the owner of this property in Lake Country still had no use for it. And why not stay there for at least a while. And so toward the end of the summer as the camp was breaking up she had what she called a family council as if her boys had an equal voice in the matter. While in fact for all practical purposes the decision had been made and of course we jumped at the idea and therefore it set in motion a variety of things which she must have been thinking about beforehand otherwise it wouldn't have been possible to get it all in motion as smoothly as it did. For one thing she had the idea of getting a cow. And she in fact had in fact lined up a Holstein for $50 and another one of her plans was the chickens and she had already figured out the variety was going to be New Hampshire Reds which are a breed of chicken that is an ideal combination of eating and laying chicken. On the property we had at our disposal we had an old barn. It was roughly divide between a portion that was used for stock by the owner and the other portion was a chicken shed. It needed some work but she had a handyman there for help around the nursery school chopping wood and things like that. And so she put him to work fixing up this place.

And she had it figured out that my brother would be responsible for maintaining the wood supply which of course was a big deal. This cabin was without almost any what were considered essential amenities in this day and age and even in that age by city slickers. But it had no electricity, no telephone, no source of heat (butane or propane) the only source of heat was wood for heating the space and for cooking. Hot water had to be heating on top of the stove if one wanted to take a bath or what have you. It was quite an adjustment. It did have running water it the cabin both in form of a flush toilet and running water in the kitchen. The source of water was a creek with ran maybe 30 feet away from the house. And there was a pump arrangement whereby an old Chrysler had a pulley it was on a platform on the top of the creek bank and the pump was down in the bottom of the creek itself and this endless belt hooked up with one of the rims of the car and turn on the engine it started pumping water to a tank of several 100 gallons. Which by gravity provide the house. It wasn't totally primitive but was rather basic.

And I was given the job of maintaining the animals, including milking the cow morning and evening without fail. And I can't remember exactly the number but we began fairly small time on the chickens maybe 25 of them or something like that. And so I had to learn how to feed them and water them and make sure they had nests to lay in. And protect them from varmints and so forth and so forth as so on. And then there was the question of education. I had just finished the 6th grade at south Palo Alto school and there was within the town. Close to the center of Cobb, a 1 room schoolhouse. Classical literally a 1 room schoolhouse for all 8 of the elementary school grades with 1 teacher. And that was where I was going to go. I was rather apprehensive about it because at the south Palo Alto school I had begun in the 1st grade with all my classmates. As it turns out I skipped grades but in any case I knew everybody and everybody knew me. Here that wouldn't be the case at all. All of my classmates would know each other and I would be the outsider. And I was afraid as being a city slicker to use that phrase again. Because I didn't know the lingo to the history of the area or anything of that sort. However I was surprised and delighted to find that I was accepted. As long as I kept my mouth shut until I learned the ropes.

And so I made every effort to learn the lingo and the history. And lean the costume. For example there was a way of dressing that the boys all followed. Including jeans of course and including certain types of all purpose boots which I guess were about 8 inches which I of course did have but soon got by means of mail order. We got that kind of things from Montgomery wards (Monkey Wards as we called it), which had very good service at the local post office. So I began accepting their attitudes. Now I was in the 7th grade. There were 2 other fellows in my same class 2 years older that I was. There were named Don Springsteen and Bob Prager. We had a 4th member of the class named Gladys Elliot.

But one of the attitudes of the boys was that they didn't associate with girls. They thought that girls were sissies; they thought girls were not very bright. So we were trimpherenet? unto ourselves. Sort of the 3 musketeers. We were all equal and alike in that we looked down on poor Gladice. I want long with this not that I necessarily agreed with it in my heart, but I desperately wanted to belong to the guys and I learned that there is a very, very powerful motive, not in peculiar to myself but perhaps in general to mankind. The need to belong to something. So I belonged to that group and it meant a great deal to me. That it ushered in kind of what I consider a golden age in my whole life. I was very happy as school to feel that I was accepted and very happy to feel that I was being useful at home. And it wasn't easy I had to get up early. The mornings began to get cold before long but I had to milk that cow. It just had to be done and I did it. And I got very good at it.

Still it took close to 30 minutes because Holsteins are famous for being very productive at milk more so than Gurneys and other breeds. And it was equally necessary that I feed and water the chickens. And when they began laying eggs, part of my duties was to collect eggs at the end of the day. It was a full day a full life. And I just loved it. I forget to mention that my mother would drive to school in the morning. The school was about 3 miles from where we lived. She would drive and drop me off because she always got the mail at the Cobb post office and there were frequently things she needed to buy at the nearest store which was incidentally part of the pine grove resort. Cobb at that time was the center of quite a number of resorts which had to make their money in the summers. People came up from SF and so forth to get away from the city and breathe the fresh air of Lake County. But in the winter the results closed down but Pinegrove continued to operate this little store.

And for incidence the owners of the result were the Eigens and the teacher at the Pine Valley school was Mrs. Eigen. Everybody knew everybody else. But as I started to say at the end of the school day I would walk home every day and I had these boots and I tried to keep up a lively pace. And so in the course of time I built up strength. In my walking apparatus and running apparatus as it turned out. And so at the same time that I would building up strength in my hands and forearms from milking. In the fall during recess in school the games nobody thought of football. There were games called red rover and beefsteak. Don't have any counterparts as far as I know, but they involved tag teams and rather elaborate rules. But they did involve a lot of running. And as I built up strength that came in handy.

And during the spring they did play softball. And I discovered that even though I was younger and smaller than anybody else. In the 7th grade there was this one guy in the 8th grade who was really older and bigger and yet I discovered that I could hit a softball father than anyone else because of the fact that the secret is in the strength of your hands and wrists and forearms and I think that is true of big league baseball players today. And I always regretted that people like Barry Bonds thought it was necessary to take artificial means when he didn't need to. Because he had remarkably swift forearm the way Hank Aaron did. But anyways that's another story. Oscar did not go to that school because he almost always went to private schools. Now I haven't mentioned the Binkleys have I?

Fran Binkley was the owner of the place we were living at. He was one of 10 Binkley children. The main Binkley ranch was over the hill from where were. They had 160 acres. Fran had 20-40. The main ranch had a lot of thing going for it. At one time they were a major goat ranch with 300 goats that they used for milk and cheese. And they used the hair to sell for wigs or something. The ranch was a fabulous place. And it had a private school. It was a 1 man school and run by John Binkley a specialist in science and math. And he was Oscars tutor. I think Oscar might have been the only student.

Did I mention that Oscar was responsible for keeping up the wood supply. The main wood that we used was a very hard wood and it was quick to ignite it was manzanita. And there were lots of manzanita on portions of the Binkley property, to which we were given free access, which had been killed by fires at some time in the past. So Oscar would drive then he was really young ~10 so he must have been 12 when I began. And he became 13 in January. Anyway he got ahold of a model A. My mother must have bought it and we kept it off of public roads. He would drive the Model A and hoop up chains to the dead bushes and haul them to the main house where he would chop them up. Didn't have any power saws. And he was darn fortunate that the axe never slipped. Because in the course of talking to the guys at school and men at the store I heard tales about experienced woodsmen whose axes had slipped. Did terrible things to their legs. But Oscar was lucky and never suffered any injuries from his portion.

One of the major developments from this period of my life. And I don't know whose idea it was to start with and there was no stopping it. I began to be called Hank. And I embraced it heartedly because I never liked the name Henry and I said before. That was the name of my maternal grandfather just as Oscar's was his paternal grandfather. However there never was a logical nickname for Oscar. But for many years everybody called me hank. It wasn't until fairly recently as time goes that I slipped away from that and began allowing other to use it. And now few people call me Hank but when they do it given me a warm feeling. Another development at the ranch was that I learned how to ride a bicycle.

And he tried to teach me how to ride a bicycle. And I didn't really learn for Oscar. I only learned by doing the hard way. And if I fell off a few times which I did there was the dirt to land on on either side of the road and there came a time it was dusk one evening I'll never forget. I succeeded in staying upright for some extended period of time and I had learned how to find. And I suppose I could still ride a bicycle now if I tried. As they say. As I was growing up I learned

how to do a number of different things. I learned how to hit a baseball by hitting fungoes on a field near the house. And there again swung and missed dozens of times before I learned to hit a fungo and I was soon able to do fairly regularly.

And then I would walk as far as I had hit it and turn around and hit it back. And I kept doing that until I became pretty proficient. The main thing I think is a feeling of making myself useful. There came a time when I was rather than taking on chicks in those of 25. Taking on at least 100 at a time. And that of course was more than we could use in the form of either eggs or fried chicken by ourselves. And so I began selling them to the resorts during the resort season. Selling the eggs at either 25 cents a dozen and selling chickens frying chickens for whatever the going rate was then I don't remember. Eventually I got a merit badge from the Boys Scouts of America in poultry husbandry because of my background in that even though I had to give it up when we moved back to Palo Alto.

What did we do for entertainment? At the summer came we had a campfire every night and every camper was invited to contribute something. Something in the way of a song, a poem, a joke, something. And during the winter my mother always read something to us and she was a member of the book of the month club and sometimes they sent out that thing every month weather we wanted it or not. There were ways to tell them we didn't want that sort of thing, but that involved telling them we didn't want it and we never quite got around to that. And so we got every book of the month even though sometimes they were not of any interest to us at all. But when they were she would read those.

And then there came one time when she thought it would be good for our spiritual development if she began reading the holy Christian bible. And (laughs) and I laugh because I think she never got through the book of Genesis. And I can't remember exactly where the story of Noah and the flood comes in. And that includes not just the story about the great flood but there is something there about Noah getting drunk and being seen by one of his daughters in a state of nakedness. Now my mother had very strong feelings about drink she also had very strong feelings about nakedness. That ended our bible lessons. I never heard how the book of Genesis ended up. But that was one of our family institutions.

We sometimes played records with an old wind up phonograph and some old victor ritz seal records of Enrico Caruso and groups of four singing the quartet from Rigoletto. With a sextet from Luchio and so forth and so on. That was part of our education.

Have I mentioned our dog Skippy? A wire haired fox terrier. We got him I guess about 1938 and so he was with all through the lake country years. That is most of the lake country years. And we loved that little dog and he loved us. In my last reminiscences I believe I said something to the effect of "If I ran the world every young boy would have a little sister" and in my ideal world every young boy would also have a dog. There is an example of giving and receiving unconditional love. Skippy was also useful in helping us hunt ground squirrels. Ground squirrels were one of the banes of my existence particularly because they had a great appetite for chicken feed.

And I needed a lot of chickenfeed for 100 chickens. I would buy it in 100 pound sacks and ground squirrels found a way of getting into our storeroom and helping themselves so I declared war on them. Trapped them every way I could. We had a small 22 caliber rifle. In fact it dated back to my mother's early years when she had it in Texas. She kept it during the years and took it with us to the ranch and we started taking pot shots and ground squirrels with that. I guess we got 1 or 2 occasionally. But our dog Skippy would help by trying to dig them up with their burrows and he was ??? about that. I don't think he ever got that far down because they dug their burrows pretty deep. But he tired and one way or the other we made inroads. Never defeated the ground squirrels, but we made them pay. And whenever we did kill one we would BBQ it in one our campfires and feed it to Skippy.

In my senior year that is my final year of Cobb valley school which was the 8th grade. In those years the division was between grammar school and high school. There was no such thing as middle school or junior high school. So I was in my final year and Cobb valley school in the year 1938-39 and I think I got this right. In any event we were now the top grade in that school. To the best of my recollection the total enrollment of this 8 room school was probably about 20. There were 4 of us in the top grade alone. There must have been many classes in which there were no pupils at all. But one of the more interesting things about it is that it was quite diversified within those limitations.

I mentioned the fact that it was a resort district. By far the largest and most famous most prosperous of all those resorts was called Hobergs. Hobergs Among The Pines as they called it. They had literally 100s of cabins during the resort season they had a full size orchestra playing for dancers every night. On one occasion they had a guest orchestra you've probably heard of called Tommy Dorsey. And the 3 brothers that owned that enterprise were I'm sure millionaires. It was the largest family owned resort they claimed in the state of California. And 2 of the Hoberg children were attending Cobb valley school at the time. But you wouldn't know it. They didn't dress any better or act any better than any different from the other children. And there were 2 other siblings in that school at the same time the Brookings brothers who were borderline mentally shortcoming I'm sure. But there again no big deal was made out of it they were accepted along with everyone else.

They were very cheerful and I remember that the one teacher Mrs. Eigen wasn't really able to keep track of the progress of every child every day. And there came times when the elder children were asked to help with the reading lessons of a younger child. Their tutelage consisted of only listening to someone read and explain how to pronounce or define a word. In that way Mrs. Eigen was able to keep everyone up to a reasonable level. In the case of the Brookings boys I think their special education took the form of one of the older kids reading to them rather than them trying to read to us. In any event it was all as I say diversified without anyone looking down on anyone else. In my senior in my 8th grade there was a Christmas play. Every year Mrs. Eigen wrote an original play on a Christmas theme. I was called upon to do the sets. The setting was going to be a cowboy Christmas. So I had to visualize the set consisting of butcher paper on the back or front of the schoolroom. With my drawing of a rural setting with a

campfire in the foreground and pine trees in the background. And by this time I was increasingly interested in art as a hobby.

On my 11th birthday in December of 1939 I believe I got a watercolor set and began doing watercolors, which I believe I mentioned that my father also did in his day. I didn't do watercolors on this set. I used colored chalk on the set and I think it turned out pretty good if I remember correctly.

My brother was very good at technology of various kinds including car maintenance. I think he kept my mother's car in trim. He was also very interested in radio. He began with a crystal set that didn't require any electricity. It couldn't bring in very many stations. But by the time of our second year in lake country he was able to bring in a wide range of radio stations without the access of electricity. I don't know how he did it but we were able to get programs from SF and all the major networks at that time. There were certain programs that we set aside for every week. We weren't addicted to radio in general; we rarely listened to more than 30 minutes at a time. We liked the Bob Hope program. We liked the program called "Information Please", which was a sophisticated quiz program. We liked the program run by Robert Ripley called "Believe it or Not". He began with a cartoon or a newspaper feature involving illustrated oddities that he collected from around the world. And he moved into radio and made this whole thing become quite entertaining by the mere sound rather than being able to visualize it. The source of illumination was something called an Aladdin lamp. The fuel was kerosene and it had a wick. It began glowing when the fire heated the wick. It gave out effective reading light.

We managed to be quite self-sufficient, but never managed to be able to grow crops. I believe in the very early years of the Anderson summer camp there was an attempt to grow radishes or something in the way of vegetables. It never worked because there were a lot of deer in lake country. Despite the fact that we were besieged by hunters during the fall and that they were supposed to limit themselves to bucks but I suspect that many of them were bagging does as well. So there were plenty of deer and we tried, if memory serves me, tried keeping them out briefly with a fence. But found that they were able to jump the 8 foot fence easily. And we were not going to try to build a higher fence than that it was just too much work. So we gave it up and never were there long enough to grow tree crops.

Well fixed for eggs chicken to eat year round when they began getting too old to eat as fryers there is something better than fricaseed chicken cooked with dumplings as I found. As for the milk we used that in many ways. After skimming off the cream we made butter and the skim milk we fed to chickens who loved it. And we used the cream to make ice cream the ice cream was made in a freezer that was operated by a crank that required us to go to the store to get ice cubes. We probably did have an ice box at the lake country ranch, but for the most part we got along by keeping things cool down by the creek. We had a box that we submerged and the water would keep the contents cool. Even the hottest summer days.

So all in all I look upon it as kind of an Eden in retrospect. I there again feel that everyone should have the experience of spending at least a portion of their life outside the city. In a city I believe that it's possible for a person to have any inkling of the spectacle of the starry sky. In a

remote rural setting. There must be 100s if not 1000s of time more stars… you have the milky way for starters. You don't see the milky way in the city. I haven't seen it in Berkeley for years. But there we had it every night. I would lie in bed, I slept outdoors whenever possible on a cot. And I was able to look up at the starry sky. I didn't fully appreciate it at the time. But ever since I have. I there again feel everyone should have the experience of knowing that there were other possibilities in life than whatever they were able to get from a town or city.

Furthermore I think it's valuable for a person growing up to have the opportunity that I did of being able to produce something palpable and useful and appreciate and needed. The way my brother did with his woodworking and my working on livestock and chickens. So there came a time when Fran Binkley said that he wanted the use of his property back. For a brief period of time we tried staying at another place in Lake County operated by another old timer in the area named John Lee but it wasn't the same. So in 1940 we moved back to Palo Alto. And it has now been about the time where Virginia said she'd like to start dinner…

David: So your father went to Davenport and never came back?

Henry: He was only there the first 2 or 3 years. After the war broke out he had a good excuse for staying back there. He was a machinist and was needed in the Rock Island arsenal right across the river from Davenport. Major arsenite and he spent the war years there. Later on I'll be talking about the time when we finally did get together.

David: Did your mother operate another preschool in Lake Country?

Henry: No, just the summer camp. Once the war started it was impossible due to transportation restrictions. She continued to operate the nursery school until the mid 1940s back in Palo Alto. She rented it out (the house?) when we were in lake country.

Gene: Describe the Lake County house.

Henry: My brother had a bedroom as did my mother. I had a sleeping porch which was open to the elements or elephants as I put it. it got cold there in the winter but it was good for me. I just put on another blanket or comforter and I had what I called a bearskin that I wrapped around my feet. I found that if I kept my feet warm the whole rest of me would tend to stay warm. It wasn't really a bearskin in was lambskin but it was a gift from my father and that's what he called it. There was a very small kitchen. The living room had a fine stone fireplace floor to ceiling and let's just say that I was in lake country about 8 years ago and visited that place and the fireplace is still there and unchanged.

David: How cold is it in the winter?

Henry: It does snow. It gets down into the 20s and we dressed for the occasion.

In fact looking way ahead one of my best paintings is based on a photograph my brother took of a snowy scene. I used that as the basis for an oil painting. Which I gave to Oscar and his wife at

the time Jedde in honor of the photograph he originally took back in 1939. That painting still exists as far as I know in the home of his daughter Claire. It came be seen on demand I think.

Incidentally my brother had the job of starting the fire in the mornings. So we all had our roles to play.

Gene: Whatever happened to that rifle?

Henry: I don't know. By the same token I don't know where the bugle is today. I used to blow taps every night during the summer camp. At the end of the day. Another one of our great traditions.

3. Palo Alto High School

David: You were saying you've been haunted since your childhood by your memory of Lake County.

Henry: Well, not exactly since my childhood, but my young adulthood. To me, it was a kind of Shangri-La, if that term means anything to you young whippersnappers. It was the closest thing to Utopia that I could imagine. I spent an awful lot of time up and down Northern California and on up into Oregon, particularly during the time I was with Lois, looking for something that might come close to trying to recapture those day. She in her girlhood grew up on a homestead in Montana, so she had the same feeling toward that that I had toward Lake County. She and I never [pause]…oh, I *was* with her when I got the ranch in Forestville. That was in 1984, and as I say, it hasn't worked out [laugh] as I had hoped but I've still held onto it through thick and thin, always hoping that not only would I be able to escape there occasionally at least, but that eventually I could strike some kind of spark in the breasts of one or more of my children and that they would carry on after I kick the bucket.

David: Well, you may be interested in knowing that one of Erica's cousins bought a cabin up in Cobb a couple of years ago.

Henry: Interesting

David: And Erica and Noah have gone up there a couple of times just on the weekend. There are no farm animals but it is Cobb.

Henry: That's interesting, indeed. Okay, so with that preliminary…

Gene: How old were you when you were in Lake County?

Henry: I was there when I was 10 and 11, and then there were summer camps for another two years. The glory years were those in which we spent time year round. There were a couple or three years after that when we went up there in the summers.

Gene: Was that to the same cabin or a different one?

Henry: Toward the very end, a fellow from whom we had been renting the cabin that I was really so fond of wanted it back and so we spent time on the property of another fellow, but it wasn't the same because it didn't have the creek running right alongside the house. Now, do you remember where we left off?

David: Right there, the guy repossessed the cabin and you headed back down to Palo Alto.

Henry: Right, okay, that would have been in 1940. It might seem that if I were born in 1927, in 1940 I would have been 13 but because my birthday doesn't come until the very end of the year, in most of 1940 I was still only 12. There were several changes when we moved back to Palo Alto. Did I mention anything about our buying the house next door to us, along about

1936 or 7, from the Ellsworths? I believe I mentioned the name Ellsworth – she helped my mother with the nursery school for a while and her husband was an unemployed but very competent carpenter. They, despite the fact that my mother tried to help out by hiring Mrs. Ellsworth with the nursery school and giving Charlie Ellsworth odd jobs around the place (adding on a sleeping porch and so forth), had to sell their house. My mother was so successful with the nursery school that she bought it, and I and my brother and father and she moved into that rather than sharing with the nursery school itself. So that was a difference.

I was now ready for the 9th grade. In many school districts that would have meant that I was a freshman in high school, but in the Palo Alto school district it meant that I was going to junior high school. The high school at the time was only three grades. I don't remember very much worth mentioning in my 9th grade year. It was Jordan Junior High. It was probably about half a mile, maybe a little more than that from where we were living. I was riding a bicycle at that time, so that's how I got back and forth to school.

It had a homeroom system. Our homeroom teacher was also our English teacher – Miss Wells was her name - known to the boys in the class as "Horse Face Wells." [laugh] I sat in the back of the room and sat next to one of the guys who was kind of a roughneck. He and I used to whisper back and forth, including our opinions about Horse Face Wells, but somehow or another Wells thought that I was a star pupil and made me a teacher's pet whether I wanted it or not, which I didn't. I'll never forget the time that the class had been out of hand most of the day and she kept them all in after the normal time for adjournment at the end of the day except for me. I was so surprised to be singled out in that way that I couldn't think of anything else to do but to follow her instructions, which were to walk out. In retrospect, I should have said I would prefer to stay with my friends. But they didn't seem to hate me or resent me for being a teacher's pet, so I got along okay through that year. She singled me out to write a class poem for the Annual and it still exists somewhere.

A major development was that I joined the Boy Scouts. The Boy Scouts are in bad repute nowadays because some people consider them to be overly authoritarian and overly patriotic and overly religious and mostly because they are considered to be homophobic. I don't know where that controversy stands at the moment but it was no item for discussion back in those days. Nobody had heard the word homophobic. It would have been unthinkable to have a scoutmaster who was a predator of young boys. If there had been a rule handed down by the national organization that no predators of young boys need apply for a position as scoutmaster, I would have been all in favor of it.

In the summer of 1940, I guess it was… no, I think it must have been '41, I went to Boy Scout camp in Lake Huntington, which I just looked up in the atlas and found that it's in Fresno County. It was a very beautiful setting. The idea of Boy Scout camps was to get as many merit badges as you could, and I got merit badges in bugling and art and probably two or three other things. The whole goal of Boy Scouts – as you probably don't know – was to get enough merit badges to go up through certain ranks. You began as a Tenderfoot, the second step was Second Class (I guess), third (I guess) was First Class. And then they began a graduation from Star Class to Life Class to Eagle Scout. I eventually reached the Life Class. I had to have 20 to 25 merit

badges, something like that. But I was never able to get one in swimming. Otherwise, I would have been an Eagle Scout. I sank like a rock in water, try as I might. The more I tried the more water I inhaled, it seemed. It got to be mental, I imagine, more than anything else. It's still with me; I've never been able to swim, never.

So that brings me to my sophomore year at Paly High. It was probably 2 or 3 miles from where we lived, but once again my bicycle was the means of transportation and it was very good exercise. Among other things I remember fondly, because it came in handy for all the rest of my life, was that I took a class in typing. I would recommend everybody do so if they haven't already. I became fairly good at it. I think I got up to about 60 words per minute and if I remember correctly, that was net after suffering subtractions for errors. So that was pretty good, I guess. Anyway, I got good grades in it and I enjoyed myself the whole year.

I think it also may be worth mentioning that my brother and I during this period attempted to keep in some contact with our father, who was still back in Davenport, Iowa. I'm not altogether sure what he was doing. I think he probably had by this time settled whatever problem there was with the probate of his father's estate. My brother and I would write letters to him occasionally and he would reply occasionally. Particularly, we contacted him at holiday times. I'm not sure exactly what years we might have done this but my brother got very interested in recording, making home recordings with disks that used some kind of stylus. I don't know the technique but I remember making greetings to send to my father in that form.

I'm very, very foggy on this but for reasons I cannot recall we (that is my mother and brother and I) moved back from the Ellsworth house into the nursery school house by the fall of 1941. I don't know why but I do remember this; the only space available for me was a kind of anteroom at the very rear of the house. You had to go through my brother's bedroom to get to it. It was no larger than a large closet. Since it was the only thing available, I accepted it. In retrospect now, I realize it was good for me because it put limits on the amount of junk that I could acquire [laugh] and clutter up the space with. I had to be efficient. There was a little desk there that I used, there was a 6 foot long bed and there may have been a small closet. It was probably 6 feet by 8 feet, something like that.

I had a radio by the bed which I used to use to listen to programs like "Your Hit Parade" which would have Frank Sinatra singing the leading songs of the day. I was listening to that radio and I was probably listening to popular music on some station or another when the program was interrupted with a news flash. This was the morning of Sunday, December 7th, of 1941. I think it was about 9 o'clock in the morning, our time. It was much earlier in the morning Hawaii time. I remember going into the kitchen were my mother was working on breakfast and telling her what happened and she knew immediately that it meant that we were at war.

The following day, at Paly High, we were all called into the auditorium to listen to Franklin Roosevelt's speech to Congress in which he spoke about "the day that would live in infamy." This profoundly affected my life as time went by, of course. In the short run it didn't make much difference. I do remember that there was a fellow in my Latin class whose name was Toshio. He was a jolly fellow and I liked him. I think he had tears in his eyes when he told us

that he was going to have to leave. We talked about that in my Civics class which was taught by a woman named Miss McCauley. She said that it was necessary to protect the Japanese from vigilantes and hooligans who would otherwise attack their places of business and their homes, and beat them up on the streets and so forth and so on. I found this rather persuasive. However, it was not included in any of the rationale that was given us by the government. It was argued that the Japanese were not to be trusted and that the younger generation was still dominated by the older generation and that the older generation was still loyal to Japan. There was very little debate about it at the time. The Supreme Court, of course, ruled it to be constitutional, so that was that.

Rationing was put into effect, rationing of gasoline and tires and various kinds of food – sugar and meat - most essentials. It affected the nursery school. My mother had to go before the Ration Board to appeal for some allocation of stamps which would enable her to feed the nursery school children their lunches. She was able to get them to see reason and also to give her a proper allocation for gasoline because part of her service with the nursery school was to pick up the children whose parents didn't have the time or desire to do so on their own…and to take them home at the end of the day. She needed to have gasoline for that purpose and the Rationing Board saw it that way.

To make a long story short, I don't recall that we needed to change our lifestyle very much at all. It was probably difficult to get certain kinds of meat (the better kinds of meat) but there was no limit on what they called "organ meats." You could buy all the beef heart, liver, kidney and whatnot that you might want. To me, that was kind of an adventure. I wasn't familiar with some of these things but I thought that they were fine. So we had a lot of beef heart. As I say, we didn't feel the pinch, not that I recall, anyway.

We, of course, did our bit as we could with War Bonds and collected scrap metal and saved fat from cooking to take into a collecting point from time to time. We supported the effort as best we could. I think we probably helped the effort in some respects by providing this nursery school service for families in which the father might have been drafted into the Armed Services. If there was somebody to take care of the children, the mother could have volunteered for service in a hospital or something of that sort. I imagine that happened and my mother was happy enough to do that. Things went along. ..

Eugene: Was Oscar going to the same high school or a private school?

Henry: My brother was still in private school. My brother and I never went to the same school at the same time.

Now, along about February I think it was, maybe March, in the normal course of events I would have gone out for the track team. I never went out for the basketball team. I should say that in those days they had four different divisions: 110, 120, 130, and unlimited (or Varsity). Roughly speaking, they were weight classifications but it was actually a combination of weight, height and age. I would have probably been okay in the 120 division of basketball if I had gone out for it. I was able to jump high enough but I had never had any practice dribbling or shooting or any of those aspects of the game, so I never went out for that. Track and field – I knew how to run

so I was all set to sign up for that – until I became very sick with something that was diagnosed as Scarlet Fever or commonly known as the strep throat. [Cough] Oh dear, I sound as though I have one right now!

Strep throat was a serious business as I soon found out. My temperature started going up and it went up and kept going up to about 106. My mother brought in the family doctor, the same woman who had presided over my mother's pregnancies (except for the one in Texas). She knew a lot about all different branches of medicine. Fortunately, she was up on the recent developments on the control of bacterial infectious diseases, including strep, because sulfa drugs that had been quite recently developed and there was already a demand for them by the Armed Forces. Somehow our doctor (her name was Judith Johnson) was able to get some sulfanilamide. She knew exactly how much to give me to control my raging fever. It saved my life. I think that's the sickest I have ever been with the possible exception of my heart attack. But even then, I was taken to an emergency room in time and I don't think I was ever really in danger of dying from that. I was in danger from this strep throat.

Needless to say, this knocked out any hope of going out for track that year. In fact, I had to stay home and recuperate for probably six weeks or so. I had to try to keep up with my studies in absentia. In some ways this was easy to do. For example, in English the required reading that year was *A Tale of Two Cities* by Dickens. Dickens was already a great favorite in our family. My mother had read *David Copperfield* to us, so we all shared in *A Tale of Two Cities* and eventually I wrote a book report on it. I eventually returned to all my other classes and the rest of the school year was uneventful. I think maybe that was the year I went to Boy Scout camp. The previous year was our last gasp at Mr. John Lee's property, which he called High Valley. This was the summer before Pearl Harbor.

We tried having a summer camp and it was pretty much a disaster because my mother by a fluke of history had to put up with a number of moochers. A couple of friends from Stanford, who said they had been in my father's class way back when, in the School of Education, had fallen on hard times and wondered if there was some way they could help out at the summer camp. Mostly they just needed free room and board. My mother couldn't really think of anything useful for them to do but she tried to think of things. Then, my father's sister, my Aunt Pearl (her husband had come to the end of the line with her) needed a place to stay. What could my mother say to that? The trouble with Aunt Pearl is that she weighed over 200 pounds and was an enormous eater, so all in all the camp was a losing proposition financially.

[Short break]

Now I've said that there wasn't much change in our day-to-day lives, but there were some changes. One of them was that my mother had to become a little more careful in her shopping because there were certain shortages of some things that weren't on the ration list but which were nonetheless necessary. On the other hand, there were price controls on things like the cost of tuition at the nursery school. I'm not sure it was really price control if she didn't want it to be but she did want it to be, being a good citizen. Then, on the other hand, there were other

things that were in short supply where the merchants were able to charge what the market would bear. She needed to be a little more careful in her shopping.

I started going around with her as she shopped and became more interested in such things. I became very interested in food in general. I probably had been for some time but maybe it increased during this period. I remember going with her to the butcher shop and selecting whatever was reasonable and I guess this would extend to watching her when she prepared these things. There were different ways to prepare beef heart , for example. This has influenced my later life, no question about it. I always been interested in cooking, I've always been interested in shopping, and I've always been interested in looking for bargains. Some people think these things are carried to an excess but it's always been part of my life for better or for worse.

I'm trying to think of anything else significant that might have happened during this period. Let's move along into the spring of 1943. Now let me think about this for a minute [long pause]. No, let's back up to late 1942. [Another long pause] I was still 15. I feel hopelessly in love with the girl who was sitting in front of me in Latin. Her name was Jeannie Brokaw and she was the most beautiful creature I had ever invented, and the sweetest. The fact that she was not very good in Latin meant absolutely nothing to me. [laugh] As far as I was concerned, she was perfection. Yet, I didn't know how to let her know. [laugh] I don't know if you guys are familiar with the Peanuts comic strip, but Charlie Brown has a crush on a little red haired girl. I had a hopeful crush on Jeannie Brokaw.

I would follow her in the halls of Paly High between classes to figure out what other classes she went to besides Latin, and I tried following her after school to find out where she lived but she usually took the school bus and I was not able to follow that. One day, for one reason for another, she missed the school bus and she started walking home. I took that opportunity to follow her on my bicycle at a discrete distance of a block or so. Eventually I found where she lived, which was quite a ways away, probably a mile and a half or so.

I kept thinking and thinking about what I could do to let her know of my existence. I could look at her all class (in Latin at least) from the back but I didn't have any reason to believe that she knew who I was sitting in back of her. Finally, there came a time when there was going to be a school dance. I summoned up the courage to write her a note which said, "Would you like to go to the dance this Saturday?" I remember the exact wording. The reaction was better than I could have imagined. She turned around, smiled broadly and said, "I'd love to!"

So far so good, but then problems arose. How were we going to get to the dance? A lot of my classmates, being 16 or older, were able to drive and had driver's licenses. A few of them had cars of their own, I suppose, although they were certainly limited by gas rationing. They were able to use their parents' cars for things like school dances. I was in no such shape. I couldn't think of anybody with whom I could double date and so in the end I couldn't think of any option but to be driven by my own mother and have her wait around outside the school gym until the dance broke up and then drive us back to Jeannie's home.

That was the least of it. I foolishly thought that I could bluff my way through dancing by something our teacher at Cobb Valley School had tried to teach us one day, which might have been the Texas Two Step or something. I don't know if it ever had a name or deserved to have a name. When I got poor Jeannie on the dance floor and started stepping on her feet [laugh] after a few minutes I suggested we retire to the sidelines. We spent the whole rest of the evening watching other people dance. That brought into play another one of my total miscalculations – I had absolutely no gift for conversation. I couldn't think of a single thing to say except once they played a song by Glen Miller that I like so I said, "I like that song!" hoping that it might start a conversation of sorts. Unfortunately, Jeannie didn't find that to be very stimulating [laugh] and so we spent the entire evening saying practically nothing. It was disastrous – one of the most humiliating nights of my life. Oh, how I blush to think of it! Poor girl!

David: Why didn't she contribute something to the conversation?

Henry: Well, because she was as bashful as I was.

David: There's got to be something you talked about.

Henry: I can't remember a thing

David: Latin class, sports…

Henry: We might have said something about Latin, but that didn't last long. Anyway…

David: Gene, did you have an analogous experience at some point?

Gene: Maybe when I was younger.

Henry: Well, I'm glad I'm not the only one!

David: If only you could go back in time, with what you know now…transport…it could be so different.

Henry: Exactly right. I spent a lot of my life thinking back on that and a lot of other things that I might have handled differently. I'm told that I shouldn't waste my time on such exercises, since they are all futile, but I can't help myself.

I'll move on now to something happier. I guess that it was in March of 1943, at which time I would have turned 16. [Pause] I'm all bollixed up in this. I was still only 15 when the time came to sign up for track again. I was a junior and this time I was in fairly good health. One of the side effects of the strep throat often is that it does something to your heart. I sometimes wonder if that has something to do with the fact that it finally caught up with me in June of 2000 (when I had my heart attack). When I was a junior I felt fine and signed up for whatever was available. It turned out that with my combination of age, height, and weight, I could have qualified for the 120 class. If, in fact, I had continued on that path I could have cut quite a swath through the opposition because I was pretty good. There was nobody else in that class

at Paly High so I was put into the 130 pound class, not just based on weight as I say, but we called it 130 pounds.

I told the coach that I wanted to go out for the ¼ mile, I guess because I had watched that event at a track meet that my father took me to. I don't know exactly why, but for whatever reason I thought that I was better qualified for that than a shorter or longer distance. Without my proving it in one way or another, he just took my word for it. The season began with a conference-wide relay meet. Paly High was a member of the Peninsula Athletic League, which included teams from Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood City, and San Jose. In this relay meet, our coach had us signed up for a 4 by 100 event and a medley relay consisting (I think) of 100 yard dash to lead off, 2 220s and ended up with a 440.

Lo and behold, to my great surprise, he had me running anchor in the 4 by 100 event. I had never asked for it or shown any particular aptitude for a short sprint, but there it was. Also, we had been given very little time to practice at handing the baton. Somehow, we carried on this sprint relay successfully except with the limitation that I was so green that I didn't realize that the race went on until somebody broke a string across the finish line. I saw a chalk mark on the track 10 yards short of that point and slowed down. [laugh] However, I was given such a lead by the three other guys that even though I slowed down to a jog I still broke the tape and we won that race. Wow.

I should have mentioned that one of the other fellows in this great division with me was a very good sprinter and another was a very good hurdler and high jumper. They are the ones who really made it possible for us to win. Then came the medley relay, which might have been the final event, I don't know exactly. Once again, they gave me a substantial lead to start the anchor leg with my ¼ mile and I still forgot to wait for the tape and I slowed down before I got to that point. But I had run a sufficiently fast anchor, along with the fact that they had already given me a goodly lead, that we broke the meet record. This appeared in the San Francisco Chronicle the following day. That was pretty interesting, except they had all our first names wrong. I was Jack Anderson. [laugh]

I'm going to go into a little detail here because it all leads into what I will end up with. Our next event was a dual meet with Burlingame High School on their track. It was made out of oyster shells and quite different than any of the others I ever ran on. It was a very fast track. The leading ¼ miler on the 130 pound division on the Burlingame team was a guy who had won that same event the previous year. My teammates told me that he was *very* good so I adopted a strategy of just following him until near the end, and that if I had the strength I would pass him and if not I would come in second. As we got to the last 50 yards or so I still felt full of pep and I passed him, so that was very successful. I won in 56.4 seconds.

The next meet was in San Jose and before the ¼ mile one of the San Jose team members came up to the little group that I was with from Paly High and said, "Who's the guy who ran 56.4 last week?" They all pointed to me and that made me feel good. And again I won. It came down to the final meet of the year which was an All-Conference meet. I finally got my comeuppance. I followed the same strategy of holding back a little bit until the end but I didn't have quite the

kick I needed so I came in second. However, because we had these other fellows on the team in the same division as I, and I did run again on the winning relay team, all in all we won our weight division for the whole conference. That entitled us under the rules of the athletic department at Paly High to get block "P" letters, which was a mark of some prestige. Otherwise, for minor sports, they had what they call a small "p."

One other thing happened that same spring. There was a games day set aside one afternoon in which representatives of various teams – the water polo team and the baseball and the track team – were supposed to demonstrate to anybody who wanted to watch the rudiments of their sports. I was eating lunch in the school cafeteria at noontime of that day and a couple of guys from the varsity track team rushed up to me. I was eating a sandwich of some kind. They said, "How would you like to run with us this afternoon?" I said, "Huh?" They said, "We're going to try to break the school record in the 4 by 440 relay." These two guys were both ¼ milers on the varsity team. They were going to bring along with them the guy who ran the 880 and they wanted me to run with them even though I was only on the 130 team. They didn't know anybody else who was able to run 56.4.

Well, it was a surprise to say the least and I wasn't sure how I would be able to do it after having eaten as recently as I did. There was this to be said for it - in all of the other meets I slept very badly the night before. I was always terribly nervous. I always had butterflies. On this occasion, since I didn't know what was coming, I didn't have that problem. So anyway, it was to be an exhibition, really. There was no competition. We were running against the clock. I think I ran the second leg. There were a number of people in the stands, including Jeannie Brokaw. I did my best and by coincidence somebody timed my leg of it and I did run another 56.4. The group of the four of us did in fact break the school record for that event.

Shortly after this I was approached by a fellow named Dick Jennings. He was a fellow member of the junior class who had moved to Paly shortly after December 7th because he was an Army brat. His father had been stationed in Hawaii and a lot of the school kids in Hawaii who could afford to do so (that is, the children of Army officers usually) were evacuated to the mainland. He was very hail-fellow-well-met, very good at making friends. It seems that he had taken it upon himself to work out a political slate for the elections that were about to come up for student body officers. He looked upon himself as a kingmaker with himself occupying a position a little outside of the main spotlight, although he was going to run for one of the offices, but not one of the top offices. He had handpicked one of the two varsity ¼ milers to be Commissioner of Finance. His name was Richie Muller. He handpicked another varsity ¼ miler named Dick Couterie (sp?) to be the Commissioner of Boy's Athletics. Dick Jennings himself was going to run for Commissioner of Publications. He asked me to run for Commissioner of Public Welfare. My jaw must have dropped [laugh] because I had never run for anything. I had never even thought of running for anything. If I had thought of it, I would have laid down until the thought went away. It was just nothing I was interested in or thought I was qualified for.

The fellow running for Commissioner of Public Welfare was named Philip Pierce and he had a long record of having run for a lot of offices. I think that at the time he was Chief Justice of the Student Body Court, something fairly responsible of that sort. It was just assumed that he was

made for the job and that he was a shoo-in. I don't know why Dick Jennings took it upon himself to try to recruit a competitor to Phil Pierce. Nobody had anything against Phil. I just never understood it. So I said I wasn't interested. [laugh] I said, "I am totally unqualified." Maybe he let it drop on that occasion and maybe he came back later, I can't remember that whole sequence of events, but he kept after me. He said on one occasion, "Don't worry, I'll tell you what to do!" I guess the point he was making was that he would instruct me in Robert's Rules of Order and whatever other fine points might be needed to fill the position.

I thought in the end that nothing would come of it and there was nothing to lose since Phil Pierce was so popular. I might as well let Dick Jennings have his little joke even if it meant that his whole slat would not be elected, only 3 out of the 4. I just couldn't believe that it was going to happen so I relaxed until I began to get rumors that maybe it wasn't a shoo-in for Phil Pierce, and I began to get nervous. I began to tell my friends, "For God's sake, don't take this seriously!" I began to make posters to vote for Phil Pierce. [laugh] If I had been a praying man, I would have prayed mightily that this whole thing would go away.

4. An unhappy Senior year

Henry: Well, if I remember correctly, we left off with my having been asked to run for a position in the student government of Paly High.

David: Commissioner of Student Welfare?

Henry: It was called Commissioner of Public Welfare, which was the top of the Board of Commissioners. At that time, I think that there were 8 commissioners altogether. There were Public Welfare, Finance, Publications, Boys' Athletics, Boys' Activities, Girls' Athletics, Girls' Activities, and Social Activities -- that's a total of 8. I was resisting, since I was totally unqualified. But the kingmaker, a fellow named Dick Jennings, kept after me. Finally I said, "OK, as long as it's understood that I'm not running seriously". In other words, I began to campaign on behalf of my opponent, and I did some pretty darn good posters saying "Vote for Philip Pierce".

To somewhat complicate the scenario, there was a girl in my class named Doris Mosher, who had been a Mothers' Helper at the Anderson summer camp for the last couple of years of its existence, in the course of which she and Oscar had become quite interested in each other. By the time she was a junior (that was my year; Oscar was going to Stanford at the time), they became sort of engaged. It was all very proper (my mother wouldn't have permitted anything else) -- at the very least, they were going steady. Doris thought that I was qualified for this office, and began campaigning on my behalf, even though I tried to talk her out of it. She had a lot of friends among the girls.

So, things were going along with a sort of inevitability. The next step in the process was a nominating convention at which people were supposed to make speeches on their own behalf, as well as nominating speeches by their supporters, all at a general assembly in the school auditorium. I don't think attendance was compulsory, but there was a pretty good turnout.

I had never made a public speech in my life, and I didn't know what to say. I don't know if anybody gave me ideas, but there was one thing -- I didn't want to read a script. So, wherever I got my ideas, I memorized them. There was going to be a time limit -- 3 minutes, 5 minutes, something reasonable like that.

The fateful day came, and there was a flip of a coin to decide who would go first. Philip Pierce went first. I can't remember who gave his principal nominating speech, but that person was able to recite a whole list of offices that Philip Pierce had held, in the various grades he went through, and the various clubs that he had belonged to, and so forth and so on. Then it came my turn, and I was nominated by this fellow Dick Jennings. (*Laugh*) He was in a tough spot, because he couldn't name any of my qualifications. All he could do was dwell upon the fact that I had had a fair success on the track team that year. I think he put it into oratorical terms, that I had had "a smashing success on the cinder pad".

Then I had to go to the microphone and say a few words on my own behalf. I can't remember a word that I said. But I do remember one thing -- that I ran overtime, and I guess they had a timekeeper who said that my time had expired. So I started to walk off the stage in mid-sentence, dragging the microphone with me. The whole audience thought that was very amusing, because nobody had done that before. I guess they thought that I was a funny fellow.

There were a few days before the election itself. My campaign manager (if that's the right word to use) had the idea of putting a big banner across the main hallway of the school, touting the slate that he had put together of himself and two fellows who were on the track team. All of their first names were Richard, so his banner said "Vote for the big Dick, the medium-size Dick, and the little Dick" (*general laughter*).

David: Oh, my goodness.

Henry: Well, your goodness had nothing to do with it. The Principal of the school ordered him to take it down -- which of course he had to do. But it's just as well he didn't have my name in there with them. Oh dear. Well, an announcement of the results of the election was going to be made on a certain Saturday night, which was also the night they were going to have a school dance in the gymnasium. I guess the voting took place on Thursday, and the incumbent commissioners counted the votes and turned them over to school paper (called "The Campanile"), and The Campanile came out with a special edition which was going to be distributed at this school dance. It was all supposed to be very hush-hush.

Well, I thought it was incumbent on me to attend that dance, and the only person I could think to ask was the girl named Jeannie Brokaw that had been my first and only date up until that point, in a fiasco in which I dropped on her feet for a few minutes before we both gave up. In the meantime, I had learned to do a "one-step" that consisted mostly of walking around the dance floor, so I was a little bit advanced from the last time. To my surprise, she had not been invited by anybody else. I had assumed that the time I had taken her to that first dance, all of the local Romeos would have gotten an idea "here's a really good-looking girl", and that they would have started to move in. But that had not happened, so she was available. On this occasion, I think Oscar drove me to the dance, rather than my mother.

As we walked in, they handed out copies of the paper, and the headline read "Anderson swamps Pierce". I think it was about 2 to 1. It was not a good feeling (*laugh*), but I was stuck with it. And it wasn't a good omen that more people came up to Phil Pierce and commiserated with him, then came up to me and congratulated me. I don't know if the bulk of the people who voted for me didn't go to the dance. I guess my appeal was to "the little guy", rather than to the in-group that really ran the student body part of the school.

Well, the summer went by, and I became increasingly nervous. As I recall, I had a call from the counselor of our class -- her name was Mrs. Kaiser. She suggested that I call a meeting of the other commissioners before the school year began, introduce ourselves if we weren't already well acquainted, and talk a little bit about what our plans were for the school year and so forth. I said, "Well, how do I get in touch with them?" She said that she was going to send me a

confidential list of the names, addresses, and phone numbers of everybody in the high school. So, I was able to get in touch with the other commissioners, and suggest that we meet at the school a couple of days before the formal opening of school. That is indeed what happened. Among other things, it was decided to elect from among ourselves a chairperson and a secretary without regard to the offices that we already held. The other two Dicks nominated Dick Jennings to be the chairman. One of them moved that the nominations be closed, and so Dick was elected chairman by acclamation, which (*laugh*) rather set the stage for the power structure that was to come.

The first thing that took place after school began was that another election was held for the cheerleaders -- specifically, the head cheerleader. I think that person then appointed others -- I don't remember the exact sequence. In any case, there was an election for head cheerleader, and two girls ran for that office. There was no hard and fast protocol laid out, but somehow or other Dick Couterie (*sp?*), who was the commissioner of Boys' Athletics, had put himself on the board to count these votes. I thought it was my job, as head of the whole school, to also serve on that. There were a couple of our friends as observers hanging around. So, we counted the ballots. A girl named Florence Wheeler came in second, and a girl named Peggy Wilson came in first. As I recall the vote was close, and about 10 votes separated the two.

Dick Couterie, it seemed, was a strong partisan of Florence Wheeler -- maybe they were in fact going together. He went out of the commissioners' room where all this was being held (the commissioners had a good-sized room of their own in the layout of Paly High). People were waiting outside in the hall for the results. Dick Couterie went out and announced that Florence Wheeler had won. The other guys who had been inside the room knew that was not true, but they had no say in the matter. I told them that it was not going to be allowed to stand -- that we would recount the ballots, this time being extra careful to make sure we had it right. It did come out the same, with Peggy Wilson being the winner.

Then I went out, and although some people who had been waiting had left, there were some people still there. I said that there had been a mistake in our counting. I tried to cover up for Dick Couterie (I didn't want to get him in dutch). I said that in the recount Peggy Wilson was the winner, and that's the way it went into the school paper. Dick Couterie then took it upon himself to spread the word under the table that I had changed the results because I was a secret admirer of Peggy Wilson, and that I was the one who was at fault. That was not a glorious beginning of my (*laugh*) position as Commissioner of Public Welfare.

Among many of my other problems was the fact that I had never been given any idea of what the duties of the Commissioner of Public Welfare were. My predecessor was a jock -- a guy who was a supremely gifted athlete and had been elected on that basis only, because I don't think he had any qualifications other than the fact he was such a good basketball player, swimmer, and whatever he attempted to do, he was really good. But I never even met the guy, since I was a complete outsider until the very last second. Well, I think I only met him once, on the very last day of school when I was going around getting signatures in my yearbook -- I got

the signature of Norm Keeler. I guess he wished me luck, or something like that -- that was the extent of my knowledge of the job. There was nothing written down anywhere.

So, I got a little advice from this class counselor named Mrs. Kaiser. She said one of the jobs that the Commissioner of Public Welfare is free to do is to organize occasional assemblies -- open-ended; there's no requirement that they be held, or how many of them be held, although it's assumed that a person won't have too many. But they are to be of general interest, educational. So that's one concrete thing she said I could do to carry out the position. I organized two or three of them during the course of the year, one of which was fairly successful, and one of which was somewhat controversial.

The one thing that I remember accomplishing, that I was proud of, I didn't get any credit for, because it came under the general aegis of the Pep Committee or Rally Committee, before the big game of the football season. This was the game between Palo Alto High School and our arch-rival Sequoia High School, which was located in Redwood City. We called it the "Little Big Game"; the "Big Game" was Stanford vs. Cal -- Stanford, of course, being right across the street from Paly High. So, I had the bright idea of asking a sportscaster from San Francisco, a guy named Ernie Smith, to come to the rally held the day before the Little Big Game and simulate a portion of the broadcast of the Paly High/ Sequoia High football game. In those days, every sportscaster worth his salt was supposed to be able to visualize an event taking place elsewhere, and broadcast a baseball game as though it were taking place in front of him. He would get the bare details over the wire, of balls and strikes and so forth, and he would have to invent the story.

So, it would not have been great trouble for this fellow to do that. But I had no reason to believe that he would have the time. He was almost a one-man sportscaster in the Bay Area -- he broadcast football, basketball, and baseball games. There was gas rationing at that time, and here I was asking him to make a trip 30 miles from San Francisco down to Paly High. I had no reason to think he would accept, but lo and behold he did. So, I met him out at the curb at the appointed hour, led him to the source of the outside amphitheater where the rally was to be held, introduced him to the head of the Rally Committee, and I withdrew from the scene entirely. I thought that was something worth doing.

But for the most part, I did not know what I was doing, and made a lot of mistakes. Another one of my bright ideas occurred to me when somehow or other a catalog came -- maybe catalogs of this sort were sent out to every high school in the country. It had a number of motion pictures listed that one could rent for a nominal fee. I had the bright idea of providing entertainment on noon hours during rainy days in the school auditorium. I had friends in the Stage Crew who knew how to operate all the equipment that would be needed -- they had a good projector and so forth. So, I had the idea of ordering what this catalog called "classical cartoons", and I had a little slush fund. Each of the commissioners had a little fund -- I suppose supervised by the Commissioner of Finance. I dipped into that to order a supply of these so-called classical cartoons. On some rainy day in the month of December, I believe it was, I had it

announced over the school PA system that everybody was invited to the auditorium, at 12:30 or whatever, for this form of entertainment.

Well, it got off badly when there was a problem with the focus and the sound, but after the first cartoon or so those things were worked out. And then the really big problem came out, that these were not classical cartoons in any of the usual sense of the term. They weren't Mickey Mouse, or Bugs Bunny, or anybody that any of us had ever heard of -- they were characters like Ronald the Rat instead of Mickey the Mouse, things of that sort, and people began to grumble. (*Laugh*) it grew in volume, until the whole auditorium turned into a veritable riot -- people screaming, and yelling, and throwing things. I had to ask my friends in the control booth to shut the whole thing down, and that was the end of that experiment. I should have read the fine print more carefully.

I really had great, great difficulty at the personality level of how to act as student body president, which was what in effect I was supposed to be. I felt that I needed to be dignified and serious, rather than the happy-go-lucky kid I had been through my whole school career up to that point. I felt a failure, I felt inferior -- I guess I tried to compensate by pretending that I was sure of myself when in fact I was completely insecure. The business of being untrue to my real self just made me into a different person. My brother told me that. He said I was not the same person even at home. A lot of the people I had palled around with in my previous school years also felt the difference, and I became more and more isolated and lonely. I would occasionally try to break out of it by suggesting to some former friend that we go to a movie together, or something. Maybe occasionally they would humor me by going along, but for the most part they didn't have any fun the way we used to.

Then there was a real fiasco. In February, around Valentine's Day time, the Commissioner of Social Activities put on what they call a Sadie Hawkins Day dance. Now, I don't know whether you remember the Li'l Abner comic strip and the "Sadie Hawkins Day" which appeared in the strip every year. But the idea was that it was a day on which the girls in Dogpatch (the location of the Li'l Abner strip) were free to pursue boys and to invite them out, and whatever. So, in this case, it was the time that girls could invite boys to the dance.

No girls invited me to the dance, until I guess it was practically the last day for it, or maybe a couple of days in advance. A young girl from the sophomore class (her name was Dorothy Couterie) had been to the Anderson summer camp a few years earlier. She was incidentally the sister of Dick Couterie, the Commissioner of Boys' Athletics, but that's irrelevant to the story. She got a crush on me at the Anderson summer camp, and after some years in between she thought to act upon it by inviting me to this dance. She probably must have heard from the grapevine that I hadn't been invited by anybody else, so there it was. But I didn't accept, because I thought it would be out of place for me to go with a youngster.

So, I came up with a lame excuse that I thought I might have a previous engagement with my brother, going to a jazz festival or some such nonsense -- I made up a story. A day went by until the absolute deadline, and I hadn't bothered to get back in touch with Dorothy Couterie because I assumed that when she didn't hear from me that she would assume I had in fact this

prior engagement with my brother. But she didn't assume that at all, and she called my mother (*laugh*) and asked her what she should do. My mother really let me have it, and demanded that I get back in touch with Dorothy, and said I would accept with pleasure.

So there I was at another school dance, not really knowing how to dance, and still not knowing how to talk to a girl, particularly to a girl so far outside of my orbit. Everybody must have noticed, and must have known that I was a virtual social pariah to everyone else except this unknown youngster. I don't think that I went to another school dance the rest of the year. I think maybe I went to the senior prom, the last event of the year, and it would have been a real humiliation if I hadn't shown up at that. I think I went to that in the company of Doris Mosher, just as a token, because at the time she was engaged to my brother. But at least I was there.

Eugene: This was your senior year?

Henry: This was my senior year. I was 15 when it began. I didn't turn 16 until the middle of the year. By that time, practically everybody else in my class was 18. One of the assemblies that I organized consisted of a talk called "This is the Army", or maybe "This is going to be the Army" or something to that effect. This fellow was a friend of one of the mothers at the Anderson nursery school. She said he was a good public speaker, and that he could give the class -- the whole student body for that matter -- an orientation of what it would be like if they were drafted, which many of them were going to be. So, that wasn't a bad idea for an assembly subject. But, to my surprise, it turned out that this fellow was something of an ideologue who felt that it was a good idea for the United States to get along better with the Soviet Union. He had a point in that the U.S. and U.S.S.R. were allies at that time, against the Axis of Germany, Italy, and Japan. But I think he probably overdid it a bit in whatever he might have said about the virtues of the Soviet experiment, and the virtues of Uncle Joe Stalin. So, that did not turn out to be the total triumph I had hoped.

One assembly I remember that went a little bit better was a program of music by a trio of students, one of whom played the piano pretty well, one of whom played the drums pretty well, and one of whom played the clarinet pretty well. So, they entertained the audience successfully.

By and large, my senior year was a very unhappy time. I was totally out of the swim; there was no group that I belonged to, and I was terribly lonely. I spent many an afternoon going to the movies by myself, and other times I would just go to the library and read books by William Saroyan, or whatever. On the very last day, Dick Jennings, the evil genius that I had to thank for the whole thing, got me to one side and said "You know you screwed yourself this year, don't you, Hank?" I guess my jaw dropped, and I looked at him ... At moments like that, I can't think of the right thing to say. I should have said "The whole thing was your idea, Dick", but I guess I just held my tongue, which is my usual practice. But it did change myself from this happy-go-lucky kid that I had been formerly to this guy who came across as stiff, unsmiling, and aloof ... some thought of me as arrogant.

It's been tough -- in fact, I guess it's been impossible -- for me to ever recapture that carefree, happy-go-lucky kid that I once was. So, when I said the other day that I was going to be talking about the single biggest mistake that I ever made in my life, some of you might have thought that I was referring to some of my experiences in the way of romance. But, although I made my mistakes in that area all right, in a certain sense I think that what happened to me as a result of my agreeing with Dick Jennings affected those later mistakes and everything else. I think it was the turning point. So, if I had it to do over again, I would have stayed with my initial reaction, which was "No, no, no". It also affected my grades, although by the time it got down to my applying for admission to places like Pomona College, I had already made a sufficiently good record in my other years that even though I began getting B's as a senior instead of all A's, they still gave me a very generous scholarship, so that worked out all right.

It also affected my experiences on the track team, because I began sloughing off a bit in practice, taking days off with the alibi that I had business to attend to in the Commissioners' office, and so forth. But I was in fact just being a little lazy. I must say that our coach was very laid-back and didn't notice that I wasn't practicing very hard. He spent most, if not all, of his time on the varsity side of things rather than the lightweight side. He never told me that I should run a certain number of 220's to work on my speed, and run a certain number of 880's to work on my endurance, or that sort of thing -- he just let that go.

So, in my senior year on the track team I did not do at all well compared to the first year as a junior. First of all, because I hurt myself in a practice game of basketball -- hurt my knee, which kept me out of the meets for the early part of the year. I only ran in one dual meet, and that was against Sequoia. On that occasion, I took it easy in the first three quarters of the race, and then hoped that I had enough left to turn on the afterburner. In fact, that worked -- I nipped the guy from Sequoia High at the tape. The crowd loved that, but it wasn't a very good strategy because I tried it in the league championship where Paly was in with Burlingame, San Mateo, and all those others. I tried holding back until the last quarter of that quarter mile, and my strategy did not work at all -- I came in fourth.

The only saving grace was that when I came to the Northern California sectional meet held at Edwards Field here in Berkeley, they changed the definition of unlimited and lightweight, to lower the limits of the lightweight group below what they had been. A number of guys who had come in ahead of me at the league meet had more than the requisite number of factors -- they changed the number from 130 to 125, and I still came in under 125. So, I didn't have to go up against the same guys that I did before. This time I decided I would use the opposite strategy, go out as fast as I could to begin with, and then hope that I was able to stagger in for the final quarter of the quarter mile race. It worked out better than the opposite strategy had -- I came in second -- but I had the experience of becoming so exhausted that I was unconscious of my arms and legs; I didn't know that I was moving them. I felt as if I was floating. I'd never had that experience before, and I hope I never did again, because I think it does terrible things to the heart of a young kid, which I still was. In any event, I got a second in that and a fourth place in the long jump, which is more than any of the other Paly guys did -- either varsity or

unlimited. So, in a certain way I did all right at the very end of my athletic career, such as it was.

Well, I then went into something that I had been looking forward to as a certain sign of maturation: I was able to get a legitimate job, instead of mowing people's lawns for 25 cents an hour, which is all that I had been able to do during summers up to that point to make pocket money. I got a job in a cannery, and in order to do that I had to join the Teamsters Union. It was all part of the war effort, because we were canning stuff with labels to send peaches and whatnot to the U.S. army rather than sending them to Safeway stores. So I felt pretty darn good about that. But my brother and I never fully made up the rift that opened up between us at that time. Incidentally, his engagement to Doris Mosher didn't last terribly long. So, when she wrote in my yearbook that she looked forward to having a brother -- all she had in her life up that time was a sister -- just the way I looked forward to maybe having her for a sister-in-law -- but it didn't work out. But Oscar and I have never been really close ever since, even though he lives only a few blocks away. We never see each other, except (*laugh*) at get-togethers at Rachel's place, or occasional picnics organized by Rachel at Tilden Park, or whatever.

Eugene: Was the rift just because of the change in your demeanor?

Henry: Yeah, he thought I had really become Mr. Morose, and maybe he's right. I could make advances to repair the rift insofar as possible, but I'm not sure it's possible. We're both pretty well established with what we are. I remember (*laugh*) an intelligence test that we were supposed to take in the middle of our senior year at Paly High. It wasn't the Stanford-Binet IQ test of infamy. It was a more generalized test. It had a section on grasp of spatial relationships, and had a number of general questions, one of which I distinctly remember. The question was, in so many words, what should be the principal quality of a village leader. The choices were age, experience, wisdom, and ambition. I knew, of course, the answer that they wanted -- any fool would know that -- but I didn't give it to them. I told them that I thought ambition trumped everything. A person should really want to be a leader rather than have it forced upon him. I have never wanted to be a leader. If I had "followed my bliss", as I think the expression goes, I would have worked on being the best that I am capable of being as a writer and/or as an artist -- but I didn't. So, that's one of the lessons I have learned in life a little too late.

As long as we're just free-associating here, off the record, we have a few more minutes before Virginia gets back -- anything you'd like to say? What do you think I should have done?

Eugene: Did you take advice from either your brother or your mother? Were they aware of the whole situation? What did they think? I mean, in the election.

Henry: I'm sorry, I don't follow your question.

Eugene: Oh, you mean, you're saying, what should you have done in your life?

Henry: No, I mean how should I have dealt with the blandishments of Richard M. Jennings.

Eugene: That's what I thought. That's what I'm saying. Did you get any advice? Did you make your mother aware of ...

Henry: Oh, oh, oh, yeah, I see what you mean. Yeah, she was aware of it, and didn't try to influence me one way or the other. She just said I should do whatever I wanted. She and Doris were very close. I think Doris actually worked for my mother on weekends and various times in the nursery school, as well as at summer camps. So, I wouldn't be a bit surprised, now that I think about it, if she were heavily influenced by Doris's claims that I was very popular, and that I would make a very good student body president. I think if I had asked for the advice of my brother, he would have been much more cautious. He knew I was basically a very bashful and shy person, and that I would be unhappy. But, I don't think I asked his advice.

David: Are we done?

Henry: Yeah, anytime.

5. Enrollment in the Army

David: OK it is… what's the date today?

Henry: Today is the 18th

David: 18th of August… two thousand fourteen.

Henry: The last time we talked about my senior year in high school, and among other things I neglected to mention one important development, which had an effect on me throughout the rest of my life, quite aside from whatever effect my unhappy experience with the student government of Paly high had on my personality. I believe in one earlier session I mentioned the fact that my domicile at the Anderson nursery school was little more than a closet, which (*Chuckle*) was so small that it prevented me from my, whatever may have been my… inclination to collect things, or to scatter things, but when I achieved an unwanted position with the student government of Paly high, my mother thought that it would be beneath my new found station in life, to live in a closet.

So she began looking for a suitable residence for my brother and me and herself, and she would then have a resident take over the nursery school when she wasn't there. And she found a place about three or four blocks from the nursery school, on Colorado Avenue, a 3 bedroom, 2 bath house, very nice Spanish style architecture, and she bought it in time for my senior year in high school, with the idea that I could use it for entertaining my fellow commissioners and so forth and so on. As it turned out, I never (*Chuckle*) had the occasion to have a single one of them visit in this residence on any single occasion, and neither, incidentally, was I ever invited to any of their homes.

But I did have, for the very first time in my life, a rather generous size bedroom, ALL to myself, and I began dropping my clothes on the floor whenever I was through with them, and scattering my papers, and counting on my memory to be able to locate things, if I ever wanted to refer to them again, and (*Chuckle*) in the due course of time the place became (*Chuckle*), the place became so crowded that I was forced to sleep on a narrow eighteen inches or so of the bed, and all the rest was piled with stuff. It was such a sight that my brother took a photograph of it to record for posterity -- it exists somewhere among my archives. And this, unhappily, engrained in me the habit of being the world's worst housekeeper, if that's the word, and it has gotten me into a lot of trouble, all through life. It [ended?] some otherwise promising relationships.

So, let's move forward to my freshman year in college. I believe I mentioned the last time that, being 16 years of age, for the first time I was able to get gainful employment during the summer. This was the summer of 1944 and that was nice, it gave me a little spending money, and so forth. So then I went down to Claremont, California to begin at Pomona College. And at the orientation session, for the frosh class, before I had any idea where I'd be staying… that is

by the room number, or my roommate or anything like that. I met a guy who was very outgoing and friendly and wanted to know all about me, and invited me to come to meet his folks in Long Beach, etc. etc. And so he suggested that he and I might become roommates, if we talked to the guy in charge of the dormitory arrangements.

So I thought why not? I didn't know any of the other guys in the incoming frosh class, and in fact he said there would be no problem. And the arrangement at the frosh dorm was a two-room suite connected, with a bath, that was shared by another two-room suite, altogether four suite-mates I guess you could call them. So this guy and I had one of them, and everything began OK, until my new found housekeeping habits began to creep up and get in the way of (*Chuckle*), a beautiful relationship. And (*Chuckle*), he would ask me to pick my stuff up, and so forth, but I would back slide, and before terribly long, I, I guess maybe I stayed in that arrangement for six weeks or so, but there came one afternoon when I (*Chuckle*), I got back from class, and found that he had thrown all of my clothes out the window (we were on the second floor). He threw all my clothes -- not only the clothes that I had left on the bedroom floor -- but all my other clothes as well (*Chuckle*), he had thrown them out the window into the courtyard, and told me that I should find another roommate.

So, I went back to the guy in charge of the dorm, and he said that the guy that was originally scheduled to be my roommate was still lacking one, and so I was free to move in there, and I met him and he was amenable to the idea, and so I began all over again. And this time I tried extra hard to be a better housekeeper. And this fellow was much more easygoing and laid-back, and, even more important than that, I think, is that he had more smarts and was more interested in things like music and art -- he himself was a music major, he played piano -- and I was at that time, nominally, an art major, and we got along OK then, and for the rest of the year, and remained friends for years afterwards, actually.

Our two suite-mates were also rather interesting guys, one was another music major, in his case a singer, and the fourth member of our little group, was interested in journalism because his father published a political paper representing the Republican party, and he himself was very much a supporter of the Republican party.

This was a presidential election year, 1944. Franklin D. Roosevelt was running for president, once again -- for the fourth time. His opponent this time around, was to be Thomas E. Dewey, the governor of New York State, and his running mate was the governor of Ohio. The running mate of F.D.R. was unknown to almost everybody, at least in my circle, Harry S. Truman, a senator from Missouri.

Roosevelt's vice president, up to that time, well, for the previous four years at least, was Henry Wallace, of the state of Iowa, who was a very, very, liberal guy, and Truman, although a Democrat, was kind of, uh, well, a very conservative democrat, let's put it that way.

And we were in the midst of World War II, and I was of course, interested in the war as everybody was, I myself enrolled in the ROTC course at Pomona, it only gave one-half unit credit, but, I suppose it gave one a little leg up on going into the service, which all of the men

who were of draft age were looking for -- something that was inevitable for most of them. I should mention the fact, that probably at least three-fourths of the student body at Pomona consisted of women, and among the men, a lot of them had physical disabilities, such as the hold-over from polio which was a major problem in those days. And the rest of them were under draft age. I myself was still only sixteen, the other guys that I've mentioned were seventeen.

But I became more interested in politics than I ever had before, because of the influence of this fellow – Robert Work (sp?) was his name (although despite his name he was anti-labor). Very enthusiastic about Dewey, and talked me into going with him, into hearing a speech by Dewey, in Los Angeles. I was very naïve and malleable in those days, and (*Chuckle*), I wrote my mother a letter, saying that I was convinced that Roosevelt would never live out his term, and that Truman was at best a lightweight, and at worst a kind of Republican in Democratic clothes, and that if I were able to vote that year, I would vote for Dewey. And she (*Chuckle*), she was greatly shocked, and wrote back a rather strong letter, saying you don't, well (*Chuckle*), well, you don't change horses in the middle of the stream, I think.

Well as things turned out, of course, Roosevelt died quite soon after the election. So during the countdown of the end of World War II in the European theatre, involving the last days of the Nazi regime, Truman was the president and he would go to international summit meetings with Churchill representing Britain and Stalin representing the Soviet Union. All kinds of fateful decisions were made, regarding the future of Eastern Europe, and so forth and so on.

But here's the important point for my personal history, in April of '45, there began coming to light, some of the facts about the worst aspects of Nazism that had been kept hidden. Namely the existence of what they called concentration camps, which I found was really a euphemism -- in my naivete, I always conjured up a vision of camp in which people were forced to concentrate (*Chuckle*) on their wrong thinking and were re-educated to Nazi theories -- that sort of thing. I had no inkling of what was really going on in places like Buchenwald and Dachau. And there came to light photographs of horrors, unimaginable horrors, bodies stacked up like cordwood. And I had an epiphany, a kind of religious conversion (*Sigh*), that their victims, the Jewish victims and their survivors, were entitled, if anybody in the history of the world ever was, to have a country of their own in which they were free from oppression. And so without even knowing the word, I became, in my heart, a Zionist. And that runs through the years that followed.

Now, let me think about other developments. OK, I'm not altogether sure about the sequence of events, but, in retelling my story to some family members in the past, I have remembered that I was so moved by this experience that I volunteered for the army, before Germany surrendered. And that (*Chuckle*), that recollection enabled me to make a joke about my being responsible. Well, regardless of the matter of bad taste, it wasn't true. One's memory is not infallible and, I did some research before this meeting this afternoon, and found that the true sequence of events was that Germany surrendered in May, and I volunteered for the army in June.

Now, I was assigned to something called the A.S.T.R.P. which I think stands for Army Special Training Reserve Program, which meant, in practice, that I was sent back to college! The fact that I had already had one year of college I guess led the army to believe that it would to their advantage not put me into the infantry, or field artillery, or anything on the front lines, but maybe something in the signal corps, or medical corps, or something a little more specialized. And that another year, another little while at least, of college, would help. Well, lo and behold, they assigned me to Stanford. And (*Chuckle*), lo and behold, who should turn up in the same class of ASTRP, than my old friend and nemesis, Dick Jennings (*laughter*). I think we took … we didn't take the same courses -- apparently we had some latitude. We were supposed to take one scientific-type of course and I took physics. We were in the same history course. And I was free to take a third, and I took a course in British humorists. So, that was easy duty as we used to say.

As far as we knew, although the war in Europe was over, what was still lying ahead, was the war in the Pacific, which if anything might be even more difficult, because the Japanese had the reputation, and I think a well-earned reputation, of being even more fanatical -- as in the case of Kamikaze pilots that would simply dive-bomb their whole planes on the ships of their enemy.

So we had every expectation that the war in the Pacific would drag on for a long time. Once again, we were given no inkling of (*Chuckle*), what ended the war, and that, of course, was the A-bomb. The one on Nagasaki [Hiroshima – ed.], in early August followed, within three days by one on Nagasaki. And I remember vividly, Dick Jennings telling me: "Well, Hank, we're not going to die in this war". And, of course he was right, because, within a couple or 3 days after Nagasaki, the Japanese surrendered.

Now Dick continued at Stanford for the fall quarter, when the summer quarter ended. I learned that there was no reason why I needed to continue in the ASTRP, if I didn't want to. And I thought it would be a lark to spend the next time, the next 3 months, wearing my uniform, but, uh, going to San Francisco, and enjoying myself, doing whatever.

And that led to another event which had a powerful effect on me and, uh, affected my attitudes for the rest of my life, for better or for worse. Much of the time when I went to San Francisco, just to bum around the place and go the zoo, or, Sutro Baths, which was still in existence at that time, Coit Tower, all the … whatever, I frequently would go in the company of a friend of mine named Bruce Pierce, who became my friend because his mother took the place of my mother in, uh, keeping tabs on the nursery school when she wasn't there, and Bruce stayed there with his mother, and he and I became friends. He was a sophomore when I was a senior, and we remained friends after that for years.

So he was still at Paly high, but on weekends when he was free, he and I would really have fun up in San Francisco, but then there were times when I was by myself. So on this occasion, I went to a movie in some third-rate place on Market Street. I have no recollection of what was playing, maybe a cowboy movie, or something. Sitting by myself, some guy came and sat down beside me, and put his hand on my knee. And that made my skin crawl. Nothing like that had ever happened to me before. I suppose that a service man sitting by himself in that particular

theatre, all by himself, was kind of a signal, but, um, it was very shocking and all I could think of to do was to get up and move, or to leave the theatre, actually. But it started me thinking about what might be going on. San Francisco had a reputation, which most of us thought was just something to laugh about. There was a nightclub called Finocchios; the entertainment consisted entirely of female impersonators. And so, among us young fellows, um, when we wanted to insult somebody in a humorous way, we would call him a "Finocch". But I was forced to start thinking about, what, uh, might really be going on.

And (*clears throat*), I'll have more to say about that later.

On the 27th of December, I had become eighteen (*clears throat*) passing that significant eighteen year mark on the 14th , and had to report for duty -- active duty, as distinguished from the enlisted reserve. Active duty meant reporting to a place called Camp Beale in the Sacramento Valley. The nearest town would be Marysville, and uh, I can't remember how I got up there, but I was given (*clears throat*) a more complete outfit (*clears throat*) than I had had at Stanford. A complete … I was given combat boots for example.

I'm (*clears thoat*) having trouble with my bullfrog in my throat.

David: Take a break?

(Clearing of throat, water sipping)

David: Can I get you a cookie?

Henry: No, thanks.

Henry: Camp Beale was a madhouse. It was chaos. Swamped with people being discharged. [And?] the whole country wanted their loved ones back, but it wasn't easy, getting rid of sixteen million people in a rush. So those of us who were coming IN to the army got kind of lost in the shuffle. I went through the incoming line, getting the uniform components and the toilet articles. Those who knew the ropes said if they gave you razor blades, which they did, throw them into the nearest ashcan, because they will not cut warm butter. Um, anyway I got the outfit of wool shirts and trousers called O.D.s, [color?] stands for Olive Drab and the lightweight uniforms that were called suntans, and so forth. All of them fitted into a big duffle bag, and uh, it was unclear as to where we were supposed to stay, and it turns out that in the section that was devoted to the incoming group, we could stay almost anywhere we wanted, and go to any of the mess halls that were open. And after a very short period of time, maybe a day or two, somebody stole my duffle bag. I thought I was really in the soup.

I don't know whether (*Chuckle*), anybody but me remembers the Dickens novel *David Copperfield*, in which Dickens discovered that the most popular character in this novel, which was published serially, as all of his novels were, the readership liked the character Micawber better than any of the others. So Dickens would find ways to re-introduce Micawber into the story by extensive coincidences of one type or another. I thought about that when, who should

turn up at Camp Beale, but my (*Chuckle*) my nemesis/friend Dick Jennings. And I told Dick Jennings about my problem, and uh, he thought he could help me out. So he took me to a depot, a portion of the camp, operated by the quartermaster corps, which had all the uniforms that anybody could possibly want, all the sizes of combat boots that anybody could want, etc.

So he personally accompanied me while I filled a new duffle bag with everything that I had had in the old one. And I guess we did this during a noon hour, or some time when there was nobody around, I can't (*Chuckle*), I can't believe that we got away with it, but we did (*Laugh*). I laugh because I would have to cry if what might have happened had happened and that is, I had been apprehended for stealing government property. Oh dear.

Well, time dragged on and I learned the way things were organized -- to the extent that they were, which wasn't much. Tuesday morning, every week there would go out a call, from the classification and assignment section, of people who were there in the holding company, waiting to be sent out someplace, for basic training. And, a lot of them, I noticed, were being sent to Fort Lewis, Washington, but occasionally, and there didn't seem to be any rhyme or reason apparently, some were sent to Fort Hood, Texas, or a place in Missouri, called Camp Crowder that I had never heard of. I hoped that I would be able to get to Fort Lewis Washington, which sounded like much the most congenial of the possibilities.

In between time, there was nothing to do. And, technically, (*Chuckle*), I was supposed to have a pass, to leave the camp. On one occasion, early in the game, I got a pass, a weekend pass, which, if I played my cards right, and made the right connections with buses and railroad trains, would get me back to Palo Alto, in time to spend some time with the family, and my friend Bruce Pierce, and so forth. Well, I began to stretch that pass, by (*Chuckle*), by erasing the dates, until the paper got thinner and thinner, and almost disappeared. And (*Chuckle*) I began leaving on the strength of this fake pass, earlier and earlier in the week, until after the, the Thursday meeting in the uh, holding company, at which my name was NOT called, I would take off, and (*Chuckle*), wouldn't come back until the following Monday.

So I was not, I was not the best soldier, but at this time, I didn't think I was doing any harm. I wasn't hurting any war effort. In fact, on one occasion, I really pushed the envelope, or whatever the saying is, by going on sick call, because I had, I had a kind of a sore throat, and I thought maybe a cold was coming on. So, I was in a group of a number of other guys, who were uh, there with apparently minor complaints. We were all given a thermometer, and, I took my temperature and was alarmed to see that I was, in fact, below 98.6 Fahrenheit, and I thought that I would not be taken seriously by any medic on the strength of that temperature. And so (*Laugh*), so it occurred to me that maybe I would try shaking that thermometer in the reverse direction, and made it go higher than 98.6, and I found that in fact, it worked, so I got it up to about 101.

(*Chuckle*) the guy came around and uh, said I should go the infirmary. And so I did, and uh, I spent another happy week there. Well eventually, it got to be a bit much. And so I took my chances. No, not entirely.

Just to show you I was not altogether a good soldier, I went to the classification and assignment section to see if I could talk to somebody about getting into the group that would be going to Fort Lewis. And here once again, I was there during the noon hour, and once again, there was nobody on duty there. So I began looking on peoples desks, and on one desk I found a group that was being assigned to Camp Crowder Missouri, and there was my card, in that group. Well, tut, tut, tut (*general laughter*), that card found its way out of there (*laughter*). So, eventually, a duplicate card was found somewhere in the files and they, this time I ended up in the group going to Fort Lewis.

Gene: And for how long had you been there, how long had you -- it sounds like it had been quite a while.

Henry: I had probably been there for … January, February, 2 and a half months.

Now, one night after chow, we were bussed down to the nearest railroad station (*clears throat*), where there was a troop train waiting. And we were uh going to be gone for two nights. If it had been a passenger train, possibly, maybe only one night, but in the postwar-period, troop trains no longer had the right of way that they enjoyed during the war. And, uh when there was any possible conflict with a passenger train the troop train was pulled to a siding, and so it took longer to get there. And this was an all Pullman, well, not the Pullman in the usual sense. Because I discovered that, in a troop train, the berths were shared. And here the memory of my experience in the movie theater in San Francisco came back to life and I didn't look forward to the experience. I survived it, but I wasn't happy about it. And I wondered, when later on, there was a big controversy during the Clinton administration, whether homosexuals would be OK in the armed forces. And Clinton had a policy called "Don't ask", what was it ? "Don't ask, Don't tell", something like that.

Gene: Yeah.

Henry: But I never did quite understand how it would work, in actual practice.

In my day, I didn't, I don't suppose that a practicing homosexual would even be drafted at all. I don't know.

Anyway, I got to Fort Lewis, and, uh, embarked on what they called basic training, which was supposed to be six weeks, in which we would learn things like close-order drill, and the manual of arms, and so forth and so on. But, it never worked out for me in the way intended, because through a stroke of fate -- ill fate now that I think about it, in retrospect -- the company clerk, in my company, had just left. And there were certain requirements that had to be met, without fail, like a duty roster had to be typed up every day, for everybody in the company, which consisted of over 200 people. And it had to be typed without error. I mean, this was the army and certain things had to be done just exactly so, with no questions asked.

And I was the only guy, among the incoming class of approximately 200 people, who had any typing skills. I had typed in high-school and college and I was fairly proficient at it, so I became,

in effect, the company clerk, meaning: that I was spared the drudgery of marching around a parade-ground in close-order drill, learning how to do all kinds of right order, right face, left face, to the rear march, etc., etc. I was spared all of that, and yet, at the same time, I missed out on the really important, the important part, which was developing any sort of esprit de corps, any sort of camaraderie, with the other 200 guys.

And that was a very serious shortcoming. In fact, I was deeply resented.

(Chuckle) The only saving virtue was that I had a very limited sleeping space, we had bunks, and everybody had a foot locker at the foot of the bunk and that was my space, period. And, so I didn't have the option of dropping my clothes wherever I took them off (*laughter*), or anything like that, so I didn't get in trouble for that reason, but I did get in trouble for the fact that they thought that I was a shirker. And suppose I, I was not altogether blameless. I suppose there are times when I was not needed in the company office, but I found excuses not to go out and parade around in close-order drills, and so I, in the long run I paid by being ostracized, and more than that, there came a time when they gave me what they called a GI shower. (*Laughs*). A GI shower consisted of your having to strip down, and they would brush you with stiff brushes and GI soap, which was a kind of lye soap, and uh, that was not pleasant at all. In fact I think I was the only guy I ever heard of that was penalized to such an extent.

Eventually, I survived the so-called basic training process uninjured except, to one extent. On the very last day, we were all hauled out to the rifle range outside of camp, where we took a test to determine whether we were … there were three gradations – of sharpshooter, marksman, I can't remember all of it. But the problem was that I had never had the practice, and it was not that simple a matter. The rifles that they used at that time involved a clip of eight bullets that you had to push down into a chamber, and remove your thumb rapidly, or else the lid would click shut and give you what they called an M1 thumb. I'm sure it no longer exists, because it was a pretty primitive system. Well, I got an M1 thumb, because I couldn't get my thumb out fast enough. I passed the test, I hit the target frequently enough, but I got this wound, it's stayed with me all my life.

Now, I moved on from Northeast Fort Lewis, which is where the basic training took place, to the main fort, where permanent assignments took place, and this time I, my experience as a typist came in very handy because I was given the job as a clerk at the office of the inspector general, potentially a very, very interesting and important position. I mean the office itself was very important, the position of clerk wasn't particularly important at all, but that's going to be subject of the next installment. One other point before we adjourn, in a minute, takes me back to Charles Dickens. Guess who turned up again (*laughter*).

David: The Big Dick.

Henry: No, no, no. He was the middle.

David: The medium Dick.

Henry: No, he was the little Dick. I'm glad you remembered that, that Trinity. (*Laughs*) Yes, Dick Jennings was there again and uh, he was, uh, still a friend of sorts, I was always happy to have every friend I could. There were a couple of other guys from Paly high, they were juniors when we were seniors. So the four of us got together from time to time.

Gene: In the office or just on the base. In that same office?

Henry: No, no, scattered around. Dick Jennings himself got a very important job. I can't remember exactly what it was, but, he did very well for himself. He had a very, very engaging personality. Also I think it helped that his father was a brigadier general (*Laughter*). OK.

Gene: One question, the name of your roommate at Pomona? I don't think you mentioned.

Henry: Whatever happened to him?

Gene: What was his name?

David: The first one you mean, the one who threw your clothes out the window?

Gene: Well, both, yeah. Actually I meant the second one.

Henry: The first one was named Ken Lazar. His father operated a pharmacy luncheonette in Long Beach and he won me over by treating me to a tuna sandwich and a milkshake (*laughter*). That's the way to my heart.

The second one was Nevins Dorsey Young Jr. He was slightly disabled by polio. But he was not a bad tennis player as he proved when I made the mistake of going out with him on the court one day and he absolutely blew me away. He became a lawyer, very successful, very successful. I have no idea whatever became of Ken Lazar, and I furthermore, don't particularly care (*laughter*).

Gene: Alright.

David: OK.

Henry: OK.

6. Henry vs. the Army; return to Pomona

Henry: So I guess they had a barracks or a day room or someplace for people in my position who were waiting for assignment to just sit around and read magazines or whatever; and we all had what they call an MOS which stands for Military Occupational Specialty, and mine wasn't much of a specialty; it was O55 which stood for Clerk General. And they didn't even mention the fact that I had some skills as a typist so I had no idea what they would do with me; and those of us who were sitting around waiting would tell stories, that is those of us who had any experience with the Army before would tell tales about how the Army seemed to take a delight in assigning people to jobs for which they were not qualified. There were some very uproarious stories, some of which may even have been true. (Laughter). Like people who had been a blacksmith, I think I remember one such anecdote, who was assigned a job as a cook, and things of that sort.

All of this was in the latter part of May of 1946. I'm trying to recall; I may have waited around as much as two weeks and then I got the call that I was to report to the Office of the Inspector General and I knew nothing about the job of the Inspector General, although Danny Kay had made a movie called the Inspector General which was kind of a spoof of the institution in Czarist Russia. But I gathered as time went by that it was a sort of equivalent to what later became known as an Ombudsman to whom one could take complaints. I think it also had broad powers, if the IG wanted to use them, of inspecting malfeasance and nonfeasance and misfeasance on the part of anybody within his jurisdiction. For example, when I was in Basic Training in North Fort Louis we heard rumors all the time and they were so persistent that I think they must surely have had some kernel of truth in them, about head cooks making off with quarters of beef in the trunks of their cars, and stuff of that sort. And I would have thought that that would have been the sort of stuff that the IG would have been empowered to investigate if he had wanted to. But apparently he didn't want to.

So I reported for duty in the early part of June, and I found that the staff consisted of the so-called Inspector General who was not a General, in fact he wasn't even a full Colonel, he was a what they call a Leaf Colonel (he had an Oak leaf made from silver on his shoulder rather than a silver Eagle).

David: Where was he located?

Henry: He was in the main Fort; the main Fort in Saint Louis Washington consisted of brick buildings, permanent buildings. The North Fort where we took basic training was in temporary barracks. And as I found out, there was also a South Fort. He was assisted by a First Lieutenant, and a Staff Sergeant. And I, the Clerk General. I was taking the place of a civilian woman who had been there as a clerk typist, but I gather that they had to decide to get along without her because I think she was a boozer. They didn't have that problem with me.

Well, I soon found out that as a practical matter 80 or 90% of the cases that the IG was supposed to deal with consisted of men from South Fort Louis, which was in fact a ghetto

reserved exclusively for negroes, as the called them in those days. And this was something of a revelation and a shock to me because I had never seen it in actual practice, and it hadn't occurred to me to wonder why they didn't have any negroes taking Basic Training with us whites. Well, they had their own separate Basic Training in South Forth Louis. And that's also where they had their barracks if they had a permanent job on the post; and they found those jobs were exclusively limited to the most subservient of things to do like collecting garbage and working in the Post laundry, and stuff like that.

And the reason that they came to the IG and complained is that they had enlisted after the war was over; they had been talked into re-enlisting for three year periods by a recruiting sergeant who was in fact a kind of bounty hunter I think, who was paid a commission for everyone he signed up for a three year enlistment. And he promised them that they would be assigned to the European theater which of course they would have much preferred even if they would have – regardless of the type of work they were to do there – at least they wouldn't be discriminated against by the surrounding community. Because almost all of these guys came from the South, and when it came time for them to file a complaint they were at a serious disadvantage because of their lack of education in the so-called separate but equal system that they had in the South.

Well, the practice that the woman before me had followed was to simply let them write down whatever they could and then copy it down on her typewriter without any changes at all in spelling or grammar, and many of them were almost incoherent. And I didn't think that was right, and so I began the practice of asking them to describe to me their problem and then ask them to write it as best they could, making little changes to make a story out of it that would really explain what they were complaining about. I didn't do very heavy editing but I did a little; let's put it that way.

Well, this was something of an epiphany for me. I've already mentioned in one of my earlier meetings that I had an epiphany when the news began to come out about the Nazi death camps and the millions of Jews they had gassed, and what a profound impact that had on me. And this was another profound impact, because we had just finished the war against Nazi Germany and the ideology of the Nazis of course was based on their theory of racial superiority, and here I saw before me feelings of racial superiority being acted out every day by the whites who ran Fort Louis Washington. Even though it was the farthest North of any major military installation in the country, where you would think they might have been a little more enlightened than they were in the South.

So, I did my best to try to see that these guys got justice, which in theory the Inspector General was empowered to do. But as time went by it began increasingly to become clear to me that the Inspector General did not take that aspect of his authority seriously. He disposed of these cases – I think I've got it written down here – he notified the complainants by letter that the complaint had been referred to the proper authority, meaning in the case of somebody who had been promised deployment to Europe the responsible agency would have been something called Classification and Assignment, so the IG would pass the buck.

And if somebody filed a complaint, which occasionally one of these fellows did, that they were being fed slop in the mess halls of South Fort Louis, or as one of them put it "food fit only for dogs and hogs" (I must confess I refreshed my memory; I have a file here of about a hundred cases that I myself had something to do with). In such a case as a complaint about food, it would have been referred to the Quarter Master Corps, because they handled that sort of thing, so the Inspector General actually didn't resolve anything, so far as I could tell.

And furthermore, as time went by, it seemed to me that the other three staff members of the office found it more and more convenient – since I was taking over the handling of these cases – that they could go to the Officer's Club, in the case of the Colonel and the first lieutenant, and the NCO Club in the case of the Sergeant; and I would be there all alone for much of the day, with the burning desire to see justice done, but without any ability to actually get it done. So that was very demoralizing, and I didn't take it well. I'm not good at dissembling. And the fact that I didn't basically respect these other fellows I'm sure I was not able to hide; you know how that goes, you betray your feelings by your tone of voice or by your facial expression, and it is not taken well by the other party.

So, to make a long story – not a very long story, I don't think I lasted more than about six weeks in that job, and that is a pity in a way, because in some ways it was an ideal job in which I could really deal with the nitty gritty of racial discrimination rather than as an abstraction. If I could have I would have stuck it out, but I just wasn't psychologically capable of it.

So it didn't really come as a surprise to me when I was told by the Sergeant one day that they were going to have to make a change. Now, this gets to be somewhat interesting because at this time there were three other fellows from Paly High who were all there at Fort Louis at the same time, two of who were juniors when I was a senior, both of whom were quite good friends of mine. And the third was none other than Dick Jennings, who kept turning up everywhere that I was. And lo and behold, one of the fellows who had been a junior (his name was Jose), was also a clerk typist or clerk general/whatever and I guess there weren't too many of us with that qualification in that entire fort, so he was picked to be my replacement in the office of the Inspector General. And in fact he filled it very successfully, because he was a very cheerful fellow who didn't have any deep feelings about social causes, which apparently is required in the bureaucracy.

I went back to the waiting list and by now I was really at war with the Army, so to speak. I was disgusted by the whole institution, and began rebelling against it in ways that I could. For example, the post commander, a brigadier General I think, issued an order every day for the uniform of the day and there were basically two uniforms possible; one consisted of wool and was called olive drab, and the other consisted of cotton and it was called suntan. And it was completely arbitrary apparently as to which he chose on any given day.

And there came a day when it was warm, quite warm which is unusual for that area of the country, and he ordered olive drab uniforms, meaning that they were all wool. And I sweated it out as best I could during the day but during the evening I thought it was silly, and there was an event that I wanted to attend at the post gymnasium where there were going to be amateur

boxing matches between enlisted men one of whom was my friend from Paly High Jose Rayal (sp?), who was a lightweight – and these boxing matches were with pillows in effect, so nobody got hurt, it was just for entertainment.

So, I wanted to see this match, so I wore the olive drab trousers but I wore a suntan shirt which I covered up with a jacket of some approved variety, and a military policeman spotted me on the way in and wrote me up. So when I got back to the company I was put on KP. And there were other things, I can't even remember all of them, but there were days that went by when I and others who were awaiting assignment were just sitting around twiddling our thumbs reading the magazines or whatever and the whole day would go by with nobody being called for assignment. So, my old friend (well, sometime friend I should say) Dick Jennings, had some sort of a cushy job – some sort of administrative job in the motor pool I believe it was – where he was able to duck out for hours at a time with nobody raising any question. So, he asked me if I would like to play golf with him. Fort Louis of course, like all major installations, had its own golf course. So, I thought I could get away with it for two or three hours and we did play a round of golf – I think I shot 100, which wasn't too bad.

But there again, when I got back I found that there had come a call for somebody with my MOS and this time I had to fabricate some excuse; I didn't want to implicate my "friend" (quote, unquote) Dick Jennings, and so this time I was restricted to the post for a weekend or two; and to make sure I didn't wander I was given the job of manning the company office, to handle any visitors that might come by and make sure that I kept my nose clean. Well, I didn't keep it totally clean, because I discovered in the company commander's desk a stack of blank weekend passes, and I helped myself to one of those blanks (laughter). For future reference. I can't remember the exact sequence of events. There came a time when I did fill out this pass to enable me to go to Seattle for a weekend; when it came time to sign the company commander's name I had a failure of nerve and I asked Dick Jennings to sign it for me, and he did.

Well, a few more weeks went by and the company commander called for a shakedown inspection of the barracks. I don't know what they were looking for; maybe it was a routine matter, just a matter of following protocol. But we had to stand by our beds and we each had a foot locker and they went through the contents of the foot locker with care, and then they asked to see the contents of our wallets. And lo and behold, I had forgotten to dispose of the weekend pass to Seattle which was now obsolete, but it did bear the signature of the company captain. And, since he was conducting the inspection, of course he recognized that that was not his true signature; and being a good soldier I couldn't rat on my sometime friend Dick Jennings, so I took the blame for it and this time I had a court-martial.

It sounds more serious than it is – there are different gradations of court-martial, this was not a very formal proceeding. It was heard by one fellow company commander, and there was only one witness and that was my company commander testifying that this was not his signature. So, I was reduced in rank from private first class to plain private, sometimes known as a buck private, and I was also fined a couple of months pay which wasn't very much in those days. But

I was afraid it was going to go on my permanent record, but when it came time for my discharge I was given an honorable discharge.

Now, back to the subject of the assignment that I was eventually given, it was in the, I guess the very bottom of the barrel of the entire world of general clerking – and that was in the filing section of their records – as you may or may not have heard there are an awful lot of memorandum constantly circulating in bureaucracies, perhaps more in the military than any other area. So, these would flow in daily to be filed in some particular place; and so that was my job. And by now I was through with trying to defeat the Army at its own game; I couldn't outsmart it and so I began diverting myself to reading these memoranda and I became particularly intrigued by the possibility that there might be a loophole somewhere that would entitle me to a discharge.

And I couldn't figure out how that might possibly be, but eventually it did seem as though by combining the time that I had spent in the inactive service attending Stanford University and my active serviced at Fort Louis Washington, that I could qualify for discharge. And I began writing to various levels of the bureaucracy to pursue this possibility, and eventually, by golly, it enabled me to get a discharge on November 30th of 1946. Which I much later found was not such a smart idea after all, because it represented a little bit less than a full year equivalent to active service and when I got my discharge I was dismayed to read in the fine print "recommended for further military duty", which later came back to bite me. But for the time being it did enable me to get back to home in time for the holidays.

Now there's one other epiphany that took place during this period at Fort Louis Washington. When I was awaiting my discharge around the end of November, I was reading magazines as I often did in the post library; I can't at this date remember for the life of me the name of the magazine itself, it might have been Newsweek, it almost certainly wasn't Time magazine because at that time it was edited by Henry Lewis who was very conservative. This was a favorable or sympathetic or at least objective treatment of an article about an organization called Student Federalists, founded by a high school kid named Harris Wofford back in New York. And the object of the organization was to try to modify the United Nations into something more effective because it wouldn't permit a veto power by the Soviet Union or the United States or China or Britain or I guess France – which was written into the United Nations' charter. In short, the Student Federalists advocated a world government, which was a really effective government in all respects including a legislature and an executive and a judicial, and I thought that made eminently good sense. So I remembered that, and as years went by acted upon it to quite an extent, an even more active extent than I did my pursuit of racial justice and what I considered to be justice for the Jews.

So, I returned by train from Washington to the Bay Area and dropped in unannounced to surprise my brother who was working in downtown Palo Alto at that time at a photo shop, and then the two of us dropped in on my mother who was living in Los Altos (in the middle of a five acre apricot orchard). She had left the nursery school and was now getting by on having a couple or maybe three kids at a time in this big old house in the Los Altos hills.

I tried to get back into Pomona College in the middle of the school year, but found that that was not possible. So then I looked into the situation at Stanford, and because of the fact Stanford was on a quarter system and Pomona was on a semester system, I was able to get into Stanford under the GI Bill of Rights, beginning in January of 1947. And I was very much at sixes and sevens as to what I was going to major in. When I had been a freshman at Pomona I had thought I was going to be an Art major, but since I became interested in social causes I was in a sense radicalized by my brief stint in the Army, so I gave up any idea of spending my life as a painter.

Among other courses I took at Stanford was Introduction to Sociology; well, that further radicalized me, even though the Professor was no radical in any usual sense of the term, but at least he opened my eyes to all kinds of possible alternatives to established politics. I believe I mentioned last time that at Pomona one of my suite mates had been a very active Republican, and I was so young and malleable at that time that I was influenced by him. But that was all taken out of me by the time I was at Stanford in the Spring of 1947. As a hobby I continued to do some painting; I took a course in short story writing and had a fair success at that, although the instructor was a very tough grader.

I continued to attend Stanford in the summer session of 1947; I was trying to make up for the time that I had been out of school in the Army. I did not want to lose an entire year, so then in the Fall of ’47 I enrolled once again in Pomona – this time as a junior. I had made up enough credits. I wasn’t able to get into an upper class dormitory, so I was sharing rooms in the same freshmen unit of Clarke Hall that I had occupied when I was a freshman and because of that proximity I met a young fellow named Bill O’Connell (sp?) who purely serendipitously I learned was very interested in the Student Federalists. So I got to know him and we got to talking, and decided it was time to try to organize a chapter of Student Federalists at Pomona College. And I was very reluctant about taking a leadership role because of the fiasco of my senior year at Paly High, but because I was a junior and Bill was only a freshman, he prevailed upon me to take the lead.

So I guess I put an article in the college paper that there would be a meeting to be held in the student union on such and such a date for anyone interested, with a very brief description of the purpose. And I suppose six or eight people showed up and I suppose that we felt that was enough to start a chapter. Oh, I remember now, the ground rules were such you could have a chapter at a high school or college of Student Federalists if you had ten members, so we signed up these six persons and told them to try to find three or four other people and then we would apply for a charter and so that’s what happened. And I was appointed or elected or somehow or other became Chairman, and there I was again in a position of having to fill a very uncomfortable role, although I was a little better prepared than I had been at Paly High, I will say that. I was a couple of years older and learned a little about Robert’s Rules of Order and blah blah blah.

So, we would hold meetings, have speakers; we organized a debate between a representative of the adult World Federalists in Los Angeles who was happy enough to debate somebody from the Pomona Poli Sci Department who was happy to say that we were all living in cloud Cuckoo

land in so many words. We put on a radio program inspired by Orson Welles and his program on the so called War of the Worlds in which he put on a fake of an invasion of New Jersey by a space ship from Mars, and it created quite a stir in the 1930's. So we did something based on that I believe; I can't remember all the details, but anyway we had a thing going. I took a lot of courses in politics and international relations, history, because I guess I thought maybe I could go into the field of amending the United Nations or something of this sort. At the same time, I was taking all the sociology that I could, with an emphasis on race relations. So I guess I had kind of a double major. I continued to do a little art on the side, and during my summer vacations.

In '48, I believe, I took time out for a trip to Texas – another trip to Texas – I had been on one in '37 by train. This time my Aunt had driven out of Texas, her chauffeur was my cousin Jack, he was driving her brand new Buick and it enabled her to see Muir Woods and all of those sorts of things in the Bay Area, and then the four of us drove back together. And this time I had a chance to see what life was really like in a Southern town – the town of Sweetwater. And it was – I knew what to expect, but even so it made me mad. Because it was of course two towns with a railroad running between them, and on one side of the railroad there were no street lights, no sidewalks, it was just a third world.

And so I got into it with my poor Aunt who was living in a very nice house – she had sold her interest in her ranch, she was a widow by this time, her husband had been a very successful rancher. And, furthermore, oil had been – they thought they might find oil on that ranch property so they took out a lease for which they paid, and I don't believe they eventually did find oil, but the lease enabled her to leave the ranch in her declining years and she bought this very nice house in the best part of Sweetwater. And she had a colored maid come in every day and so forth. So there came a time when she and my mother and I were visited by her children, my uncles (?) I guess they were. And we got into a discussion of race, and it was – I'm sure it was just terribly, terribly embarrassing to my mother and to my Aunt, while the men and I had it out and of course neither of us convinced the others.

Well now – well I should say something about the five acres of apricots. I can't remember the exact summers, but the harvesting of those apricots was handled in different ways on different years. Sometimes, somebody from the Gerber baby food company would come around and make an offer; they would handle everything, they would harvest the crop and do with it as they will. And that was fine, but then there came a time when I thought that maybe we should try drying them, which is what some of our neighbors were doing. Apparently there was more of a market for that than for baby food. So we went down to the employment office in Palo Alto and found high school kids who were willing to work either cutting apricots for drying, and we hired a couple of girls for that, and we found a fellow who would be doing the picking; all of this to be done at piece (?) rates. And my brother built a little tar paper shack in which the trays of halved apricots at the end of each day's cutting would be smoked by sulphur as a preservative, after which they would be taken out into rows between the trees and dried in the sun.

And that's how that summer was passed, at least the bulk of it; the harvest didn't last very many weeks, but it was a major operation, and then at the end of it a neighbor loaned me a

truck in which I drove the boxes of dried apricots to a processing plant in San Jose; I'd never driven a truck before but I managed and the whole thing paid about six hundred dollars. In spite of the fact that I felt so badly about these high school kids being paid at what seemed to me to be a pittance, and so every time it came time for me to punch a card, each punch representing one crate of halved 'cots or one bucketful of picked 'cots, I would always sneak in an extra punch of two. Even so, I made money, and with the six hundred dollars I bought my first car, which I then drove down to Pomona for my senior year.

Let me see what time it's getting to be. About six thirty?

So, that brings us to my senior year. By now, the fat was in the fire and I had decided to major in Sociology, and I made a specialty in race relations. So I had a seminar in which I and another Soc major were to work together on a study of housing in the South Central section of Los Angeles. Which is now, I understand, occupied by Latinos but at that time was occupied almost exclusively by blacks (or Negroes or whatever they were called at the time). And I was still chairman of the Pomona chapter of Student Federalists and we kept chugging along. And I entered a contest awarded by the Department of Government called the Cordell Hull prize. Cordell Hull had been the Secretary of State under the Roosevelt administration. And I won that prize, even though I was not a Government major.

I have also neglected to mention that 1948 was a presidential election year. Now, in '44 I had not been able to vote – well I was far from 21, nobody in '44 was even thinking about lowering the voting age – in '48 the voting age was still 21, although I think that it was about to be changed to 18, but as luck would have it I was still one month short of being 21. So, I was still not able to vote although that was a really, really fascinating Presidential election if there had ever been one; I think there's never going to be another one like it.

Truman was President; he was running against Thomas Dewey for the second time, well the first time it had been Roosevelt and Truman and then Roosevelt died. People were mad at Harry Truman for all kinds of reasons. One of them, of course, being that he was too liberal, and I must say that Truman himself desegregated the armed forces after I had left Fort Louis, so I thought that was highly commendable. But on the other hand, he had instituted various kinds of cracking down on political dissent, as represented by the Communist Party and the Socialist Worker's Party and the Industrial Workers of the World, and so forth and so on. So the segregationists put up a third party candidate named Strom Thurmond who ran as a States' rights Dixie-crat, and the left wing ran a fourth party called the Progressive Party led by Henry Wallace.

It didn't appear that Truman had a chance, even if it hadn't been for these third and fourth party splinter groups; the fact is that Dewey was so popular that the polls all showed him ahead by 10 or 20 points, whatever it was. The pollsters, they stopped taking polls, it was so one-sided. And as you may know by now it was the biggest upset that I guess there's ever been. And the pollsters will never make that mistake again, they're going to keep studying it right down to the final hour. But of course there are many other changes since then. I don't even want to think about what's happened to the political discourse these days.

In any event, it came time for me to start thinking about a graduate school. The best department of Sociology in the country was at the University of Chicago. And I applied there but with the requirement that I needed some financial aid. I was still entitled to some tuition under the GI Bill of Rights but I would have needed help with the room and board, and books and so forth. So, I suppose I could have gotten into the University of Chicago graduate school on the strength of my being a Phi Beta Kappa and so forth, but they didn't have any money. So, as a fall-back position I had applied to the University of Hawaii, which had only one thing really going for it in my universe of discourse, and that was they were quite interested in racial and ethnic relations. And lo and behold, they offered me a full ride as a TA, so even though I knew virtually nothing about the Hawaiian Islands, I accepted that. So, I graduated from Pomona in Spring of 1949.

Oh, if you've got a couple more minutes, one other big change in my life took place at Pomona during the period of time that we have covered. I took a course in music appreciation. I thought I appreciated music because I was familiar with all of the great tunes from Tchaikovsky and Rachmaninoff and others that had been made into pop songs, but in this course I learned that in fact all of those pretty melodies were in the original parts of a musical texture which was very much more complicated than anything dreamed of by Tin Pan ally, so I learned about Sonata form and Rondo form, theme and variations, etc. etc., and I found that I had a good memory for such things; the Professor's exams took the form of playing brief excerpts from the development sections of a Beethoven symphony, or Haydn or Mozart or whatever. And sometimes the theme on which the development was based was a little hard to pluck out, but I did very well.

And so the following year I was offered the job of being a kind of – well technically all I was supposed to do was play records for the students during certain hours of the day they were free to come in and listen to the works that were under study at the time – but I got into discussions with these students about the music as well as just playing phonograph records, so I enjoyed that very much. And I've been bemused ever since by hearing something played on the radio that I recognize from those days. A theme from the Surprise Symphony by Haydn, and so on and so forth. Anyway, that brings us up to the end of the summer of 1949, and this will be continued next week.

7. Grad school in Hawai'i

Henry: I made Phi Beta and few other miscellany. I recall that we talked a little about my applying to graduate school. I wasn't able to get the deal that I needed and wanted at the University of Chicago, but I did get something at the University of Hawaii. It's a fair indication of my disorganization and lack of focus and procrastination and various other shortcomings that I didn't have the vaguest idea what I was getting into by going out to the Territory of Hawaii. You must remember this was 1949. Hawaii was not a State and as a territory it was lacking a lot of things, including political representation. At that time the governor was appointed by the president and in 1949 the president was Dwight D Eisenhower. Therefore, in 1949, the governor was a Republican, regardless of the feelings of the people of the territory.

However, I didn't know any of that. All I knew was some sentimental kind of vision that Hawaii was some kind of paradise on earth in which all cultures and races and ethnic groups got together beautifully…and that I would go out there and study them as a model of what race relations might be like in the United States if one really worked at it hard enough. I didn't have the wits to do any research. I didn't even have the wits to talk to my mentor at Pomona who must have known what it was really like out there, and he must have known the faculty members at the Sociology Department at the University of Hawaii. But I didn't do any of that kind of preparation. I was as naïve as can be.

The trip out was interesting in itself because I had never been at sea before. I took a ship which had originally been a passenger ship before the war and which was used as a troop ship during the war. It had not been reconverted even as long after the war as 1949, so the accommodations were primitive to say the least. The two genders were separated and there were bunks in the male quarters. I don't know what it was like in the female quarters. My most vivid memory is it was my first introduction to feeding on a ship, even though it had very little if any resemblance to a cruise ship. It had in common with a cruise ship that you could order anything and everything off the menu at every meal. Talk about paradise – that was my idea of paradise. I was able to take advantage of it because I had the good luck to have the same family physician who saw me through my illness when I was a junior in high school (she knew about sulfa drugs, which were new at that time, and she saved my life from Scarlett Fever). When it came time for the trip to Hawaii, she knew about Dramamine, which I think was also quite new at that time. I was one of the few people on the good ship Cleveland who took Dramamine and who therefore did not get seasick. I enjoyed the trip.

Gene: Where did it leave from?

Henry: San Francisco. I guess it took 4 or 5 days. I was met by some member of the faculty of the University who drove me up to what was to be my residence, which was something called the veteran's dormitory. The vet's dorm (so called) was in fact more like a very large chicken shed in which there were little cubicles held apart by the flimsiest of material between them. There was no glass in the whole building because of the weather out there; it was assumed to

be so mild that screens were all that you needed - both screen doors and screen windows. But the price was right. There were bunk beds in each of these cubicles and if you wanted the whole room for yourself, which I did, the rent was $18 a month. Some of the guys doubled up and that meant they only had to pay $9 bucks apiece.

Now, I can't recall what the teaching assistants were being paid at that time. It might have been something in the order of $200 a month. I was on one of those deals where I was only going to be studying ½ time and the rest of the time I was helping with the introductory sociology class sections. Thank goodness, I had another TA. He and I shared the same office space and he had been there the previous year so he knew the ropes; he was a very great help to me in all kinds of ways. He also lived in the vet's dorm. His name was Dick Collier (sp?) and he told me about some of the facts of life. I learned, for example, that there were many and varied ethnic groups out there, all of whom did not get along in perfect harmony, and that the class distinction seemed to go something like: haolies (who were white) were at the top, and they were subdivided between those who had been there for some time and occupied positions of real power and influence in the business world and political world, and who owned the newspapers and so forth, and then there were the newcomers.

The new haolies had a different name – I can't remember what it was – but that would include the service personnel, of whom there were a good many, and people such as myself. Below them in the rankings were the Chinese, who were not terribly numerous but they were quite prestigious because of their skills at business and political influence. Then came the Japanese, who were by far the most numerous group (probably at least 50 percent), and had much to do with the fact that Hawaii was having a terrible time getting to move from the position of territory to statehood. Then below the Japanese came Koreans and Puerto Ricans and a few Blacks.

At the bottom of the list came the Hawaiians of whom there were very few left because they had intermingled with all the other groups. There was a lot of difficulty in maintaining the culture and even the language, and it was very controversial as to whether they should be given special privileges.

One of my first acts was to try to organize a Chapter of Student Federalists. I believe I mentioned the fact that at Pomona I had been very active in the World Federalist movement and so I carried that on out there and organized a Chapter which only required that I get 10 dues paying members. The teaching of sociology was rather simple. It was largely limited to the study of social structures like class distinctions (upper, upper upper, lower upper, upper middle, middle middle, blah blah blah) and social institutions (the family, the church, and all the neatly arranged divisions). It was all very uninspiring.

Fortunately, Hawaii was quite a magnet for visiting professors from the mainland who were able to use their sabbaticals to teach a course or two at the University of Hawaii, and then spend the rest of their time surfing or fishing or enjoying life in the tropics. One of the visiting professors when I was out there was from the University of Chicago, which is where they had the best department of sociology in the country, and this fellow was a breath of fresh air in that

he didn't want anything to do with these traditional and arbitrary sociological charts and divisions. He didn't call himself this, but I looked upon him as a humanistic sociologist. He spent a lot of his time at all of his classes (or the early portions of these classes at least) attacking the hidebound ways of looking at human nature and human organization. He attacked the Pavlov theory of condition responses, he attacked the school of social Darwinism, he attacked Freudianism, he attacked the school that believed in innate instincts like the theory that man is by nature a warlike, aggressive being, and so forth.

Herbert Blumer, which was his name, believed that all kinds of things are possible, that people are capable – not only capable of change and choice - but in fact are *obliged* to go through life making choices because they are not given any inborn solutions to situations in which they find themselves. Therefore, when you find yourself in a situation of any type, you have to briefly review experiences that you may have had with that type of situation before and how you dealt with it before and whether you succeeded in dealing with it satisfactorily and whether you were influenced by the people you were with. All of these things were happening almost instantaneously but they happen constantly. You go through life making hundreds of these "definitions of the situation," as he called it, and although maybe 90 times out of 100 you do something on the basis of what you'd done before, there was always the possibility that you might do it differently, and therefore individuals change and sometimes societies as a whole change. He was greatly interested in that, and that lead to a whole field of sociology which he called "collective behavior," which included things like social movements, fads and fashions, and anything that kicks over the traces of what had been done before.

That to me was like catnip to a cat. *That* was what I was interested in, because as I have said before in some of these sessions, I had become interested in the Zionist movement (one of my first feelings of that sort), then I became interested in what might be called the Civil Rights movement in my position with the Inspector General's office at Fort Lewis, Washington, and then I became fascinated by the vision of a World Federal Government. All of this was in the field of social change, and that was to me the only thing that I found really attractive about the whole field of sociology. Another thing which Herbert Blumer attacked was what was known as the "survey research method" of social investigation, which consisted of going out and asking a sample of the population a question or two about their opinion of this or that social issue of the moment. Blumer had nothing but contempt for that as being blind to the realities of a society in which everyone is not an interchangeable part. One person's opinion doesn't count much for another person's opinion, depending upon their education and their place in the economic structure, etc, etc. Therefore, it's useless to talk about the results of a survey as though everybody's opinion counts exactly as much as everybody else's. One needs to know the real workings of the society in a qualitative rather than a quantitative way.

All of this I found very agreeable and I began trying to learn the workings of the society of the Hawaiian Territory, as best I could. I learned, for example (I had never known this before going out there), that the ILWU (that's the Longshoreman's Union, that had become quite a power in San Francisco as a result of its tactics in the 1930s) had done something in the Hawaiian Islands that nobody had been able to do in the continental United States at that time, and that was to

organize agricultural workers. They had organized the pineapple and sugar cane workers successfully.

I also learned that that was another reason why the spokespeople for Hawaii had a territorial representative in Congress who was allowed (I think) the privilege of appearing on the floor of the House of Representatives along with the representative from Puerto Rico and possibly Guam, but without the right to vote. They did have spokespersons back there in Hawaii who were lobbying at all times to try to get Statehood for Hawaii at pretty much the same time that representatives from Alaska were trying to get Statehood for Alaska, even though the population of Alaska was much smaller than Hawaii and it didn't have any oil and gas industry at that time.

I learned about all of these kinds of things and I remember attending some social gatherings of the ILWU. That was the only time in my life I won a door prize, consisting of a bottle of champagne. I listened to all of the people talking politics. The ILWU was a very left wing union. In fact, I didn't know it at the time, but I had reason to believe later that it probably was Communist dominated. As a friend of mine put it on the basis of his personal knowledge, the only reason Harry Bridges was not a dues-paying member of the CP is that he was too cheap to pay dues. Anyway, this was a new kind of experience for me. I had never known people that far left before and it was part of my education as to how the real life works. Some unions were like that and some unions weren't.

In June of 1950, which was the ending of my first year out there (I had signed up for a two year agreement), North Korea invaded South Korea. The country of Korea had not been independent for a long time. I think Japan took over Korea in the early part of the 1900s. After Japan was defeated in World War 2, the peninsula of Korea was arbitrarily divided into north and south to give the Soviet Union what it wanted, which was a zone of influence, while the US was the prime mover in the south portion. The north invaded the south and that led to the Korean War, which dragged on for several years and affected me because, as I may have mentioned the last time when I talked about my so-called Army career, my discharge said that I was recommended for further military duty. The draft had never been terminated after the end of World War 2. It was still going strong and all they had to do was bring back the same guys in the draft boards to begin drafting people to send to Korea. I'd learned that as long as I stayed in school, I could get deferments.

When it came to my second year, in which I was entitled to continue as a teaching assistant, a complication arose in that one of the star graduate students in sociology, who happened to have been a Japanese-American, was having financial difficulties and desperately needed a job as a TA. If he wasn't able to get it he would have had to drop out of school. I didn't want to see that happen and therefore I voluntarily relinquished my job and went back into the GI Bill of Rights, so I was able to get along better financially, actually, in my second year than I had been in my first. On the $200 a month or whatever it was that I was getting [laugh], if you think I am a penny pincher now, you should have seen me in those days. There were long periods of time in which I got along on a dollar a day for food with the help of an occasional care package from home.

Sometimes a friend might invite me out. My friend Dick Collier introduced me to the institution known as a luau, which I heartily recommend to any of you who like to eat. If you ever have a chance, take advantage of it. It's wonderful, based around baking an entire pig in an underground excavation called an imu, with all kinds of other dishes – lomi-lomi salmon, chicken Lau Lau, and so forth. All you can eat and all the beer you can drink, so I ate and drank enough on that occasion to see me through about a month [laugh]. Anyway, I got through the year and then in the second year I was able to start going out to restaurants and things like that.

I'm trying to remember if there's anything particularly remarkable… [long pause]

OK, it came time for me to write a thesis to get my master's in sociology. I decided that the subject of my thesis would be an analysis of the World Government Movement, which I would write about from the inside, having been a member and sort of leader of it myself for 2 or 3 years. That's another one of the things I learned from Herbert Blumer, and that's the fact that what is needed in the study of collective behavior was not people from the outside who would go in to interview members of the World Government Movement on the grounds and theory that being objective in their analysis would mean their results were untainted, and that objectivity was a great virtue. Blumer thought, in fact, that objectivity be damned… and that what was needed were people who were on the inside who would be able to shed some insight on the question of why these people believe in this cause so strongly, and subjective questions of that sort.

I approached my thesis from that point of view but I still was handicapped by my failing of procrastination which dogged me all along through college right until the very end of my senior year when I was due to write a senior paper regarding my research into the housing situation in the ghetto of Los Angeles. It was due by a certain date and I worked on that thing until 11:59 p.m., and snuck the paper under the front door of my mentor at his home which was fortunately very close to campus. But when it came to my thesis at the University of Hawaii, I carried things too far and I failed entirely to get it in by the deadline, which was by the end of May of 1951. I had already made a plane reservation to fly home so I had to get a special dispensation from my faculty committee that I would finish it up at home and mail it back by the end of the summer. They agreed, and my diploma therefore was also deferred.

I got home (we were living in Los Altos at that time) and that particular summer I didn't spend any time supervising the apricot harvest. I spent my time on finishing the thesis, and my mother convinced me to hire a professional typist, so that all I would need to do was crank out the rough copy, which I did. I set a personal record by turning out 30 pages of copy in one day. I did in fact get the whole thing in by the end of the summer and I did get a MA and then embarked on the next step in my education which was to begin in the doctoral program at the Stanford Department of Sociology. I was able to get a teaching assistantship there also, so that took care of the problem of tuition, and the problem of room and board was taken care of by the fact that I was living at home.

The grand old man of the Stanford Sociology Department, who was named LaPiere, had written one of the only books (in fact, I think the only book) in the field of collective behavior, which was the field that I was so interested in. I would have gone to Stanford anyway, so this was just serendipitous. That was certainly a strong argument for studying there for the doctorate. On the other side of the scale was the fact that it was a very small department, smaller than the Department of Sociology at Hawaii, and not well thought of in the academic pecking order of this country. There was one other professor named Paul Wallin, who was kind of their methodologist, while LaPiere was the writer and theorist. Once again, I taught a section of the introductory course.

[laugh] One of my outstanding memories of that year is the shot heard 'round the world, which took place in the world of baseball back in New York, where the New York Giants were playing the Brooklyn Dodgers for the right to go to the World Series. This ultimate game was taking place on the same afternoon in which I was scheduled to meet my section, so I put a sign on the door of that classroom saying I couldn't meet them that day because I was in the student union listening to the baseball game. I was able to hear the so-called shot heard 'round the world, which was a homerun in the bottom of the ninth to win that game. I'm sure David remembers hearing that because it was rebroadcasted for many years afterward, including right up to the present time.

For the most part, I can't remember much except one thing…well two things. One, I wasn't learning much about making the world a better place to live. In other words, I wasn't learning much about the nuts and bolts of social action. It looked to me as though I could see what was going on among my colleagues, and there were about 6 or 8 of us in the doctoral program. I was on a treadmill going only in one direction and that was to get some job in a minor college or university after I got a PhD. I could probably get a job as an assistant professor someplace if I kept my nose clean for a number of years, and if I could write a sufficient number of articles that were published in some publication or other, I could become an associate professor, and so forth and so on.

That wasn't very exciting, so I began looking for something in the real world and lo and behold I found an ad in the San Francisco Chronicle that they were looking for somebody who knew something about sociology in the California Department of Public Health, which at that time had its headquarters in San Francisco. I had made some applications elsewhere, including some that were pretty preposterous. In fact, there came a time [laugh] when I got an inkling about how the real world operates by trying to sell encyclopedias door-to-door. Actually, I was accompanying someone who was the head of the team. If I had been on my own, it would have been impossible, but it was impossible enough even just tagging along with this other guy.

I was accepted by the Department of Public Health pending my taking an oral and written exam; they said that would be no problem. My beginning position would be as a junior analyst (or something of that sort) in their Records and Statistics Department. I thought that it would be a foot in the door.

Secondly, I have to say that up until this point I haven't been totally forthcoming about my adventures and misadventures in affairs of the heart, and of the spleen and other organs. I don't believe that in the course of this oral history there is any particular virtue to be learned by kissing and telling all. This is to be a history of things that really affected my life in some measureable way. So I now come to a point at which an affair of the heart did have a powerful and profound effect on things that happened afterwards. It began in a meeting of Student Federalists at Stanford, where I was once again active in that Chapter. I was no longer head of the Chapter, which suited me just fine. The head of the Chapter was a guy named Fritjof Thygeson.

At this particular time, I guess it was the fall of 1951 (or maybe 52), after the meeting broke up, Fritjof said there was young lady who needed a ride home and would I give her a lift, so I did. One thing led to another. This must have been 1952. I began working for the Health Department the day after the election. There was a Presidential election in November of 1952, in which the Democratic nominee was Adlai Stevenson and the Republican was Dwight Eisenhower. All of this overlapped my romance with the lady that Fritjof Thygeson introduced me to, which resulted in our getting married. Her name was Alice VanKleek Enderton, but she was known at that time as Pamela, so that's what I called her. Things went along with my working at the Health Department in San Francisco, my buying a house in Larkspur for $12,000 - quite a nice house among the redwood trees – and in January of 1954, she had a child who was a son, the first born in the Anderson family.

David: Was she involved in the Student Federalists?

Henry: She was very active in the Student Federalists, extremely active. I wouldn't have been interested in her if she weren't.

I was getting restive in the Bureau of Records and Statistics because it wasn't really coming to grips with things that were wrong with the world and so I began to look around. One of the things that came to my attention was a fellowship, a grant, or whatever was the terminology, to be given under the auspices of the head of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Minnesota, I believe it was, under the direction of an anthropologist by the name of Melville Herskovits. It would have allowed carte blanche to somebody to pursue a research project in the general field of the behavioral sciences.

Even though I did not have much experience with anthropology (I had only taken a course or two), I thought that I might apply for this – and here's the important part – Pam, in her time at Stanford, had made good friends with a couple of guys from Kenya. One of them was a doctor and another one was a political scientist. Between the four of us, we hatched up an idea that would consist of calling upon my two backgrounds (one of them in sociology and one in public health), which would look at the folkways in the field of medicine on the part of the indigenous people of Kenya. [laugh]

It's pretty wacky when I think about it, but at the time I thought I really had a shot at it. I was able to get recommendations from Herbert Blumer (who by this time had moved on from the University of Chicago to become Chairman of the Department of Sociology at Berkeley), the

head of the department at Stanford (my friend, Richard LaPiere), the head of the Hoover Institution (who was a very good friend of my mother's from the fact that his child had attended the Anderson Nursery School), [laugh] and a strong recommendation from the father of the IQ test (by this time long retired, but he was a psychologist named Lewis Terman, whose three grandchildren had all attended the Anderson Nursery School). I also got strong recommendations from the two Kenyans, who were destined for great things. As a matter of fact, after they graduated from Stanford, one of them became highly placed in the health service of Kenya after it became independent, and the other became very active in the civil service.

At the very same time that I had all of these recommendations and my grand plan for original research on the subject of the health ways of the Kikuyu tribe, there came to my attention the fact that a professor at the School of Public Health at the University at Berkeley was looking for an assistant to help him set up a course to be called "Medical Sociology." I applied for that, so I had these two irons in the fire, either of would which would have offered me an escape from the boredom of the Bureau of Records and Statistics. It came down to the last day in which the fellow at the university was willing to consider my application and I had not heard from Melville Herskovits at the University of Minnesota (or whatever it was…Wisconsin?...one of those).

Anyway, I put in a long distance call to the Department of Anthropology at that university and was able to talk to somebody who seemed to know what she was talking about. I said I had an application in and I would like very much to know if she had any inkling of whether I had made one of the cuts, in other words whether I had a chance at all. She broke the news to me gently - that I didn't have a chance of a snowball in hell, namely because I wasn't an anthropologist. That's the way the world works. So, I went over to Berkeley at one of my earliest opportunities and talked with this fellow and said that I would very much like to work with him and he liked the cut of my jib (as he put it) and I was hired on the spot. I then gave the word to my friends and colleagues at the Department of Public Health, not to be confused with School of Public Health.

That will lead us onto the next chapter…

8. Start of the Bracero study

Henry: Before I take up the chronology I want to say a couple of things about the Anderson family. I haven't said much about them as I went along, but there are some things of sufficient importance that I'm going backtrack a bit. In the summer of 1952 I had just about decided to take a break from what I saw as the ongoing treadmill that would lead me to PhD in sociology, but would actually lead me away from the real world as I saw it. It was in that summer, when I was still living at home, my mother took me in her confidence about a letter that she had received from my aunt Mabel, one of my father's sisters – he had 3 sisters, Mabel, Agnes, and Pearl – and Mabel lived in Davenport, Iowa, which is where he had been living ever since he left Palo Alto in 1937. In this letter, my aunt Mabel said in so many words – I never actually saw the letter, but my mother told me that Mabel was relaying the fact that my father had been seen around town, going to the movies or walking in the park or whatever, with this other woman. And she knew that my mother and father had not divorced, and she thought it was scandalous, and she thought my mother would also think it was scandalous, so she assumed that my mother would send an angry letter to my father, telling him to stop disgracing the family, and to stop seeing this woman.

Well, Aunt Mabel was a member of the old school of family relations, and she assumed that my mother was also. It's true that my mother did not believe in divorce, and in fact she had kept nurturing the hope that eventually my father would come back. She hung onto all his things in the course of several moves during the intervening years – this had been fifteen years since he left, and he had a lot of stuff, not as much as I do, but still quite a lot, so she kept it all, moving it from place to place. But Aunt Mabel did not know this aspect of my mother, which was that she was the most kind-hearted of people, and the least vindictive of people, and she had no interest at all in making my father unhappy if there was any possibility that he might find happiness with somebody else. So she composed a letter to him which, far from telling him what aunt Mabel suggested, said to him that she had decided that he was not ever going to be coming back, and that therefore it was time for both of them to become free. And so she took it upon herself to make it look as though she were initiating the divorce, which is exactly what happened. And she could, among the causes of divorce, have said desertion, which is a universally-recognized cause in all jurisdictions, but as it was I think she probably just said "irreconcilable differences", which are not fault-finding.

Later on, he did marry this woman – I guess there was a waiting period required in Iowa – and after Eugene was born, and his mother and I and Gene were living on Berkeley Way, and I had started my job at the school of public health, my father and his new wife came out and visited us, and he was a different person. He must have been like the person that my mother had fallen in love with back at the high school in Arizona where they were both on the English department faculty. A very relaxed man, with a twinkle in his eye, and altogether likeable, unlike the unhappy man that I had known in the mid-30s, when he had lost his job and was feeling inadequate by comparison with my mother, who was running a highly successful nursery school.

The reason that I mention this is because it verified one of the things I learned from my favorite sociology professor, Herbert Blumer, who always insisted that human beings are changeable, and I saw that in my everyday life, and it was good feeling that he died a happy man, because he didn't have too much longer to live. I was able to visit him once before he died, in Davenport, and got to know him even better. But then he died from leukemia, which apparently was brought on by his lingering exposure to poison gas in WWI.

Now, back to the chronology that I left off with. I had, thankfully as it turned out, I'm glad that I was turned down by the anthropologist at the University of Wisconsin or wherever it was, and did not go to Kenya because it was in the very midst of the Mau-mau rebellion, and it would have been absolute lunacy. So I began at the Univ of Cal school of public health as a teaching associate, a step above a teaching assistant, where you only had to deal with a small section from the large class. In my position, I delivered lectures to the entire class, which my mentor, so to speak, he called the class Medical Sociology. In fact it had very little to do with Sociology, as I had come to understand it under the guidance of Herbert Blumer. It mostly consisted of drawing statistical relationships between certain variables, like geography and age and gender and race, education, income, and certain measurements of health and well-being, or rather illness, deaths, infant mortality, maternal mortality, and eventually longevity, as though they were causative factors and actually they had very little to do with human inter-relationships, which is what I was interested in. However, I did my best, and found that I was able to do a lecture to fill up a full 50 minutes, which I hadn't been sure I could do – it was a new experience, kind of scary at first. I got by OK with that.

I was only a half-time position, and yet I was being paid more than I had been paid at the state dept of health as a so-called Junior Public Health Analyst, which was just counting up births and deaths and marriages. I was going to classes at the same time I was preparing these lectures, but even so I found time to stay interested in other things. I found among other things that I was struck by the number of physicians who had become writers. And there were a number of other writers who were not physicians but who wrote about the world of health and medicine. So it struck me to maybe prepare an anthology, to be called "Healing Hearts in Literature" or something like that. Because I had library privileges, which entitled me, as a quasi-member of the faculty, to roam in the stacks at will, and to check out as many books as I might want. And I'm afraid I abused the privilege, because there came a time when my mentor got an irate call from some member of the library staff, thinking that I was engaged in some illegal or immoral activity with all of their books. I had over 100 books checked out at one time. I still have those excerpts stacked up somewhere.

This was a 2-year appointment. Along about April of the 2nd year, Dr. Rogers, which was his name, said to me one day, "it's about time that you begin lining up your ducks in order", I guess an allusion to the amusement-park game where there are ducks on an endless belt, and you're given a rifle to try and pick them off. Anyway, what in fact were my possible ducks at that point? I was in line to get a 2nd Masters degree, one in a social science, and the other in an applied science, or health science, whatever you want to call it. A Profession, supposedly different from the academic profession.

In other words, I could have returned to the department of sociology, either at Stanford or at Berkeley, where Dr. Blumer was now the chair. But I wanted to do something outside the main track, and began to try to figure out something that would call jointly upon these two masters degrees. I had tried to do somewhat of the same thing in my application for the research in Kenya, which would have called upon my experience in the state dept of health, even though I had no academic training in it. But now that I did have the academic training, I returned to the concept of folk medicine in a society that is coming into contact with western medicine, and to see what happens. As I've mentioned before, I was always more interested in social change than in social stability.

Now, my wife at that time was David's mother, who went by the name of Pam, and I'll call her that because that's what she was called by everybody at that time. She had spent a year in Ecuador, where her father, who was a colonel in the Army, was a military attache at the US embassy in Quito. He took the children with him. The four children all learned Spanish, including Pam, who was the second oldest. And so between the 2 of us we tried to figure out some kind of research problem that would call upon her knowledge of that language, and my background in both sociology and health.

And we hit upon the idea that there were a number of Mexican farm workers who came up from Mexico with a background in the folk medicine of that country and while they were in this country they may have been exposed in way or another to western-style medicine, because they probably did not have access to folk healers in this country, of the type to which they were perhaps accustomed. So then when they went back to Mexico, did they carry with them a memory of and perhaps a preference for what they learned about western-style medicine? And thereby reflected a form of social change, which may have rubbed off on their colleagues who hadn't been in this country. It was a very tricky subject, full of variables that would be extremely difficult if not impossible to statistically control. But I was so anxious to find a research problem that I could get funded that I was willing to stick my neck out.

But here's the kicker: I didn't know anything about farm labor. All I knew was that I had read in certain exposes that there was a problem of illegal immigrants, or as they were called in the popular press, wetbacks. So I proposed to somehow or other try to find a large sample of wetbacks who would represent the experimental group, and the control group would consist of people in Mexico who had never been to this country. And all of this was supposed to take place back in Mexico itself, on the theory that to try to interview them in this country would be virtually impossible because they were here illegally and would be afraid that we gringos were all representing the government.

So everything hinged on my being able to carry on in Mexico itself. So I did a good deal of research on the different parts of the country that were agriculturally-based. I eventually found that a lot of agriculture took place in the state called Michuacan, which happened to be at an elevation where the climate was quite salubrious, and one was not likely to get malaria, as one might at a lower elevation. It was in other words a nice spot for a family. So that was the aim. And I drew up a research proposal, and learned, in fact I probably knew in advance, that Dr. Rogers sat on one of the committees of the National Institutes of Health, which was the

government agency that funded research in all kinds of different areas, and many of the institutes were devoted to one particular type of illness; there was the national cancer institute, there was the institute of cardio-vascular conditions, there was the institute of mental health, and then there was kind of a catch-all institute, the institute of community health, something like that, quite vague. That's the one that Dr. Rogers was a member of, and so he was among those who met twice or 3 times a year and passed judgment upon proposals for studies.

So I submitted this proposal to his group. Now for the sake appearances, of course he had to recuse himself when it came time for voting on my application. But all of the other members of the committee knew that this proposal had his blessing, and that of course is how things get done in the wonderful world of bureaucracies. Sometimes it works to your benefit and sometimes it doesn't; in this case it did. We talked about my application for a study, which later became a study of bracero health, but at the time I was so ignorant about the facts of agricultural life, that I thought that all the Mexican farm workers in Calif were here illegally, and were known as wetbacks, and in fact I even used this term in my application, being so dumb that I didn't that among Spanish-speaking people, it's a dirty word, it's as though I had used the N word. But everybody else in the whole system was so dumb that they didn't know that, and so they approved it. (laugh) Oh Dear. Fortunately there some people in the faculty at UC, particularly a grand old man named Paul Taylor, who had done pioneering work in farm labor back in the 20s and 30s, who enlightened me to the fact that most Mexican farm workers in CA were no longer illegal, but were so-called braceros, who were here under contracts, all perfectly legal. And there were still some domestic Spanish-speaking and even a few domestic English-speaking farm workers, but more and more of them were being imported under these contracts.

So I had to begin educating myself under this system, and here once again a friend of Pam's, from Stanford, his name was Paul deCarli, suggested that I talk to his mother, who was a social worker in Stockton, who knew a good deal about farm labor in that area, and might have some ideas about how I should proceed. She in turn referred me to a catholic priest In Stockton, who was deeply involved in the farm labor situation, because he had a special dispensation from his bishop to spend full time among the Spanish-speaking and particularly among braceros. His name was Thomas McCullough, and he became one of the great influences in my life.

He may have introduced me to a colleague name Father McDonald who was based in San Jose. In any case I met him before very long, and he was also extremely influential in my thinking. And father McCullough introduced me to a young woman in Stockton who was very active in an organization called the CSO, standing for Community Service Organization, which was a private group set up by a man in Chicago named Saul Olinsky who believed in a certain type of community organizing based upon beginning very small with house meetings and finding out what people really were concerned about, rather than imposing it from above.

The young lady was Dolores Huerta, who later became quite well known. At the time she was very young and pretty and full of pep. She was interested in helping my study in any way that she could. So I began drafting a questionnaire because braceros would come into the office of the CSO with problems of various kinds and she would try to help them as best she could, and

she still had energy left over to volunteer to interview braceros as they came in with this questionnaire about health and their attitudes toward health and their ideas about what one should do if one had a pain in the intestines or pain in the throat, or whatever; the whole thing was very crude at the beginning. I remember one of the questions got into the subject of venereal disease, which raised a question as to whether she would feel uncomfortable asking a man anything in this area, but she had absolutely no qualms about it. That woman was fearless, as she later proved in many ways.

So I was struggling with the whole approach, and before long it became apparent that I needed to move away from the Bay Area to an area where there were more braceros close by. For various reasons I looked into the facilities in Claremont, which is where I had gone to college, although I hadn't been there during the interim. I graduated in '49, and we're now talking about the spring of '57.

One of the 2 sociology professors that I had been quite close to was now the chairman of the department. The old chairman had retired, although he was still in town. There were newcomers to the department, including some young fellows who happened to have an interest in Mexico, and I learned a good deal from them, and I was given access to office machinery in the department, and the whole thing just looked beautiful, and since I had been there they had built a large library which brought together all of the Claremont colleges, and there several in Claremont. There was Scripps College, Claremont Men's College, and Pitzer College. It was based upon the so-called Oxford plan, in which each of the colleges was independent in many ways, and yet they had certain facilities and personnel that they shared.

So it was there that the third and last of my children with Pam was born, on the drive to the nearest Kaiser hospital. She was born in the car.

Now, the nearest Mexican consulate was in San Bernardino, a little bit closer than Los Angeles. In any case I didn't have to worry about the traffic in San Bernardino. So I submitted to them an application for a visa for the purpose of going down into Michuacan to conduct scientific research. And of course I had to describe it in some detail. While I was waiting for a reply, I busied myself with research in the library at Claremont, which was quite well stocked with materials relevant to my interests. For example, they had an excellent supply of the records of Congressional hearings, and every time that the bracero program came up for discussion in Congress, which it did every year or two, it needed more funding for the Dept of Labor to administer the program. At these hearings, there were always witnesses from the grower's side, who claimed that they had to have the program or else they would all go out of business. There were a few also from the labor side, who argued that it was depriving that it was American workers of their rightful jobs and so forth. So they had all these hearings in the library, and I studied them, and copied a lot of them.

I waited and waited. I began visiting some bracero camps in the area. There were quite a few within easy driving distance, and found a number of camp managers who were very happy to have me inspect their facilities and some of them weren't bad at all. But of course I was not able to communicate directly with the braceros themselves, since I didn't have any grasp of the

language. I began trying to study Spanish with Pam as my tutor, and I learned that it's not a good idea to try to study with somebody with whom you're emotionally involved, any more than it's a good idea to become financially involved. It's not a good idea to lend money to loved ones. Pam naturally thought that I should apply myself and work hard at it, and I thought she was being unnecessarily hard on me. So we had our differences of opinion and eventually gave up the effort for me to learn the language that way. I don't know how I thought I was going to learn it if I had gone down to Michuacan with almost no grasp of the language at all.

However, eventually the letter came through from the consulate, saying in Spanish, that it was not possible for me to get a visa for the purpose I had mentioned. I had a part-time secretary by then, who was able to translate it for me. And that was that; there was no avenue of appeal. I had to rethink the entire project.

I began to interview Spanish-speaking person in the area as interviewers, with the thought that they would be going into the bracero camps, and that we would find plenty of informants there, since I seemed to be having no difficulty getting the cooperation of the managers of some of these camps. I gave a number of people trials, using early drafts of the questionnaire, but most of them dropped out. A few were sufficiently interested in the subject that they then took it upon themselves to do studies of their own. A couple of the fellows were graduate students at the Claremont graduate school. In that way I had an effect upon other people that was rather gratifying. Because one of the things that I learned as I went along, feeling my way, I can hardly believe, yet it seemed to be true everywhere I went, that there was this large program, a very large program, involving altogether 100s of thousands of men every year, that very few people knew about, and that nobody other than I was trying to study, although it seemed to me that the field was ripe for people in various disciplines, not only sociology but politics and economics and anthropology and history – nobody was studying it in any place that I could find. That continued to be true no matter how far I traveled in my attempts to find somebody with whom I could talk about what they were doing and finding, and tell them what I was finding. But it was very lonely.

Then I found that there was a so-called reception center for braceros outside of the town of El Centro in the Imperial Valley of CA. One of 3 reception centers near the border of the US and Mexico, for which there were streams of prospective braceros who were being funneled through from what were called migratory stations in the interior of Mexico. There was one near the Pacific coast at a little town called Empalme, through which prospective braceros began, and they were screened in various ways at that point, and those who passed were sent to El Centro, where they went through 3 more screens. Then they were sent to all of the bracero users in CA and Arizona and Oregon and Washington.

I interviewed the manager of that El Centro reception center, and told him that I was working under a grant from the National Institutes of Health, and that I was interested in studying braceros' ideas about health and sickness. He had no objections to that. I guess he said, knowing how these things work, that he didn't personally have any problems with it, but he'd need to get in touch with the people above him, and there were several layers. One of them

was in SF and then there was another layer in Washington DC, probably several in between there that I can't remember.

This seemed like a good way to solve the problem of methodology, with the one exception that I wouldn't be interviewing any men who had had no experience at all with the US ways of doing things. However, there would be some who were coming into this country for the first time, whose only experience would have been these brief physical exams that they received, and blood tests, and chest X-ray that they were given at El Centro, and I didn't think that that would contaminate the before and after comparisons too badly, at least I hoped so.

Now, I guess I have not been altogether forthcoming. In the time between my meeting with Thomas McCullough, which probably took place about Oct of 1956, I didn't receive my MPH until Sept of 56, so my research couldn't have begun before that, I think – anyway, beginning with that profound meeting with Father McCullough and the time that I got turned down by the consulate in San Bernardino, I had seen enough and heard enough and talked to enough people that I had formed definite opinions about what I called the bracero system, because it seemed to me that to call it a "program" was rather benign, and made it sound like a vaccination program or something with a legitimate social purpose.

In fact, it seemed to me, it was a system that served a conglomerate of economic interests, all of them on one side of the scale. It involved the entire apparatus of corporate agriculture. Family farmers didn't use braceros, they did most of the work themselves, or had family members help, or in a few cases year-round hired men. It was a program largely of benefit to industrialized agriculture, and as part of their system they seemed to have friends among the government agencies that were supposed to be administering the program, or the system as I called it. It was administratively lodged within the US Dept of Labor, which according to its congressional charter, dating back to 1915, was supposed to advance the interests of American working men. I don't think by any stretch of the imagination could the bracero program be said to advance the interests of American working men. I didn't think it was even advancing the interests of Mexican working men, but that's another subject.

In Dec of 56, very soon after I met Father McCullough, I met another very influential man, on my thinking, named Ernesto Galarza, who had a PhD in social economy or some such general field. He was very knowledgeable about all the social sciences, and had devoted most of his adult life to try to organize a farm worker's union. He lived in San Jose. I found him absolutely mesmerizing. Very brilliant speaker in public or in personal conversation. Brilliant writer. He was very much the way I wanted to be.

I tried to keep my personal feelings out of the research. The wording of the questions didn't have anything to say about how they were treated on the job, or anything of that sort, although in keeping with what I conceived to be perfectly legitimate research practice, there was at the very end an opportunity for them to expand on anything that they wanted to related to the subjects we had covered. When it came time for me to interview people who might possibly become my interviewers, I tried not to express my personal feelings to them. I daresay that it's not altogether possible to disguise strong feelings by your tone of voice and facial expressions,

or gestures, but I tried to impress upon them that fact that we were trying to get an objective answer to the question underlying all that had nothing to do with whether the bracero system was good or bad; we were trying to get at a perfectly legitimate of whether exposure to western medicine is having an effect upon the 3rd world, is what it boils down to.

So we went along, still trying to get a full-time interviewer or two, and eventually I did; I found a fellow who lived in Calexico, which is on the border right across from Mexicali, and a little bit south of El Centro. He had been a shoe salesman in Calexico, and had lost his job because the local people were no longer buying shoes, because their jobs were being taken over by braceros. And if braceros needed shoes, there were guys who would drive around from camp to camp, selling shoes out of the trunks of their cars. So Louis needed a job, and I found he was very good at getting people to open up. So I hired him, and he began interviewing guys who were at this El Centro reception center, waiting for their chest X-ray, or for their blood to be drawn for a syphilis test, or to be loaded onto a bus to be driven to the place of employment.

9. The screed and its repercussions

Henry: Well, we were talking about my carrying out this research project under a grant from the National Institutes of Health, ostensibly studying the effect that the bracero experience was having on the braceros' ideas about health and medical care. More specifically, whether they were shifting from a belief in folk medicine to a belief in Western-style medicine as a result of their participation in this program. That would have been one of the arguments in favor of the proponents of the program, who argued that it was a good thing for both countries because it was serving as a kind of mutual assistance program for the benefit of Mexico without costing the American taxpayers anything. But it didn't take me long in my experience seeing how the program worked in actual practice that it probably wasn't working in that way at all. I began developing very serious misgivings about the very existence of the system, but I tried to keep them to myself and not let them get in the way of the interviews that were being conducted by my interviewer Louie Tigabon(?sp). I had a lot of trouble finding somebody who would stick with the project, because the goal was to interview 2,500 braceros -- those who were just beginning their immersion in the program, and those who had already been in this country for some time. The questionnaire was quite long; it was probably took an average of an hour per interviewee. So it took a good deal on the part of the interviewer. I finally found this fellow who was really interested, and very good at eliciting responses from perfect strangers.

As time went by, my own feelings became more and more conflicted. I thought the project was worth doing. It was a livelihood for myself and my four dependents by this time. I had my wife Pam and three children, all quite young. I had no other job prospects, so I needed that job very badly. Yet, I felt that I might be complicit with a program that I didn't even think deserved to exist. So, I tried working out this conflict within my own mind. I tried passing along bits of information that came my way to people in the field of farm labor who opposed the whole program. I would give them scraps of abuses and scandals that came to my attention to use as they saw fit. But I was not able to play any direct part in affecting the course of events.

I had an epiphany along about (probably) Feb 1958, when for the first time I was invited to watch the selection of braceros at a so-called "reception center" operated by the U.S. Dept. of Labor in El Centro, CA, where all the braceros passed through from Mexico to CA, AZ, and to some extent OR and WA. I watched the way the system worked in what they called the bullpen, where a representative of the growers' association was "selecting", as they called it, on that particular day. He gave me a running account of what he was looking for, as the peasantry of rural Mexico shuffled in front of him for his approval or disapproval. Anybody who showed any sign of alertness, intelligence, good dress, education, or anything that deviated from his ideal of somebody who was downtrodden and docile would be rejected. For example [*chuckle*], one fellow came through with a toothpick in his mouth, and it happened that this growers' representative was also chewing on a toothpick. He said, "That guy thinks that he's just as good as I am". So [*chuckle*], he was eliminated.

Under the rules of that system, if a fellow wasn't selected by somebody within a period of 5 days, he had to be kicked back to Mexico. It was what I came to call an indentured service system. It wasn't exactly slavery, but they had to sign contracts that bound them to work for whoever they were told, doing whatever they were told, at whatever wages and conditions they were told, for however long they were told -- which they had absolutely no say and no power to change. I came to visualize it as the grounds for an equivalent to the civil rights movement in the South on behalf of one oppressed group. I thought that the field was ripe for another abolition movement addressed to this new group of oppressed people. [An idea] came to my attention through a phone call from a friend of mine at the American Friends Service Committee. He was the head of the AFSC's Farm Labor Project. This project was located in Tulare County; the main headquarters were in San Francisco. His name was Bart McAllister, and he was not a bad fellow at all; he and I became friends, in fact. He thought the bracero program was a big mistake also. But, as part of his job, he wasn't able to do or say much about that. His job was to train local farmworkers to be labor contractors -- honest labor contractors, as opposed to the present type of labor contractors in the field who were totally unregulated by law at that time, and who made a practice of gypping all the workers under them in every way that they could.

I thought that was not really the main problem. The bracero program had, in fact, put most labor contractors out of the business because the government agencies were serving in that function by providing growers with all the workers they wanted without having to pay the labor contractor a commission. I thought the AFSC ought to be in the business of trying to work against the very existence of the bracero system, and also perhaps to help in the emergence of a farm labor union which would also serve to provide workers to employers without asking for any commission. There were in fact 2, 3, or even 4 unions in existence at that time. There was an Agricultural Workers' Union under the AFL/CIO, which was kind of a paper organization under the leadership of Ernesto Galarza. There was a Packinghouse Workers' Union. There was the ILWU (International Longshore and Warehouse Union), which had organized farmworkers in the Hawaiian Islands although they weren't active in the fields in this country. And, there was the Teamsters Union, which had organized cannery workers and of course truck drivers who hauled all the produce from the fields to the canneries. There was talk from time to time that of course all the Teamsters had to do was use their muscle to organize fieldworkers, and they could do so almost overnight.

Bart McAllister, my friend in the Farm Labor Project of the AFSC, told me that the executive board of the Northern California branch of the AFSC was about to have a meeting in San Francisco on ~May 24, in which they were going to have a debate on whether the organization would take a stand on Public Law 78, which was the enabling legislation for the bracero program. One of their members was a grower, a small farmer, but he was a bracero user who was prepared to defend the program. They wanted somebody to take the opposite view. Bart wanted me to represent the point of view against the bracero program. As it happened, I already had some appointments lined up back in Washington in which I was going to interview people at the Dept. of Labor who were responsible for administering the whole system. I made it a point to try to interview all the interested parties. Then, I was going to go on up to NYC to

interview some people at the National Advisory Committee on Farm Labor, which was a liberal group that included people like Norman Thomas, Eleanor Roosevelt, and other do-gooders. That trip was scheduled to begin on May 24, the same day as the AFSC board meeting. So I said to Bart, "The best I can do is send you something in writing". He said, "Well, OK, that will be better than nothing". He knew perfectly well that I was going to oppose it, but he didn't know exactly in what words.

I think that he called me early in May. There was an absolute deadline. Whatever I had to say, I had to get it in the mail by ~May 21 in order for it to get to San Francisco in time for this meeting. Well, one of my faults is procrastination [*chuckle*], and I found other things to do day after day, week after week, until it got to be May 20. According to my calculations, I had to get something in the mail by the following day. I guess I must have begun very early in the morning. I worked all day on it, and ended up with a 10-page document which I called "Social Justice and Foreign Contract Labor", subtitled "A Statement of Opinion and Conscience". At the end of it, I put my name, the fact that I lived in Claremont, CA, and the date. Actually, the date I put on it was the 21st, because I didn't finish typing it until the following day.

Under the time constraints, I didn't have time to show it to anybody except my wife Pam, or even to discuss it with some of my advisors in the field. Ernesto Galarza was one of them; he was my guru when it came to economic matters. Father McCullough was my guru when it came to spiritual matters. Pam said (I remember her words) "It's pretty strong, isn't it?" I said, "Yes, I meant it to be". I was trying to push the members of the AFSC off the fence. I was trying to convince them that there was a moral issue here, and that by trying to maintain their usual moderation, conciliation, or mediation -- whatever their usual stance was -- I said that they needed to take a stand. I was trying to imply that they did; I didn't come right out and say so.

I put this document in the mail. I still had time before the daily pickup of the mail to dash off a letter to my friend/ advisor/ confidante Father McCullough. I said to him "I don't know what may be the result, but I just had to get it off my chest because it was bothering me so much". I put that in the mail at the same time as this document. He was based in Stockton at that time.

I then returned to the supervision of my interviewer. Among other things, I felt it was time to take a look at how the bracero program was functioning down below the border. As I believe I mentioned earlier, I at one time visualized that the whole project would be conducted south of the border, but I was not able to get a visa for that purpose. But, there was nothing to stop me and my interviewer from driving down as "visitors". That was what we did (let me think) around the middle of July. He and I drove down together, and as a matter of fact we took Pam along in order that I might have an interviewer during the times that Louie was interviewing braceros. This was in a town called Empalme, a small crossroads in the state of Sonora about 700 miles south of the border.

Empalme was where the gov't of Mexico collected would-be braceros, who were supposed to be screened back in their villages to make sure they weren't depleting the fields that they themselves would normally be cultivating. In actual practice, guys flocked to this reception center (or migratory station, as they called it) by the thousands, and almost literally fought each

other to be able to come to this country, in order to feed their families. That's what it came to, because they were simply not able to make enough by growing their own crops to survive -- they were driven by hunger, almost literally. Then they had to wait, and fight the system, to get on the freight trains that would haul them to the border. They had to run a system of "mordidos", as they called them. "Mordido" means "small bite" literally, or "bribe" in more crude terms. They had to pay for almost everything. Louie was able to get a good number of them to talk.

After a few days, Pam and I left him to finish these interviews, until he had a fair number. When I got back to Claremont, I found waiting for me the first response to my "Statement of Opinion and Conscience". It was from the Director of the California State Dept. of Employment, which normally has to do with administration of unemployment insurance and with helping American citizens find jobs. But they were deeply involved in the bracero program to the extent that one of their subsidiary agencies was a Farm Placement Service. The Farm Placement Service was given the task of estimating, in advance of the season, the harvest of whatever might be involved for each area of California. They were supposed pass along to the Federal Dept. of Employment Security (the Dept. of Labor had a branch called the Bureau of Employment Security) an estimate of how many workers would be required to harvest such-and-such a crop in such-and-such area, how many domestic workers would be available for that harvest, and how many braceros would be required to fill the so-called shortage. Of course, in advance of the season, who knew? They were also supposed to say how much was going to be the prevailing wage -- and who knew that either? So, the very existence of the bracero system, and the gathering of these thousands of people down in the interior of Mexico, hauling them to the border for another screening of health conditions and so forth, it all rested on the estimates made by these local farm placement advisors.

The director of the state Dept. of Employment took great umbrage at my statement of opinion and conscience, and said that I had made charges of dereliction of duty against his dept., and he demanded that I prove my charges. As a matter of fact, in the preparation of this statement, I had leaned heavily on advice that I had gotten from Father McCullough early on, when he knew about my research. He said, "Don't get bogged down in following individual cases; there will be no end to them. You've got to look at the big picture, and attack the system as a whole". He himself was particularly aggrieved at what it was doing to the family system in Mexico, because of course by definition all braceros were men. They had to leave their wives and children back in Mexico, and many of them were becoming permanent braceros.

So, in this 10-page screed, or whatever you might want to call it -- rant? [*chuckle*] -- I had begun with some illustrative cases of things I had been personally involved in, observed, or heard about from reliable witnesses. I may have had in mind the way Jefferson began the Declaration of Independence by listing the offenses of King George III -- I think he had 27, but I didn't have that many cases. I began by mentioning things I had seen, but then I went on to say that I didn't want to dwell on those because of such-and-such, and I talked about the system being one of forced indentured servitude, and that it should be opposed on that ground.

I tried my best to explain to this fellow, named Stewart, who was head of the Dept. of Employment, that he evidently hadn't read my paper very carefully, because everything I had said was true, and I could prove it if it were absolutely necessary -- but if he were seriously interested in such cases, he had a whole dept. of people who could go out and find hundreds and hundreds of them without even trying, because I had found them without my particularly trying. I wasn't interested in the research that had brought these things to light. I was not interested in such things as the fact I had been told at one of his farm placement offices that there were no jobs available for me, when in fact there were 10,000 braceros working in that county. I tried to lean over far backward to say that I regretted that he had misunderstood what I said.

A couple of days later I got a letter from the Assistant Director of the regional office of the U.S. Dept. of Labor, Bureau of Employment Security in San Francisco, worded very similarly to the one from Stewart. This fellow's name was Huxley. He also was greatly offended by my allegations, and wanted me to prove them all or else retract them. I replied to him in the same vein: very conciliatory, and yet not giving him the details that he wanted. I could have said such-and-such a date that I observed or heard about such-and-such, but I declined to give him any such information.

They then moved against my interviewer. Louie was kicked out of Empalme, and his completed questionnaires were ripped up, so I didn't ever get any of them. He was ordered to stop interviewing in the bracero reception center in El Centro until it was decided in higher echelons what to do about my project. So, I pretty much had to wait. There was another exchange of letters. The state director of employment, Stewart, replied to my reply, saying that I had entirely failed to give him the satisfaction that he required, and he was therefore going to be forced to take further steps.

On Aug 1, it became clear to me that I had ventured out of my depth in trying to deal directly with these representatives of the gov't agencies. So, I prepared a complete chronology of everything that had happened up to that date, and sent it to a lawyer friend of mine in the nearby town of Pomona, asking his advice. In due course, he replied that he thought I was OK to continue doing as if nothing had happened, and call their bluff, because he didn't think they had any leverage over me, and I had done nothing wrong. He was a liberal democrat, who had once (I believe) run against Richard Nixon for the House of Representatives office representing Claremont back in the 1940s, before Nixon became famous (or infamous).

Steve Zederburg(?sp) (which was indeed his name) was overly optimistic, as I myself had been. I might as well try to mention a few of the reasons why. I believed that I had a sort of umbrella, or combination of umbrellas, over me, protecting me, even though this statement was very strongly worded. I had not mentioned the Univ. of California or the National Institutes of Health. I had not named any of the gov't agencies, much less the individuals involved. The only name ever mentioned in the whole thing was myself. Secondly, I assumed that this document was for the limited use of the executive board of the northern California branch of the American Friends Service Committee to help them arrive at a policy decision as to whether or

not to take a stand on the bracero program. It never occurred to me that it would be read outside that limited group of 10-12 people.

David: How did it get in the hands of these gov't people?

Henry: I'm glad you asked that question [*chuckle*]. Good, I'm glad you're here to pick me up on oversights like that. It seems the executive director of the northern California branch took it upon himself to copy my document to send to a wide variety of people on their mailing list, which Bart McAllister later told me included 91 persons -- including all of the gov't agencies involved in administering the program, and the state farm bureau federation representing all the farmers in the state -- not all the farmers; I should say the more conservative farmers in the state. To show you the power of the farm bureau federation, their state headquarters were at that time very conveniently located on the campus of UC Berkeley.

After the fact, Bart McAllister said that he had spoken with Frank Quinn (the executive director), and had suggested that this mailing go out, but that I should give my permission first -- but that Frank Quinn had not done so. Bart asked me, if I had been asked in advance, I probably would have said OK to send it out, but not to mention my name. In any event, they would certainly have been able to figure it out if they were that interested -- and they were obviously that interested.

So, it was very widely disseminated. Then it became a matter of trying to figure out the exact chain of transmission, because it went beyond those 91 people to still others. Now, there has to be some conjecture. On or about the 20th of Aug, I had a call from my principal investigator, who was in fact my lead professor at the School of Public Health, named Edward Rogers, the man who had recruited me to help him with the course of medical sociology way back in 1955, and who was responsible, really, for my getting the research grant (he had used the fact that he was a member of the National Institutes of Health). Nominally, he was the PI, although in practice he had almost nothing to do with the actual research design or purposes. In any event, he had the power, so he called me up to Berkeley ~ Aug 20 to tell me that all kinds of trouble were breaking loose, and to get my side of the story. So I gave it to him. I guess I tried to say I was sorry for getting him involved, but that I thought I was entitled to my opinions outside of normal working hours. I guess he let that drop, but then he told me how far things had progressed at the university level.

It seems that the gov't agencies that I thought were my principal antagonists really weren't. Apparently, and this is my best recollection of what Rogers told me, the representative of the farm bureau federation and director of their labor relations dept. (his name was Cruz Vinstrom(?sp)) had a contact in the administration of the university (named Harry Wellman) who was vice-president of the entire UC system for agricultural affairs. The two of them had had extensive discussions. I asked Rogers whether he had any impression of what it was that would be required to satisfy the farm bureau. He said that he got the impression that what they really wanted was that the whole project be terminated immediately, and that I be terminated immediately, but that there might be grounds for calling off the dogs if I were to retract all of those 13 statements of fact (or however many there were), of things that I had

personally observed or taken part in, or that my interviewer had collected as a side-effect of his interviews. If I were to retract all of those, and even to disavow the more general, abstract statements I had made about the morality of the bracero system as such, they would be satisfied. I said I couldn't do that, because all of those statements were true, and I couldn't lie and now say that they were not true -- I wouldn't do that.

Rogers said that he was too busy fighting fights on a different front in the field of public health with which he was more familiar and more equipped, because he knew nothing about the politics of farm labor. He did know something about the politics of medical care administration. His big fight over many years was against the American Medical Association, which was very much opposed to health insurance plans (such as the Kaiser plan) that would do away with the fee-for-service system of medicine, which he felt was the thing most basically wrong with the practice of American medicine. So, I had to go back to Claremont and wait. He said he would keep me informed.

On the 10th of Sep, I got the call I was waiting for, and it was to inform me that a Solomon-like compromise had been reached somewhere in the system. I would be ordered to stop all further interviewing, there would be no more access to the bracero reception center in El Centro, and in effect I would have to let my interviewer go. But I would be permitted to write up the results that I had already obtained, which were from 1,149 interviews -- rather less than half the number I had anticipated at the beginning would be necessary to get statistically reliable results for the basic question, which was "Has there been a change between the experimental and control groups regarding ideas and attitudes about practices in the field of health?"

Well, here I was on the horns of a dilemma, again. The whole setting was so different. Nowadays, there are all kinds of organizations that are interested in academic freedom, and there is a federal law protecting whistle-blowers, for example. None of that existed back in those days. There were no unions on campus, the way there are today. I was very much alone. As I have already indicated, I had heavy family responsibilities, including this guy sitting right here [*chuckle*].

Eugene: By the way, when you went down to Mexico and took Pam, where did the kids ... when you went to Mexico to do interviews ...

David: ... yeah, who took care of us?

Henry: Your mother.

David: Hang on. Pam is my mother.

Henry: Oh, sorry. Your grandmother.

David: Your mom, you mean? Or Marian?

Henry: Oh, I think so. Yeah. Glad we cleared that up [*chuckle*].

Eugene: [*unintelligible*] ... something like that ... OK, so you were alone.

Henry: Interestingly enough, in my souvenirs I have a letter from your grandmother because she became quite interested in this whole affair. She herself read that statement of mine and was very generous in her praise. She thought it was brilliant [*chuckle*].

David: Do you still have that statement? A copy of it?

Henry: Oh, I could give you guys copies if I struck off a couple. I don't think it was that good, because I wrote it under such a gun. It's longer than it needed to be, it's repetitive, and probably I used purple prose. There were a couple of places that I would change a word or two. For example, this is one of the things that really ticked off the Dept. of Labor, which administered the reception center at El Centro. I said a number of prospective braceros had to pay bribes for routine services provided by representatives of the gov't agencies operating that center. For example, the U.S. Public Health Service had technicians taking chest X-rays (looking for tuberculosis) and drawing blood (looking for evidence of syphilis). There were lines for these functions. My interviewer told me, and I guess he personally observed, cases in which people (some braceros still had a little money left over after paying mordidas all along the line from the interior of Mexico) would slip the functionaries of the X-ray unit or the blood drawing unit a 50-cent piece or something to get a place earlier in line. It wasn't exactly a bribe in the way that it's conceived in Mexico. It was considered more in the way of a tip, the way you give a waiter at a restaurant a tip. Or it could be called a sweetener, or various other euphemisms. So, I probably shouldn't have used the word "bribe". But I think that's a comparatively minor point.

There was another reason why I didn't want to bow down entirely. I felt a responsibility toward my interviewer, who was about to lose his job. I wanted to keep him on the payroll as long as I possibly could. So, I began a little civil disobedience by having him continue interviewing at other places where it was possible to have access to braceros, those who were coming into the country and those who were leaving -- such as bracero camps in the area of Imperial Valley, and on street corners of towns such as Calexico where, under the requirements of the system, the braceros were supposed to have the right to go into town for purchases of their choosing. So, he did carry on interviewing to some extent. But there came a time when I, with great regret, had to tell him that I couldn't do anymore, and I turned my whole attention to working with the 1,149 questionnaires that I already had in hand.

It was necessary to put this mass of raw data into a form that might shed some light on the hypothesis with which the whole project had, in theory, begun. To put it in technical terms, it started with the null hypothesis that there was no difference in the end between the health attitudes and practices of braceros before and after they did the program. In real statistical studies, there were ways of measuring the level of confidence you can have as to whether there was or was not a change. Well, I had to figure out a way to code all the results that we got from these questionnaires, and then I had to find some way to analyze them. I lucked out, and finally one good thing happened. I learned that UCLA (this would have been the end of 1958) was about to open a computer center in which they had equipment, and they had

students learning how to write computer programs, and looking for exercises on which they could start to learn these skills and put them into actual practice.

So I went into Westwood, and practically commuted for the next several months, as I got the questionnaire results entered into coding sheets, and took them there to be processed into some form in which they could be analyzed. I was looking for correlations between different variables. I didn't have any contact with UC Berkeley for months.

Before I conclude this afternoon's session, I have to mention a development in Feb 1959 [*chuckle*] by which I was thunderstruck. Let me put it this way. I read in the Pomona College newspaper (which I continued to pick up periodically) that the president of Pomona, a man named Wilson Lyon, was going to be meeting with the president of the UC system, Clark Kerr, and with a benefactor of the university, Edwin Pauley, a multimillionaire who had made his money in oil. In fact, he still was running the oil company, but had so much money that he was able to dispense it to places like UCLA to build a basketball pavilion, and Berkeley for a student union. I don't know what he and Kerr and Dr. Lyon were meeting about. I remember Lyon from my undergraduate years, and that he had a reputation for a practically photographic memory of alumni. So I asked to have an audience with him in advance of his meeting with these other two. He remembered me from 1949, and thought well of me because I had been a good student. I told him that I would like to have a moment or two with Clark Kerr after his meeting broke up, and would that be possible? He said that he would arrange it.

I should mention one of the protections I thought that I had over me at all times, beginning with the writing of this controversial paper way back in May 1958. At that time, Clark Kerr was the chancellor at UC Berkeley. He was also very active -- or I thought he was active -- in an organization called the National Advisory Committee on Farm Labor. He had a background dating all the way back to 1933, when as a grad student he had assisted Paul Taylor in a study of the massive farm workers' strike in the lower San Joaquin valley (the study was published; I have a copy). So, I thought he was definitely on the side of the angels when it came to farm labor. He also had something of a reputation of being a civil libertarian, so when push came to shove I wouldn't have to worry about the snipings from the Dept. of Labor or the farm bureau about my feelings toward the bracero program.

In any case, the afternoon of the meeting took place, and I was waiting outside Lyon's office. The three of them came out together. Dr. Lyon introduced me to Edwin Pauley and Clark Kerr as "one of our good alumni". I shook hands with both of them, and [*chuckle*] remember that Kerr's handshake was rather limp, but Pauley had a hand like a ham -- it was huge and [*chuckle*] very firm. He was a bitter, rock-ribbed Republican -- if it had been a matter of farm labor he would have been on the side of the devils. Anyway, that was my meeting with that famous man.

Then I had the chance to walk across the quadrangle to the Faculty Club, where Kerr was staying. I told him that I had an opportunity to give testimony at a congressional hearing that was about to take place in Washington about the continuation of the bracero program, and that I would like to give a statement of the few facts that I thought would shed light on the

subject. As long as I did so as an individual only, and not involving the university in any way, would that be OK? He said, "As long as you keep it factual". I remember his exact words. I said, the reason why I bring it up is that I had a problem with a paper I wrote last year. He said, "I know; I read it." At that moment, I was flabbergasted, because his name had never been mentioned up to that point as having any knowledge of it at all. I assumed that he had followed a course of remaining above the fray, and if he had known -- if he had been informed -- by the VP for Agricultural Affairs or any of the other people involved, he would have said "Tell him to tone it down" or something like that. But it now seemed to me that what must have happened is that the VP, Harry Wellman, must have thought it sufficiently important that he went to the extent of turning over this long paper to the very busy president of the whole university -- who had read it. Well, at the very least, Kerr would have had the opportunity to comment on it if he had wanted to -- and he didn't.

Years later, Kerr wrote his memoirs in two volumes -- the first something about the blue, the second about the gold. In the second volume, he specifically mentioned that among the things he would do differently if he had his whole tenure as university president to do over again, that he would have used his powers more than he did -- that he would not have let things go as he did in matters such as the free speech movement, where he let the chancellor of the Berkeley campus come down hard on the tables that solicited membership in political groups on campus. In the long run, they had to give in on those, and it led to a lot of unnecessary strife. In retrospect, he let the Berkeley chancellor sign off on the order that I stop my interviewing in the field. At that time, the chancellor was Glenn Seaborg, who knew nothing at all about farm labor, and probably not much about academic freedom either. So in fact the assistant to Kerr, the VP for Agricultural Affairs, Harry Wellman, had the final decision. Everything might have been different, but it wasn't really the end of the affair, as things turned out.

We've come to the end of the time again, so stay tuned for the next exciting chapter, because you haven't heard the last of it [*chuckle*].

David: OK, so we ended with the talk with Clark Kerr. We'll pick up from there next time.

Henry: Right.

10. Hired by AWOC

Henry: Because I might forget it at the end, I'll hand out these which you asked for last time.

David: This is the screed?

Henry: Yeah, but no peeking now. We have other things to talk about.

At the end of the last session, someone asked if that document had its intended effect, which was to influence the executive board of the northern California branch of the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC), to get them to get off the fence and take a stand on the bracero program. Well, I have before me a letter dated Jul 24, 1958, from an official of the Bureau of Employment Security in San Francisco, which was responsible for authorizing all the braceros on the Pacific coast. This is a memo from him to the national director of the Bureau of Employment Security, in which he passes along a copy of that statement, and he writes "The executive director of the committee [that is, the AFSC] has advised us that the statement in no way represents a policy of American Friends".

So, that will perhaps answer your question. It certainly answered my thinking about the AFSC, which was that they were gutless, and didn't realize the need, at certain times, to give up the Quaker doctrine of taking no action unless there's unanimous opinion. There are some social issues so important (I believe) that the difference between black and white is so great that you have to take a stand. Anyway, I was therefore disillusioned on that score.

I'm not sure that anything I've said previously makes it strong enough that I was so disillusioned with the University of California, which preens itself as being the world's greatest public university. Not a single person in that entire structure, from my immediate colleagues at the School of Public Health to the president of the entire university, did one thing to support my right to an opinion about a social issue. At the time, I was so depressed that I thought I must be in the wrong; I couldn't be the only person who thought I had a right to express myself in that way. But [*chuckle*] as the years have gone by, and I have read it and re-read it, I don't think it's very well written, but I still think I was perfectly within my rights in expressing myself in that way to a limited audience.

Anyway, it was indeed a watershed in my entire life, because the way things were going it looked very much as though I would end up with 2,500 interviews, and that I would be able to draw statistical relationships between a number of different variables, and answer the starting question of whether braceros were undergoing any changes in their thinking about health, well-being, and medical care as a result of their experiences in this country.

David: Can I ask a question?

Henry: Yes.

David: These days, in that situation, there would be various left-wing media outlets like the East Bay Express or something like that, that would run stories like this. Was there anything like that back then, and did you consider going to the media with all this?

Henry: No, I didn't. I had a friend, Ernesto Galarza, who was an official of the National Agricultural Workers Union, and had made a career out of fighting the national bracero program. He did his best to get the media interested, and was never able to do so. He was a much better writer than I am, and an even better speaker, but he wasn't able to crack the world of media. I considered the American Civil Liberties Union, but at that time they didn't have any interest in farm labor. Later on, they would have, but not at that point.

So, I felt very, very alone. Everything was different in 1958. You have to remember that the politics of the entire country were different. Eisenhower was President, Richard Nixon was Vice-President, and it was an era of "good feeling" in which almost everyone was happy with the way things were and didn't want to rock the boat. There was no Ralph Nader. There were no whistle-blowers of any kind. I think I was a kind of early whistle-blower. To the extent that there were whistle-blowers later on, they found more often than not that they were punished for blowing the whistle. As I say, I didn't see any way out. So, I just caved in and accepted the compromise. I still don't know whose bright idea it was to compromise between what the bracero users would have liked (which was to have me summarily fired) or to let me deal with a truncated sample, and write it up, and get rid of me as soon as they could, which they probably thought would have gone on for another year.

Anyway, I continued the project as long as I could with my interviewer working -- I don't know how much of this repeats what I said last time. We did what little we could during the month of October, but then I had to let my interviewer go. That hurt me greatly because he had worked very hard and well for me, and I had (in a way) guaranteed him at least a year's employment, and I wasn't able to give it to him. I felt very badly about that. But I then did what I could with the data already in hand, and tried to keep in touch with what was going on in the field of the bracero system as a whole. Things were happening which gave me some reason to believe that maybe the bracero lobby was not all-powerful, and there were things that could be done working within the interstices of the system. I'll just give you a few examples.

One was a program under the general direction of the Community Service Organization (CSO), which had on its payroll a young man named César Chávez. I don't know whether we've talked about the CSO. It was a self-help, grass-roots community organizing effort largely devoted to the Spanish-speaking. It was not devoted exclusively to farm workers, but actually mostly to the urban Spanish-speaking. The CSO got a small grant to sponsor a pilot project in the little town of Oxnard, Ventura County, which was the center of the lemon industry. Lemons are almost unique in agriculture in that they are a year-round crop. Oxnard had been a place in which Mexican-Americans could settle down and make a living for themselves and their families without having to become migrants. The lemon growers found that braceros were more docile, and less likely to ask for another 10 cents a box for picking lemons, or anything of that sort. So they began taking in braceros, and by the fall of 1958 the lemon crop was being harvested

virtually 100% by braceros in the town of Oxnard. Chávez got this grant to see if he could organize the Mexican-Americans who remained in the town, trying to live off whatever they could -- it was mostly their wives who worked in the lemon packing sheds, where lemons were put in crates to ship across the country, or whatever. Chávez started working in the way that the CSO in general favored, which was to start with small groups in private houses, and then move on from there in a kind of cellular division pattern. The people who went to the very first meeting would be encouraged to hold a house meeting of their own, and so it would grow. Chávez was successful in that. It was his first work in farm labor. He had been an organizer for CSO in the urban community, registering voters etc., but this gave him his beginning in the farm labor movement. By the spring of 1959, they had succeeded in replacing all the braceros in Oxnard with local workers. That was a major chink in the dike of the bracero power.

Another development of some importance was the election for governor of California in the fall of 1958, in which "Pat" Brown (Edmund G. Brown, Sr., the first in the dynasty) was elected against some Republican I can't remember [*transcriptionist note: it was U.S. Senator William F. Knowland*). Among other things, he said he was going to clean house in the farm placement service, which had become almost nothing but a conduit for the importation of braceros, even though technically it was supposed to be placing American citizens in farm jobs.

At the national level, there was the creation of something called the National Advisory Committee on Farm Labor. It was actually a transformation of an older organization called the National Sharecroppers Fund, which was largely an attempt at reform of labor practices in the South. But this was to be a national organization led by Eastern liberals such as Norman Thomas, the 6-time presidential candidate of the Socialist party, Eleanor Roosevelt, and A. Philip Randolph -- head of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters, who later organized the march on Washington made famous by Martin Luther King's speech. This National Advisory Committee was really run as a public pressure group to try to bring pressure on organized labor to do its job in organizing farm workers.

One of the ideas that the leadership of the Advisory Committee had was to hold a public hearing in Washington DC at which people interested in the farm labor problem were to give testimony -- kind of a counterpoint to a congressional hearing. There was never a shortage of hearings on farm labor held by congressional committees which, however, were always chaired by southern Democrats because they held seniority. Under the seniority system, they were able to run the hearings just as they wanted, so they always stacked the hearings in one direction. The National Advisory Committee [*chuckle*] was going to have a witness list of a different persuasion.

Now I have to return for a moment to something I believe I said at our last meeting, which had to do with my encounter with Clark Kerr, the head of the UC system. I asked his permission (if that be the word) that I give testimony at a congressional hearing. At that time, I was not aware that there would be this countervailing hearing of a different nature, and that was the one I was really interested in going to. I thought that I would have a very welcoming reception from Clark Kerr because he himself was a member of the National Advisory Committee on Farm

Labor. At that time, he was still a liberal, I think you could say. When I asked him about my giving testimony, he thanked me for reminding him, but said that he was going to resign from the National Advisory Committee -- which he did.

As I said, their purpose was to bring pressure to bear upon organized labor, which at that time had recently undergone a merger between the old conservative AFL (American Federation of Labor) and the more recent, more progressive CIO (Congress of Industrial Organizations) -- the AFL-CIO. The CIO branch of the AFL-CIO was headed by Walter Reuther. Reuther's philosophy was that workers who were already organized into unions had a responsibility to help unorganized workers organize themselves. George Meany, who was head of the AFL, had a very different philosophy, which was that if unorganized workers are really good material for a union -- if they really want a union -- they will organize themselves. In the case of the building trades, that seems to have worked over the years. But it never worked in the case of the unorganized workers because they were so dispersed, and as a rule they had less education, for various reasons.

But now, under the merger, Walter Reuther had been allowed to set up a Department of Organizing. There were various trade-offs that he and Meany had to make in the process of this merger. The Dept. of Organizing was Reuther's baby. Those of us who were interested in farm labor thought that this would be a very logical place for that new department to be in operation, and this whole process of the public hearings and papers that were given -- I submitted a paper; I wasn't able to go back to testify in person -- but the whole point of it was to steer the new Dept. of Organizing in the direction of farm workers, which was by far the largest group of unorganized workers in the country.

By far the most important development in this period between my termination (well, I can't really call it a full termination; I was still working at my project) -- during this gray period in which I didn't have a long-term commitment to the university (I had no intellectual commitment at all) -- the development that interested me most took place primarily under the inspiration of two Catholic priests. One of them was Father McDonnell in San Jose -- whose name I may not have mentioned before, but who in some ways may be thought of as the most important single figure in the whole long history of farm labor in California, because it was he who first recruited César Chávez to the CSO, and that led to Chávez's development in a way that led to Delano. Father McDonnell was a genius at coming up with creative ideas. He was an idea man above all else. He was also a brilliant linguist. In fact, he taught a group of fellow seminarians during the time that they were studying to become priests. He took it upon himself during their leisure hours -- and there weren't very many leisure hours -- to learn Spanish, because he knew that the Spanish-speaking in the southwest were largely neglected by the Mother Church, even though the majority of them were nominally Catholics. They were not practicing Catholics because the services were conducted in English.

Anyway, Father McDonnell recruited Chávez. Chávez went back to the urban centers because that's where CSO was concentrated. McDonnell wanted to do something about the farm workers who had been displaced by braceros. Many of them lived in the slums around towns

like Stockton and San Jose, living from hand-to-mouth with odd jobs. If their wives were able to work in canneries or packing houses, they were able to live that way. When the seasons ended for those industries, their wives were sometimes eligible for unemployment insurance. McDonnell got the idea that there were things the displaced farm workers themselves could do despite the existence of the bracero program. He had the idea of organizing groups which would work on common problems but wouldn't call themselves a "union" at the outset because they had no hope of direct confrontations with the agricultural industry. They would do things like cooperative buying of basic commodities. They could buy beans or corn meal in 100-pound sacks, rather than in 1-pound sacks at a corner grocery store where they would have to pay 10 times as much. He was going to call this organization an "agricultural workers' association". The acronym would be AWA, pronounced "ah-wah", which (as you may or may not know) is how you pronounce the word for "water" in Spanish. [*Chuckle*] I thought that was kind of clever.

McDonnell was more of an idea man than a man of actual practice, because it isn't so easy to translate these great visions into reality. However, that was the strong suit of his colleague and fellow seminarian Father McCullough, who was located in Stockton. Father McCullough started his Local II of AWA on the model of small house meetings to start with, which gradually spread. They would talk about problems including child care, automobile repairs, etc. -- whatever problems were uppermost in their minds. By January 1959, enough of these groups were meeting in small homes that they were able to have overall meetings in the gymnasium or social hall of the local Catholic church.

I became acquainted with that development. One of the prime movers was Dolores Huerta, whom I had met some time previously when I was pre-testing the questionnaire for my study of braceros' attitudes toward health. She became an officer of the Stockton AWA. Father McCullough never held office because he thought that wouldn't be appropriate for a man of the cloth. By February 1959, the Stockton group had progressed to such a point that they needed full-time leadership. I had a long talk with Father McCullough about my situation and their situation. He said they needed an executive secretary who would be able to keep books, etc. As soon as they arrived at a consensus on what should be their dues structure (up to that point they hadn't had any), he visualized that there would be at least 100 families who would want to become dues-paying members, that they could afford $2/ month, and they could therefore hire somebody for $200/ month to serve as executive secretary, or whatever the position would be called.

He asked me if I would be interested. [*Chuckle*] Oh, man, I was interested all right, but there were a number of practical considerations. One was that the amount would be about half of what I was getting from the university; another was that I spoke almost no Spanish. Well, he said -- actually I think it was my idea -- I said that it would be only a half-time position, and that the other half I would go out and work in the fields. [*Chuckle*] He said "Do you have any idea what you might be getting into?" I said, well, I had picked apricots, because at one time we had a 5-acre orchard in Los Altos. Well, he had to laugh. It's true that in the Stockton area there are tree crops for a good part of the year. At other times of the year, there are nothing but row

crops that involve stooping all day long. He said he himself had tried cutting asparagus, and although he was in fairly good physical condition, he could barely stand at the end of the day. As for the language problem, he said there could always be a volunteer in the office, if there was a telephone call, or somebody with a problem who didn't speak any English. He pointed out that my wife was pretty fluent in Spanish, and I could hope to get a little assistance from her, although she would be busy because of the fact that she had three small children. He also pointed out that he was a member of the executive board of the local public housing agency, and that he could guarantee to get me housing in one of the public projects at a very, very low rent, because the rents would be based upon income, and my income would be at such a level that it was almost off their scale.

So I began dreaming about that quite seriously, and discussed it with my wife. She wasn't wildly enthusiastic -- in fact, she thought I was kind of nuts, which in fact I probably was [*chuckle*]. But I then went back to where we were living at the time, Claremont, and began working on a prospectus of how I visualized the AWA over the long haul -- all of this at the same time that I was having to keep up with my obligations to the bracero study. These involved a lot of driving back and forth to Westwood where the computer work was being done, and also writing the text that was going to have to go along with the large number of complicated tables that were in the process of being cranked out.

In April 1959, I finished a 6- or 7-page prospectus for the way I hoped the AWA could be developed into a functioning organization, and sent that off to Father McCullough, feeling quite differently from the last letter I had sent to him, which was on the same day that I mailed his out, in which I had premonitions that there would be repercussions.

Let's see if I'm skipping over anything worth mentioning. For many of these details, I have a fallback in which I can become quite precise. For example, I know that it was on March 8th that I had this long discussion with Father McCullough, because I have travel vouchers which show that I was in Stockton on that day. But in other cases there are gaps in which I don't have written records, or I can't find them. I know I must have some correspondence in my archives, but I can't put my hand on them at the moment.

Sometime in the period in April, after I had sent this long prospectus to Father McCullough, I must have heard from someone; it might have been my old friend Ernesto Galarza, who as a nominal officer of the National Agricultural Workers Union would logically have been informed of developments in the AFL-CIO structure, and he may very well have communicated with me by telephone. In any case, I must have had straws in the wind that the AFL-CIO was in fact going to make a move in organizing farm workers, and the name of Norman Smith must have been mentioned -- because it did not come as a bolt completely out of the blue that I had a phone call from Norman Smith himself on May 7th, saying that he wanted to come to Claremont and see me. That did in fact happen.

He was [*chuckle*] a very interesting person. He was in his 60s, and he began our talk by filling me in on his history. He loved to talk about himself, and how much he had labored for the cause in the 1930s, when he was organizing automobile workers, who were totally unorganized

at that time in history -- they were rough times. He loved to carry around a photograph of himself after he was beaten up by goons -- I guess they were goons from the Ford Motor Co. He had blood running down his face; it was his badge of honor. He had to admit that he knew little, if anything, about agriculture, or about the efforts of others to organize agriculture. He said he had made the acquaintance of Norman Thomas at one point, and Thomas was very interested in southern tenant farmers. One way or the other, he figured that he could pick up on whatever might be needed to do the job. He was not at all bashful. He was very overweight.

He finally got down to cases, and asked me if I would be interested in becoming Director of Research for the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AWOC), which is what he had been designated to head. It seems that the head of the entire Dept. of Organizing, which in turn was part of the CIO wing of the merged super-union, was an old buddy of Norman Smith's named John Livingston (known as Jack), who had been recruited by Norman Smith himself to join the autoworkers' union back when Livingston was even younger than Smith. Livingston was finally repaying that favor by looking at Smith for this new job, even though Smith had no connection with any union -- in recent years he had become a foreman in a steel mill, and as a foreman was not eligible to be a member of the steelworkers' union.

Anyway, we had to talk turkey. I mean, we had to talk about certain details, some of which were fairly uncomfortable. For one, I had this obligation to finish up the research project and a written report. It was going to be months before I was able to finish it. He wanted me to come to work on July 1st. I asked whether I could work part-time on my bracero paper, including the need to go from time to time to Berkeley to confer with people there. He said "No problem; yours will not be an 8-to-5 job". He also said that the pay would be $75/week, which is what he was going to be paying all the other members of his staff -- including his secretary, who was going to be Dolores Huerta. He didn't want there to be jealousies among the members of the staff, even though he realized that I had been making more than $75/week, and I had incomparably more education than any of the others. I said that was OK. I would also be allowed 5 cents a mile for the use of my car on union business, which is exactly what I had been getting from the university for the use of my car on research project business -- so that was an even-up.

The whole idea of AWA had become moot. That was obviously the reason why McCullough had not seen a necessity of reacting to the prospectus that I had sent him, because there was no way that it was ever going to be acted upon. There was no way that AWA could continue to exist in the same town as AWOC. In fact, at the earliest opportunity that they had a general meeting, they voted to go out of existence and urged everybody to join AWOC, where the dues were also going to be $2/ month. So, it seemed to me self-evident that Father McCullough, who had been involved in discussions with Smith himself, told Smith about me, and that I had certain abilities, and that Smith could make good use of a Director of Research. Smith all but conceded, in many things that he said or didn't say in his discussion with me, that he didn't know what to do with a Director of Research -- he had never had one in his days of getting beat

up by goons on picket lines in the auto industry [*chuckle*], which is why he was all too willing to let me spend time on my bracero monograph.

So, it looked as though I would have the best of both worlds; I would be hip-deep in helping to organize the unorganized, and I would also have stability. I would have assurances. It looked as though everything was going for the best. I asked Father McCullough to start looking for a place for us in the public housing of Stockton, which he did. I looked for something to do with the house in Claremont, which I had bought directly from the seller at a nice price, but with a fairly large loan. There, I had to turn for assistance to my own mother, who was at that time teaching retarded children in Sacramento. They did not call them retarded, they called them developmentally disabled.

Eugene: That's what they call them now.

Henry: Well, I don't know. In any case, they didn't use that word. They referred to "special education" to lump together the teaching of gifted children and children who were not so gifted.

We're just about winding things up. I had just accepted a position as Director of Research of the AWOC, to be located in Stockton, and I had to report for work on July 1st, 1959, working for a man named Norman Smith whose background had been entirely in the auto industry. He knew nothing about agriculture, and he knew nothing about research.

David: He was as qualified as most bosses, then. So, now, where were we living during the period that you were doing the study? Were we in Berkeley that whole time?

Henry: No, no, no. You guys moved to Claremont in February of 1957 because that was closer to the location of bracero camps, and it was where I had access to faculty advisors in the Dept. of Sociology and the use of their equipment ...

David: In Los Angeles?

Henry: No, Pomona College is in Claremont. We began in a small cottage on Dartmouth Place. That was a rental. After Rachel was born, I bought a house on Doane Avenue. Three bedrooms.

David: I remember living in an apartment in a complex that was next to a field of some sort. What am I thinking of? I was maybe 3 at the time, something like that.

Henry: Well, we moved to Doane Avenue in 1958. You would have been 3 in October 1958.

David: That's the last place we lived in Claremont?

Henry: Right. Then, in Stockton -- I'm sure you wouldn't remember this, because it was quite brief -- for a brief time we lived in public housing. That was before I bought a place on Ramona Street, in which we lived until June of 1960, when everything changed.

Eugene: You said you got help from your mother?

Henry: Oh, yeah. She was not teaching in the summer. She had certain rentals that she herself managed in the Sacramento area, but was able to break away long enough to find a renter for the place in Claremont. She was very good at that. She found that there were a lot of houses in suburbia around places like Sacramento where veterans had bought houses under the GI Bill which allowed them to put down virtually nothing, and they got loans at very low interest rates. As the years went by, these fellows were able to either move along to someplace better, or simply walk away. If they went bust, or got fired, or divorced, or whatever, they could simply walk away from these GI loans without losing anything, since they had no money invested. My mother would then be able to buy those places for very little down, and rent them out. That's how she made a livelihood after she retired from teaching the developmentally disabled children. Eventually, of course, she had to give up those rentals and move down to this area. But she was pretty good at her version of real estate.

Because Norman Smith made very little demand of my time (he had no idea what a Director of Research might do), I took it upon myself to do things like write research papers which showed that the asparagus growers of San Joaquin County around Stockton had a virtual monopoly on the production of asparagus in the entire country during certain key periods of the year, and were therefore able, if they were able to use their leverage, to pay a reasonable wage to the guys who were out in the fields cutting that asparagus, rather than leaning on bracero labor at the very bottom wages. That sort of thing, I produced research papers every week or two.

Smith also gave me as much time as I felt I needed to finish writing up my report on the bracero study. Our secretary at AWOC was none other than Dolores Huerta, and she was a very good secretary. She typed my research papers flawlessly, but she chafed (to say the least) under Norman Smith. However, that is getting ahead of the story. I propose to begin with that at our next session, because Father McCullough also enters the equation. He was responsible for my getting the job in the first place. It becomes very interesting, in my opinion -- two forks in the road. At the very least, my fate was sealed that I was destined down the path that did not lead to a PhD -- let's just put it that way. If I hadn't sent out this paper, my path led toward using the bracero study as a basis for my PhD dissertation. The head of the Sociology Dept. at Berkeley at that time was Herbert Blumer, whom I knew from his visiting professorship at the Univ. of Hawaii. Everything seemed fated toward my joining the group of you that all have doctorates -- but that was never to be.

11. AWOC, Dolores Huerta, Norm Smith, final Bracero report

Henry: Well, this job that I was stepping into was in many respects a dream of heaven for me. I would be surrounded by people who felt as I do, or did, about the Bracero Program, the need for organizing domestic farm workers to take back their jobs, and so forth. I began at $75 a week, which represented a substantial reduction from what I'd been getting from the University but I didn't give a damn about that. I also had available to me anytime I wanted it, the counsel of some of my dear friends and advisors. Father Thomas McCullough was one, he didn't have any formal position with the union, but the director of the union had a lot of respect for him and I had reason to believe that he would listen to McCullough's advice seriously.

AWOC (in case I haven't made it clear, that was the acronym for Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee), was financed by the national AFL-CIO, to the extent of an initial grant of $100, 000—more by far than had ever been committed to the organizing of farm workers in the past. Another one of the principals – well, I thought deserved to be one of the principals in the organization - was Dolores Huerta, who by now is internationally famous. But at that time her bona fides were largely that she had been a very effective organizer within the City of Stockton and had a lot to do with the organization called AWA – Agricultural Workers Association – which was one of the priest's ideas and which was a going concern until the field was preempted by the AFL-CIO.

Logically, Dolores should have had a very prominent position in the organizing hierarchy, because that was her forte. But, Norman Smith – and I'm finally getting around to naming the director of the whole operation -- was something of a sexist. He didn't think that women had any place as labor organizers, and so all he could think of for a job for Dolores Huerta was as his secretary. And she was very good at it; when she had nothing else on her hands she helped me by typing my manuscripts, and at one point she took it upon herself to organize the contents of my desktop, which of course was a mess growing incrementally every day, as is my established habit.

Well, as I believe I mentioned last time, Norman Smith had no idea how to use the services of a Research Director – that was my title. So it was largely left up to me to make of it what I wished. So, among other things, I began writing what I call a series of research papers, and I cranked them out at quite a rate. In the first couple of months, (I just went back and looked at my archives) I found that I had written eight of them total, with pages of 105, on legal sized paper single spaced, so that was a lot of verbiage. I had Dolores run off 100 copies of each one and I had them mailed out to interested people, some editors in the major newspapers; at that time, any self-respecting metropolitan paper would have a labor editor; none of them do any more. I sent them to various people in the government agencies, and various labor unions that were sympathetic. And I even sent copies to the grower's organizations.

I did other things as well. I designed a membership card, which had a white hand and a brown hand and a black hand picking tomatoes. I wrote a script for a 15 minute radio program, because there was a local station in the town of Pomona, which was looking for something to fill the time other than playing records, so we put on that and it went over pretty well. I made a banner – a huge banner – at the time the peach harvest was coming in, because the growers of peaches were always claiming that they had to have braceros or else their crop would rot on the trees or on the ground. So I made this huge banner that we put on the outside of our headquarters which said: "Labor Shortage or Wage Shortage: A Peach of a Question".

I was doing so many things of that sort, that when a book was written about the farm labor movement recently by a woman that was doing a revisionist version of Cesar Chavez – and she had a few pages devoted to AWOC, which most farm labor histories don't even mention – but she called me in this brief section of her book AWOC's director of public information, which I never was. Because within a month or two, Smith took on somebody who really was from that field, his name was Lewis F. Krainock. His background I think was with the ILWU, one of the left leaning unions in the Bay Area. He was always a little mysterious about his background, but he was full of energy and he was quite adept at handling phone calls from reporters who wanted to know what we were going to do to finally organize farm workers, after many efforts had been made which had failed. He and I got along okay for the time being; later on not so well.

Now, the family was living in public housing for the first couple of months, actually a little bit more than that. It wasn't very satisfactory. It did have one advantage, it wasn't too far from corner grocery stores, but it wasn't a very congenial atmosphere for the kids because almost everybody else in that housing development was Spanish-speaking. So, we went looking for a house and found one in a middle class residential area, and the costs in Stockton were amazingly low. We had bought a house in Claremont for $12,500 – 3 bedrooms, 2 baths – but this was a house, much older, it was funky, but it had room and all they were asking was $7,000. So, we bought it.

In the process of reading the documents that we needed to sign for making the legal transfer of title, we noticed that the deed carried with it ever since the house was built back in 1919, what they call a racial restrictive covenant in which the buyer had to affirm that he was not a member of anything other than the white race. But my wife of the time, whom I have called Pamela because that's what she liked to be called, said we're not going to sign that. So we prepared a wording and we told our agent that the deal was off unless this wording was accepted, and it goes as follows: "We do hereby declare and affirm, that we, together or severally, are or may be persons not wholly of the white Caucasian or white race." The sellers and the agent and everybody else were willing to go along with us. So, I've kept that all the years.

This is of some interest I believe. After I'd been on the job for a little over a month, there was a need for somebody to testify on behalf of AWOC at some congressional hearing back in Washington. Norman Smith didn't want to go, and Ernesto Galarza didn't want to go, and so I was elected to go, and I had never been to Washington DC – I had been to Washington DC for my bracero study, but I always enjoyed going back East, so I went to that. Then, I took it upon

myself to go up to New York and to call Pete Seeger who lived in a town called Beacon, a little bit up the Hudson River from the big City. Now, Pam had an enormous crush on Pete Seeger, and I suppose so did five million other women, but it was all perfectly innocent, he was devoted to his wife Toshi. So I said that we were in the process of organizing farm workers, and would love to have a song that we could sing at our rallies to fire up the troops, and if I came up on the bus could he give a few minutes to composing such a thing. It would need to only be very short and simple based on some existing tune, which is the way the so-called folk movement of the time usually functioned.

So, they said come on up. And I did – I believe I went up on a Friday evening and ended up spending the whole weekend there. One of the peak experiences of my life. Seeger not only turned out a song about farm labor based on the tune "When the Saints Go Marching In" – the substitute words were "When the Crops Come Rolling In" – and also I carried with me, somehow or other I guess I had the idea when this whole trip started, that I might be able to see the great man; so I took with me a song that Pam had composed, about a wild flower in the forest and I asked Seeger if he could take that, which he did. I was able to help to some extent; he was in the process of doing some mason rework and I was able to help a little bit because he had a professional mason helping him who was kind of a protégé; he played the guitar and he himself composed songs based on hymn tunes and things like that. His name was Ernie Mars. He and I met again a little bit later down the road.

Anyway, after that weekend I returned to Stockton and had hoped to organize a membership meeting of AWOC – there weren't very many members yet, but anybody was welcomed. As it turned out, there were spies from the grower's organizations. The things that we said and the songs that we sang were later lampooned in the grower's publications. I had the notion that this might be a singing union, because I believed that in the glory days of the CIO in the 1930's, when they were organizing other unorganized workers, that they made good use out of songs based on tunes that everybody could sing along with because they were so well known. And usually at mass meetings they would hand out a song sheet which had the new words set to those tunes. I had the idea that we could do that, and maybe we would start having the kinds of successes that the CIO did back in its salad days.

So I got some of my friends from the University to come out to this meeting and bring their guitars. Norman Smith went along with this – to tell you the truth, I wanted to have a meeting that would not be dominated by Smith himself, because he was an orator of the old school, who once he got started didn't know how to stop and he would easily go on for an hour or more. People would get bored and would drift away, and I didn't want that to happen. So we sang a number of songs, including the one that Seeger had contributed. Most of them in the audience were not familiar with the folk – so-called folk song revival – and most of them I dare say had never heard of Pete Seeger, but the singing went off all right.

And then, a couple of guys in the front row who were Anglos, who were evidently fruit tramps as they say, that is guys who were specialists in ladder work. And the most recent crop involving their skills had been in Lake County picking pears, and so they volunteered to come up and tell us about their experiences at the pear harvest. Well, I saw no harm in that, and he then

suggested that we form a local union, right there on the spot, with an election of officers and the whole bit. Totally unplanned as far as I knew; maybe this fellow had had it in mind all along, but I was in no position to say he was out of order, and so that is actually what happened. It won't surprise you to hear that this fellow himself was elected chairman, or head of the local – whatever was the title. And the guy sitting next to him – I was chairing this meeting, unaccustomed as I was to any such thing, and I asked if there were any nominations for an assistant secretary or whatever was the title and the only nomination was for the guy sitting next to the guy who had done the talking. So, he was elected.

And at that point Norman Smith felt that things had gone far enough, and he took the floor and gave his stump speech in which he inveighed against what he called a licensed and legalized slave bracero program. Eventually the meeting broke up, and the next day when Smith had to report to his superior Jack Livingston, head of the organizing department of the AFLCIO, Livingston hit the ceiling and said that was absolutely out of line; the organizing committee did not have the authority to establish locals, only the national organization could do that, and the national organization was not prepared to do that. They were very leery about giving power to people such as these ladder workers who for all they knew might be tainted with left wing memberships, and some of the organizations on the attorney general's list, so they wanted to keep us all unaffiliated.

Now, I've already talked about the purchase of the house on Ramona Avenue; I've talked about Dolores Huerta, and I'm now going to return to the subject of Dolores. She and I were kind of an undercover team because our ideas about organizing were 180 degrees different from Norman Smith's. Norman Smith's conception of organizing the unorganized was to get them to pay dues, which were set at $2 a month, payable only one month at a time. And the idea that Dolores had and which I shared, the idea also shared by Father McCullough, was to get people meeting in small groups – house meetings, maybe half a dozen people meeting at a time, who knew each other and trusted each other, and shared ideas about things that they might do working together on a small scale, in the way that AWA had during its brief months of existence. We thought that the success of that organization was so self-evident that Smith would surely get the idea that he should try it. And in fact he did try it, once. He went to a house meeting that was set up by Father McCullough, and he launched into his standard speech which went on for an hour and everybody was turned off, including Smith himself, since they didn't all flock around and sign their membership cards and so he never held another house meeting during the entire existence of AWOC.

Well, I had plenty of other things to do which I did to make myself useful to the movement, but Dolores didn't. And so she gave up her position as secretary, and went down to Southern California to work with Cesar Chavez, who at that time was Director for organizing for the CSO, the Community Service Organization, an organization composed largely if not entirely of Spanish-speaking people. At that time, Dolores had a bunch of kids, eventually she had seven or eight I believe but at that time she had five. And she didn't have a car. I had the same car, it was a Dodge station wagon, that I had used to move my three kids and wife up from Claremont to Stockton, but I didn't particularly need it in my new job and I wanted to help Dolores. So I offered to sell it to her for whatever she could afford to pay. She said she could afford $250; I

said okay. Just give me $50 down, and a note for the rest, and so she did. In the process of moving, I asked her about a painting which she had seen in my office which she thought was good and asked if she could borrow it, and I said okay. So, when she was in the process of moving I asked where was my painting. And she said she didn't have any idea. I was not too happy about that. In the fullness of time of course, that was the last I heard of the $200 note as well.

So, through the years I've had rather ambivalent feelings toward Dolores. I tried to establish contact with her on a number of occasions; when I wrote a book some years later in 1970 I sent her a copy which she never acknowledged. I asked a mutual friend at one point whether she had ever read it, and he said she didn't like it because it didn't praise Cesar Chavez sufficiently. I thought I had embarrassed myself by being excessive in my praise. And then, when she was beaten up by some cops in San Francisco at some demonstration at the Saint Francis Hotel and was hospitalized with a ruptured spleen, I sent her some flowers and a little note; trying to revive the memories of our few weeks together on the staff of AWOC when we commiserated with each other, but again she never responded to that. In the long run as you may know, she is now lionized as the co-founder of Chavez's union, which is a gross distortion of the facts. However, I digress.

During all of these events, I was still responsible for finishing up my report on the bracero study. I had permission from Norman Smith to spend up to half of my time on that, including trips to Berkeley if necessary, so I made pretty good progress in spite of the fact I was cranking out these research papers, and so forth and so on. So that on December 14, 1959, which is an anniversary of sorts in my life, I wrote the last page of what had turned out to be a 750 page manuscript. Which I had done my level best to keep objective, to keep colorful words and adverbs and adjectives to a minimum, to keep value judgments to an absolute minimum, although I indulged myself to the extent of my final sentence in this 750 page tomb. I said, "what happens when a group from a third world culture comes into a first world with its own medical ideas and practices; do the ideas and practices of the third world group change?", and my final phrase was: "No, if they are not free men." And that was the end of my manuscript, and at that point I entered into the job of dealing with the secretarial pool at the University in Berkeley, where they were responsible for jobs of this sort from all kinds of other departments and I had to wait my turn, and so it took quite a long time for them to do the stencils; that was the way this was going to be reproduced, in those days that was the most advanced system they had.

There was trouble in River City with a number of the staff, what Norman Smith called his organizers, which of course I always felt was a misnomer because they didn't know how to do anything more than tell farm workers look how much good the union did for automobile workers. That was the technique Smith recommended they use. Well, it wasn't very effective. And a number of these so-called organizers began coming to my office from time to time and unburdening themselves with their dissatisfactions. Well, I made it a point not to bad mouth Norman Smith; I felt that as long as he was paying my salary I owed him a certain kind of loyalty, so I just listened to these fellows usually and said don't give up.

It was a rag tag bunch that Smith attracted into what he called his organizing staff; there were a couple of self-appointed preachers who didn't know anything about the labor movement. There were several that Smith inherited from Galarza that had been trying to organize for years, but Galarza didn't have the idea of beginning small and working outward; he felt that the eloquence of his speech making would be enough to move people and that was not sufficient. He would take on anybody as a member of his staff, he was so short of funds I don't know if he paid them anything.

One of them was a labor contractor who developed a burning hatred for bracero users who put him out of business; he was providing them with domestic workers up in the Marysville area, until the growers found that they could do better by using braceros because they didn't have to pay a commission to the labor contractor for his services. The recruitment and provision of this new labor force was provided free of charge by the government agencies, the state and federal. So Dewit Talahill (sp?) which was his name, developed this hatred for bracero users and for braceros themselves. So he conceived the idea of intimidating the workers by going in and knocking over their ladders and other forms of violence, which Smith tolerated, I don't say he approved of it, but he didn't discipline Dewit Talahill in any way.

Another one of Ernesto's contributions was a man named Delmer Berg (sp?) who distinguished himself by using a staff car to go up to Reno and run up some expenses on a credit card – a few of the staff members had a credit card. Well, Delmer Berg abused his, but it was also found in the process of looking into his background that he had been a member of a number of left wing organizations, which were anathema to the AFL-CIO. That organization was paranoid about the possibility of being tainted as being sympathetic to communism, so Berg had to be fired for that reason if nothing else.

Another one of Smith's recruits was an elderly gentleman named Vance Ambrose who was a veteran of the farm labor wars of the 1930's, and in some cases they almost literally were fights between workers and deputy sheriffs, sometimes gun fire but more often axe handles and weapons of that sort. And Vance Ambrose had been beaten up on occasion and had some notoriety for that reason. But in the years that had gone by since then he had become an alcoholic and so he was absolutely ineffective as a member of the AWOC staff, so he had to go. It was as I say a rag tag group, not one of whom was a qualified community organizer, which is a specialty in its own right. It's not as though there weren't any, because the CSO had at this point organized some 22 local chapters around the state, and they were staffed by people who would have been happy to have joined AWOC staff if they had been invited, but they never were.

[Pause]

I'll tell you another one of my activities. I functioned as a speech writer – or a ghost writer – for Smith himself, who was frequently called on to make appearances at conventions and conferences of do-gooders and in some cases grower's organizations to prove their open-mindedness; they would invite Smith to give the laborer's point of view to their gatherings. And

on a number of occasions he asked me to prepare some remarks for him to deliver. Well, I did so, and I know for an absolute fact that he never read a single word of them.

But more happily, fairly early in the game, I think when I had been on the job for maybe a month, a fellow named Fred Van Dyke came into the AWOC headquarters one afternoon, all dusty from having worked on his tractor plowing a field in the morning. He had a manuscript of his own which he wanted to have me edit so that he could submit it for publication somewhere. And it consisted of his opinion that the existence of the bracero program was actually working against the best interests of growers themselves. Because, with an almost unlimited pool of cheap labor available, they began planting excessive acreage of things like tomatoes in the Stockton area, which of course under the iron laws of supply and demand meant that the price that they got for their product went down; there was a surplus of canning tomatoes. And to make up for their loss of income, they planted more tomatoes because they had access to more braceros.

So, Fred Van Dyke argued that this was a kind of lunacy, but the only way to make them see common sense would be the power of a countervailing force – he didn't use that term – would be the force of workers organizing themselves, and to use their power, their potential power. And he wanted me to re-write this in such a way that it adequately represented his thinking, because I guess he had somehow or other come upon some of my writing and liked my style. Well, of course my style was not his style, so I had a challenge ghost writing his article in a way that didn't make it sound as though he had two master's degrees.

It was not easy, but I finally produced something that he thought sounded like him, and that opened up a friendship. He and I co-authored a number of other pieces of writing. And he became rather well known back in the Eastern liberal establishment as the one and only grower in the whole country which actively supported the idea of a farm worker's union, and more specifically, which supported AWOC, and used AWOC members on his own crops whenever they were of the appropriate type, such as wine grapes. Where incidentally I myself put in half a day cutting grapes, and so on my resume I mentioned that as well as the various other things I did in the fields, none of which were very taxing but at least I had a better idea of what it was like. When the time came for me to write a book, I put a chapter about Fred Van Dyke in that book, as well as a chapter about Ernesto Galarza, and one about Father McCullough, and two chapters about Chavez.

Well, I mentioned Ernie Mars a little while ago, a stone mason by trade, but what he really dreamed of was to become another Pete Seeger, and he was a pretty good guitar plucker and he wrote a number of pretty clever parodies of popular hymn tunes and so forth. And, to his credit, he wanted to find out what it was really like being a serious farm worker, and he came out from New York to Stockton and he started going down to skid row which is where unattached men congregated in the pre-dawn hours to see if they could get a job with a labor contractor. The bracero users, under the law were supposed to make what they called reasonable efforts to recruit domestic workers before hiring braceros; and to satisfy that requirement they had these contractors go down with buses to skid row in the early morning

hours to pick up whoever was willing to work at the same wages as braceros and the same working conditions.

So, Ernie Mars put himself with that, and I greatly admired his spunk. Well, I didn't like the idea of Ernie Mars having to spend good money on a flop house on skid row, probably fighting against bed bugs and cockroaches, and so I suggested to Pam that we take him in as a boarder. There was room in that funky old house on Ramona Avenue and she went along with that suggestion; I think that Ernie appreciated it. I don't think we charged him anything. Later on, it became a little tense. Because Pam thought that Ernie was starting to make eyes at her, so we had to ask him to find other accommodations. But he stayed around the area for long enough to appear in a program called "Harvest of Shame" which was narrated by Edward R. Murrow, and that got a lot of attention. The crew that was filming this documentary happened to be in the Stockton area at a time when we were having a rally with music provided by Ernie Mars; and they got him in a fairly extensive segment of this film which was shown nationally at Thanksgiving time in 1960. It was the high point of Ernie Mars' life, I believe.

I might as well jump ahead to I think it was May of 1960 when the stencils had all been typed on my magnum opus and it came time to order copies. I apparently was given carte blanche; my immediate superior Edward Rogers had a problem with me and that broad side of conscience, but after a compromise on my continuing the project, he once again left me to my own devices and I don't think he himself showed very good judgment in that respect. Looking back on it now I think if he had known about the question – how many copies should we run off of this 750 pages and who will receive them – he might have said about half a dozen, because that's how many members there were on the advisory committee that was supposedly overlooking my project. Including a member of the anthropology department, who himself had something of a reputation on the folk medicine of Mexico; there was a health educator from the staff of the school of public health; there was Paul Taylor of the economics department, a grand old man of farm labor studies; there was Herbert Blumer, I guess it had been my suggestion that he be included because of course I knew him well from the year at Hawaii, one of my two years out there he was a visiting professor; and then there was Lester Breslow of the State Department of Public Health, not to be confused with the School of Public Health. I had gotten to know Lester Breslow to some extent while I was still there on a research project on home accidents, and found that Breslow was a very open minded and forward thinking person; for example, he I think was one of the very first to make a crusade out of doing something about smoking. And beginning by gathering the scientific statistical evidence that it was damaging people's health in a big way.

All of those people would have been very logical candidates to receive copies of this 750 pages; there may have been one or two others that I can't remember at this point. But – since I was given carte blanche, I ordered 100 copies. I don't really know in retrospect whom I thought would plow through that massive verbiage; I sent some copies to the people at the State Department of Employment Bureau of Statistics who had been helpful to me in providing data on workers and various crops in various counties, etcetera, etcetera. I guess I had in mind sending them to people in the liberal organizations back East, the national advisory committee

on Farm Labor, and so forth. Probably I would send one to Dard McAllister (sp?) even though he'd gotten me into a lot of trouble. I didn't send out very many.

Until the stuff hit the fan. At this point it should be understood that I was no longer on the payroll at the University; my grant from the National Institute of Health still existed on the books and there still was quite a bit of money in it, but it was not being used. We had already paid for the services of the secretarial pool as part of the overhead, which the University takes out of every grant from every source; it's quite a large chunk as some of you may know. So, technically, Rogers had no power over me; he couldn't fire me. So he put it on a personal basis – he asked me to come into his office and he closed the door and said "you have really disappointed me, Henry". And that cut me to the quick.

What he objected to was a chapter that I called "The Social System" in which I identified all of the organizations which were lined up on both sides of the issue and as a result of the interplay between them the bracero program existed and was renewed year after year by the Congress. I observed that in this interplay of forces the agricultural interests were more powerful than labor interests, which I thought was a perfectly objective statement. But he – I don't know if Rogers really read it – but he interpreted it as my advocating the workers' position, weak as it was, and that this would open up his being attacked by the grower's lobby, and he was not going to stand for that. And therefore he demanded that I recall all the copies I had sent out, turn them over to him, as well as all of the other roughly 90 copies that had not yet been sent out. And that is a lot of paper, as you might guess.

Well, I'll just end on this note. The irony of it is that at the very first meeting of that advisory committee, way back in 1956, Herbert Blumer himself had said be sure to put the whole subject into a social context. And I thought that I was doing that. But there was no arguing with Dr. Rogers, and so they [the copies] were all called in and destroyed, with the exception of a copy that he kept for himself in his filing cabinet under lock and key; I'm telling you he was practically paranoid with the thought that this manuscript was so inflammatory that it would get him into a knock down and drag out fight, so that will be the end of today's session; we'll continue with this and other exciting developments.

David: I assume you kept a copy of it?

Henry: No, I was not allowed to keep a copy, but I was allowed – well, I wasn't allowed to, I simply went to the secretarial pool and said what did you do with the stencils? And they said, they're sitting over there, do you want them? I said, sure. So I had the stencils.

David: These were mimeographed stencils?

Henry: Yes. I don't think they exist anymore but they did at that time and I made use of them later. But that is another story.

David: So, how long did you work for AWOC, in total?

Henry: I began in July of 1959 and I was asked to leave in May of 1962.

David: So presumably it became evident to you that their approach to organizing was thoroughly ineffective. So they were organizing domestic agricultural workers. How many dues paying members were there at the max?

Henry: Norman Smith didn't keep very good records. He spent all his time down on skid row, and he would talk some wino into joining the union, and if the guy didn't have two bucks Norman Smith himself would pay it. And I don't think there's any record of that guy's name, and over the course of the years, I seem to remember he might have talked about 2,000 members, but I don't believe there was ever a time when there were anywhere near that all at once being members.

David: So the amount of dues collected in a given month was probably a couple hundred max.

Henry: Maybe. One other thing – well maybe I should wait. One of my disillusionments was that Jack Livingston and his assistant, a guy named Franz Daniel, would come out from time to time from Washington to Stockton, and Smith would take them into his office and describe how well everything was going and they would then report back to Walter Reuther who was their boss and say that AWOC was solid; it's solid, it's finally going to do the job. It was just blowing smoke, and so I learned something more about bureaucracies and how you cannot believe everything they say. It was really sad, but there came a time when I was given the opportunity to try some of my ideas, so we can talk about that later.

Eugene: About the meeting with Pete Seeger… are there any photos, mementos, recordings?

Henry: I took some photos. I took some photos of Pete Seeger washing dishes. I thought that was neat. He's a wonderful guy, or was a wonderful guy.

Eugene: Any recordings?

Henry: Well, I have a recording that I gave to Pam. I assume she still has it.

12. More AWOC; Cherry picker's strike

David: November 10th, 2014, episode …

Henry: Let me think. Isn't it number 12?

David: Episode 12? Could very well be, and, on the air.

Henry: Oh, we haven't filled the water glasses.

David: Go ahead, Henry.

Henry: Well, you … at the end of the last session, you asked me in so many words, whether there wasn't anything that could have been done, about what I call the "burning of the books". That is to say, after a hundred copies had been mimeographed, of this 750-page tome, and they were ordered destroyed by my mentor (if that is the right word for), Dr. Edward S. Rogers, M.D.

David: Because of one or two sentences that might not have even been in there, right?

Henry: No, that's not right. There was a chapter called "The Social Structure", which he, I don't believe, ever read, but thought was an impassioned plea on behalf of organizing farm workers, and to get rid of the bracero program. And there was absolutely nothing like that in there.

David: Why did he think that?

Henry: Because he was still paranoid about the … the purple prose of my 10-page screed, yeah. And, as he put it in one of the sessions in which he tried to be fatherly, or, avuncular, or whatever, he said that my problem was (what's the word?) *infricanem philia*, which is Greek for love of the underdog – he thought I had that sickness. Well, certainly there is something to be said for that. But, anyway – to get back to the reason why I don't believe I fully answered your question – one of the reasons I didn't, at the time at least, make any real protest about the burning of the books, is what happened at a meeting, the final meeting of the advisory committee of my research project. I don't believe I went into any detail on that subject, but it took the heart out of me, because there was nobody on the entire committee, who said so much as "well if the that chapter is out of place, or objectionable for any reason, why not just excise it?". Because it was not crucial to the purpose of the study, which was to answer the question of whether braceros, being in this country for a period of months, was having any effect on their thinking about how to maintain health and what to do when you get sick. Everybody on the committee went along with Rogers' edict, which was, to destroy the entire thing. Well, it was particularly hurtful that, uh, my old friend from the University of Hawaii, Herbert Bloomer, who by then was the chairman of the Sociology Department at Berkeley, agreed that I went beyond the proper subject in discussing the power structure at work, that accounted for the existence of the bracero program. Well, I didn't want to get into an argument with Herb Bloomer at this meeting, but at the very first meeting of the advisory

committee, way back in the summer of '56 (and here it was 1960) he himself had said, that I should put the whole subject of the bracero program within a social context, so I thought I was just following his instructions. But the fact that I didn't have a single defender, just, as I say, took whatever fight there might have been, out of me. It wasn't until some years later that (*laughs*) I entered the fray again.

Anyway, so much for the subject of my 750-page report, which brings us to May of 1960, in which a number of other things were going on, within the farm labor movement and within AWOC, in particular, because of course, during the months up to that point, I had been splitting my time between two virtually full-time jobs, one working on this manuscript, and the other my duties as director of research for AWOC.

Well, in the spring of 1960, as happens every year, the cherries come, become ripe, in the Stockton area. And Stockton is the – at least at that time, was the – nation's number one producer of Bing cherries. It had a virtual monopoly on the national market. And of course, this was one of my arguments in a number of my AWOC research papers, which was if only the growers of these various crops would band together and take advantage of their potential power in the marketplace, they could very easily give whatever the growers considered a living wage. But the growers competed among themselves, and never did take advantage of their potential powers.

But in the spring of 1960, a voice was heard from a source that hadn't been before, and that was, the workers who call themselves fruit tramps. They also called themselves rubber tramps because they went from one fruit harvest to another by automobile, and they were sometimes known as ladder tramps, because that was their place within the farm labor hierarchy. They specialized in fruit crops which required that you climb up ladders, which brings into play two skills, neither of which is simple, as I know from personal experience. One is how to place and work from ladders without falling off and hurting yourself, and placing it in such a way that you can reach the maximum number of ripe fruit before you have to move the ladder again. And then secondly, it takes even more skill, in recognizing the distinction between fruit that is not quite ripe and that which is ready, and there's particular skill in the case of cherries, because you have not only to recognize the ripeness of the fruit, but you have to pick the fruit with a stem attached to it, otherwise it will spoil rapidly and your fruit will be thrown out by a grader before you would get credit for picking that particular bucket.

So, these very highly skilled fruit tramps – and believe me that is not a term of denigration; they call themselves that – fruit tramps, ladder tramps, rubber tramps, all the same thing – they are the elite of farm workers. The growers have found –growers of that time, and this was of course the time in which growers were trying to use braceros the greatest extent possible – growers tried using braceros in some of these fruit crops, and found that they were no great bargain, because they would damage the trees, they would pick fruit that was not ready for picking, and it to be thrown out, and so it was to their advantage to continue to use fruit tramps year, after year, after year.

And in the spring of 1960, because there was in existence in the Stockton area, a union, the fruit tramps talked among themselves and they said, what's a union for, if not to represent us and get us an increase in the pay we get for picking cherries. And so, they essentially organized themselves, and came to AWOC and said, we want representation, and Norman Smith, who was nominally in charge, said, OK what do you want? And they said we want a dollar ten cents a bucket instead of a dollar, and that certainly sounded reasonable. So AWOC said a strike was in effect.

And on the side the workers, was another element which hadn't been really a factor in the past, and that was a state agency called the Mediation and Reconciliation Service [1] of the state Department of Industrial Relations, which exists for the purpose of bringing together workers and employers, to at least talk with each other, as the name of the organization suggests. They had no powers to enforce an agreement, but they did serve to try to get people conversing at least. And so they came into the cherry harvest of San Joaquin county, and they did in fact get some of the smaller growers talking with the union, with the understanding that they weren't being required to sign contracts; all they were being asked to do was pay $1.10 a bucket for picking cherries. And a number of them went along with that.

But the biggest cherry grower in the county (and probably in the country, maybe the world), was a guy named Fred Podesta, [who] had 900 acres of cherries and he said, Oh no, it would let the camel's nose inside the tent and it would end up with our being forced to recognize the union and there'd be no end of it. So he drew a line in the sand, as they say, and held out paying no more than a dollar. And he wasn't able to get workers. And he lost a big chunk of his crop, I don't know, a hundred-thousand dollars, or whatever. I suspected that he might have been helped with his losses, by his friends in the cherry-growing business and perhaps other fruit-growing businesses, because it lent weight to their claim that without an adequate supply of labor they were going to be forced to let crops rot in the fields – that was the mantra that they used. So he did let a lot of cherries go to waste. And of course, took all the advantage that he could in the popular press that here was good food, this highly desirable food – people love cherries. And they thought, they thought, they were getting … they thought they were getting good publicity out of the fact here was the union forcing them to let good food waste.

Anyway, this was a time of considerable stress for Norman Smith, the director of AWOC, and in fact he turned over the running of the strike to Louis Krainock, who was sort-of self-designated (I mean he created the title for himself, of) Director of Public Relations and Training, so he had charge of training the organizers, as well as handling the relations with the press and the public. And he ran the union, because Norman Smith suffered what he claimed was a flare-up of his diabetes, and he went to the hospital. But Krainock always told us that Smith was simply out of his depth in trying to cope with the press and went the hospital to avoid the problems of dealing with the strike. In so many words, he claimed that Smith was simply chickening out. I did not have any great … I had no respect for Krainock, then or later, because he was an opportunist, kind of an Iago-type figure, behind the throne, manipulating, and stabbing Smith in the back every way he could.

The crop ran its course, and as usual, the union had nothing lasting to show for it. As part of my job, I was told to calculate how much extra money went into the pockets of the cherry pickers because of the fact that most of the growers did go along with their wage request of $1.10 a bucket. I was able to come up with a plausible figure of some millions of dollars. And Smith always liked to use those kinds of data to show that the union was a great success. But there was no guarantee that any such benefits would continue in future years; sometimes they did, sometimes they didn't.

Now, another development of some interest and another reason why Smith came close to having a nervous breakdown, was the revival of an old problem that began in the 1940s, with an effort, back then, to organize farm workers under the aegis of a union called the NAWU, the National Agricultural Workers Union, which in its own way was the successor of the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, way back in the 30s. Sharecroppers tried to organize themselves. And … I can't go into the history of all of this. But in the late 1930s, yeah, that's … no: the late 40s, the NAWU tried to organize the DiGiorgio Fruit Corporation, probably the biggest single grower in the state of California and therefore in the country, and probably the world. It had holdings up and down the San Joaquin Valley, of various kinds. Their main base of operations was in Kern county, and the NAWU struck their home ranch, under the leadership of Ernesto Galarza, whom I later became a very good friend of (the only PHD ever to be an officer of a national union, so far as we know), a very brilliant guy, but didn't know much about the practicalities of farm labor.

He knew a lot about the economics of agriculture, but not the nitty-gritty. So he went about the organizing in a traditional way, just set up picket lines, at the entrances of the DiGiorgio ranch, and there are a number of entrances on a huge, multi-acre ranch of that sort, so they were at some pains to have enough pickets to maintain any kind of showing. But they tried to get all the advantage of the David versus Goliath metaphor; here they were a tiny little union, against the biggest agricultural corporation of them all. And they tried to keep up these token picket lines, enough to attract a certain amount of attention; they attracted the attention of the left-wing of the motion-picture industry.

And those friends of the labor movement put together a documentary called *Poverty in the Valley of Plenty*, which found no difficulty in going into the fields and taking pictures of bad housing and workers stooping over all day in the hot sun, and kids in rags, and so forth and so on, all with the implication that these were the conditions on the DiGiorgio ranch. And in fact they weren't even allowed access to the DiGiorgio property and if they had been they probably would have found that the conditions on the DiGiorgio ranch were not all <u>that</u> bad. But the DiGiorgio Fruit Corporation sued, under libel laws, that they had been defamed by this documentary. And they had a lot of money for high-powered lawyers and the union didn't have any, and so DiGiorgio won. They had sued for two million dollars. I don't think they collected any monetary damages at all, but they did obtain a court order, that the union had to gather up all existing copies of this documentary and turn them over to the company, to which the union agreed, including Galarza as an officer of the union.

Come 1960, Krainock, as Director of Public Relations and Training, of the staff of AWOC, got hold of a copy of this supposedly non-existent motion picture, and started showing it at meetings of AWOC, wherever he could organize them, and I went to one myself. I didn't think it was a particularly good documentary, but there weren't very many good documentaries about farm labor organizing (I don't think there were any). So, Krainock showed it rather widely, until DiGorgio heard about it (*laughs*), and prepared by having a number of his personal witnesses attend one of these public showings. It was held in a farm labor camp, but they were open to people without having to show any IDs and these guys probably put on their – the closest thing they had to – working men's clothes.

So they took notes on exactly what was said, and the fact that the movie had been shown in its entirety, etc., etc., etc., and went back to their corporate headquarters in San Francisco and prepared a lawsuit, very similar (almost identical, I think) to the one that had been filed back in 1949, again asking for two million dollars in damages and naming Norman Smith as the principal defendant, Ernesto Galarza as the second, the organization AWOC, and the organization the NAWU, as organizational defendants, and then a number of John Does, which would consist of the staff members who had attended these showings. I was never named as a defendant, although I was a staff member who had attended at least one of the showings. But somehow or other, I escaped their net.

Now, ironically enough, Galarza himself had retired – had resigned – from his position with AWOC, in January of that year, because he was so disgruntled with Norman Smith, and the relationship between the way the farm workers and the packing house workers were being treated under the charter of AWOC. On paper, AWOC was supposed to sign up field workers for membership in the NAWU. [*Phone call interrupts*] And anybody who was a member of the packing house workers – anybody engaged in the packing (sorting, and crating and packing), of produce – would be turned over to the packing-house workers union.

In actual practice, Norman Smith didn't divide anybody into either one of them, he kept all the dues paid into a trust fund, to be fought over later, and it essentially meant the starvation of the NAWU, and Galarza considered his primary loyalty to that organization, and so he resigned from AWOC. And he got himself dismissed from the lawsuit, on the grounds that he was totally uninformed about the fact that this motion picture had been shown, and would have opposed it if he had known about it, because he knew that this court order was still in existence – that it was not to be shown, by anybody. But, Norman Smith was still on the hook for two million dollars, at least in theory, and that lawsuit dragged on for months, and months, and months.

Well, I was trying to continue functioning in my writing of research papers and whatever I could do to make myself useful. And then, on Thursday, the 30th day of June, of 1960, there occurred another one of the watershed events in my career, my whole life, and at this point I would like to go off the record.

[Discussion of the separation from Pam]

Henry: Now, I didn't know how long any of this was going to take this afternoon, and therefore I don't have an agenda to fill out the rest of the time. I would be prepared to go back on the record if I had anything particular to say about … OK, here's something I can say. I forgot to mention: during the course … we're back on the record now.

David: OK.

Henry: During the course of this cherry workers strike – and I call it the workers strike rather than the union strike, because it was really, essentially, the idea of the workers themselves, which dragged the union along with them – somehow (I think it was unplanned), a television crew from CBS, which had a big chunk of money to do a documentary which was going to be part of a series, to be narrated by the famous broadcaster Edward R. Murrow. They were going to do a documentary about the plight of the migrant farm workers, as they called it. And they even had a title picked out; it was going to be called "Harvest of Shame". And they were going to prepare this documentary to be shown at the Thanksgiving season of that year. And somehow or other, they had it so that their television crew was there in Stockton, at the very time of this cherry strike. They could not have known about it in advance, so as I say, it was fortuitous, or if you prefer, providential, whatever.

To his credit, because he was pretty good at this sort of thing, Krainock put together a rally of a lot of these fruit tramps; I can't recall exactly what auditorium he arranged for them, but he had a goodly crowd there. He also had the services of a fellow named Ernie Mars (I mentioned Ernie Mars at the last session), a friend of Pete Seeger's, who wanted to be the Pete Seeger of the current generation, in appearing at union rallies, and he had his big moment. He sang at this particular rally, a song that he himself invented for the occasion: "Keep Your Eye upon the Dollar and a Dime for Every Pail", set to some well-known tune, I can't remember exactly which tune; I remember those words.

And as you know, I guess, when a crew goes into the field and takes pictures of this sort of thing, 90 or 95 percent of it ends up on the cutting room floor, but they saved that portion of the rally, that featured Ernie Mars, and it was the high point of his life. And the documentary itself attracted a lot of attention when it showed at the Thanksgiving season of that year. It wasn't particularly good, in my opinion, because, in fact, most farm workers were not migrants, and the repetition of this cliché "the plight of the migrants" was rather misleading, in my opinion. But, not only did it attract attention that year, but it kept being shown for many successive Thanksgivings. I don't know what ever became of it, but I'm sure you can still get copies of it from Amazon if you're so inclined. So that was a big development; I give Krainock some credit for doing that, because all of this was during the time that poor Norm Smith was in the hospital.

If I have another … well, I <u>do</u> have another few more minutes, I want to say a few more words about Norman Smith himself. He was very, very kind and generous to me, after the cataclysm in my own life. I wasn't able to spend any time at Ramona Avenue at all, so Norm Smith had me sleeping on the floor of his apartment, as long as I wanted. So I had a sleeping bag and I made myself at home, to whatever extent was possible. And it was no problem with Smitty

himself because he was always up and out, way before I woke up, to (*chuckle*) harangue his friends down on skid row. I don't know what he did with his evenings, but he was … I almost never saw him in his apartment. But he was very kind to me, as he had been, in allowing me unlimited time to continue my work with the bracero study for the University. I guess, well, part of it is that he didn't really know what a director of research might otherwise be doing, as I think I have said before, he essentially let me define the job for myself.

As for his ideas about organizing – how to organize farm workers – all he knew was what might be called the collective approach, was to try to get a crowd, and orate, and with the power of the spoken word, perhaps magnified by a bullhorn, outside of a factory gate or something of that sort, you might be able to move a number of people, all at the same time – that's one approach. He was very good at that, if he had ever been able to find an analogous situation to a factory gate in agriculture, but he never was able to find one. And the other basic approach was one-on-one, which he had also used to good effect, and that's how he had recruited his boss, John, or Jack, Livingston, who became director of the entire department of organizing for the AFL-CIO. But he never had had any experience with the … between those two opposite extremes, was a small group – the house meeting – which was what some of us had hoped he would use, as the basic technique in the organizing of farm workers. So he wasn't to be blamed for the fact, he had no feeling for it, he just had never seen it in actual operation.

And thirdly, I became … I had fellow feelings for Norman Smith, because he was in a situation very similar to the one I had put myself in, as the head – the titular head – of the student body at Paly High. Norman Smith, had had the right to tell Jack Livingston, he didn't know enough about farm workers, at the age of 62, and he was an old dog, he wasn't capable of learning new tricks and therefore "Thanks for thinking of me, Jack, but I'm just going to continue serving as foreman of a crew at the Fontana steel works until I retire in three years, and I'll make do with my memories of the glory years in the 1930s." He had the … he had the right, to turn his back on the job of director of AWOC, but he hadn't done so. And he was trapped, in something that he *knew*, he knew he wasn't doing a good job of it and it made him miserable, but he was stuck with it. So I felt for him, I felt very sorry for him; he and I became friends.

He never … I never had the (*laughs*), I never had the opportunity to say what I thought about any of his activities or his proposals. If I had had such a chance, he might have listened to them, but he wouldn't have paid any attention to them. I had an effect later on and we'll come to that, in time.

As I say there was a considerable period in which, the real power of the organization was held by Lou Krainock, and it's a very interesting fact that every history of the farm labor movement, and there've been many and there continue to be many, and every one of them, is entirely missing in this aspect: that the power behind the throne for a considerable period of time, was Louis F. Krainock. He's a forgotten man, and as far as I'm concerned he deserves to be. But, if I were ever to write <u>my</u> history, he would be there, for better or for worse, he deserves to have, because of his influence. As it is, Galarza is always mentioned, more prominently than he should, I think – he had really no impact at all, upon AWOC. And Smith is mentioned, of course,

but, all of the histories are deficient in my opinion. It's a little late in the day now for me to write a book about it, but ….

That's it for today, unless you have any questions.

Eugene: I think maybe that song, the refrain is "keep your hands upon the throttle and your eyes upon the rail." [2]

Henry: There you go!

Eugene: I don't know the rest, do you know that?

David: No I don't.

Eugene: OK, it's a folk song.

Henry: I'll look into that.

David: OK, thanks very much.

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[1] The Mediation and Conciliation Service, now the California State Mediation and Conciliation Service (SMCS), part of the Public Employment Relations Board (PERB). See

http://www.perb.ca.gov/csmcs/smcs.aspx

http://www.lcwlegal.com/82204

[2] "Life's Railway to Heaven", attr. to Eliza R. Snow, ref. attr. to M. E. Abbey, c.1890. See

http://library.timelesstruths.org/music/Lifes_Railway_to_Heaven/
http://www.hymntime.com/tch/htm/l/r/h/lrheaven.htm

http://www.hymnary.org/text/life_is_like_a_mountain_railroad

13. SCAL; An ill-advised strike

David: Here we are again. What is it, November 17th? Wow, how time flies…and we're off.

Henry: The last time, I had just experienced the most painful night of my life, before or since. I took a mighty vow that I wouldn't let it defeat me, so I went right back to being the director of research for AWOC on the very next day. I continued to keep busy. As a matter of fact, surprisingly enough, I found myself being busier than I ever had been before. Just a combination of circumstances, I suppose. There were a number of public hearings. Federal agencies seemed to become interested in the fact that there was a problem in farm labor and somebody had to testify at these hearings. Sometimes I would prepare testimony and sometimes I would write testimony for Norman Smith, who would appear but who didn't pay any attention to the script itself. There were other times in which the PR director for AWOC, Lou Krainock, would testify. He would pay pretty close attention to what he had in front of him. That was one of my activities.

David: Were the hearings about the bracero program in particular?

Henry: No, these were hearings about things like whether farmworkers should have a minimum wage and whether they might be covered under unemployment insurance - looking forward to the fact that the bracero program wouldn't last forever. I'm talking now about a period of about 6 months, during the last half of 1960. The following year, there were once again hearings on the subject of renewing the bracero program. I'm talking about the six months immediately following that horrible evening of June 30th, 1960.

Another one of the developments was that I, because of the force of circumstances, found myself needing to make more common trips to Berkeley than I had in some time. I had been rather out of touch since I had come to a parting of the ways with the School of Public Health. I had rather lost touch with developments in the student body at UC Berkeley and I was going to Berkeley more frequently than I had in quite a while because of the fact that that was where my 3 kids were now located. They began by spending some time in San Jose with their grandparents but they were living in an apartment, I think, on Milvia Street. It was very close to Whittier School, which was the school for bright kids in the Berkeley system.

I got back in touch with an old associate of mine, named Fritjof Thygeson (I think I've mentioned him in the past) because he's the fellow who was very active in the world government movement and who introduced me to Pamela Enderton in the first place. He was now very active in Berkeley student politics. Off campus, he was also very active in the Socialist Party. He had the charm to lure a bird out of a bush, as we used to say in Texas. He recruited me into joining the Socialist Party. I also helped with the organization of an on-campus group called Students' Committee for Agricultural Labor, with the acronym "SCAL." I would sometimes speak at their meetings and on other occasions I would recruit bonafide farmworkers to speak to them. Sometimes we would have work parties in Stockton and they would come out on weekends and see how life was really lived in the lower classes.

I would also point out that the year 1960 was another presidential election year and it was of more than normal interest because the Democratic nominee was a young senator named John F Kennedy and the Republican nominee was the sitting Vice President of the country, named Richard Nixon. I had been following his career for a long time because he had his start in politics as a congressman from the district from which Pomona College was located. He was the congressman right after the war, when I was returning to Pomona (having served, if that's the right word, in the Army for a little while). He (Nixon) won his first term in Congress with a telephone campaign in which he would call democrats to ask them if they knew that their candidate was a communist. They didn't know any such things because, of course, there wasn't a word of truth in it. He was actually very active in the coop movement - that was his claim to fame. He was a good man. Anyway, needless to say, I was not for Nixon but neither could I bring myself to be in favor of JFK because he had a bad record when it came to the issue in which I was most interested, namely equal rights for farmworkers. He had a bad record on that. His principle advisor in agricultural matters was a southern Dixicrat from Florida.

(Gene enters, gets water, and apparently David exits)

I was talking about the period that followed the night of June 30, 1960, when I came home from my job with AWOC to find the house dark and vacant, and how I promised myself not to let my personal problems with my wife (at that time) and mother of my 3 children defeat me. I vowed to keep going on the path on which I was trying to make myself useful to the movement for farmworker justice. I was in the middle of commenting on the presidential election of that year, in which the candidates were JFK for the Democrats and Richard Nixon for the Republicans. Nixon was a sworn enemy of the farmworker movement and JFK was no friend of the movement because he had been listening to a fellow senator, a personal friend of his from Florida, who has convinced him that the bracero movement was a necessity of life for growers.

I couldn't vote for either Nixon or Kennedy. I was all set to vote for Norman Thomas. But when I showed up to vote on Election Day in a precinct near where we had been living the precinct watcher, who was an elderly women who apparently made a career out of keeping track of where everybody was living at all times, knew (I don't know how she knew) that I was not still living at 1841 Pomona Avenue. It was for me was a haunted house and I wanted nothing to do with it. I can't remember whether it was being rented out or whether I had sold it. Whatever had been done with it, my mother had taken it over because she was very experienced with real estate matters at that time. So, I couldn't vote.

In fact, in modern parlance, I was a homeless person. I didn't have any permanent residence at that time. I was sleeping on the floor (as long as I was in Stockton) of my boss Norman Smith. There were times that I was in Berkeley, getting what visitation I was allowed to have with my children, and I didn't have a place to live there. Among other things, I couldn't afford it because I was following my mother's advice that there was hope for me to get back together with my wife if I was very generous to her financially. So, following my mother's advice, I was turning over virtually my entire AWOC paycheck to my ex-wife, because for all practical purposes I knew that there was absolutely no chance that she was ever going to change her mind about her feelings toward me. For a while I was following my mother's advice just to please her and so

I couldn't have rented a place in Berkeley even if I'd wanted to. It was a matter of me having to scrounge for places I could visit with the kids. I made due with crashing with friends. I remember one place where a friend had an attic which he wasn't using and so I would have the 3 kids up there, even though there was no way to heat it. It was very unsatisfactory.

I also managed to crank out research papers. I made speaking engagements. I remember one in particular; I think it may have been arranged for me by Father McCullough. The National Council of Catholic Women were holding their annual convention in Las Vegas, of all places. It struck me as being singularly inappropriate for a religious organization (laugh) because it is known as "Sin City" with good reason. Father McCullough wanted me to speak to the good ladies about the farmworkers and their problems and the fact that there was an organization called AWOC that was trying to deal with those problems. I conceived the idea of making a presentation based upon some of the teachings of the Catholic Church itself but not revealing the source of the quotations until the end of the talk. There were several papal encyclicals dating as far back as the year 1891 in which the Popes had spoken on the rights of working men to organize in their own best interests. The Popes had figured out that it was not only a right but on obligation as part of what they called the "natural law." I wove all this into a presentation and at the very end revealed that I wasn't quoting any modern progressive left-wingers, but I was quoting the Popes themselves. I got out of town as quickly as possible because I hated Las Vegas. I hated the whole thing. Right on the peripheries of the meeting place where they were holding this convention, there were slot machines all lined up for the ladies to waste their money as soon as they got through listening to the speakers. I thought it was very unseemly.

Anyway, time went by until January, when Norman Smith made what was probably the worst decision of his tenure. The United Packinghouse Workers Union was having a very tough time because its packinghouse operations used to process fruits and vegetables in sheds under the roof against the elements and under the ceiling of labor contracts. The federal labor relations laws covered workers under the roof of places of employment but they specifically excluded workers in the open, in the fields. With the advent of the bracero system, the growers figured out that it would be to their great advantage to shift the packing of fruits of vegetables from underneath the roof to the open air. They would pack the stuff in the fields by the braceros.

The Packinghouse Workers Union was becoming virtually defunct until, as a lost gasp measure, they tried putting on a big strike in Imperial County, California. They were striking against the winter lettuce harvest and the whole operation had been converted to the fields. The Packinghouse Workers Union was going to try to take advantage of one of the clauses of the law under which the bracero system operated, mainly that they never would be used as strikebreakers when a strike was in effect. The Packinghouse Workers Union went down there and declared a strike even though by then all of their workers had left the area since their jobs no longer existed in the packing sheds (they'd all been taken over in the fields). The Packinghouse Workers Union figured that if they could prove that they had even a minor presence in the county, that they could legitimately call a strike and that the government would have to recognize it as being legitimate, and would therefore have to withdraw their permission to have braceros cutting that lettuce.

Norman Smith was more than once heard to say, to complain, “There’s nothing to do around here during the winter” (talking about Stockton). There were those of us, such as myself and Father McCullough and Dolores Huerta (as long as she was still on the scene, although during the Fall of ’59 she has given up hope on AWOC and had moved down to Southern California to work for Chavez) who thought that the winter was the very best time to start organizing farmworkers in the most meaningful way, which was to start with small groups. In the winter there was nothing else for these guys to do except to meet and start talking about their mutual problems and how to deal with them. I was appalled that Smith didn’t see the possibilities of making good use of the winter months.

He ordered all of the AWOC staff to move down to Imperial County, including me. I went down there just as an observer and I was not at all surprised to find that the government agencies running the bracero program were not greatly impressed by the Packinghouse Workers Union claiming that, with half a dozen members or whatever they had, they had a bonafide strike in process. One of the reasons why they thought that they might get some traction was that the presidential election had brought JFK into office and he had nominated as his Secretary of Labor the former General Counsel of the CIO (the CIO being the more liberal of the two big labor federations which had merged to make up the AFL-CIO). His name was Arthur Goldberg and there’s no doubt that he was a good man in many respects. However, he was new to the problems of farm labor lobby and that lobby brought out all its big guns, and its lawyers and found all kinds of ways to argue over the definition of a labor dispute – when is it bonafide and when is it a shame. They were able to stall him off for an extended period of time to prevent him from taking any action on withdrawing braceros from the lettuce fields.

There was an element within the Packinghouse Workers Union and also to an extent within the staff of AWOC itself. These guys were convinced that you have to fight fire with fire and that you can’t be a nice guy when fighting against the growers who have been known to use violence many times in the past. They began working on Smith himself and on the head of the Packinghouse Union in the area. I don’t know whether those two guys ever gave their permission or whether these firebrands within their two staffs simply took it upon themselves, but one of the things they did was to buy some dynamite and hide it in some particular place, and to then let it be known via the grape vine (so to speak) that that’s where it was. The authorities found it and were afraid that the Union was planning to use it and this really shook up the Mexican government. The Mexican government began moving in ways the US government didn’t or couldn’t or wouldn’t.

To seal the deal, the Union rank and file found a couple of guys who were willing to exercise physical violence against some braceros themselves. According to my understanding, they ran through a couple of bracero barracks with broom handles and wacked some of the braceros on the back with these broom handles. That broke the camel’s back as far as the Mexican government was concerned and they ordered that the braceros in the barracks be removed for their own safety. It didn’t really affect the harvest because they were only 5-10%, a fraction, of the total braceros in the county.

Much more important, of course, is what it did to public opinion and what it did to the legal bills of the two unions involved. They were sued. There were arrests, imprisonments, and long and expensive trials, including a trial for the legal offense of "conspiracy." The charge of conspiracy to use that dynamite was as severe, if not more so, than if they had actually used it. Conspiracy is really a very serious crime. Some of the guys spent a considerable amount of time in prison but the main problem for the leadership of the ALF-CIO was the amount of money fines and the cost of the lawyers that they had to hire to defend these guys. It ran into millions of dollars and went on and on.

The lettuce harvest was over probably in the latter part of February with the unions accomplishing absolutely nothing. I don't think that the US government agencies ever did use any of its powers to act in the face of a strike, so that whole issue remained unresolved during the remainder of the bracero program. This was the early part of 1961 and the program had 3 more years to run.

I went back to Stockton, wrote a couple of research papers (so called) – they were actually more propaganda than research. One was called, "Imperialism in Our Fields" (a little play on the name Imperial County) and the other one was called, "A Lot of Lettuce" (a pun on the use of the word lettuce). For reasons that I have never fully understood, it was about this time (maybe March of 1961) that I was called into Norman Smith's office and told that they had decided that I would make myself more useful with an assignment in Washington DC, as a kind of lobbyist. They were, I guess, familiar with my knowledge of the bracero programs from the research I had done for the university, and thought that I could make myself useful by going around to the offices of congressmen and senators to talk to them about the extension of Public Law 78 (the enabling legislation for the bracero program). It was going to be coming up again and they could use my persuasive powers, such as they were. All of this was totally out of the blue. At the time I had no inkling. Later on, I had a theory of what was actually going on.

I went back to Washington with little more than a suitcase. Once again, I had to rely on the kindness of friends. There was a fellow that I had known at the University of California at Berkeley who was very interested in the labor movement in general. I helped him get a job with the Department of Labor in Washington. I was able to crash with him and his wife when I first got to Washington. There came a time when I outlived my welcome and found a boardinghouse where you could get a room and two meals a day (breakfast and dinner) for $25 a week, which was a spectacular bargain by California terms.

I learned that Washington is practically a different country (Washington DC, I mean). It's kind of like a colony run by colonials. Washington DC is affectively run by congress. Congress, at that time, was affectively run by Southern Democrats who were very conservative. They were accustomed to cheap labor back in the states where they came from and they expected and got cheap labor in Washington DC. Everything was cheap in Washington DC compared to what I was accustomed to in the Bay Area, such as this $25 week for room and board. It was like finding money in the street as far as I was concerned. Taxis were very cheap because that's the mode of transportation that all the congressman used. They didn't have a subway system at that time. I got used to riding taxis for the first time in my life.

I come to some insight which I think is accurate and possibly I should go off the record, but I don't know how to operate that machine so I'm going to have to leave it to whoever transcribes this later. I had begun keeping company with a girl or woman in Berkeley who was from the progressive wing of organizations and politics. In fact, I found that before she came to Berkeley (I guess when she was in high school), she had been a member of an organization called the Young Pioneers, which was on the verboten list of the Attorney General as being communist dominated. By the time I know her, I didn't know anybody who still believed that the Soviet Union was the source of any sort of liberation (quite the contrary).

The AFL-CIO was of a different mind. They were fearful of McCarthyism, which would blacken them with a tar brush if they had anything to do with anybody who at any time in the past (no matter how distant) had ever been a card-carrying member of one of these verboten organizations. The reason why Norman Smith (all of a sudden) had the idea of sending me to Washington DC is that he was told to do so by his higher ups. Through some kind of system - I don't know how - they knew that I was seeing this young lady and hoped to make it impossible for me to continue seeing her. Since I didn't know that all of this was operating in the background, I got lonely in this boardinghouse (where I didn't know anybody) and I sent for my friend. We began sharing a room. Even at $50 a week it was still a bargain.

The underground information system - however it worked - found out about this and after a very short period of time, maybe a couple of weeks at the most, I got a telegram from Norman Smith ordering me to report back to Stockton within 72 hours (or something like that). I moved swiftly and found another guy working in the AFL-CIO headquarters who had an old clunker of a car that he wanted to sell for $180. I bought that clunker and started driving west with my friend and our belongings (which weren't very extensive; everything fit into this one car). We made it back to Stockton within 72 hours by driving about 12 hours every day, maybe more than that. I drove a lot. I don't know how I did it.

I don't know why Norman Smith never leveled with me. I think he personally was not proud of this paranoia on the part of his superiors because, in fact, McCarthyism had been discredited. It had its heyday back in the early 1950s for a couple of years but then McCarthy himself was expelled from the US Senate. In any case, I continued living in a fool's paradise and continued associating with this woman.

Then there was another turn in the road. In June of 1961, George Meany, the head of the whole show, decided that he had had enough of Smith's misadventures and he cut off any funding for AWOC. I suppose that he thought that it would shrivel and die on the vine. Nothing was said, apparently, about the dues that Smith had been collecting for a couple of years, mostly from unfortunates on skid row, many of which I had every reason to believe he himself was paying out of his own pocket. In any case, some money was being put into a trust fund. Smith was being allowed to use that up even though he wasn't getting anything over and above that from the national organization, which is what he had been doing for a couple of years.

Smith still took a certain liking to me so he said that he would keep me on. He would keep on his personal secretary to type up his letters and answer the telephone. I guess that he would

continue paying a nominal rent on the building. I don't think that I've ever mentioned the accommodations that AWOC had. They were almost palatial by comparison with the operation as a whole. It was a beautiful 3 story brick building which had been the Labor Temple of the entire county of San Joaquin. For some reason the movers and shakers of that county organization decided that they would do better with something more modern on the outskirts of town. This wasn't in the best part of town but it was a heck of a good building. It had been sitting vacant for some extended period of time when AWOC came into existence and I think that they rented it to AWOC for some nominal sum. Of course, AWOC had to pay insurance and taxes and utilities and so forth.

All of that was allowed to continue but without any staff. No organizing staff was left, but they hadn't been doing any very meaningful organizing anyway, so it opened up what I will call "the volunteer period." I don't know whether I want to begin with that because it is quite a departure from everything that has gone on before. I think it's unfortunate that David can't be here, so if it's all the same to you, we may end a little earlier than usual tonight.

Eugene: That's fine.

14. NCAC, Maria Moreno, Harvest House

Henry: The date today is Nov 24, 2014, the day after a date that will live in infamy, that most people have forgotten, but I haven't. JFK, in case that means anything to you young whippersnappers.

I was talking about a very ill-advised strike that took place in the winter of 1960-61, of the lettuce harvest in the Imperial Valley, the only place in the country that was producing lettuce in the winter, and so it was very profitable crop.

One of the fallouts was that the members of the union got into legal trouble. Some of them resorted to physical violence against the braceros in the area, and so they went to jail for that, and there were heavy legal expenses, which resulted in the entire financial support for AWOC being withdrawn in June of that year. But there was another fallout, and that was that the two Catholic with whom I had such very close relationships, Father MacDonald of San Jose and even more particularly Father McCullough of Stockton – they had gone down there to lend aid and comfort to the strike, by as usual reminding the workers who were Catholics, that they had not only the right to organize on their own behalf, but actually a moral obligation to do so, as part of what the Catholic Church calls the "natural law".

Well, in the past, the priests had always had the blessing of their archbishop, but the archbishop in charge of the Imperial Valley had a very different idea about the Natural Law and the church's teachings about unions, and the growers of the Imperial Valley complained to him, and he in turn complained to the archbishop of San Francisco that these guys had come into his territory and caused him great grief because the growers had threatened to withhold their contributions to the Church, etc.

And as it happened the archbishop in San Francisco was on his deathbed at this time, and his duties were being filled by some functionary who was not on the same plane at all as the archbishop who was in San Diego, and to make a long story short, both fathers were removed from their duties and reassigned to totally different areas, and also told to stop their activism on behalf of the farm labor movement. And this, as it turned out, was in my opinion more harmful to the fate of AWOC than the withdrawal of financial support from George Meany, although it did open up some possibilities that would probably have been closed otherwise.

What happened is that Norman Smith, the head of AWOC, still had some money in a trust fund, which he had been husbanding ever since the whole thing began in May of 59. It amounted to some thousands of dollars, I don't know exactly how much. But it had enough for him to keep open the headquarters in Stockton, and to hire a secretary to keep up with Smith's personal correspondence. Smith himself is on the payroll of the national AFL/CIO, but he had enough to keep a couple of people on his own local payroll. I was one of them. I think I was the only one in Stockton, in addition to the secretary. I think he had another person on the payroll in Fresno, a woman named Maria Moreno, who was one of the few really good organizers that Smith ever hired. She was pretty darned good, and she was of course Spanish-speaking. So she continued

to function in ways such as counseling members or prospective members in that area who had problems with the braceros taking their jobs, or problems of taking advantage of a new program which had recently come into existence, called “disability insurance”, a program under which employees contributed 1% of their pay to this program that paid for disability off the job. They were in theory covered by workman’s compensation for job-related illness or injury, but this new program something that farm workers had never been covered by before, thanks largely to the efforts of Dolores Huerta, who had been a lobbyist for an organization called the CSO, Community Service Organization, after she left AWOC. She was a very good lobbyist – a tough woman, I knew that through personal experience. So she got this passed in the state legislature. But most farm workers didn’t even know it existed.

But in ways such as that, Maria could continue to function in her area. But that left open all the rest of the great Sacramento/San Juaquin Valley, and I do not to this day have any idea what Norman Smith had in mind for me. He had never really understood what I was doing as the director of research. Maybe he just like me personally, maybe he felt sorry for me because of the breakup of my marriage and the fact that I was having to spend time going back and forth to Berkeley, which I hadn’t been doing before, and paying child support and so on.

In any case, it did open up the possibility of doing some things which had not been done under the direction of Norman Smith himself. But apparently it was OK with him if I tried doing them myself on an experimental basis. In short, it was an opportunity to take a different approach to organizing than he had used, which as to spend all his time on Skid Row, signing up the least stable members of the farm labor force. He just didn’t understand the possibilities of working with the so-called Home Guard, of people who had a permanent commitment to farm laborer, if only they were able to get jobs doing it. But with the bracero program, they had great difficulty getting such jobs.

So it was an opportunity to start trying some of the things that Father McCullough had been talking about, and which Dolores Huerta had been advocating before she got fed up with Smith.

If I had been capable of working along the lines that Father McCullough had been advocating, everything might have been different, but the fact that he was no longer physically present, and wasn’t able to give me day-to-day advice, I of course was fatally handicapped by being totally unable to communicate in Spanish. So I took advantage of my freedom to start looking at other ways as best I could, but the possibility of finding whether McCullough’s model would have worked in that area will never be known.

Except to the extent that it had in fact been tried during the period that I talked about in an earlier session, called the Agricultural Workers Association, AWA, which was quite successful until Smith came along and there couldn’t be two organizations competing against each other. AWA went out of existence in favor of AWA.

So I dreamed up other things to do in this vacuum that now existed. I dreamed up the idea of attracting volunteers, principally from UC Berkeley, where I already had some contacts – I had helped organize something called Student Committee for Agricultural Labor (SCAL) and we

were recognized as a campus organization, with regular meetings and public relations on behalf of the farm labor movement.

The use of volunteers had always been anathema in AWOC's structure, and in fact all structures of the AFL/CIO, because volunteers were frequently thought of as being loose cannons. They were uncontrollable. As the saying went, since they hadn't been hired they couldn't be fired. But I didn't believe in that necessarily, so I dreamed up the concept of a residence, a hostel, a place where volunteers could come from Berkeley, from Stanford, or from anyplace else for that matter, and could make themselves useful in various ways to help with the movement. I was going to call it Harvest House, and I thought it would be possible to have somebody in charge who would make sure that it wouldn't be used for drugs or other illegal or immoral activities.

But I did find people in Berkeley who were interested, and one of them was not really a student, I don't know what her connection in Berkeley was, but was at liberty. So she came out with a friend of hers and they found a big old two-story house that was not being used, and the rent was very cheap. In fact real estate in general in Stockton was very cheap compared to Berkeley. And so Harvest House was in fact started. And the young lady who became the house mother, so to speak, was known as Pat Bellamy, or Pattie, not frequently known by her real name, which was Sara; her full name was Sara Patricia Bellamy. And her friend was named Starry Krueger. The two of them were willing to devote full time help with the movement, with the Harvest House as their base of operations. It was plenty big enough for people to come and spend their weekends, if they had to go back to studies the rest of the time. A couple of guys came from I don't know where, and they were also prepared to spend full time to helping. And others came and went.

So one of the first activities was one which Father McCullough himself had tried when he first began in Stockton way back in the late 1940s. And that was simply to go door to door in the shanty towns on the peripheries of Stockton, and take a census. In this case, the census was primarily concerned with locating good Catholics who had dropped away from participation in the church because they were not welcome in the downtown churches. But our purpose in the activities of Harvest House was to do a census of farm workers and former farm workers, with the specific purpose of finding out what would be required to get them back into the farm labor market if things could be made acceptable in terms of wages and working conditions.

So this was the kind of activity that could be done at odd hours, it could be done with the help of students who would come out only on weekends, and we got a lot of data, which seemed to say basically that if it were possible to make only $1.25 an hour, instead of the prevailing wage which at that time was about $1/hour, that a number of people would be willing to go back to working in agriculture. One of these volunteers, who helped with that survey, was a fellow named Marv Sternberg, who had been present very early in the game, in August of 59, I think I spoke about this earlier. We had the first public meeting of AWOC. I tried to introduce the singing of labor songs, and Marv Sternberg came out from Berkeley and played a little guitar, so he did that while I led the singing of these songs, including one by Pete Seeger.

So Marv helped with our survey, and then he later used that as the basis for a Master's thesis.

Well there were a lot of other things that we found. For example, Father McCullough had built, to a large extent with his own hands, a church in one of these shoestring communities, as they were called, in the outlying areas around Stockton. It had formerly been known as Dogpatch, but it became known as the St. Linus district after he established this church. It had about an acre of land, which was undeveloped, in back of it. So we put together work parties to help clear the land of weeds and sinkholes and bumps and whatnot, to use it as a playground.

There was a child care center which catered to the families of farm workers in the Tracy area, Tracy being about 15 miles away from Stockton, in an area that was filled with tomato fields; it had a huge Heinz cannery which gave employment to the wives of the workers in the fields, and they needed a child care center, and so the priest in the area, who also became a good friend of mine, Father Dugan was his name, they devoted part of facilities of the church to this child care center, and they could use volunteers to help with the preparation of meals for the kids and so on. And so we found students who were able to spend a day or two here and there to help with activities of that sort.

As time went by we started thinking about organizing ourselves into something which had a name of its own. We know that it was verboten to use the word "local", as in local union, because that had a very special meaning in the lexicon of the AFL/CIO. It was reserved for those that were chartered by the main organization, and we were not asking for that, we were not aspiring to that, it would not have been granted even if we had asked for it.

So, somehow or other, we came up with the idea of calling it an "area council". We didn't want it to be confused with AWA, we didn't want to use the word "association". Then the question was, what area are we talking about? We didn't want to restrict it to Stockton, or to San Juaquin country. We didn't know of anything like it that was going on anywhere closer than Modesto, or farther north. So we called ourselves the "northen california area council".

We had a number of permanent local people in addition to these volunteers. Raul and Trini Aguilar, Stella and Manuel Juarez, and others.

We had a meeting at which there was to be an election of leaders, and I felt strongly that it should be one of these local people who had a background in farm labor. We had a long meeting at which this was debated, and although I naturally didn't go into my personal history, and my horrible year as a senior at Palo Alto high school, in a position that I didn't want and was totally unqualified for. But all of the people who I thought should be eligible for a leadership position declined to serve, and so be default everybody looked at me. The best I could get out of the group was that I was to be known as an acting chairman. We then elected a vice chairman and secretary/treasurer, both of whom were local Spanish-speaking people. But here I was once again in a position that I really didn't want.

We started putting out a newsletter every couple of weeks, bilingual, and we learned by the grapevine that there were other groups which trying to hold out and continue an existence whatever were the machinations going on in Washington DC. There was one in Modesto,

several in Tulare County. They were formerly AWOC groups. They were then cut off without any paid person at all. But we established contact with them, and convinced them that they could also operate with volunteers. They also could use the same rubric that we did, calling themselves and area council. And so by the end of the summer we had a half-dozen of them functioning or a greater or lesser extent. As it turned out there was one in Tulare County, centered in a little town called Strathmore, which was the most active of all of us. That's a story that I'll get to later.

So we started trying to communicate with these people, soliciting information from them as to what they were doing, what their problems were, and putting this kind of information into our newsletter.

We kept ourselves busy in one way or another. I can think of a couple of other prime examples. In September we heard, again by the grapevine, that a group of Filipino farm workers in Santa Cruz County were engaging in a wildcat strike in the Brussel Sprouts harvest. So we went down there and asked if there were any way that we could help, and they said sure - they're trying to take our jobs with braceros, as strike-breakers.

Now the Filipinos are, or were at that time, a very distinctive group in the farm labor force. They were all single male, and they were all getting along in years. They had all come to this country, in many cases by way of Hawaii, back during the time when immigration laws somehow permitted them, but not women to accompany them. In any case, they were superb farm workers – that taught themselves the skills involved in certain crops, such as asparagus. They functioned as a well-oiled machine that knew how to cut the asparagus when it was due to be cut, and how to wash it and so forth, always with a minimum of wastage. And they were also uniquely skilled in the harvest of Brussel Sprouts, which people have seen in the supermarket in the form of little balls that look like miniature cabbages, but that's not the way they grow. They grow in a plant that's sort of the equivalent of a giraffe in the animal kingdom. In the vegetable kingdom, this plan puts up a large stalk, maybe 3' high, from which these little balls grow at spaces from the bottom to the top. But to harvest them you have to have a strong thumb, and you pop them off as you go up the line, and it can't be done by machine, and somehow this group of Filipinos became uniquely skilled at this. But when they asked for $1.25 an hour, the growers said we can get all the help we need at $1/hour by calling braceros.

Well, these fellows knew it wasn't right, but they didn't know the ins and outs of the law, and so we offered to help them plead their case with the department of labor, because the enabling legislation for the bracero program states very clearly that braceros are not to be used to fill vacancies that exist in the course of labor dispute. It requires some finesses to get the government to certify that a labor dispute exists. We found that out in the Imperial Valley the previous winter, where they dragged their feet about withdrawing braceros in that case. In this case we had a volunteer lawyer who went directly to the headquarters of the department of labor in San Francisco, and by George after a couple of week we did get the braceros removed, and even though the Filipinos lost a certain amount of time and some income because, as is the case with many crops, it's relatively short-lived, but they did get their $1.25 toward the end of the strike, and we were some help in that case.

The following month we of the NCAC attempted to be of help in another aspect of the bracero problem. There was a bracero camp in the outskirts of Stockton, operated by a labor partnership called the LoDucca and Perry camp, and it was pretty notorious for the way that it treated its braceros, particularly over the question of shorting their pay. So we had a couple of volunteers in our little area council who had the idea of leafletting that camp, and informing the braceros who were behind chain-link fences that they had certain rights, for one thing they had the right of going to the nearest Mexican consulate if they could, and even more likely, they had the right of going to 805 E Weber Ave in Stockton, which is where the old AWOC headquarters were, and in fact Norman Smith was still there, and it was also where the area council had its headquarters, and we would be happy represent them in a labor dispute or whatever they might have on their minds.

So we put down in some very diplomatic language that they had these options, that they had the right to these things if they had a problem, and mimeographed hundreds of copies, and these two young fellow went out one late afternoon, when all the guys had been brought back from their day in the field, and went to the front gate of the camp and started handing out these leaflets.

Well, the first thing was that the gates were locked, so then these two young fellows started throwing them over the fence, and the proprietors of the camp sent out a team of bouncers or goons, or whatever you might want to call them, who confiscated the leaflets and beat up on these two young guys, and placed them under arrest.

We got them out of jail and paid the bond, until such time as the trial could be held, and it wasn't very onerous compared to those down in the Imperial Valley, which involved different types of felony. There wasn't a felony involved in this case. In any event, it opened up for the first time what seemed to us to be very clearly a case for the ACLU, and by George the SF chapter of the ACLU took the case. It seemed to be open and shut, because there were many well-established precedents. I think that probably back in the 1930s they had gone all the way up to the Supreme Court and it seemed to settle once and for all that in a company town, in a situation in which it's impossible for a union representative to communicate with workers without going onto the property of the employer, that the union representative has that right, always assuming of course that it's non-violent.

So in due course of time this case went to the superior court in Stockton, and the presiding judge had been appointed by a Democratic governor, which again we thought made it an open-and-shut case, but lo and behold, somehow or other she figured it out, that these two young men were trespassing and committing a public nuisance, and so on, and so the case was dismissed. We tried to bring this to the attention of the public at large, but weren't able to get the media interested.

To bring ourselves to the attention of the public, I guess you could say that was our main purpose, we organized a very unusual type of picket line, to be held outside the Fairmont Hotel in SF, where the secretary of labor, under the Kennedy administration, was going to make a speech. Instead of our picketing the secretary of labor in protest about anything that he had

done, this was to be an educational picket line, to thank the secretary for the good efforts of his department in removing the braceros from the strike of the Brussel Sprouts workers in Santa Cruz county. So we had placards "Thank you mister secretary" and I don't think anybody had ever seen anything quite like that before.

I myself was not able to be there, but I believe that the secretary, Arthur Goldberg was his name, in crossing and entering the hotel, must have seen this reverse picket line, and may have shaken hands with one or two of the people involved. So that was something noteworthy.

I talked to Norman Smith about something I was working on, a booklet, longer than my average research paper for AWOC, and I had a title picked out: "To Build a Union", which was borrowed from the short story by Jack London, "To Build a Fire", which used to appear in anthologies of the great American short stories, and I'd come across it when I was in high school, and was to powerfully affected by it that I'd never forgotten it through the years.

In the course of my work as director of research for AWOC, I'd spent some time in the library of the state federation of labor in SF, where the librarian was a woman named Joan London, who was the oldest of the two daughters of Jack London, and she and I became good friends, because she was a long-time friend of the farm labor movement, so I told her about my feelings toward her father and his famous short story.

I asked Norman Smith if there were anybody in the power structure in Washington DC that might be interested in my story, with some of the background of the efforts to organize farm workers, the present situation, and some thoughts about future possibilities. It would not be critical of the mistakes that had been made, and no names were named. It was a positive look at the problem, and it was in so many words and appeal that help be restored to AWOC.

Smith said that the only hope was with Walter Ruther, who was head of the CIO half of the AFL/CIO, although he was the junior half, the real big cheese was Meany. Meany was impossible, and Ruther was so busy with being the head of the United Auto Workers, as well as head of the CIO, that the facilitator was a brother of Walter Ruther named Victor Ruther, and that if I were to send a copy of my writing to Victor, that it might possibly shake up the interest of Walter himself, and that maybe he could somehow re-open the whole question of whether AWOC would continue to exist, or fade from view.

So I did write this piece, it turned out about 60 pages long, sent a copy to Victor Ruther, as well as other interested persons, but I never heard from Victor Ruther, and that was the end of that, but it was still a piece of work worth doing, because it had some good ideas in it, I think.

All of this should be looked upon as a kind of holding action. I was afraid that Norman Smith's "kitty", the trust fund that he had accumulated, was going to die out, be exhausted, and that AWOC itself would no longer exist, even as a paper organization, it would have to give up the rent on the building it had occupied, it would be nothing but a memory. That was my fear. Just keep the kettle bubbling a little bit, simmering at least.

And so along about November, another idea came to me, and that was to hold a convention, actually I called it a conference, an agricultural worker's organizing conference, which would draw in representatives of all the Area Councils, and as many people as we could find who had been involved in previous efforts to organize farm workers, going all the way back to the 1930s, as there had been many, many efforts, all of them had failed, but we would be happy to hear from all these old-timers, if we could find them, who could tell us about the things they had learned, the things to avoid, and maybe things that could be tried in the future. So I began going around and talking to people about this idea, and a number of them thought it was a good idea. I got very good reaction from the head of the Central Labor Council in Fresno county, who said he'd be happy to serve as a speaker. I think maybe it was he who suggested that the best place to hold this conference would be in Strathmore, because he knew the people in charge of that operation, and they were all very good people, very experienced and level-headed, and they had smarts and energy.

So it was decided that we would, in December, hold a conference with the acronym AWOC – what a coincidence. It was to be nominally an activity of AWOC itself, although Norman Smith had no part in it. He didn't oppose the idea, but it was our baby. And it was not just a coincidence, but in the back of our mind was the fact that the national AFL/CIO was going to hold its biennial national convention in Miami Beach about a month after our conference, and maybe we could get some mileage out of that. So we made plans, a lot of people pitched in and helped. I used my contacts in the Socialist party to see if we could get Norman Thomas to be our keynote speaker. If it had been an official AWOC enterprise I don't think that would have been possible, but since we had a certain amount of independence I thought it was worth a shot. And lo and behold, we got an acceptance from Norman Thomas himself, that he would be our speaker on the second day of the conference. It was to be a 2-day affair, Saturday and Sunday, Dec 2 and 3.

That conference turned out to be of such importance that a women, even as we speak, is in the process of trying to make a documentary built around the personality of Maria Moreno, who I mentioned a while ago, as one of the organizers, the best organizer that AWOC ever had, who played an important role in the Strathmore conference.

Eugene: You mentioned the student organization at Berkeley that you helped organize. When was that?

Henry: That would have been 1960.

Eugene: I don't think you mentioned that before.

Henry: There's a lot of things I haven't mentioned!

Eugene: Want to say more about that? Who else might have been involved?

Henry: A guy named Fritjof Thygeson. I mentioned him before when I talked about my meeting with your mother, that was at a student federalist meeting at which Thygeson was the chairman. By 1960 he was no longer using his considerable charm to recruit people into the

student federalist movement; he was recruiting them into the Socialist party, and into a political movement on the Berkeley campus called SLATE, which was devoted to the notion that the so-called student government of Berkeley was “sandbox politics”, as they liked to put it, and it was time that they grew up and started dealing with real issues. So he and a couple of others – he could charm a bird out of a bush, as we used to say in Texas – he was very good at that, so I think he organized SLATE, primarily, and SLATE in turn led to things like taking stands on racial hiring and farm labor.

When you had an interesting in some particular subject like farm labor, you could apply to the administration for recognition as a bona-fide student organization, which would entitle you to meeting and campus facilities.

So I’ve got a list somewhere of the officers they elected, and the kinds of things that they did. I know for a fact that they had Norman Smith come out from Stockton to speak at an evening gathering in Wheeler Hall, sponsored by SCAL, in which Smith gave his usual stump speech, and then they would organize work parties. They would go out to Stockton, and by pre-arrangement they’d find someplace where they’d be allowed to try working, cutting grapes or doing something that wasn’t too demanding, just to get them a taste of what it was like. I’ve got several boxes of materials from SCAL in my attic, if anyone ever wanted to do a history of that. I’ve got so many different side-paths that one could take. There’s a poem by A.A. Milne, a man who had so many things to do that he ended up by not doing any of them.

15. Strike aftermath; Bracero report revision

Henry: Well, I have spoken in the past about the ill-advised strike of the lettuce harvest in Imperial Country in the winter of 1960-61, with a lot of unintended consequences, one of which was the reassignment of my close friend and spiritual advisor, Thomas McCullough. But in the meanwhile I've remembered that there was another fallout, namely the departure from the AWOC staff of a fellow named Louis Krainock, who was sort of a Rasputin- or Svengali-like figure, who had a great influence on Norman Smith, the nominal director of AWOC, who was really a lost soul – he didn't have any idea how to organized farm workers, having had no experiences other than in the automobile industry of the 1930s.

But Krainock was always very self-assured, and that had an impact upon Smith, the he must know what he was doing. Well, in fact what Krainock was frequently doing was working against him, to try to subvert him in the eyes of all the rest of the staff, and I don't think that Krainock was ever in Imperial County on the occasion of that strike at all. I think that by that time he had already left in order to play footsie with a couple of other unions that he thought had a much better chance of making any headway with agricultural workers. One of them being the ILWU, which had in fact a number of contracts covering farm workers in the Hawaiian Islands, but Krainock was an equal-opportunity strict opportunist. He was also willing to make deals with the Teamsters. So he was trying to work out a deal whereby they would support him in his effort to start a rival agricultural worker's union, a rival to AWOC.

So he was out of the picture, which suited me just fine. I disliked him intensely. And according to my best recollection, I stayed in the Imperial Valley until late Feb, this in 1961, by which time it was clear to me that it was not only going nowhere, but that it was going downhill, with attempts to get braceros removed from their own health and welfare, by beating up a few of them and planting dynamite where the AWOC renegades would know it would be found by the authorities, and they thought that this would surely force the bracero users, or the government with was running the program, to withdraw the braceros for their own good.

Well of course it didn't work that way. What happened is that the conspirators were themselves arrested and this led to enormous legal expenses.

Well I went back to Berkeley late in February, and did some writing analyzing what had gone wrong with the adventure in winter lettuce. I made a speech on the Berkeley campus organized by a group called Student's Committee for Agricultural Labor, that I had good relations with, and I was glad to make myself useful in various ways, and poor old Norman Smith was really adrift without his Rasputin at his elbow telling him what to do. In fact he was being left to – what's the expression – twist in the wind by the higher-ups in Washington DC with the AFL/CIO, who were having to wrestle with these heavy legal expenses and involvements with jurisdictional disputes and all kinds of things going on, and it was entirely possible that the whole thing would be wiped out if George Meany himself felt it was nothing more than a headache, with nothing more to be gained.

So for months that was the situation. I would write an occasional paper – for example, I attended a state-wide convention of the Democratic Party – I guess this was in March, it was in Southern CA, and they were preparing a platform on which the party would be running in the forthcoming gubernatorial election. There was one coming up in 62, in which the incumbent, Edmund G. Brown, that's the father of the current governor of CA, was going to be running for another term, and it was widely anticipated that his opponent was going to be Richard Nixon, who had run for President in 1960 against Kennedy and had been defeated. But Nixon was still hungry for office, and it was widely assumed that he'd be running on the Republican ticket.

Anyway, at this state-wide convention of the Democratic Party, I was in attendance and I believe I testified on the Resolutions Committee, that they support a package of bills favorable to farm workers, including one calling for a minimum wage, of $1.25 an hour. As a matter of fact, it was to be simply a bill calling for that minimum wage for all wage-earners in CA, with no exclusions. It might not even single out agricultural workers, they would simply be covered along with all others.

Well, that was voted down at that convention, and so I went back and wrote a screed about the faithlessness of Liberals.

But then, along toward the end of March, something emerged…

(interruption for phone call)

I was about to say something about Banquo's ghost, who appeared at an event organized by Macbeth, and this ghost appeared totally unexpectedly. Well, totally unexpectedly something showed up in my life that I had almost forgotten about, but not entirely, and that was the unhappy experience with my bracero study, and the long, long report which had been destroyed, except for 1 or 2 copies.

Well, I had a phone call from my old professor, named Edward Rogers. He said he wanted to see me again, in Berkeley. And he didn't tell me exactly what it was all about, but I got the impression that he had heard from the National Institutes of Health, which had financially supported my research, wondering whatever became of that study, which was a very good question since they had not received any of this 750-page monograph that had been destroyed. I guess Rogers wanted to talk to me about sending them something, and of course he had no power over me at this point, but I felt a certain obligation to the organization that had spent $40,000 or whatever it was. So I drove to Berkeley and saw Rogers again, and sure enough he wanted to salvage a portion of my study, which would have implications for public health programs, and there plenty of such possibilities. I had not discussed any of them in my 750 pages because I thought I was supposed to be talking about facts and not making recommendations. I thought a lot of the facts spoke for themselves eloquently enough.

So anyway, we went back and forth, and what he had in mind was a greatly boiled-down version of what I had found about feeding practices, and housing, and transportation, and the medical care programs that the braceros were in theory covered by. All these sorts of things

would be taken up with the factual description of what I had found, to be followed by a set of suggestions and recommendations for things that might be done to make things better.

Well, I said I would do my best to give him something that would be useful. And there was to be no particular deadline, nothing was said about the approximate length that this truncated version might be. I was once again left pretty much to my own devices, but it was understood without needing to be said that I would not say anything at all about what I had said in my original monograph, about the social structure within which the bracero program operated. That is what he had found anathema in my original report.

So I went back to Stockton and told Norman Smith about this, and it was OK with him. He never had any objection to my working on that bracero study, because he didn't know what I might do that would be more directly relevant to his conception of farm worker organizing. So I began working on that, and even though I was under no time limit, I think that I had one that was self-imposed, and the reason I say that is that I wanted to get back to doing what I thought might become possible with Smith being adrift as he always was, and without the presence of Krainock, it might be possible for me start putting into practice some of the ideas which I and Father McCullough shared, and which I had shared with Dolores Huerta for that matter, as long as she was still on the scene.

It was my big fear that maybe George Meany, the head of the whole AFL/CIO, would simply pull the plug on the whole idea of AWOC, and without any of the AWOC infrastructure, it would be difficult if not impossible for me to carry out any of these ideas about grass-roots organizing.

So I really applied myself to working on this new version of my bracero study. I found it impossible to plagiarize myself. I didn't see any way to lift out big chunks of my original monograph. I had to rewrite everything, and a good deal of it was improved, I think, by boiling it down, whereas I had run on too long in many places in the original monograph.

To make a long story short, I ended up with 328 pages instead of 750, and I felt it was better-written, more concise, and I didn't sacrifice anything in the way of telling it like it was. I used plenty of quotes from braceros themselves to illustrate what was wrong with the existing provisions for medical care whenever they got sick or injured on the job, and of course all of the material about recommendations was brand new, and I felt free to tell it like it was when it came to those. Always without naming any names, so I didn't give the insurance companies that were making windfall profits out of the insurance that braceros were paying for themselves, and which theoretically covered them for all kinds of things.

The insurance companies were making a mint because the braceros either didn't know that they had coverage for their illnesses and injuries, or if they did know, they were afraid to ask for what they were entitled to, because they were afraid of being shipped back to Mexico. But as I say, I forbore from ever naming the names of any of the malefactors. I was always conscious of Rogers being afraid of getting in Dutch with the grower's lobby again.

So I did what I thought was a pretty good job, and dated it at the end July 15 1961, and took it over to the secretarial pool, and it was to be mimeographed once again and sent to appropriate

persons. And this time it was left entirely Rogers himself to decide who would get copies, though I guess I wanted one for myself.

In the end, he began by submitting a copy to a friend of his who was in the University school of Law, known as Boalt Hall, to ask the opinion of this friend of his whether there was anything libelous in this document. Reesenberg was the fellow's name. Rogers later told me that Reesenberg thought it was such a great piece of work that he thought it should be distributed widely.

What is was, in fact, was a piece of investigative reporting of a scandal-filled situation that was not public knowledge, and this legal expert on the matter thought it should be public knowledge. Well, Rogers was not going to accept that advice, but at least he let my draft stand as it was, without change. But he limited the distribution very several. I think he essentially limited it to the various directors of public health in the various counties of CA that had public health departments of their own. And I guess he sent copies to the state public health department also.

David: You eventually published it as a book right?

Henry: Well, someone wanted to publish it, and I gave them permission.

So here was the language that Rogers insisted by on the front page: "This report is restricted to review and use by persons, organizations, and agencies with responsibilities for the policies and administration of the bracero program. It is not intended for further reproduction or circulation."

I took the precaution of copyrighting it myself, which if Rogers noticed he didn't have any objections to. So I thought that was the end of that. But like Banquo's ghost, in the fullness of time it proved to not be the end after all. But that was some years ahead of time.

So back to the story of my activities during the remainder of 1961, after my writing of it was finished in July of 1961. I then threw myself into trying to carry out some of the ideas about things which could be done at the grass-roots level, including what I called Harvest House. Now in fact something known as Harvest House was going on during the time when I was devoting full time to that writing. Sara Bellamy and Starry Krueger and Walt Chesby and Jefferson Poland, I think they all had worked out some arrangement whereby this big old house in Stockton would be used for their eating and sleeping and so forth, and there was also plenty of room there for visitors.

On weekends, groups from the University could come out for work camps in which they would try working in the fields for a day, and so forth and so on. Or at least driving around and observing things, that was quite frequent. So all of this went on until such time as I was able to devote full time, and so I then threw myself into things, like the conducting of a survey, I think we discussed that before, one of the first things that Father McCullough told me, Catholic priests always do when they go to a new parish – find out who the Catholics are, and what they're interested in, and so forth.

So we did that, and within a matter of weeks, I think by Sept 3 to be precise, we formalized a group in Stockton which we have the somewhat grandiose name “Northern CA Area Council” of the AWOC. And that was the time on which against my kicking and screaming they elected me chairman, which I insisted by modified to “acting chairman” until a bona fide farm worker would emerge who would become the real chairman.

But we did things like put out a newsletter, and became actively involved in helping a group of Filipinos in Santa Cruz county, who were being displaced by braceros who were willing to work in the Brussel sports for $1/hour, whereas the Filipinos thought they were entitled to $1.25 an hour, and we helped out as best we could, including working with the federal agency which had jurisdiction over that part of the state, which was much more friendly than the one had been in Imperial county. So we were able to get the wage rate increased to $1.25 an hour, in which it turned out there were plenty of Filipino workers willing to work for that, and there was no need for braceros. That was quite a success, and that led to very good relations with the federal department of labor, including their new secretary of Labor, Arthur Goldberg.

And we had a welcoming, we called it a picket line, but it wasn’t a picket line in the usual sense, when he made an appearance in San Francisco a little bit later in the year. We had a big banner saying “Welcome”, and ”Thanks to Secretary Goldberg”, and so on.

16. AWOC's Volunteer period; the Strathmore Conference

Henry: I am going into a good deal of detail on this period, perhaps more than any others, because it is just about the first period in my career in which I think I can say that I made a difference in the course of events. Up to this point almost everything I have been able to report turned out to be a failure. I certainly was a failure in my academic career, having burned all my bridges at the University of California. I was a failure in my efforts to arouse opinion against the bracero system, specifically my efforts to get the American Friends Service Committee to take a stand, in which not only did they not take a stand, but in effect they repudiated my efforts to take a stand. I was disappointed, to say the very least. And then of course underlying all of this at a personal level was the failure of my marriage, and my failure to be able to see my children on any regular basis from then on.

So, for that reason, I'm going to develop this period that I call the Volunteer Period of AWOC, because I feel my role at that time was more successful and more personally satisfying than anything that had happened up to that point. This period covers the time when, to be kind of arbitrary about it, the funding for AWOC was terminated on June 30 1961, by George Meany of the AFL-CIO, because he was so disgusted by the expense of the adventure in the Imperial Valley, and the fact that there was nothing to show for it but tens of thousands of dollars in lawyer's bills, and also a bad stain on the reputation of the AFL-CIO and AWOC in particular, because of the fact that some of the staff had indulged in violent activity.

So, Smith's funds were cut off, with the sole exception of a few thousand dollars he had squirreled away in a trust account, which he had raised from dues, $2 dues that he was nominally collecting from the poor souls who gathered on skid row in Stockton every morning, to get occasional work in the fields (I strongly suspect that on many occasions they were all flat broke, and Norman Smith himself paid those $2 dues). So he had a little money left, and with that he kept paying the rent on the AWOC headquarters in Stockton. This was quite low, because he was renting the old Labor Temple of the San Joaquin Central Labor Council, which had moved to one of the suburbs, to more modern headquarters, and the building was just sitting there vacant until AWOC came along, so I don't think he had to pay very much. He had to pay the utilities, of course.

He kept a secretary on his staff to handle his correspondence and he kept me on his staff. I was eternally grateful for that, because I needed a source of income to continue finishing up a revised version of my bracero research, and also occasional research papers on the subject of agricultural economics of things such as the asparagus harvest, which was a big deal in San Joaquin county. It also made it possible for me to begin carrying out a dream, that revolved around something I call Harvest House, in which volunteers would come out for weekends, for a week, for 2 weeks, for a month, or indefinitely, because they were seriously concerned about the farm labor problem, and were willing to work for nothing to ameliorate the problem.

I wasn't able to devote full time to this for the first couple of months of this so-called Volunteer Period, because I was finishing up this report for the National Institutes of Health, which it was bound for eventually. In the meanwhile the permanent volunteers, and there were at least 2 of them, I've mentioned them in the past but I'll mention them again because they were very important . One was Pat Bellamy, the other was Starry Kruger. The lived in this Harvest House full time, and made themselves useful to things like the child care center for the children of farm-laborer mothers who were out picking tomatoes or whatever it was, and couldn't afford to pay regular child care token salaries or hourly payments.

But along about the 1st of August I was finished with my new and truncated report about the bracero research and was able to devote full time, so from then on the whole Volunteer Period bloomed, in various ways which I've talked about in the past and won't repeat now, but here's what I think is the really important basic point of the whole period, and that is that we kept AWOC alive. I'm convinced that it would have disappeared from view entirely if somebody hadn't been doing something, rather than sitting in the office as Normal Smith did, and licking his wounds like an old warrior, and feeling sorry for himself, and telling the way it used back in his heyday, which was the 1930s when he was organizing automobile workers. He never tired of telling those stores, but he had nothing to say about experiences organizing agricultural workers, because he didn't every organize any of them. You can't organize bums on skid row into any meaningful organization.

Among other things, I was trying to let outside forces know that AWOC was not dead, and that we were doing things. I wrote a rather lengthy booklet called "To Build a Union", which had to do specifically with some thoughts about how to organize farm workers, and how not to organize them, and I sent copies of that to the Ruther brothers. Walter Ruther was head of the old CIO wing of the AFL-CIO, what might be called the liberal wing, and of course Meany was head of the AFL wing, and I thought that if AWOC could be kept alive, that there was hope that the Ruther wing could become sufficiently interested to take over the torch that had been let drop and extinguished when Meany withdrew all the money, but Ruther himself had funds in his side of things, and so we hoped that there could be a revival of AWOC in a new direction if we kept things going.

I don't know who had the idea to begin with, but whoever it was, and it might have been I myself, but in any event it seemed to me that it would be a good to have a meeting of the various local groups that had started up after the withdrawal of funds from paid staff at a number of localities throughout the Central Valley. Some of the more serious members of AWOC kept things going on a volunteer basis, and called themselves Area Councils, and I thought that it would be a very useful exercise to have a meeting of the leaders and as many members as were able to come, to gather in one place to exchange ideas and to listen to reports from people who had been involved in previous organizing efforts dating all the way back to the 1930s, with the lessons that were to be learned from those previous efforts.

And so we began working on that on pretty much a full-time basis from the middle of November on, and decided that it was to be held in Tulare country, more specifically in a little town called Strathmore, which was one of several local groups that had continued to work

together even without any funds at all from the outside. They themselves paid the rent on building in which they held meetings regularly, and they were so close to a number of other groups that at least we would have a pretty good turnout from those local people. We got them interested to the extent that they took it upon themselves to line up places where people could stay, and people coming to this conference were not looking for hotels and motels, they were willing to stay with friends, sleeping on couches or in sleeping bags. The same thing for feeding arrangements, we left this all up to volunteers at the local level.

We took it upon ourselves to send out letters of invitation to representatives of the previous organizing drives, and in some respects we were fortunate, and in some we were disappointed. To give you a couple of examples, we lucked out in that we were able to get the grand old man of the American liberal left, namely Norman Thomas, who had run for president six times, I believe, as a representative of the Socialist party. He was of course a democratic socialist, as distinguished from the authoritarian socialists of the Marxists, and he was going to be in Southern CA on a speaking tour at that time, and we were able to get a commitment that he would speak to our little conference. I guess it was going to be on the opening day, which was going to be Saturday Dec 1. Norman Thomas himself had been vitally involved in an effort to organize sharecroppers in the South in the mid-1930s, called the Southern Tenant Farmers Union, and it had a fair success for some years, and was really notable in the fact that it was the first effort to organize a biracial union on the south, and they succeeded in that, although the Ku Klux Klan tried to break them up many times with force and violence.

So anyway, Norman Thomas was going to speak to us, and we tried to get a speaker from one of the efforts that was made in the 30s in CA by the non-liberal left, that is the authoritarian left, and if they weren't Communists they were cheating the party out of its dues – probably the couldn't afford to pay the dues anyway. So there was no question about it that they were Communist influenced if not dominated, and we were willing to hear speakers from that point of view if we had been able to find any, but they were either all dead or they weren't willing to speak.

Then there was a group in the 1940s, led by Ernesto Galarza, which put a great deal of effort into organizing the biggest of all the many big agro-businesses, this was one called DiGorgio, the largest fruit grower and packer and shipper in the world, I guess. And they put up picket lines around the main ranch of the DiGorgio corporation, and maintained that picket line for a couple of years, and eventually had to admit defeat. I got to know Ernesto Galarza quite well. He appears as one of the main chapters in my book, along the Father McCullough, another important figure in history in my opinion. But Ernie wasn't willing to appear because at that time he was still resentful of my staying with AWOC. He felt that AWOC had undercut the very existence of his union, and that they deserved to get the support of the money that the AFL-CIO gave to Norman Smith.

Ernie Galarza was with AWOC. He was assistant director under Smith for a while, until he felt that when Smith signed up a worker who was a field worker rather than a packing-house worker, that the dues should have gone immediately to his, that it Galarza's, union, which had a charter from the AFL-CIO, even though it was being held in abeyance in favor of AWOC. And if

Norman Smith had signed up any packing-house workers, which he never tried to do, that those dues would have gone to the packing-house union, which also had a charter for that branch of the industry. Well, as a matter of fact Smith kept them all in a trust fund and Galarza resigned in protest over that, and he would have liked me to resign with him, but I didn't. So he didn't appear at our conference.

We also sent an invitation to Cesar Chavez, who at this time was executive director for the Community Service Organization, which was the Mexican-American group that was primarily interested in the problems urban Spanish-speaking people; it taught them to attend classes in English if they couldn't speak the language well enough, and when they did know how to speak well enough, to get citizenship papers, register to vote, and the CSO handled things like police brutality problems, and so forth. Chavez felt the emphasis should be not on building the middle-class urban Mexican-American group, but on lifting up the under-class, meaning almost entirely agricultural workers, and at this very time in Dec of 61, he was engaged in an intramural fight with the president of CSO, named Tony Rios, who I also knew quite well, a nice buy, but there was an honest difference of opinion as to where emphasis should be placed. And Chavez just didn't have time to come to our conference, because he was engaged in this internal debate. He sent Dolores Huerta to represent him, and it would have been nice if Dolores had spoken on his behalf, and had spoken about the Chavez technique, which was to begin with small house meetings, in which he got maybe a half-dozen guys who were seriously interested and who were then willing to go out and talk to others in a kind of a cell division method.

As it turned out, we had as one of our speakers on this very method, none other than my close personal friend Father McCullough, and you may possibly recall that one of the side-effects of the disaster in the Imperial Valley was that Father McCullough and Father McDonald, the two prime movers of the effort to work with Spanish-speaking farm workers, including locals and braceros, the two padres had come down to the Imperial Valley to lead some union songs, and for their trouble they got fired from their positions working with the Spanish-speaking, because the archbishop of SF, who was nominally their boss, was on his death-bed, and the archbishop of San Diego, who had control over the Imperial valley priesthood, took great umbrage at their invading his jurisdiction.

But by Dec of 61, Father McCullough had become pastor of St. Ambrose church in Berkeley, located on Gilman St., and had a new archbishop after the old one had died, who was not unfriendly, and besides that, McCullough had worked out a way of presenting his pitch in which he pointed out that the system of beginning with small house meetings and gradually working outward had been used by the beginnings of the Catholic church itself, at the time when it was an illegal organization, and would have been thrown to the lions by the Romans, if they had tried to hold mass meetings. So with that background he was able to continue talking to groups such as ours.

We had a few other speakers, and that was the burden of the first day, which was Saturday. I was surprised and very, very happy that efforts succeeded to the extent that we overflowed the hall. We had a couple hundred people come to this conference, and that more than we had

expected. There weren't chairs for everybody, so we had a standing-room audience for most of the sessions.

Sunday was given over to decision-making and we had prepared some draft resolutions. One of the members of our Stockton group had written an open letter to the Secretary of Labor, a fellow named Dr. Goldberg, thanking him for taking a more liberal view toward the farm labor issue, things that might be done to help domestic workers and things that might be done to enforce the requirements of the bracero law, which in theory was supposed to prevent braceros from being used to lower wages, to break strikes, or anything of that sort. And this was couched in terms that the average worker could identify with, in a way that stuff that the stuff that I wrote would have been too academic. And so that was good, I was very happy to see that.

And then there were proposals for the type of organization that we should strive for, and certain limitations that might be placed, and it was deliberately intended that this evoke a discussion. For example, we talked about the issue of violence, and we began with a resolution that condemned violence and promised to practice non-violence. But then people began asking what do you do when the goons start beating you about the head with ax-handles, or threatening you with firearms. And somebody else said, what if we were to get the offer of aid and assistance from the Teamsters union, which is well known for fighting fire with fire, whenever they felt necessary. So there was a lively debate back and forth. It ended with our voting by a substantial majority to adhere to non-violence.

And then there was a discussion about whether we should accept aid and comfort, if it were offered, from an organization that was sympathetic to an authoritarian-left vision of the Good Society, meaning, and without naming names, the longshoreman's union, which was very friendly to the Soviet Union, which at that time was still riding high. Once again, after a lively discussion, I was happy to say that came down on the side of a democratic version of the left.

Eugene: who posed these questions?

Henry: Our local group, the Stockton group, began with these draft resolutions, and maybe I drafted them myself, and they were approved by our group, but then it was necessary to sell them to the larger group, and in some cases we changed wording here and there.

I recall that I drew up something to the effect that we should not only have elections, for leadership at every level within our organization, but that these elections should involve choices. In other words, that we try to avoid one man or woman candidacies for any office, that there should be a choice, and this didn't pass. I guess people had in mind some figure so universally beloved and in fact this became a real problem later on, in the case of Chavez himself.

But all of this kind of discussion was quite new to many of the people involved, and I think it was very healthful.

Finally, we had a speech from Norman Smith himself, I think that he wanted it that way, and I guess the planning committee felt he was entitled to it, so he went on at great length, as he always did, and finally came down to cases in a way which was unscripted, I didn't know it was coming, nobody knew it was coming. But he pointed out that the national AFL-CIO was about to hold its biennial national convention in Miami Beach FL, in fact the opening session was to be on Fri Dec 9, and here we were on Sun afternoon Dec 2. And Smith pointed out to us, to our great surprise, that under the bylaws of the national organization, the AWOC was entitled to a voting delegate to that national convention, and an alternate if for some reason the voting delegate were unable to attend some session.

Well, as if by an invisible hand I got to my feet and I made a motion, that we pass around a hat or two and take up a collection to send a delegate and an alternate to Miami Beach, and to make a pitch to the national convention, that funding be restored to AWOC. This motion was seconded and was passed by acclamation, and a hat was indeed passed around, and $317 was collected. The idea being – I don't remember the details, I was in a euphoric state – it was assumed that the cheapest way to travel would be to drive. Gasoline was cheap at that time. By sharing the driving it would be possible to get to Miami Beach by Friday. Also it would save money for motels because one person could sleep while the other was driving. A lot of this was taken for granted.

Then there came the time for choosing the delegate and alternate. As I say, there hadn't been any opportunity to think about this in advance, but somehow or other, from the fact that a certain woman had spoken eloquently in a number of the earlier discussions, she was nominated for delegate. Her name was Maria Moreno. And true to what I would have hoped, someone else was also nominated, so it was a contest. I can't remember the name of the other guy, but Maria won out, fair and square. And then for the alternate there was also a contest, this time between the chairman of the Strathmore area council, who had had a lot to do with helping with all of the arrangements, and there was another nominee, but the chairman of the local area council was elected fair and square.

Then there came a fascinating discussion in which someone pointed out that it wouldn't look right to have a man and woman who weren't married, driving across the country, unchaperoned, in an automobile. Well, I thought this was delightful because it showed that the farm workers themselves were kind of the backbone of American propriety, not a bunch of hoodlums.

One of the proposals for handling this question of propriety was to have their respective spouses accompany them, but somebody else pointed out that they weren't active in the farm labor movement. Eventually a couple of other people who were active in their respective area councils were elected, one a woman and one a man, and so I guess they all drove in a car with the women sitting in the back seat and the men in the front seat. When they were to stay in a motel they would rent two different rooms. So there was no problem, and it worked out fine.

I do believe that they got down to Miami Beach in time to register at the opening of the convention. There are some details that are not part of any historical record that I know of,

and unfortunately all the principals are now deceased, that is, Maria Moreno herself, and this fellow. It should be remembered that all of this was 55 years ago. It was a very important event in more ways than one. At this very moment a woman is making a documentary and has received a large grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities to make a documentary about the life of Maria Moreno, and that documentary will include as much information as this film maker can dig up about the Strathmore conference. So it was an important event, and it's something that would not conceivably had occurred had I not been involved. So that's why I dwell on it at length.

Eugene: the conference was just 2 days?

Henry: Yes. Oh, it was also made into a documentary for KPFA, the listener-supported FM station in Berkeley. A staff member for that station was there at Strathmore, taping most of the proceedings of the conference, and he worked them into a documentary, which he called "We Shall Go On".

Eugene: Is that available?

Henry: that's a good question. It may be in the archives.

17. ACL/CIO conference in Miami; fired by AWOC

Henry: The last time we adjourned when a group of 4 farm workers had been set off by automobile to represent AWOC at the biannual convention of the AFL-CIO in Miami Beach, FL. They were going to try to lobby to get funding for AWOC restored after it had been cut off by George Meany, the head of the AFL-CIO.

It was a couple of weeks, at least, before those of us in the Stockton area heard the results because all four of the delegates (well, there was an official delegate who had the right to vote in the convention and an alternate delegate who could vote only if the full delegate got sick or something, and then the other two were chaperones), because Maria Moreno was the full delegate and the alternate was a guy. The members of the conference at Strathmore said it wouldn't look fitting if an unmarried man and woman were to travel across the country unchaperoned in an automobile. So anyway, the four of them representing the farm workers were all from the Tulare County area and it took a while for the word to get back to Stockton as to what had happened in Miami Beach.

When we did get word, we got varying reports. It was kind of like witnesses to an automobile accident in which the more persons the information passes through the more the story can be changed. According to one report, Maria Moreno was given the privilege of the floor of the whole convention and she made an impassioned speech which moved the whole convention to rise up in effect and demand of George Meany that he restore funding for AWOC. Another version was that in fact the most that she could get was a hearing at a caucus of the CA delegates and that she had moved them to do as much as they could working with their friends in the other delegations.

A third report was that in fact she hadn't gotten beyond speaking to individual delegates during breaks in the halls and that they in turn would then talk to others eventually, and that only by word of mouth did she have an effect, but that then in the end one way or the other the convention did approve a resolution asking Meany to loosen the purse strings and revive AWOC from its status in which it was operating solely on the basis of volunteers. I and one other guy were the only two staff members left. Then we waited another couple of weeks or so before we got word as to how this new funding was to be expected. Now it got to be really interesting.

David: Weren't there telephone reports? If you were the only two people in AWOC at that point…

Henry: I don't remember exactly at that point. I can't tell you…

I had a friend from the garment workers who had been a delegate there and she told me that there's no way that Maria Moreno could have been the privilege of the floor, that that was totally scripted and controlled by the iron fist of Meany himself, that nobody would have been able to deviate from the agenda. As for the way in which the resolution calling for restoration

was to be implemented, the delay can be accounted for by the fact that there was going to be a total restructuring. I'll try to tick off some of the ways in which it was all going to be different.

To begin with, in the top echelons of the total ALF-CIO, Meany was not willing to let the Department of Organizing continue to be in charge of AWOK even though logically it should have been. In practice, the head of the Department of Organizing was a guy named Jack Livingston (I may have mentioned him from time to time in the past of this series). He was a close personal friend of Norman Smith. Norman Smith had recruited him through the Auto Workers Union back in the 1930s. Livingston had risen through the ranks to his present position whereas Smith had kind of been lost in the backwaters. Livingston had appointed Smith to head the AWOC only to reward him for their past friendship and to try to make up for the fact that he, Livingston, had risen and Smith hadn't. It was Smith's opportunity to have gone out in a blaze of glory, which unfortunately he didn't.

Meany could see that Livingston [did Henry mean Smith? – ed.] was not the man to head AWOC or to be in charge of the leadership of AWOC, so Meany set up what amounted to a board of overseers in CA, to be headed by the State Federation of Labor (a guy by the name of Thomas Pitts). He had no background in agriculture and was a very conservative labor bureaucrat. The other members of the Board of Overseers were also very solid and substantial old labor skates as we used to say. Some would use the term "pie cards," meaning that they were freeloaders, but in any event they were not going to allow any more adventures of the type that Smith blundered into in the Imperial Valley which led to 10s of thousands of dollars in legal fees and resulted in absolutely not gains whatsoever.

Smith himself was kept on in a kind of pensioned position, nominally he was called the Assistant Director, but the new Director was a guy named Al Green, whose background principally was in the Plasterer's Union, a building trades union, which like all AFL unions (as distinguished from CIO unions) was conservative. More recently, Green's entire contributions to the labor movement were as head of what they call "COPE," an acronym that stands for Committee on Political Education. In actual practice, it meant not educating workers so much as rounding them up to vote in whatever way the leadership wanted, which usually meant voting Democratic.

At that time, we're now talking about January 1962, what was shaping up in CA was a gubernatorial election. Pat Brown, the incumbent, was running for re-election and it looked very much as though the leading candidate for the Republican nomination was going to be none other than Richard Nixon. Nixon had run for President against Kennedy in 1960 and lost, but he had not lost his appetite for political office. He wanted to be governor and he had lot of friends in the Republican Party and so it looked as though he was going to be the nominee.

Green was appointed head of AWOC not in order to do any organizing of agricultural workers but in order to get out the vote for Pat Brown. At least this is what I figured out as I got to know him and observe his activities. It didn't look as though he had anything particularly for me to do so he wanted me to go around with him as he was getting set up to regularize the vote in the way that he wanted it to go by the right kinds of equipment. He wanted modern

office equipment to handle large scale mailings – an addressograph machine is one thing I remember, a modern type of copying machine (the only thing we had at AWOC was some very old fashioned style of copier that used a heat process that I don't understand, but it was very out of date). I didn't know anything about office machines. I was seeing a woman – her name was Ellen – and you may possibly remember her because she and I were very close friends, and she knew a lot about office machines. She had a job operating a sophisticated machine that was better than a mimeograph machine (I can't remember the name of it). Between the two of us we went around with Al Green to places in SF and whatnot, and we all worked getting along quite well.

At just about that time, around February, the house right across the street from the headquarters of AWOC became available for rent. As it happens, the landlord was a major grower from the Stockton area. It wasn't being handled by a realtor, it was being handled directly by the owner. I recognized his name, so when I told him I was interested in it, I think he recognized my name also and he knew that I was with AWOC. I thought that that cooked my goose and that he wouldn't want to rent to me, but an agribusiness man is above all a businessmen and I guess he figured that I could be counted on to pay the rent and so he rented this house to me. At least I didn't have to sign a long term lease.

Then there came a time when it looked as though I could make myself useful as (I guess I was still called) the Director of Research. It seems that there was going to be a very important public hearing. It might even have been a series that went on for a couple or three days, chaired by a labor committee of the State Legislature on the subject of agricultural labor. The star witness from the liberal side was going to be the head of the State Federation of Labor, Tom Pitts. Tom Pitts, as I have said, knew nothing about agricultural labor, so I was asked to prepare his speech. I had been preparing speeches for Norman Smith for a couple of years so I did so. I knew a bit about how to avoid the use of long syllable words and high blown metaphors and fine writing like that. I tried to make it as down to earth as possible. So I did that, and then it began to occur to some of us that all of the scheduled speeches were going to be people with job titles representing some organization or another rather than individuals speaking only for themselves. Particularly absent were any farm workers speaking as farm workers with no affiliation one way or another.

On our own (now I guess I'm speaking of Ellen and myself), we began talking about lining up a few workers known to us personally as being reasonably articulate and able to break away for a day from whatever they might ordinarily be doing and willing to speak in public. In fact, we did get 3 or 4 lined up. The hearings were to be held in April and naturally there was probably not too much going on in terms of harvesting at that time of year. These people were very able and willing to take part. We weren't able to get them on the printed agenda but when the great day came (at least the day in which it would have been most appropriate for these farm workers to have spoken for themselves), I had a tape recorder and I was going to be busy operating that, so Ellen took it upon herself to find a moment with the chairman of the day's activities and asked him if at the end of the prepared speeches it would be possible to add a few minutes for these workers to speak. The guy said "yes."

So that's what happened and it went fairly well with the exception of my tape recorder, which misbehaved and began making a screeching noise at intervals that were so disconcerting that eventually I had to turn it off. But otherwise, I thought that the workers did very well and Pitts stuck to my text a lot closer than Norman Smith ever had, so I thought that was somewhat of a success.

Two or three days went by when I got a message to report to Norman Smith's office, which was directly across the street. I had no inclining about what it might be about. When I got there he was looking very serious and in one corner of the room, sitting without saying anything but looking very serious also, was Al Green. Smith said, "Well, Hank, I hated this day, but it guess it had to come. We're going to have to let you go." I think that's pretty much verbatim what he said.

I guess I was silent for a moment or two or three and I guess I then said something to the effect of, "Any special reason?" Smith said, "Well, for one thing, Pitts was absolutely furious that you let those workers steal his thunder. He though he was to be the voice of California farm workers, period. You brought in 3 or 4 others that he had not been asked about." I could understand that. I didn't agree with it, of course, but I could understand it.

Then Smith said there was also the problem that you can't control your friend Ellen. I didn't pursue that because I had a pretty good idea about what he meant. It all came down to the fact that she had, when she was much younger, I guess in junior high school or possibly high school, joined an organization called the Young Pioneers. The Young Pioneers were what is known as a fellow traveling organization of people under the age of 18, who were too young to be members of the older fellow traveling organizations, which were dominated by the Communist Party. I don't know what the Young Pioneers did, but I'm pretty sure they didn't sit around talking about overthrowing the government by force and violence. The older folks in fellow traveling organization didn't sit around talking about that, either. They talked about helping refugees from the Spanish Civil War and things like that.

There was a period of history called the McCarthy Era. There was a Senator from Wisconsin named Joseph McCarthy who created a panic in liberal circles by making accusations of communists being rampant in the State Department and in the U.S. Army and everything you can possibly think of including some that were absurd on the very face of them. He succeeded in terrorizing a lot of left wing groups and a lot of them folded their sails including the Labor Movement. The AFL kicked out a number of its unions on grounds of being infiltrated or whatever might be the word. Even the CIO, although it was less inclined to be stampeded, if it found that one of its constituent unions did have a presence within its leadership, of people who looked kindly upon the Soviet experiment, they also were expelled. The ILWU, for example, was for a time expelled. The fact that my friend Ellen had at one time been a member of a group called the Young Pioneers League made her suspect, I guess for the rest of her life, and her friends suspect, including myself.

I can't recall but I think I was given a very short period of time to get my stuff cleaned out. I do remember that I was given such a short period that I didn't have time to go through documents

in the AWOC headquarters do which I thought I had a right, including lots of stuff I had written, including memos and whatnot. On the last night Ellen and I spent the better part of the night copying everything that had my name on it from the master files of AWOC, using this archaic copying device. The quality of the reproduction was very poor and also the very nature of this heating process, I think, meant that most of it must have faded away and been totally unusable eventually. I haven't had a chance to go back through it all. That would be one reason why I've never had the courage or the guts or whatever you might say to attempt something that I've always believed was needed, but no one has ever done, and I myself might have been able to do but haven't…and that is that history of the AWOC. It did play a role, for better or for worse, in the chain of events that eventually led to Chavez and his movement.

There would not have been the Chavez movement, at least in the form that it eventually assumed, if it hadn't been for the survival of AWOC. Those of us in the volunteer period kept it going. I think it would have disappeared entirely from view if we hadn't been there and if we hadn't had that Strathmore Conference, and if we hadn't sent back the 4 workers to Miami Beach and all the rest of it. We made a difference. I don't know exactly in what ways the history would have been different, but it would have been different. I've always regretted that the history of AWOC during those 2 or 3 years has never been attempted. Maybe it's not impossible, even now, if somebody was sufficiently interested in it and sufficiently young and vigorous. I am neither.

I didn't know what I was going to do after getting "cashiered." I thought that I was entitled to unemployment benefits since AWOC had been paying into the insurance fund. I knew enough about the system to know that if you're fired you're not entitled to benefits unless you want to go to some kind of administrative judge and argue that you were unjustly fired. But Norman Smith like me - he always showed that he did in various ways; he let me sleep in the floor of his apartment for months on end, and he would frequently take me out to lunch with him – and so he allowed me to give as the reason for my becoming unemployed that the organization was no longer able to afford the position of Director of Research.

So then, when I went to the Unemployment Office, I was able to put down as looking for another job as Director of Research for a labor union (laugh). Not bloody many of them. Therefore if I wanted the maximum of 6 months of benefits I could have had it because there were no other jobs. In fact, I didn't look seriously. Technically, I had to go to local unions of one sort or another, or write letters. I didn't have to go beyond a certain radius. There were all kinds of regulations. Mostly I was willing to lick my wounds for a while… and maybe feel a little sorry for myself and a little angry. I goofed off by making some home movies. If I look at the dates of those home movies that I made with you guys I believe, for example, that we made the pie showing movie during that period, and probably a few others.

David: Had you moved to Berkeley by that point?

Henry: By this time I had, of course, given up that rental right across the street from the AWOC headquarters, and moved back to an apartment on Kittredge in downtown Berkeley. A one

bedroom apartment where I was living with Ellen. In fact, that was where the pie throwing movie was made.

David: I remember that. You were painting a lot during that period, too.

Henry: Yes, very good point. The living room was a mess, filled with paintings (laugh) and boxes and boxes.

David: You moved there only after you were canned by AWOC?

Henry: I think so.

David: There was a long period when you were visiting us once or twice a week, but you were still living in Stockton?

Henry: Well, now, that would have been difficult.

David: Long drive.

Henry: I thought that there had never been any substantial deviation from the every other weekend business. Early on, I had settled into taking you to Sacramento.

David: OK, just sort of the default thing to do…

Henry: Anyway, there came a point at which I wanted to make myself socially useful again, so I began to make inquiries about returning to the State Department of Public Health, where I was still in good repute. When I left the State Department of Public Health, in 1955 I guess it was, in order to go to the School of Public Health at the University, I was in good repute (in other words, I had never been fired from the State Department of Public Health). As I say, I began to make inquiries. I learned by the grapevine, that there was new director of the Department, a man named Lester Breslow. I may have possibly mentioned his name before and if not I should because he is a very important figure in my life. He had been a member of my advisory committee when I had been doing the bracero study for the School of Public Health. He was now the Director of the State Department of Public Health. He was one of the few members of my advisory committee on that ill-starred research project who liked what I was doing, although I don't think he was ever involved in the Statement of Opinion of Conscience that got me into trouble.

Anyway, I heard through the grapevine that Dr. Breslow, as one of his innovations at the Department of Public Health, was that he was looking for somebody to combine the fields of Behavioral Science and Public Health. He was looking for somebody competent in sociology or anthropology or social psychology. The position called for a PhD, which I didn't have of course. I guess I didn't speech to Dr. Breslow directly at that point. I had another acquaintance in the hierarchy who was kind of his assistant and I asked him (his name was Dr. Clark) if, on a temporary basis, would you consider me because I have a graduate degree in sociology, if not a PhD, and I had actually a year or a year and a half of study toward a PhD, even though I didn't

finish it. So how about taking on me as a temporary while you're looking for somebody to fill the job permanently?

I will end this day's memories by saying that I was given that temporary assignment and in the next installment I will talk about it, but for now, that's it.

David: Good night and good luck.

Henry: Yes.

18. Back in the Public Health Department

Henry: Last time, Eugene and I were talking about the period of time between the farm labor organizing conference that I was responsible for in the town of Strathmore in Dec 1961, and my being fired from AWOC in Apr 1962. For several months after that event, I was at liberty, so to speak. Actually, I rather enjoyed it, because I was able to live on unemployment insurance for a time. I had had enough of fighting with the bureaucracies within the Univ. of California, and then the bureaucracies within the labor movement. I was a free spirit, and was able to do some painting, writing, making home movies, and taking it easy. But, there came a time when I was about to run out of unemployment insurance ...

David: Can I interject a question?

Henry: Yes, you may.

David: Your firing from AWOC -- do you think that was due to that one particular incident, or was there perhaps an accumulation of smaller things as well?

Henry: An accumulation.

David: So, that was pretty inevitable?

Henry: It was absolutely inevitable.

So, I began to look around for something else to do that might be socially useful. It came to my attention that a fellow at the state ...

David: Hey, we covered this last time, Henry.

Henry: Oh, we talked about ...?

David: Yeah, we got as far as you being hired as a sort of interim ...

Henry: ... a temporary public health sociologist. Yeah, OK. Well, that ran out in Sep 1962, and I found that all that was available in the department was a job as an associate public health analyst in a project on chronic illnesses of aging, under the leadership of Dr. William Mandel. I took it, and there began what I would call one of the dark ages in my career. Mandel was [*chuckle*] ... man, he was too much. He had 2 or 3 other experienced people in the field of public health working under him. We would write memos and drafts of things for him. The aim of the project was to do a survey of the resources available to the aging population of the Bay Area (most of whom had chronic illnesses of one sort or another, or combinations), and present a concluding section of recommendations. So, we would go around and make site visits to various organizations in San Francisco and elsewhere. Those of us under Dr. Mandel would go back and write reports on what we had seen, and our opinions as to whether they might be improved in one way or another. Then, he would completely rewrite them all, frequently saving not so much as a single paragraph.

So, as time went by, we all became demoralized and began to feel that it wouldn't make any difference if we just goofed off. He would always end up by doing everything himself. Well, I can't say that I didn't goof off some. I became involved in the local branch of the socialist party, and [*chuckle*] undertook to write a script for a play, which I visualized might be produced over radio station KPFA, where I had some contacts from my farm labor days. I wrote a play called "The 90-lane freeway", based on something I read in the S.F. Chronicle predicting that if the current trend of traffic on the Bayshore Freeway were to continue without some change taking place, within 20 years or so there would need to be a 90-lane freeway in order to accommodate all the traffic. I wrote this up as an absurdist drama, and showed it to a few people. They all tried to say something nice about it [*chuckle*], but I knew it was hopeless.

I tried to keep up, at a distance, with what was going on in the field of farm labor. AWOC still existed, but was devoted entirely to trying to get out the vote for Governor Pat Brown in the Nov election against Richard Nixon. It had nothing to do with farm workers. They still had Norman Smith on the payroll, and he spent every morning down on Skid Row talking with his friends in the [*unintelligible*]. But they didn't vote, so they didn't get involved in what was really going on under the direction of Al Green. Much more importantly, as things turned out later, Cesar Chavez by this time had cut his strings to the community service organization, because it was concerned primarily with urban problems such as police brutality and voter registration. Chavez was out in the grassroots at small house meetings or organizing his independent farm workers association. In the fall, they had a convention in Fresno, at which they formalized the name of the organization, and the leadership, and they even designed a flag with a black "thunderbird" on a red background.

By the end of the year, the so-called "chronic illness in aging" project came to a merciful end and a report was issued that was written entirely by Dr. Mandel. Then the rest of us looked around for something else to do. Like the others, I went from one bureau to another within the Public Health dept. to see what they might have available. There was one guy in charge of a heart research project-- I don't recall exactly the nature of the research to be done. This guy liked the cut of my jib, so he practically offered me a job. I said "Well, I appreciate that, but in all fairness, I've made appointments to talk to several other people". I went to Dr. Breslow. If I remember the structure, Breslow was the head of the Division of Adult Health, which included the heart study, and also the chronic illness in aging study. Breslow also had under his overall aegis something called "farm labor health services". The immediate director of that division was a guy named Paul O'Rourke, whom I knew from our contacts in the farm labor days. I talked with him, and he would have been happy to have me on his staff, but he said that I should talk with his boss (Breslow), before he could make any commitment.

So I went to see Dr. Breslow, who had been on my advisory committee for the bracero study at the UC Berkeley School of Public Health. He was the only member of the advisory committee who was from outside the school -- he was from the CA State Dept. of Public Health, across the street. Well, I thought that Breslow was my friend. At least as far as I knew, he had not been involved in any way in the decisions first of all to shorten the duration of my bracero study, and eventually to trash the resulting report. To my surprise and disillusionment (because I had been greatly encouraged by what I thought was Breslow's broad outlook in the field of public

health -- that it was going to be almost all-inclusive, all social ills), I was quite dismayed to find that he still felt that I was intemperate, reckless, and lacking in judgment for having written the memo to the American Friends Service Committee that got me in trouble with the university. He said, in so many words, that he would not consider putting me on the staff of the farm workers health service project within his division of the state health dept., because the enemies of the farm labor movement would find about it and start sniping at his dept.

That was very disillusioning indeed. I was at the point where I was willing to go back to the Bureau of Records and Statistics where I had begun my work with the state health dept. way back in Nov 1952, and where I found it absolutely mind-deadening. The same guy was still in charge of it who had been back in those days. He had taken a dislike to me, for reasons I had never understood. He had sat for a whole year on my getting a promotion from junior public health analyst to assistant public health analyst. That was normally automatic after a 6-month probationary period, but he didn't let me have it. So, here I was asking him [*chuckle*] if he had a job for me. He said that it would be at the associate level, which was all that I could have hoped for. I said I would consider it.

I was rescued by a call to see Dr. Breslow again. Breslow didn't exactly apologize for having been rather curt during our first meeting, but he acted totally different -- very amiable -- and said he had a job for me in the field of medical care research. That was significant in two ways: (i) my degree from the School of Public Health was in "public health and medical care administration"; (ii) it reflected the fact that Breslow himself was very interested in getting the state dept. of public health more involved in studying the field of health care. In the past, there had been something close to a "firewall" between public health and medical care. If the public health dept. had dared to suggest that it had anything to do with the way medicine was practiced, it would have been taken by the American or the California Medical Association as evidence that the dept. was advocating socialized medine. So they didn't dare touch it -- they didn't dare even use the term ...

David (*incredulously*): So the public health dept. had to stay away from medical care?

Henry: Yeah, they had to [*David laughter*]. Well, they could investigate sewage disposal plants. They could give advice to pregnant women to drink orange juice, and things of that sort.

Eugene: Food safety?

Henry: Various things they could do. They did all right in that limited area. But Breslow was always looking for ways to think outside the box and call it by different names. It seemed that he had some money to do a study in Santa Cruz County of people 65 or older, for the purpose of ascertaining how much they had to spend out of pocket for their health care. There were various programs operated by social welfare depts. and others, whereby in theory people could go to county hospitals. The purpose of this study was to find out how much they were [*unintelligible*] paid for from other sources. There were at that time some health insurance plans available to those who could afford them, although the plans were nowhere near as extensive as they later became. A lot of people simply had to pay out of pocket, or went without health care entirely.

Anyway, the study wasn't going to address the question of whether [*chuckle*] they were dying prematurely from the fact they were having to pay out of pocket, or anything judgmental of that sort. It was supposed to be a totally objective study. It had already been started a year or two before I had this talk with Breslow, but had run out of funding. He had just obtained enough funds to finish it up. What it would consist of was me making sense out of the data that had already been collected by others, and writing up the final report.

I thought that was a worthy challenge, and I accepted the offer with pleasure. Breslow dropped a broad hint that he was working on the possibility of this leading to other studies in the field of health care -- particularly if Gov. Brown were re-elected, rather than being replaced by Richard Nixon. So, I worked on that project in Jan 1963.

David: They had computers back then, right?

Henry: They were starting to.

David: What form were these data in? Were they just written on paper?

Henry: It was a grab bag. I guess there were some official sources, from hospitals. There might have been some survey-type interviews -- standardized questionnaires -- that sort of thing.

David: Well, if you wanted to do something like find correlations between variables, would you have to do that manually with adding machines? Or were there computer systems that could do the statistics for you?

Henry: I'm not sure they were that advanced yet. I don't recall that our final report had any coefficients of correlation [*chuckle*].

As I indicated, my interest in farm labor was always in the background. Around Mar 1963, among other things, an organization in Los Angeles called the Emergency Committee to Aid Farm Workers had received a $50,000 grant from somebody to lobby on behalf of farm workers, and specifically to lobby Congress on the subject of Public Law 78, which was the enabling legislation for the bracero program. Once again, PL 78 was coming up for revisiting by Congress. It had to be refunded every couple of years, and this was one such year. There would have to be a series of congressional hearings, and it would have to end up with both Houses voting up or down on PL 78. If it were to be voted up, how long would it be extended, how much funding would it get, etc. The Emergency Committee in Los Angeles had this money to lobby against the extension of PL 78.

I had thought long and deeply about the bracero program, and had jotted down some of my ideas here and there as time went by. Of course, I had written this long tome which had never seen the light of day, but I also had some shorter pieces. I had the idea of pulling my thoughts together in a booklet which would be an indictment of the bracero program. I started writing that in my spare time, besides writing the Santa Cruz report. Somehow, I worked them both in during the months of Mar and Apr 1963. By the end of Apr I had finished the monograph, which I called "Fields of Bondage", and I dated it May 01. I had a certain fondness for assigning things with significant dates. For example, I dated my big bracero study Dec 14, 1959. I guess

I'm the only one who ever read it who knew that was a significant date for me [*chuckle*]. May 01 is significant for those in the labor movement. It's sometimes called "International Labor Day" and is recognized as such by every other civilized country in the world. The U.S. is the only country that has its own Labor Day, as far as I know.

"Fields of Bondage" was about 100 pages long. I was able to get it "multilithed" -- a method which is much superior to mimeographing, as you may possibly remember from those days -- or maybe you don't. It was pretty good stuff. I knew somebody who knew how to operate a multilith machine and had access to one at her job. That person was none other than my great and good friend Ellen, whom I have mentioned as being one of the reasons I was fired from AWOC, although by no means the only reason. By this time my personal relationship with Ellen was no longer as great as it had been, but we were still good friends. In short, we weren't living together. I provided the manuscript, and she turned out 150 copies of this monograph, which were bound -- with glue.

David: A v

Henry: It was pretty good-looking ...

David: Where did she work exactly? A printer?

Henry: No, there was a publication called the "Liberal Democrat" with an office on Bancroft Way which had the equipment. The owner and operator was sympathetic to the purpose of our using the equipment at night.

I sent copies of the monograph to key people in Washington DC, particularly in the House of Representatives, where I thought was the best chance of getting PL 78 voted down. One member of the House, Jack Shelley, had been head of the California State Federation of Labor before he was elected to Congress, and later became Mayor of San Francisco. He was a good liberal Democrat. I sent him a copy of the booklet, and got a reply saying that he liked it so much that he wanted to share it with some of his colleagues, and could I send him another 2 or 3 copies? Of course, I was delighted to do so. It seemed that the House would be taking a vote later in Jun, and he felt that this booklet could sway some votes.

I waited until I learned the results of the vote, and, by golly, for the first time in its 12-year history (it had first been voted into effect in 1951), PL 78 was voted down.

David: I thought it started in World War II.

Henry: That was the bracero program in a different version. The one that started in 1951 was the one that I studied. In some ways it was better than the anarchy of the earlier version, but in some ways it was worse.

In any case (and this will be the end of my peroration for the day), I felt once again in the course of my checkered career that I had been of some effect. I don't have any idea how many votes I may have influenced, but I like to think that I did some good. So endeth the sermon for today.

David: One question: was that monograph ever published elsewhere?

Henry: No.

David: What was it called, again?

Henry: "Fields of Bondage".

David: Now, when I search for your name on Amazon, two publications come up: "So Shall Ye Reap", and something else. I guess it wasn't "Fields of Bondage", though.

Henry: No, it wouldn't be there. It is a true collector's item.

Eugene: You have a copy?

Henry: Oh, I've got a copy or two.

I guess I neglected to send two copies to the Library of Congress, so they probably don't have it. Maybe it's not too late [*chuckle*]. Some of it is pretty interesting reading. Some of it is actually almost humorous, in a satirical way.

Relevant web pages:

Norman Breslow: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Norman_Breslow

Paul O'Rourke: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Paul_F._O'Rourke

Jack Shelley: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Shelley

Public Law 78 (the bracero program): http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Bracero_program

19. KPFA; Citizens for Farm Labor

Henry: Well, to recapitulate briefly, we have talked about a monograph I wrote entitled "Fields of Bondage", which (as the title suggests) was essentially a cry for a new abolition movement because I viewed the bracero system as a form of slavery. This apparently went over well in some liberal democratic quarters, and was used by certain liberal democratic representatives in Congress to help bring about a vote on May 29, 1963, in which an attempt to get the bracero program extended until Dec 31, 1964 was defeated -- meaning that the program would die in 1963. The thought that I had made some difference in this process got my juices flowing, and I started thinking of other ways in which I might make myself useful.

It wasn't easy, because I still had a full-time job with the Dept. of Public Health in something called the "Medical Care Studies Unit". At that time this unit was kind of treading water, looking for something to do under the leadership of Dr. Lester Breslow. He didn't really have his ducks lined up in the kind of bold, creative courses that came later. We were mostly just finishing up odds and ends of research by local health departments and other things that weren't very important, and so I didn't have to devote an awful lot of time to them.

At this point I was living in Martinez. On the 7th of May, my #3 son Eugene was born ...

Eugene: 8th.

Henry: 8th. Sorry! [*laugh*] So, I had to spend a good deal of time driving back and forth. But, in one way or another, I was able to embark on what I would call my personal golden age of productivity. One of the things that occurred to me was to offer my services (if that's the word) to Berkeley's listener-supported FM station KPFA. I may have mentioned it before. It was something of a local institution and was always on the liberal side of things. I thought that KPFA ought to be interested in the farm labor movement. So, I went to the director of the Public Affairs Dept. The whole station was managed by a man named Trevor Thomas who had become a friend of mine when I was with AWOC. His job at that time was as a lobbyist with the Friends' Committee on Legislation in Sacramento. He and I talked about the possibility of getting farm labor legislation passed. It didn't, but that's another story.

Anyway, I didn't go to Trevor Thomas with my ideas. I went to the Director of Public Affairs, who was a woman named Elsa Knight Thompson. I didn't know anything about the personalities at that time. She was a formidable woman. She chain-smoked, which as far as I know nobody else at the station did. She was a law unto herself, and a tough cookie. She wanted me to make a couple of test tapes of the sort of thing I had in mind. I worked on those for several weeks. I came up with one which was a broadside on the Giannini Foundation, which was a kind of think tank on the Berkeley campus, established by A.P. Giannini, the founder of the Bank of America. He had given all this money to UC Berkeley, and they had set up this -- they didn't call it a think tank in those days, but in practice it took as its function advocacy for agriculture and agricultural employers. So I wrote this commentary, which was going to be an exposé of the Giannini Foundation being a tool of one particular industry,

whereas the university was supposed to be open to various points of view, and I named names. That was going to be one of my test tapes for Elsa Knight Thompson.

Another one was based on the vote of the House of Representatives for the termination of the bracero program. I was going to call this particular commentary "Beyond the bracero system". I talked about what the employers would need to do to re-attract the people who had formerly done exactly the same work for which braceros were now being used. Those people mostly still lived in the shack towns around places like Stockton and Fresno. We knew from one of the exercises that we did during the volunteer period when we went around and did a survey of these fellows who were former farm workers and asked them "What would it take to get you back and do the jobs that you used to do", and found that on average $1.25/ hr would be enough. So, I talked about these sorts of things that the growers would have to do in order to get their crops in without braceros.

My friend Ernest Lowe, who was on the staff of KPFA, played these tapes for her, and she called me back in with her decision. She said the one on the Giannini Foundation was libelous and [*chuckle*] she could not allow that one to be broadcast, but the other one would be OK. So, I can't recall exactly when, but it was probably broadcast in late July 1963. At that point, it was not thought of by me or anybody else as the first in a series, because KPFA had what they called a nightly commentary, every weeknight at 6 or 7 PM. The commentators were given 15 minutes to talk about their favorite subject.

KPFA had a spectrum of commentators. They had a guy named Casper Weinberger who was Republican -- I think he was on the faculty of San Francisco State at the time -- and he was willing to appear on KPFA even though they had a reputation of being ultra-liberal. I think part of this "liberalism" is that they wanted all different points of view. On the other side of the spectrum, the California Regional Director of the Communist Party was one of their regular commentators. They had somebody from the Socialist Party, and somebody from the Single Tax Movement, if anybody today remembers that. Even in 1963 not very many people knew what the heck he was talking about, but it was a big social movement at one time, and this old fellow was still hanging on. Anyway, at first it didn't occur to me that I might become one of their panoply of commentators. Later on I did become one, but not quite then.

Another idea occurred to me during this summer. In August there was going to be a street fair on Telegraph Ave. near the campus, with all kinds of exhibits by artisans and artists. I signed up to present a group of my own paintings on the subject of farm workers. I had to work on those. I had done paintings that were relevant from time to time in the past, so I didn't have to start from scratch, but I did have to produce a few new ones to round out a group of about a dozen paintings. That street fair lasted for a week. I had prepared some handouts for anybody who was interested in the subject, regarding the farm labor situation. I can't recall whether I had prices on any of the paintings. All I know is that I didn't sell any. [*Everybody laughs*.]

On Aug 22, 1963, there was a signal event in Washington DC called the "March on Washington" at which the principal speaker was M.L. King Jr., with his "I have a dream" speech. I found a

friend who had a TV set (I don't think I had one at that time), and that speech had me bawling like a baby. I'll never forget that.

On Sep 17, in a little town in the Salinas Valley called Chualar, a flatbed truck owned by one of the lettuce growers in the area had been converted into a conveyance for braceros by installing some benches. The truck was packed, on its way to a field, and drove into the path of an oncoming freight train. 32 braceros were killed, and 25 seriously injured. Under the international agreement between Mexico and the U.S., any bracero who was killed, or died from sickness, while in the U.S. was entitled to a death benefit of $1000. Well, this episode really got my juices going, and so I wrote another commentary -- not part of the Friday evening commentary series, but as a special case. I called it "Blood on the lettuce", and Elsa Knight Thompson worked it into the schedule somehow. It was received well by the people who heard it (I think), and was received well by the people at KPFA themselves. It was more hard-hitting than what they were getting from their other commentators.

Well, the ideas kept flowing. It occurred to me that there was no organization, at least in northern California, that advocated for farm workers to the general public. AWOC still existed in a sort of skeletal form. Cesar Chavez was down in the Delano area, with a new type of organization he called the National Farm Workers Association -- he deliberately avoided using the term "union" at that time. There was something in Los Angeles called the Emergency Committee to Aid Farm Workers, which was started with a grant of $50,000 from a well-to-do liberal in that area -- so they were even able to pay their executive secretary. In fact, they put out feelers that led me to think they would consider hiring me as their executive secretary, if I were willing to move to Los Angeles -- which of course I wasn't. But I did feel the need for something like that committee, which would serve to lobby if necessary, or just to inform the public with speeches and writings. So I talked with some of my friends about the possibility of starting a citizens' group in the Bay Area.

On Oct 02, we met in the home of Ernest Lowe, my friend from KPFA, and started the group. We even gave it a name, "Citizens for Farm Labor", and elected a chairman and a secretary. We decided to put out a monthly magazine, and hold monthly membership meetings, once people started joining. We talked about the possibility of my continuing to produce commentaries about farm labor, and offer them to KPFA as part of their regular Friday evening series.

Well, I was still spooked by my experience from having been elected to something at Paly High. But nobody else was willing to step up to the chairmanship of Citizens for Farm Labor. I therefore did it because I had to, if there was to be any organization at all. Our secretary was a lady named Wendy Goepel, who had just graduated from Stanford. She was very attractive, but also very dedicated. Between the two of us, she and I put out the magazine practically single-handedly at the beginning. I put in a lot of time at night, which didn't make my wife out in Martinez too happy. I typed out stencils using typewriters at the Dept. of Public Health, which [*chuckle*] didn't make Lester Breslow too happy. He caught me one evening at work on the magazine, and I couldn't very well claim I was doing state business. He told me to be careful, but he didn't come right out and say I couldn't continue to use the typewriters, and so I did. Later on, I went too far and allowed you and Stephen to use some of the machines there,

and I was then ordered to stop using them in the evenings. I had to start using a manual typewriter, and the quality of our stencils went downhill. Anyway, in the latter part of October we came out with Volume 1, No. 1 of Farm Labor Magazine, which had an article by Wendy herself on the use of parathion in the peach harvest, and my script for "Beyond the bracero system" was reproduced. One way or another, we produced a magazine of some 40 pages, mimeographed and stapled, with a few photographs. We sent out 300 initial copies to people we thought might be interested in subscribing, and in joining the organization itself. So, those were rather heady times.

A few days later, on Oct 31 (Halloween), the House of Representatives revisited the subject of Public Law 78, the enabling legislation for the bracero program. There are ways, I don't exactly how they do it, but they are able to call back something that has already been voted on, if they get enough signatures on a petition, or something of that sort. Lo and behold, the vote was almost exactly the reverse of what it had been back in May. At that time, the extension of Public Law 78 was voted down 156 to 174, something like that. On Halloween the vote was 173 or 174 in favor of extending the program, and only 156 or so against, so it was extended to Dec 31, 1964. I was really unhappy, because the swing votes were Democrats -- most of them liberal Democrats! They made the difference. I promptly sat down and wrote a really scathing commentary called "The liberals will get you if you don't watch out", which was a takeoff on a popular poem by James Whitcomb Riley which nobody remembers now, but at that time Riley was very popular. As it happened, it wasn't my time of the month to do this commentary, but I did it in November. I rather regret it now because I have somewhat mellowed, and I don't think the liberals were all bad [*chuckle*].

David: What states were the swing votes from?

Henry: Mostly California.

David: Did you ever unravel what lobbying activities had brought about that change?

Henry: No. Well, I don't think that lobbying was necessary. I think that these guys (they were mostly from the San Joaquin Valley) were able to count the votes in their district. The lobbying which must have taken place probably came from their local constituents who were engaged in agriculture, including sellers of farm equipment, fertilizers, and pesticides. They were all dependent on the health of their local agriculture. If they all got into a letter-writing campaign, it made a lot more difference than a diatribe by me, in Berkeley [*chuckle*]. They didn't give a damn about liberals in Berkeley. I think that must be what happened.

That was a rather intemperate commentary, I must admit. But KPFA never censored me once I began that series. It was my very early experience with Elsa Knight Thompson and the Giannini Foundation. I never again personally attacked somebody like one of the so-called professors at the Giannini Foundation.

In Nov 1963, another extremely important event took place outside the Bay Area, and outside the subject of farm labor. That was Nov 22, which was a Friday. As it happens, at 10 in the morning Wendy Goepel and I were taking a coffee break to talk about the forthcoming issue of

Farm Labor Magazine. Somebody came in to say the President had been shot. The head of the Farm Worker Health Services, which is where Wendy worked at that time, was close by. We asked him, "Do you think it's serious?", but he didn't know. According to the early reports it was a head wound, so he said it might be very serious indeed, and so it was.

About half an hour later, the word came from Walter Cronkite that the President was dead. At the time, we were too stunned to think about the possible consequences of the Vice President, Lyndon B. Johnson, taking over -- what might the effects be on the population group of most interest to us? A little bit later, when I had time to get my thoughts together, I learned that Johnson himself had hired braceros on his ranch in Texas, and I feared the worst. If I had waited a little longer, I would have found out that Johnson was a good deal more liberal in many ways than Kennedy had ever been.

That afternoon, I picked up Stephen, David, and Rachel, because it was their weekend to visit. We went out to Martinez, and I played the Funeral March from Beethoven's Eroica Symphony on our phonograph. David was very impressed, and I still remember what he said: "He must have worked very hard on that".

I continued my commentaries on the general subject of farm labor. I worked them into such things as the fact that the period around Dec 11, which was my day on the air, was in the middle of "Human Rights Week", in recognition of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which had been passed largely through the efforts of Eleanor Roosevelt. I went down that list of rights to comment on the extent to which they were, or were not, honored in the case of agricultural workers.

On Jan 08, 1964, another of my days, my commentary consisted of an open letter to the Governor of California, Edmund G. Brown Sr., asking him to call a special session of the legislature (which he had within his power) to consider the forthcoming end of the bracero program, and what California could and should be doing to develop a domestic farm labor force.

The magazine was still coming out. By about the third issue, we had to start fudging on the concept of a monthly magazine, and started putting out a "double issue" every two months.

In Feb 1964, I commented upon a photographic exhibit in San Francisco called "The bitter years". It pulled together a couple of hundred photos that had been taken in the 1930s by a group of professional photographers. Maybe they had been hired by the WPA -- I don't know where the funding came from, exactly [*editor's note: it came from the Farm Security Administration (FSA)*]. They were given broad freedom to go out and photograph rural America. The group included a number of very good photographers, one of whom later became very well known -- her name was Dorothea Lange. I was particularly impressed by her contributions to this large exhibit.

I commented on the whole thing, and I titled my commentary "The bitter years go on". I said, in so many words, that if you go out into the hinterlands in California you will see conditions still very much as deplorable as they were in the 1930s. I named Dorothea Lange as the

photographer who was able to reach the heartstrings of the viewer more effectively than any of the others. A few days later I got a letter from Dorothea Lange inviting me to have lunch with her and talk about our mutual interests. I might mention that Dorothea was married to an economics professor at UC Berkeley named Paul S. Taylor who was kind of the grand old man of farm labor research, dating all the way back to the 1920s. He knew me because he had been on my advisory committee during my ill-fated bracero study for the university. So, everything seemed to be falling together.

I called the number that Dorothea had suggested I use to line up a time for this lunch. I discovered that she and her husband lived in a wonderful, rambling, spread-out brown-shingle house in the Berkeley hills, built around an oak tree in the middle. It was all very picturesque. I can't remember anything I might have said at this meeting. I was so tongue-tied -- more than usually tongue-tied, let's put it that way. I didn't call her "Dorothea". She showed me her darkroom and her photographic process. It was very memorable. Of course, I followed her career even more carefully after that than I had before. She became something of an icon by the time of her death. She was not well during the time that I spent with her. She was suffering from cancer, and chemotherapy made her hair fall out, so she wore a turban. She was weak and moved slowly, but she was certainly mentally alert as ever. That was a "peak experience" of mine, to use a phrase from Abraham Maslow, the humanistic psychologist.

I think I'm going to stop at this point, because in Apr 1964 there was a sea change, in which I deviated for the first time from the subject of farm labor in my commentary series. I deviated very far, and afterward there was no turning back. I spent the remainder of my time at KPFA, which continued for nearly another 10 years, hardly ever talking about farm labor from that point on.

If anybody has any questions ...

David: Gene?

Eugene: (to David): Do you have memories of Martinez?

David: Oh, yeah. Very clear memories. Also, we made that home movie on the hillside above the house. I remember the Little League baseball stadium that was down in the town. I don't remember the Eroica Symphony. Maybe if you played the Chopin funeral march, I might have been more enthusiastic.

Henry: Oh, you were enthusiastic.

David: Really? I'll have to give it a listen.

Relevant web pages:

Lester Breslow: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lester_Breslow

Elsa Knight Thompson: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Elsa_Knight_Thompson

A.P. Giannini: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amadeo_Giannini

Giannini Foundation:
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Giannini_Foundation_of_Agricultural_Economics

Sep 17, 1963 Chualar bus crash: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/1963_Chualar_bus_crash

Dorothea Lange: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Dorothea_Lange

20. KPFA politics

Henry: Last time, I believe we ended with my being invited to lunch by Dorothea Lange, the well-known photographer. I was about to remark on a major change in the commentary series I had been doing at KPFA, which had been devoted exclusively to farm labor subjects, including one that got me in a bit of trouble. My commentary before the one dealing with an exhibit of photographs (including Dorothea Lange's, which led to my meeting her) consisted of my reading an open letter I had sent to Governor Edmund G. Brown, in which I pointed out to him that the bracero program was scheduled to end Dec 31, 1964, that there had been tens of thousands of braceros used in all the California harvests up until that point, and that it behooved him to do something about replacing them. Otherwise, the farmers in his state would be without harvest hands, and that would affect the prices of fruits and vegetables. I recommended that he call a special session of the legislature, and lean on them to pass some bills that would make farm labor more attractive than it had been during the bracero years. I worded this somewhat trenchantly, and some people weren't too happy about it, beginning with the governor's staff. I heard by word of mouth that the letter never did reach the desk of the governor, and that the staff were sending notices out to the media that many of the things I had said were unfair or untrue.

I will say this about KPFA: they never leaned on me, or pre-censored anything that I talked about. It was really an open forum. There weren't many of those then, and there still aren't. My open letter certainly never had any effect on political decisions up or down the line.

But to move on to the point: these events led to a very dramatic change from my being a member of the stable of commentators at the station who specialized in talking about one particular social issue. Some events came about that forced me to go into totally different subjects -- namely, the subject of the station itself, and its governance. KPFA had been founded back in the 1940s by some conscientious objectors who were at liberty after the end of World War II (they had been in prison during the war). A group of them had the idea of establishing an FM station which would be supported entirely by listeners rather than by commercial sponsors, government aid, or any other source. This group, being the founders, naturally ran the station. I suppose they called themselves a board of directors, or trustees, or some such thing. That's the way it continued to function. Most of them were Quakers.

By the time I got to KPFA in the early 1960s, the station manager was Trevor Thomas, who also had a Quaker background. The staff all seemed to get along reasonably well. The director of the Dept. of Public Affairs was Elsa Knight Thompson. They had other people in charge of music, of drama, and so forth, but Elsa was in charge of public affairs, and that included me. She was an irascible woman, and she and Trevor Thomas clashed on lots of things. I didn't know all of this background. It reached the point that she devoted more of her time to working on other members of the staff to turn them against Trevor. She would have liked to have him fired. Apparently she made some headway with some of the staff members. There are always

things to complain about in any structure. The technical staff were all members of a union called the National Association of Broadcast Engineers and Technicians.

Well, Trevor fired Elsa. She really wanted to become the station manager, if you want to know the background. She had the support of these people, but they didn't have a vote. There was still a self-appointed Board of Trustees over everything else -- a self-perpetuating Board, really. They were not subject to any constituency. Elsa, of course, was a member of the union. It wasn't limited to engineers and technicians, despite the name of the union. Other staff members were free to join, and I guess most or all of them did. Elsa's power within the local was so great that she was able to prevail upon the majority of them to go on strike. First time in the history of KPFA, and as it has turned out through the years, the last -- only it was not the last [*laugh*].

I was very interested in this development. I felt it was very unfortunate, that it was not really a question of either/or, black or white, that there was something missing from the whole structure of KPFA, which I thought might really be the heart of the problem. That is, that there was really a third party involved, who had nothing whatever to do with this contest between labor and management. That was the program contributors and the subscribers (or listeners), who had nothing whatever to say about this contest between the other two factions.

So, on Apr 03, 1964, I deviated for the first time from my usual subject of agricultural labor, and did a commentary upon KPFA and its very nature, entitled "Communication without representation". All of us in the commentary series were, of course, volunteers -- we got paid nothing, and served entirely at the pleasure of those above us in the hierarchy -- namely, Elsa at the level immediately above us, and above her was the station manager. It had absolutely nothing to do with the objective quality of our comments, or how well we might be thought of by the listeners who were "paying the freight" for the entire operation. At this point, I didn't have any recommendations for how to deal with this problem as I saw it. I left it open, and ended the commentary by asking people to write to me if they thought I had [*unintelligible*] ... question, and if they had any suggestions.

Well, a number of them did, and I took it upon myself to answer each one of them, and suggest that we meet together and kick around ideas as to how the subscribers (that's what they were called) could become more involved in the station. Up until that time, they weren't involved at all, except for paying their monthly dues. I can't recall how much the dues were; it was very modest. About 20 of them replied, and we set up a meeting at the home of one of them. On Apr 15, we had our first subscribers meeting. I didn't think that it was incumbent upon us, or even helpful, to take a stand on one side or the other of the conflict between labor and management, or in the strike. I thought that our job was to think of some positive role that the subscribers themselves could play to help with the general direction of the station, in the area of quality. One of the things that occurred to me was that people could prepare sample tapes of their own voices commenting on issues of interest to them, because there were a number of issues that were not covered by the current crop of commentators. A number of the current commentators were, in fact, getting long in the tooth and were beating dead horses. For

example, the fellow who liked to talk about the single tax movement, which had died about a half century earlier [*general laughter*].

Other people at the meeting thought of various actions we might take. Somebody suggested that a fund be set up to give fellowships to people who might want to do a special program, a "documentary in sound" of some important subject, or whatever. Somebody suggested that we needed to have a few spokespersons appointed from within our group of ~20 people, and somebody suggested me. Nobody else seemed interested in taking the lead, so I accepted, temporarily at least. The whole thing was to be conditional on how it might go as time went by. A name was adopted which made it all sound temporary: "Subscribers Interim Committee", or "SIC" for short, which of course has a Latin equivalent.

This was pretty foolish on my part, because I already had so many things going. I was already chairman of the organization called Citizens for Farm Labor, and usually editor of each issue of the magazine we produced, although sometimes I had a guest editor. I had the commentary series on KPFA. I had two families -- one in Berkeley, one in Martinez. I should have said that I just couldn't do it. I guess the group would have had to select somebody else, or maybe forget the whole thing.

In addition to all those extracurricular activities, I had a full-time job at the State Dept. of Public Health. In fact, that job was becoming more and more interesting and important to me. Dr. Breslow, whom I've mentioned before, had succeeded in getting funding to set up on a regular basis a unit within the department which he called the "Medical Care Studies Unit". That was a subject of great importance to me because I had a Master's degree from the School of Public Health at UC Berkeley. I had been able to talk the Head of that unit, another public health physician named Bruce Walter, into an idea of mine. It was a follow-up to and enlargement upon a little project that we had been fooling around with for several months: how much were people over 65 having to spend out of pocket for their health care, if they didn't have health insurance?

Kaiser already existed at that time, but a lot of people were not covered by health insurance. Those people were, in theory, entitled to health care at county facilities (clinics or hospitals), but those facilities were often of substandard quality, they were inconveniently located and the people didn't have transportation, etc. It was therefore a fact -- everybody knew it -- that they frequently had to spend money out of pocket, but nobody knew how much, for what purposes, etc. Up to that point, we had had to rely on a ragtag assortment of sources and try to put them all together into a whole, which was very unsatisfactory and very inaccurate.

I had the idea of selecting a community of a manageable size, and with a reasonably good representation of people over 65. Instead of going with the vagaries of a sample, we would interview every person in the community who was over 65, and get their story. By doing some research with the most recent census available, I thought that the town of Capitola, in Santa Cruz County, was just about the right size to be manageable, and had a nice representation group of the elderly, some of whom would be on public assistance and some not, etc. We wouldn't bother with a sample; we'd try to get 'em all.

I laid this idea before my immediate supervisor, Bruce Walter, and he loved it. Then we had to sell it to Dr. Breslow. As long as he had some money in the kitty, he went along with it also. Anyway, that was also on my plate along with all the extracurricular activities.

Speaking of my family obligations, we were now in the month of May, and lo and behold I was about to become a father again. On May 30, my youngest child -- a daughter! -- named Dorothy was born. Driving back and forth between Martinez and Berkeley, and then between Martinez and Santa Cruz, got to be a bit much. More than a bit much -- I had to begin thinking of moving to Berkeley.

Back to the subject of the Subscribers Interim Committee. At the second meeting we held, the people who had come the first time were still interested, and we now had ~50 people -- once again, just to exchange ideas. Some strong ideas began to emerge, in the form of what might be called the Berkeley left wing. I think they were all former Trotskyites, or Maoists, or Stalinists, or [*chuckle*] one stripe or another of authoritarian personalities. I laugh, but it wasn't a laughing matter to those who were trying to start organizations in Berkeley which were relatively liberal in the best sense of the word, meaning "open" -- open-minded, open to possibilities, open to suggestions -- rather than based on fixed ideas. The left-wingers were the death of many and many a Berkeley organization, such as the Berkeley Co-op. Now that I look back on it, I didn't know all this at the time. The thing that saved KPFA since its founding by the handful of Quaker conscientious objectors was that the decision-making was done by this self-appointed and self-perpetuating group of people who agreed on one thing, which was that they weren't rigid ideologues beholden to any particular political agenda.

To make a long story short, the Subscribers Interim Committee was taken over by the red-hots -- another term that some of us used to refer to these people. One of them was a program contributor on KPFA itself. His program was slightly different from the commentary series. This fellow, whose name was William Mandel, had taught himself Russian, and subscribed to Pravda, Izvestia, and other Russian publications. He had a half-hour program rather than the 15 minutes that I and the other commentators were allowed, and he was on every week rather than once a month. So, he was one of the red-hots. He had an acolyte -- a follower -- named Jeremy Jenkin, who had no attachment to the station but was ideologically attached to Mandel. The two of them became real powers among the Subscribers Interim Committee, and were able to dominate. They were very articulate, persuasive, and persistent. I just could not see myself turning from all my other obligations to engage in this fight. So I resigned, and within a month or so the Subscribers Interim Committee went out of existence.

I had followed up my initial commentary about the KPFA situation with a couple of further commentaries on the subject of organizational democracy. I felt liberated from any necessity of continuing as a commentator on a single subject, *i.e.*, farm labor. I had never signed a contract saying that I would be identified as a specialist in such a way. I took it upon myself to commenting about various things. I began having an announcer on the station staff introduce me at the beginning of each commentary as a social analyst, or something very broad like that. At the end of each commentary, I had the announcer issue an invitation to any listener who would like a copy of my script to write to me c/o KPFA Berkeley. People started doing so.

There came a time after a few months of this that the little announcer's squib at the end got lost, and for several months I didn't get any letters. I didn't know why. I started telling the listeners at the end, myself, that if they were interested they could get a copy of the script by writing to me at my PO Box. So, the letters started coming in again.

I think I've come to the end of what I wanted to say tonight. Any questions, comments, or criticisms?

David: The Vietnam war was going on by this time, right?

Henry: Oh, very much so.

David: Did you comment on that?

Henry: Wait a minute. It was not going on "very much so". It was going on. We're talking about 1964.

David: U.S. involvement hadn't started yet? Was it ramping up?

Henry: There were several thousand troops there. But it was not the subject of demonstrations or anything like that, at this point. We've gone up to May 1964. To get ahead of ourselves a bit, around Sep 1964 all hell broke loose on the Berkeley campus. The free speech movement began. That will be part of my discussion next time. That was nothing like the Vietnam demonstrations, although they were certainly powerful in Berkeley. Vietnam had a lot to do with the fact that LBJ didn't run for President in 1968. He would certainly have done so, and would have been overwhelmingly re-elected, if it hadn't been for Vietnam. That war was almost as disastrous as the one in Iraq, but not quite.

Eugene: What happened with the strike at KPFA?

Henry: The strike was resolved by the Board of Trustees, which as I mentioned was not elected, but they were all-powerful in their own way. They ordered management to give the union whatever it wanted.

David: Was the union striking for any issue other than the firing of Elsa Knight Thompson?

Henry: I can't recall the details.

David: Did she get reinstated?

Henry: Yeah, she got reinstated.

David: And Trevor Thomas stayed on too?

Henry: Trevor Thomas resigned.

David: So, she won.

Henry: Oh, in a way. There were probably some issues of overtime, recognition of shop stewards, blah blah blah. It was a truce, really. The station has gone through agonies ever since. At the moment, it seems to be relatively quiescent. But it's always been controversial and divided by factions. They have a library of past programs, which has some pretty good stuff in it, about farm labor and so forth. I don't know whether they have any of my commentaries in there or not. I have quite a few tapes of my own. I used to mimeograph the scripts and send out copies. I got 200-250 letters asking for one of them -- that was my most popular. I lasted longer than I thought I might, before they fired me. I lasted nearly 10 years there -- longer than I did at any of my paid jobs.

Relevant web pages:

History of KPFA: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/KPFA

Elsa Knight Thompson: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Elsa_Knight_Thompson

William Mandel: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Mandel

21. More KPFA; Free Speech Movement; Cesar Chavez and FWA

Henry: Last time I spoke about a distraction from the various other balls I was juggling, namely the responsibilities I had taken on as the head of an organization ("Citizens for Farm Labor") that was supposed to keep the public informed about developments in the field of farm labor, because AWOC wasn't doing it, and Cesar Chavez at that time was laying very low. I was the head of the organization, and editor of its magazine, which we tried to put out monthly. I was also doing a monthly commentary on KPFA. All of this in addition to a full-time job with the health dept., in which I was head of a project down in the town of Capitola, surveying elderly people about their health care costs.

All of this was interrupted by the fact that a crisis arose at KPFA, in which the director of the Dept. of Public Affairs (Elsa Knight Thompson) wanted to become the station manager, and stirred up the engineers and technicians to strike. I became involved to the extent that I thought this was not a classic labor/ management fight, because there was no profit motive on either side, and there was a third party involved that did not take part, although I thought it rightly could have and should have, namely the subscribers. KPFA was a listener-supported station, the first of its kind in the world. I think at this point it was fairly successful, but the listeners did nothing more than pay a monthly fee. I felt that they had a right to do more if they wanted to, for example to take part in the performance of various programs themselves -- as I was doing in the form of these monthly commentaries.

So that was my contribution: that listeners, rather than taking sides between labor and management, could simply submit contributions to the station in the form not of money, but productions of their own. I did become involved, in something we called the Subscribers Interim Committee, which for some time met and talked about what we could do. But then it was taken over, frankly, by some of the same community "red-hots" who tried to take over the local consumers' co-op and various other things. I did not want to become involved with them, so I withdrew, and the whole thing collapsed.

The distraction of the strike at KPFA did have one virtue, and that was to get me freed from the necessity (if there ever had been one) that my commentaries on the station be limited to various aspects of the farm labor issue. When the strike was over, I felt under no requirement to return to being the station's one-man voice of agricultural labor. I embarked upon something totally unrelated. Around this time (Jun 1964), there was a concerted movement of liberals from the North to "liberate" the South (as they saw it) and take an active part in the civil rights movement down there. I commented on that subject, and did so in a way that I tried to carry on through the end of my tenure at KPFA -- namely, to look at a social problem from a slightly different angle than the other commentators. I had a problem with the station because it was quite predictable. They were "politically correct" before the term was coined, to apply to what might be called "knee-jerk liberals" who took a certain point of view on every issue that came along, and followed it without deviation.

I looked at this "invasion" of well-meaning liberals from the North down to the South to aid the movement to help blacks get the right to eat at lunch counters, or vote, or whatever. I took as my point of departure the Children's Crusade of the Middle Ages, when they (with every good intention) tried to liberate the Holy Land from the Muslims, without any preparation. They were clad in the "raiment of righteousness", and thought that would prevail over everything.

I thought that the well-meaning liberals from the North (all of whom were white, incidentally) should have prepared themselves by learning a little about the culture of the South, into which they were moving. They seemed to take the view that the blacks in the South were just like themselves except for the color of their skin, whereas in fact the blacks in the South were carriers of a culture very different from that of the North in many respects, of which race relations were only one part. So, they went down there ill-prepared. Just as the Children's Crusade of the Middle Ages was decimated (either killed or taken into sexual slavery), some of the "crusaders" who moved from the U.S. North to the South were killed, and I don't know how much good they did. In any event, they did not take any courses in sociology or anthropology, which I thought might have helped. I was just taking a bit of an offbeat view that was not being expressed by anybody else in the stable of KPFA commentators.

We were continuing to put out the farm labor magazine, almost (but not quite) every month.

In Sept 1964, all hell broke loose on the UC Berkeley campus. I think it began around Sep 20. It became known as the Free Speech Movement. It had to do with the fact that various political activist groups on campus set up tables and tried to recruit new members or sell or give away their publications. The Chancellor, an elderly professor of philosophy named Edward Strong, said it was contrary to campus rules and regulations, and forbade it, but the student activists refused to obey. A lot of them were arrested, and the struggle went on for weeks.

This reminded me that I had once been involved in a free speech movement of my own, in a manner of speaking, involving a paper I had written about the bracero system, which I thought had really nothing to do with the campus. I didn't identify myself as a member of the campus community, I didn't distribute copies on the campus, and I limited it to a small group of Quakers (I thought). But it leaked out, and as I understood the sequence of events the Quakers distributed copies to the proponents of the bracero system, thinking [*chuckle*] to educate them, I suppose -- I don't know what they had in mind. Anyway, the Farm Bureau took great umbrage, and complained to the head of the agriculture division of the university. Somebody in the chain of command devised a way to shut me up, which was to order an end to the field study I was conducting, of the ideas and practices of braceros regarding health care. I was obliged to stop the field work entirely, dismiss my interviewer, and limit myself to writing up a report of what I had already gathered, which was about half of the number of interviews I thought were necessary to draw any conclusions. I eventually produced a 750-page monograph which was rejected by my superior because I -- well, the rationale given was that I included a chapter on what I called the social structure of the bracero system, which included mention of the groups that were in favor of it and those that were opposed to it, and that was all. But I was told on the QT that the real reason was that the Farm Bureau had told the head of the agriculture division that when they came before the legislature the next session to ask for a

budget to keep the university going, they would ask embarrassing questions about having some firebrand working against their best interests, and they would cut the university's allotment for agricultural purposes.

Well, that was all back in 1958, but I thought it was of some relevance to the whole question of academic freedom and free speech on campus. I thought it was a perfectly subject for me to use for a commentary. I conceived the idea that it was also an opportunity for me to bring out of mothballs the stencils of my 750-page monograph, which had (in its original edition) been recalled and destroyed. I would use the mimeograph machine that we had purchased for the use of the Citizens for Farm Labor, to put out our magazine. It was a pretty good quality machine. I would run off copies which I would then sell to members of Citizens for Farm Labor, or other interested people, and I would mention it in the conclusion of this KPFA commentary that I planned to do on the history of that whole episode.

I wasn't able to get all these ducks lined up in time for a commentary during the month of Oct, but I was able to do so for my Nov 13 commentary, entitled "Who will guard us from our guardians?". I announced that a copy of the monograph could be obtained for $3.95 to cover our costs for paper, mimeograph ink, and postage. I was able to get volunteers to assemble it. We made 100 copies, which [*chuckle*] came out to 75,000 pages, or 150 reams of paper. We pretty much took over the house at 1624 Grove St, and my wife was relegated to the back bedrooms with the two kids, while we spread out these hundreds of copies. People would assemble them in teams, each of which would be responsible for ~20 pages, and eventually they were all put together into big, thick volumes. We managed to sell almost all of them. I set aside ~6 to donate to repositories such as the Bancroft library, and the Library of Congress. I wish I had kept more, because they're quite a collector's item today.

That was by no means the end of the story -- [*chuckle*] I don't know if it ever will be. It seems that one of my listeners took it upon herself to write a letter to Clark Kerr, the president of the entire university system, asking for his reaction to my commentary. I must admit that I had made a bit of a leap -- an assumption -- that because he had told me at one time that he himself had read my statement to the Friends about the immorality of the bracero system, that he was the "Solomon" who made the even-handed decision on one hand to resist the Farm Bureau's request that I be fired, but on the other hand to terminate my field work and lead me to the writing of the report. I now think, in retrospect, that it was not his idea, rather that it was the idea of somebody down the chain of command, and they passed it in front of him with the right of review. He had the right to say whether that Solomon-like decision would stand, or whether there was some other way of dealing with it. He let it stand. But in the commentary, I made it sound as though it was his decision. That was probably a mistake on my part.

Anyway, Clark Kerr wrote a reply to this woman, which was quite interesting in its own way. In the meantime, they had arrived at a rationale. In his letter, he said that pressure from whatever source had nothing whatever to do with the university's decision; that it was solely a result of the fact that the U.S. Dept. of Labor, which operated the slave market in El Centro through which all the braceros coming into California had to pass, had denied me and my interviewer the right of access to braceros at that location, and that made it impossible for me

to continue the field study. It's true we were denied access, which probably in itself could have been challenged if we had gone to the ACLU or something like that. But we didn't think it was necessary to interview at that location, because there were any number of bracero camps in the Imperial Valley, where it was possible to interview men on the weekends or evenings. Even if we had been denied access by the operators of those camps (which never happened), there were braceros on the streets of Calexico in the evenings and weekends, shopping for work clothes or whatever, and they were perfectly amenable to being interviewed. In fact, my interviewer obtained a good deal of information in that way. Anyway, the story was just a fabrication that Clark Kerr came up with to justify the "truncation" of the project -- let's put it that way.

Now I have to get a little bit out of chronological order, because I need to skip to something that is directly related. In Apr 1965, I heard (probably by phone call; I haven't been able to find anything in writing) that I was invited to appear before the UC Senate Academic Freedom Committee. I was given a time, place, and a number to call if I wanted to accept the invitation. I did accept, because I was curious to see what they wanted from me. I thought there might be a possibility that they weren't entirely satisfied with the official university explanation, that it was all the fault of the U.S. Dept. of Labor, and that pressure from any source, including the Farm Bureau, had absolutely nothing to do with the decision to truncate my UC research project.

I showed up in front of this "Senate Academic Freedom Committee" of ~6 professors. It turned out all they really wanted was to get a retraction from me for what I had said about Clark Kerr. They wanted to absolve Clark Kerr of any involvement whatsoever, and to absolve the university as a whole of any involvement that would cast any stain upon its reputation as a citadel of academic freedom. If I had known that was their intention, I would have brought along somebody else who knew something about the situation and was more articulate than I. Under pressure, I become very inarticulate. I stammered, hemmed, and hawed, and said that surely there was more to it than the fact that the U.S. Dept. of Labor said we couldn't come to the bracero reception center anymore. They were not satisfied, and I wasn't satisfied, so it ended up with us going our respective ways, and I becoming more jaundiced than I had been before [*chuckle*].

Meanwhile, back at Citizens for Farm Labor (CFL), we were doing quite well. There was a lengthy period from Sep 1964 to Jan 1965 during which we were able to put out the magazine every month, because we were attracting a good many volunteers -- people who would write articles for us, help with the scut work of typing stencils, maintain our records of who was paying their annual membership fee of $5, who was subscribing to the magazine without actually becoming a member of the organization, help recruit speakers for our monthly meetings, etc. We were making our presence felt at public hearings and legislative hearings. It was kind of the "golden age" of CFL, in part because things were brewing down in the lower San Joaquin Valley, specifically in the little town of Delano. As I mentioned, Cesar Chavez had been laying low for a while, quite deliberately operating "under the radar" as they say nowadays, organizing something he called the Farm Workers Association (FWA) -- not to be confused with the Agricultural Workers Association (AWA) in Stockton, before the emergence of AWOC. AWA

was largely the handiwork of Father Thomas McCullough, and Dolores Huerta was also involved. It was supplanted by AWOC after ~6 months, but it was quite a going concern for a while. I almost became its Executive Director.

Anyway, Chavez, in the fall of 1962, began very quietly organizing the FWA, scrupulously avoiding any mention of the word "union" because people had the idea that a union was something that existed [*chuckle*] just for the purpose of going on strike. Chavez had a totally different concept -- FWA was to be something that conferred a lot of other benefits and did not require direct confrontation with employers at all. It had a credit union, a health plan of sorts, various kinds of co-op ventures whereby people would help each other with odd jobs (carpentry, auto repair), working together at whatever they could within their confidence, to get to know and trust each other. They sacrificed a little bit, because they had to pay dues to FWA. The FWA began putting out a publication, which was very different in tone from our more formal, serious, and intellectual-sounding magazine. The FWA's publication, called "El Malcriado" (freely translated, "The Bad Boy"), was very outspoken in its opinion of growers. It had a lot of humor, satire, and cartoons -- we didn't have those things.

The volunteers who helped us at CFL frequently became attracted by the activities down in Delano. We lost a fellow named Bill Esher, for example. He was a very good associate editor. He moved down there and became the editor of El Malcriado. We lost another of our most faithful volunteers, Kathy Lynch. She went down there to help with their secretarial tasks, and married a farmworker. So it went. We became sort of a conduit to the Delano group, and were happy to have it happen that way. We existed as a stopgap measure during the period of time when there was nobody speaking directly on behalf of farmworkers. The beauty of the FWA was that it was headed by people who had all been farmworkers themselves. The guiding spirit of the AWA in Stockton had never been a farmworker.

All of this leads up to the big events that took place in fall 1965. This is a logical time to stop for today, and leave you in suspense for the next time, when things really get exciting.

Relevant web sites:

Children's Crusade (~1212): https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Children%27s_Crusade

Free Speech Movement (UC Berkeley campus, 1964-65):
https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Free_Speech_Movement

Clark Kerr: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Clark_Kerr

El Malcriado: www.library.sfsu.edu/exhibits/cultivating/intropages/elmalcriado.html

22. A busy month: SNCC, Joan London, grape strike

Henry: Well, there's something dangling. I'm not going to repeat anything, but this is something that happened in Feb and Mar of 1965. The get-together with the Academic Freedom Committee took place in April. But in late Feb and early Mar of 65 something really interesting and important happened in my life, having to do with the civil rights movements. Now when I formed the organization that we called Citizens for Farm Labor, I stole the slogan that the women's suffrage movement had used in the early part of the 20th century in their effort to get the right to vote. They simply used the slogan "Equal rights for women", so I always remembered that because they were a social movement that was successful. A lot of movements aren't successful, such as the world government movement that I was involved in deeply for quite a while. So I used the slogan "Equal rights for farm workers" to identify our organization, and I used that same concept in some of my KPFA commentaries, drawing an analogy between the civil rights movement in the South's efforts to get equal rights for Negroes, as they were called in those days, and I suggested that these 2 movements had something to say to each other, that is the farm worker's movement and the Negro movement.

Well, in the early part of Feb in 1965, I got a call from the Northern CA director of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, or SNCC as it was almost universally known, which was what might be called the more militant wing of the civil rights movement. I think it's no secret that there was some tension between the young guys who made up the student movement and the Martin Luther King organization, Southern Leadership Conference.

Anyway, I had this call from the SNCC leader, who invited me to a training conference to be held in Mississippi, inviting me to go down there and broach my concept of a kind of exchange movement in which guys who had been through demonstrations down in the South, sitting in at lunch counters and so forth, having them come to CA to use some of their techniques in the efforts to organize agricultural workers, and at the same time that we might send some farm workers down to the South and they would show what they might have learned in the way of tactics in their efforts. So this fellow, whose office was in SF, his name was Mike Miller, thought that was a great idea and that I should go down there and explain it.

So I accepted with some slight trepidation, because at this time the voting rights act had still not been passed by the congress. In 1964 a more omnibus civil rights act had been passed, and that had to do with opening access to places of public accommodation – lunch counters, public transportation, things like that, although it took a really horrible event to push the Congress to pass it. In June of 1964, three young guys from the North had gone down there, one of whom was black and two were white, and all three of them were murdered by the Ku Klux Klan. In July Congress finally passed the omnibus bill, and Johnson promptly signed it, but it still didn't cover the area of voting rights, and that was really the big push of SNCC in the summer of 1965, and this conference, or training session, to be held in MS in late Feb and early March, had to do with training people trying to register to vote. There was an element in the South, particularly

in MS, which is where the 3 guys had been killed the previous year, they were still not reconciled to the whole concept. So, some of my friends told me to be careful.

Well, I don't know whether you guys ever heard of Stokely Carmichael, he was a firebrand who was leading SNCC, and he was going to be the director of this training session. Among the other members of the faculty was another fellow who was quite well known in his way, and his name was Howard Zinn. He had achieved some renown for having written what he called a "People's History of the United States". It was from a left-wing point of view, in which he told about the warts of the Founding Fathers and all that sort of thing, and gave a great deal of emphasis to the efforts of reformers and rebels of various stripes who had brought about social change as the country had gone along, particularly in the labor movement. He had a lot of chapters about the IWW, for example, whereas most histories don't even mention the IWW.

As it turned out, I and Howard Zinn were roommates at this event. I don't remember what the setting was, it was a place that probably had been used by a church, because it had room for smaller meetings that would meet occasionally, and large plenary sessions, and so forth. As it turned out, I didn't get a chance to speak until the very last day, and by that time people were in a hurry to get home, and to make a long story short, nothing was ever done about this exchange program between the representatives of the two different types of civil rights movements. But it was very interesting to me to see Stokely Carmichael in action, and to have a chance to talk with Howard Zinn. I remember at night – the closest town was a tiny crossroads called Waveland, I don't think it even appears on a lot of maps. It's quite close to a town on the Gulf of Mexico called Biloxi.

In the evenings after the training sessions were over, a lot of the guys would go to a bar, or a night club, in the town of Biloxi, in the black section of Biloxi, where I and maybe Howard was along, I can't remember that detail, I and maybe one or two others of the faculty, outsiders who were going to speak at this session. We were the only white guys in the place, and it just struck me, the difference between the fact that we were accepted, nobody looked askance at us, as though we were out of place, and what a difference it would have been if three black guys had tried to be waited on at a white night club at that time.

So that was a memorable experience, and I never felt in any danger. I came back and told it to my friends.

Shortly after that another memorable event took place, this one on Mar 17. I don't know whether you guys have ever heard of the Catholic Worker Movement. They put out a newspaper which cost 1 cent per copy, and I have been a subscriber for many, many years, and a subscriber to their basic ideas, which were really radical. They were started in the early 1930s as kind of a competitor of the Daily Worker, which probably was free or maybe it also charged 1 cent, and was the organ of the Communist Party USA.

A woman named Dorothy Day, along with a colleague, set out to form a movement which would be, I think the closest term would be Christian communist. They believed in the collected ownership of things, and almost every aspect of the Marxist ideal, except that it had a religious element, and a nonviolent element, and a democratic element. They didn't believe in

war, and took it so seriously that they refused to serve in the draft, and a lot of them spent WW II, when it came along, in prison as COs. They did not believe in paying taxes, if any part of those taxes were to go to the making of war, and so they had figured out the percentage of the national budget which went to the so-called Defense Department, and encouraged people to withhold that portion of their annual federal income tax, and defy the IRS to collect it, and the IRS of course had every right under the law to dip into a person's bank account, or if necessary force a sale of their home, or whatever. And I believed in it; I disbelieved in the Vietnam war to such an extent that I followed that precept of the Catholic Workers, and I withheld a quarter or a third or whatever it was from my income tax, and they did in fact take that out of my bank account, but they didn't threaten me with anything further than that, so I satisfied myself with mentioning it in my KPFA commentaries, and advising other people that they could do the same thing if they were so moved.

Anyway, as I said, Dorothy Day was one of the 2 founders of the movement, back in the early 30s. Well here we were in 1965, and she was getting along in years but she was still around, and she was in the Bay Area. There was a Catholic Worker house in Oakland, one of their activities was houses of hospitality for guys who were down and out, in the Skid Rows usually, and she checked in on these houses every so often, and somehow or other she heard about me, and my interest in justice for farm workers and other good causes, and so she wanted to meet me. It was worked out that she did in fact have some time to spend on the afternoon of March 17, and we met at 1624 Grove St, which is where Eugene and Dorothy and their mother and I were living at that time, and Dorothy Day and I had a great talk, for about 3 hours. Among other things she asked if I would be interested in writing a column about the developments in CA, to be published in their paper, which came out monthly. Well, I was sorely tempted, but I had to say I would think about it, but I had so many other commitments that I was afraid I couldn't give her a promise then and there, and as things turned out I was never able to follow up on it.

It was about that same time - it was a really very, very lively month - that Joan London came to me with another proposition. I don't know if I've mentioned the name of Joan London before; she was the long-time librarian of the State Federation of Labor in SF, which is a rather misleading title, because she was really a lot more than that, she was sort of their director of research, and whenever anybody had a question about the history of some union or other in this state, they would go to her and she would be able to answer their questions, and she would help with the writing of speeches by the big shots of the organization, because she was a good writer. In fact she had written a biography of her father, Jack London, back in the 1930s, which in the opinion of many people was the best one that had ever been written. As the years went by, others came along, and hers always stood well against all of these others, because she had the advantage that none of the others did, that she knew her father. She had a sister, I think I might have mentioned her also, but her sister was no writer.

And so Joan came to me on the 30th of Mar, 1965, I was living on Grove St at the time, and she came to me and said that she had had a feeler from a publisher in NYC called Thomas Crowell Co., an old line, small but well-thought-of publishing house that knew about the biography she had written of her father, and sent this letter to her asking if she were possibly able or

interested in writing another book, and if so they would be interested in publishing it, I guess because her name still had some cachet. Well, she was not a well woman at this point. She had been a lifetime smoker, and was already showing signs of some lung problem, and she didn't feel quite up to undertaking another book all by herself. But she was very interested in the farm labor movement. She was a member of the advisory board, or the executive committee, of Citizens for Farm Labor, so she asked me if I would be interested in co-authoring a book with her, under the understanding that she had with this editor at the Crowell Co. He of course would have to agree to this co-authorship.

Well, it wasn't as though I would be under a monthly deadline, as I would have been if I had taken up Dorothy Day on her offer. I was already under a deadline with the station to do a monthly commentary, and I was under a deadline to put out the magazine for the Citizens for Farm Labor, even though sometimes we were delayed, but we were attempting to put out an issue every month. But there would be no such deadline on this arrangement for the book. So I said OK, if her editor would agree to it, I will be happy to work with out. And so in a couple of weeks or so she got a reply from, Hugh Rossen was his name, and he understood that it would be a book about the farm labor movement.

So Joan and I began meeting occasionally, at the very least we would meet monthly, because we had meetings of CFL every month, and she was always there early, and she and I could talk before the meeting, and after the meeting if necessary, so we began talking about an approach, and it seems that we could divide the book into two parts, one of them being a history of previous efforts to organize farm workers in the state of CA, and the 2nd half, roughly, would consist of profiles of individuals who had emerged in the recent past, who would illustrate different strands within the movement, including those who were working for the organization of workers, and one or two examples of persons who were working against it, because in the course of my work in the study of the bracero program, I had gotten to know a lot of representatives of different points of view, including growers, the operators of bracero camps, and the government agencies who administered the bracero system. I got to know all of them, because I would simply identify myself as doing research on the health of braceros, and they assumed it was perfectly innocuous, and so they would open up with me. I didn't ever lie to them. I guess that's the reason why they were so outraged when the AFSC sent them copies of my manifesto. I guess I can't really blame them entirely; I should not have written that.

Anyway, I began by drawing up a list of about 20 people, all of whom were interesting in their own way, even though I might disagree violently with their points of view. I thought that to make a rounded picture, 1 or 2 of them should be included, and then of course there would be a lot of interviews with rank and file farm workers, who would go into detail about things like the very nature of the work they did, much of which was highly skilled. (One of the things that always impressed me about the whole subject of farm labor is that in the popular mind it has the connotation of unskilled work – simple-minded work that anybody can do, very monotonous, often physically demanding, but any idiot can do it. Well, the truth of the matter is that most farm work is in fact skilled, sometimes highly skilled, as I myself found when I would try to pick apricots or cherries or things like that. It requires great judgment, as well as manual dexterity.)

So anyway I would have a number of representatives of those types of farm work, they're not all interchangeable. And then there'd be representatives of the organizing efforts, all of which had failed up to that point, including a guy named Ernesto Galarza, who was the most recent, who had broken his heart trying to form a union in the teeth of the bracero program, which made it virtually impossible. And Norman Smith would have been in there, and so forth.

I got engrossed in this to the extent that I actually began doing some writing. One of the very first chapters that I began working on was a profile of a man named Fred van Dyke, who was himself a grower in the Stockton area, who had used braceros right along, as everybody else in that area did, but he had a change. He became a convert, a believer that in fact it would be to the advantage of both employers and employees if both sides got organized so that the whole farm labor market could be stabilized, rather than having migrants drift across the landscape, never knowing where their next job would come from, and growers themselves nervous as their crops ripened in the fields, and they weren't certain whether they'd have enough workers. Well that of course was the reason for the bracero program in the first place; it gave them a guaranteed labor force.

By this time, those of us who opposed the whole idea of a captive labor force had it about to expire, and on Dec 31 of 1964 it did expire. However, there was another law under which they were able to bring in a few "green-carders", as they were called. It was different from the bracero program. It involved far fewer workers, and the Secretary of Labor, by this time, did what some of us had felt the administrators of the bracero system should have been doing all along, which was to make an informed estimate of what the wages and working conditions should be, or would be, if this supply of workers from abroad were not available. What would growers have done under those conditions? Would they have gone out of business? No, they would have adjusted their wages upward, and they would have been able to attract local workers. Well, we finally had a Secretary of Labor who made this estimate on his own, and the growers didn't like it, but they went along with it because they had to.

Anyway, Fred van Dyke was a very fascinating fellow. He had this all figured out, that under the normal circumstances, and by the law of supply and demand, the growers would have had to create a sufficient pool of workers by paying a wage that made it competitive with other industries. In order to meet those wage requirements, the growers themselves would have to organize to bargain with the buyers of their stuff, in most cases it would be wholesalers and canners. And that the effect on the consumer would be so slight that most would not even notice it, because if you buy a can of tomatoes, for example, we had this all figured out, if a can of tomatoes were 30 cents, that maybe 1 cent of that would represent wages to the workers who had picked those tomatoes. So you could double the wages of the worker, and if it weren't taken advantage of by other intermediaries up the ladder, by rights it should have made a difference of only a 1 cent increase in the cost of the can of tomatoes. That sort of thing. But as long as the growers were all independent operators, they made no effort to bring the amount of tomatoes they planted and harvested into line with what was needed in the market. If they overproduced tomatoes, they didn't get as much return from the market as they could if they were to restrain themselves, and to produce just what the market required.

Anyway, Fred van Dyke was going to be one of the chapters, and I would have interviewed a labor contractor, and the various others in the general social structure, which is what I called my chapter in the bracero monograph that my principle investigator at the school of public health found so objectionable.

Now, another activity that I volunteered for, I found it difficult to say no, one of the spin-offs of the Free Speech Movement, which had broken out at the University in Sept of 1964, was something called the Free University of CA, in which people who had something to say about some topic of interest and on which they had some expertise could volunteer to conduct classes which met in churches in the vicinity of the University, and so I volunteer to teach a class in the farm labor movement, and it was accepted and I was assigned a place to meet in the Lutheran church on College Ave at the corner of Haste. I was allotted a 12-week period of time to conduct this class, and it began at just about the same time that all this other stuff was happening. It began in Mar of 1965.

Now all of this, I just don't know how I did it all. I was still the head of a research project that was taking place in the town of Capitola in Santa Cruz county, I'm sure I've mentioned that before, and my brainstorm on the occasion was, rather trying for a representative sample, we would interview everybody over 65 in the town, and I was given enough funds to hire more interviewers than I had ever had. I had so much trouble finding somebody to do my interviewing in the bracero study that I ended up with only 1 guy I could really count on. But in Capitola, I spread the word among the over-65 group that we were looking for interviewers, even if they didn't have any prior experience, and so I trained them and we ended up with a team of 2 or 3 gray-haired ladies. I didn't have to spend a heckuva lot of time supervising them, but I would have run down there every once in a while. To cover the entire town took the greater part of the summer, and that went on until probably August, after which time it was necessary to bring the results up to Berkeley and begin working on coding protocols, getting the results of the interviews into a form amenable to tabulation and analysis.

Among my other activities I organized what we called a "student committee for agricultural labor" at the Berkeley campus. The acronym was SACL, which made use of the letters CAL, which we thought was rather clever. And this spread and we had invitations to help them organize student committees at UC Davis and at Stanford, which we were happy to do, but of course they were then on their own. At the mother organization, which I believe one might call the Citizen's Committee here in Berkeley, we had enough to keep our own organization going, rather than keeping tabs on them. I don't know what became of them eventually. The student committee at Berkeley went on for some years.

At the Mother organization CCFL, we began having a brain drain, because things were brewing down in the lower San Joaquin valley. I had a co-editor of the magazine for a couple of months, who was really very valuable, but he went down there, because that's where the action was, and he became editor of their publication. My other co-editor, a woman named Wendy Goepel, also decamped, went down to Delano and became Cesar Chavez's personal secretary.

So in a real sense it might be said that my greatest contribution to the farm labor movement was not what I myself did, but that I recruited so many other people, who did valuable work. Another fellow I don't know if I've mentioned was named Gene Nelson. I had met him back in the days when I was doing the bracero study. He was at loose ends and wanted me to suggest a book that he could write. I said why don't you write a book about the bracero program consisting of a novelistic approach. In my attempt to study the program I was supposed to keep it at an academic level, but he would be free to fictionalize it, and to base it entirely on what he learned by interviews with braceros, but then to write it up with whatever adjectives and adverbs he might want, to make it more colorful. And so he began doing that until things really got hot in Delano, at which time he dropped everything else and volunteered to work for Chavez.

Now I had been following Chavez since Mar of 1962. Well, I'd known him before that, when he was organizing chapters of the Community Service Organization around the state, but he left the CSO because it wanted to concentrate on urban Latinos, and Chavez wanted to concentrate on the rural Chicanos, and so he resigned a very good job he had, and without any financial support at all, he went down to Delano and started holding house meetings. In fact, he followed very, very closely the program that Father McCullough had used in Stockton, and Chavez called his organization the Farm Workers Association.

I applauded this whole approach, that he didn't make public speeches, he didn't make promises of any economic advantage to people who joined his organization. He himself worked in the fields to support himself from time to time, and went around holding house meetings. House meetings every night, laying a foundation which eventually would be so interconnected and so involved, everybody in the organization would have a function, and it wasn't anything like the form that so many unions take, where you pay your dues and nothing more is ever asked of you. He of course deliberately avoided the word "union", and as he had it calculated it would take 5 years of building this foundation before the association would be sufficiently powerful that it could venture into the economic arena.

But his hand was forced in Sept 1965. It had to do with the fact that the farmers were still hoping to get a few green-carders, but that they would have to offer domestic workers a considerable increase over what they had been paying in previous years. It began in the grapes of Coachella valley in the spring of 1965. There was an enclave of Filipino workers who were headed by a man named Larry Itliang, who was a former staff member and organizer for AWOC. He represented his fellow Filipinos in negotiating with the grape growers of the Coachella valley, and he got exactly what the Secretary of Labor had decided would be the prevailing wage if the growers were not able to call upon the Department of Labor to provide them with not so much as a single green carder from Mexico. As I recall they got $1.40 per box of grapes, whereas the most they had been able to get in previous years had been probably $1.10. And if they completed the season they would get a bonus of 10 cents a box.

Well, the grapes in the Coachella valley ended and there was a little time in between in which the same group moved back to their more permanent base of operations, which was in Tulare county, and the same drama was played out again. The growers began by offering $1.25 a box,

and the Filipinos, through their spokesperson Larry Itliang, said "We just came from getting $1.40 a box, why should we settle for $1.25?" The situation was a little different because the growers in the area had never asked for any green-carders, and so the Secretary of Labor had nothing to say about the situation, and the growers thought they would draw a line in the sand. The $1.25 they were offering, I suppose, was something of an improvement over the previous year, and there were a lot more workers in the area than had been available in the Coachella valley, and they thought that the Filipinos might hold out for a little while, but they would have capitulated. Another important variable is that the Filipinos of the Delano area lived in camps that were operated by the growers, and if they struck they could be evicted, and the growers had every intention of utilizing that leverage.

So, the Filipinos did strike, and the growers did start to evict them, and the growers began turning to the other major ethnic group in the area to get replacement workers, and the other ethnic group of course consisted of Mexican-Americans, many of whom were members of the AWA, all of whom had been told by Chavez in so many words, if the subject ever came up in these small house meetings, if the subject of a work stoppage had ever come up, Chavez would have said "we're not in a position to do that for another couple of years". So it put the AWA on the horns of a dilemma. If they went to work in the grapes, they'd be scabs; they'd be strike-breakers. On the other hand, if they went on strike on their own, they were unprepared for it, they might well lose, they didn't have any strike fund to fall back on. I suppose they thought that the growers had sufficient reserves in the form of savings in the bank that they could write off the year's harvest if necessary, to keep the union out.

The AWA believed in organizational democracy, and so they called a meeting, to be held in Delano although members from anyplace in the valley where they might live were welcome to come and take part in this meeting, at which the decision would be made, whether to join with the Filipinos, who represented a totally different organization, AWOC, or not.

Well, as I read the record, Chavez didn't make any attempt to stampede the meeting. He was not a fiery speaker by any means, and I'm sure that he laid out his initial assumption, that he needed 5 years to build a sufficiently firm foundation, and it didn't yet exist. But the vote was unanimous, apparently, they all wanted to join the strike. So that changed everything: it changed the history of the AWA radically, changed the history of AWOC radically, and changed the history of the CFL radically.

23. Grape boycott and Medi-Cal

David: We're back and it's February 10th. Here we go.

Henry: Last time I talked a good deal about things which happened in a certain month involving my participation in the Farm Labor movement. I didn't say much about my work for the Health Department but I was reminded of something that happened in June of 1965, which is possibly worth mentioning. I had forgotten that I had managed to produce a monograph about things that happened in Santa Cruz County before I ever joined the Health Department.

A number of other people had been interested in the subject of the health care of old aged people in that county, which has an unusually high number of persons over 65. They are about 1/3rd of the population, so they are an object of some research among various hands which lay fallow until a medical care studies unit was created in the State Public Health Department under the leadership of a public health physician named Lester Breslow. I became a member of that unit and it fell to me to pull together these scraps of research that had been done by a number of other people over the years, and to try to make a monograph out of it. I had forgotten that I did in fact produce such a thing and that it turned out to be 137 pages long. It was published in a fairly neat looking format. That was in June of 1965.

Then, I went back to my own piece of research in Santa Cruz County, in which I did a study of every person over 65 years of age in one of the towns in Santa Cruz County, called Capitola. We had a questionnaire for these people and then it was a matter of coding the results and starting to try to analyze them with a new computer that the Health Department had acquired. This went very slowly so that things in the Farm Labor field seemed to me to take precedence and I have to admit that I spent more time on that than perhaps I should have, but there didn't seem to be much for me to do at the Health Department.

In September of 1965, I think it was the 16th (which happens to be a national holiday in Mexico, what they consider to be their Independence Day - not to be confused with Cinco de Mayo, which was kind of their equivalent to overthrowing their domestic tyrant rather than freeing themselves from Spain, which took place way back in 1830 or somethings like that), the organization which had been started by Cezar Chavez in 1962 was faced with a dilemma. The Filipinos in the Delano area made up a substantial part of the labor force in grapes, which was the principal crop in that area. The Filipinos were an important part of the farm labor force but not the majority force, but they had enjoyed a success in a little strike in the Coachella Valley in the Spring. They felt that they were entitled to get the same sort of wages and working conditions in Delano that they achieved in Coachella Valley and so they struck again.

Chavez and his small organization (not a Union - he was very careful to call it an "association" - Farm Workers Association - FWA) were the majority labor force in the Delano area. If they continued to work, it would wipe out any chance that the Filipino workers would succeed in their 'work action," as they called it. So there was a rally and Chavez tried to make it clear to his membership that it was not going to be a piece of cake. He had planned, when he began his

organizing efforts in 1962, that it might be 5 years before they were strong enough to have a good chance of any such thing as a strike. Here it was 2 years ahead of schedule and yet they were on the horns of this dilemma. He was no rabble-rouser and he could try to tip the scales one way or another, but the members of the organization were gung ho to become more active than they had up to that point and so they voted overwhelmingly, in fact unanimously, to join the Filipinos on strike.

It wouldn't do to have two separate organizations and so they formed what they called the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee (UFWOC), in which supposedly the Filipino element and the Mexican element were equals. The Filipinos were led by a man named Larry Itleong , who had been a staff member with AWOC for some years, and the Farm Workers Association being headed by Chavez himself. From that point on, the organization that I had started, called Citizens for Farm Labor, became sort of a spear carrier with UFWOC leading the way.

We existed, primarily, to help them in whatever ways we could, without being in any sense dominant. We didn't want to be involved in the decision-making processes. We did things like organize car caravans loaded with supplies that the strikers would need and we relied entirely upon their wishes. We didn't have barrels outside of supermarkets in which well-meaning people could throw a can of tomatoes or something or other from time to time. The organizations down in Delano wanted things in bulk. They wanted 100 pound sacks of beans. They wanted 100 pound sacks of flour. They wanted cased of canned goods, not a can here and there.

So we, the Citizens for Farm Labor, would help in ways like loading a pickup truck with boxes of canned goods. There is a picture of one of our active members named Bob Calligen , and that's his pickup truck and he painted on the side "Citizens for Farm Labor" and I guess down on the bottom "supporting the strikers." We began devoting much of our monthly magazine (what we called our monthly magazine although it was often bimonthly) to news of the strike in that way and in various ways, in speeches and so forth.

It struck the public imagination in ways that no other farm labor strike in the long history of such things in California had ever done before. It's hard to know exactly why, but I'm sure it's a combination of things. The times were ripe for social action. It was taking place, of course, in the area of civil rights. There was no immediate problem with racial discrimination in California and so people were looking for other forms of social injustice. That was one of the things that we stressed in our organization (the Citizens for Farm Labor). Our slogan was "equal rights for farm workers" because in fact there was just as much discrimination in the economic field against that particular industry (that is to say that particular form of workers) as there was against Negroes in the South when it came to voting or various other forms of social participation

People flocked to Delano to volunteer their help with the strike. We lost most of our best workers who were helping put out the magazine and various other activities of the CFL. But we were happy to help in that way. There were so many hundreds of others, students and others,

who went to Delano to offer their services on the picket lines or whatever else they might do. It became a problem for Chavez and the other leaders of that group down there because of lot of these kids were very immature and all of them were totally ignorant about the realities of farm work, ignorant about the realities of unionism. It was a watchword in the labor movement that volunteers were really a danger and they frequently did more harm than good. As the saying went, "since they hadn't been hired, they can't be fired." So college students were simply not allowed in many organizing efforts and strikes by established unions.

Since neither the Filipinos nor the Mexicans in Delano had established unions, they were happy to have volunteers as long as the volunteers were willing to submit to a reasonable amount of discipline. The leadership had to lay down certain rules. They had rules about substance abuse. I don't think that they had any drinking or any pot smoking. I think that they probably had some reasonable limitations on hanky panky between the boys and the girls. I'm sure a number of people were simply told, "Please go back where you came from. We don't want your presence here any longer."

It worked. They were able to maintain picket lines and attracted a lot of attention from the media, all of which was favorable. The media loved the idea of a David vs. Goliath confrontation. They had a number of pretty good public speakers who were able to get sound bites to the television crews who came around. Chavez himself was not among the most polished at making those sound bites, so he let other people do that. They began experimenting with different tactics than those used before. There had been a lot of efforts to organize farm workers in the State of California, dating back at least to the 1910s when the IWW had a presence here. There were serious efforts to organize unions in the 1930s, all of which were crushed. There were efforts in the 1950s before AWOC, and then of course there was AWOC itself, if you want to call that a serious effort (at least it spent a lot more money than the others ever had).

It occurred to the leadership of UFWOC to try to get the consuming public involved in a way which had never been tried before, and that is to call for a boycott of a specific agricultural product (namely grapes), which was produced in a specific area (namely the lower end of the San Joaquin Valley). For all practical purposes, this meant a boycott of table grapes wherever they might be sold, because that particular area had a virtual monopoly on the production of that crop in the country, and even overseas. It was a matter of getting people to be really seriously committed to making a personal sacrifice by leaving home and going out and organizing boycotts in various cities around the country and to some extent even overseas. They organized a national, and even international boycott, of California table grapes, which was for all practical purposes a boycott of grapes, period. It worked.

The strikers were helped greatly by the cooperation of certain other unions, particular the International Longshore and Warehouse Union (the ILWU), which was a very well known left-wing union centered in San Francisco. It has contacts in other ports and (laugh) the ILWU is in theory bound by U.S. labor laws. In the 1940s, when the Republicans were for a time in control of Congress, they passed something called the Taft-Hartley Act which, among other things, forbade secondary boycotts. A union couldn't boycott a product in sympathy with some other

union. That was called a secondary boycott - it was illegal - and the union guilty of it could be severely penalized. The ILWU didn't care. It went ahead with the secondary boycott and had the strength and the financial resources to fight any effort to prevent their doing so. By the time these legal battles could be fought the season was over and the whole things became mute. So that was very effective.

Volunteers from this group of mostly young students (some of them dropped out of school and were willing to devote a year or whatever they could spare to help in the union) would go to these towns around mostly big cities, scattered around the country and on into Canada. They would sit outside of supermarkets with tables of literature and they would talk to people. This was all perfectly legal. The stores sometimes would try to roust them out for trespassing but the union was able to call upon some volunteer lawyers who argued that they had the right under the free speech amendment, and they almost always won those fights. The boycott was not 100%, but sufficiently effective that it made a difference.

UFWOC also found that a lot of the grapes were being diverted from the fresh market to the manufacture of alcoholic beverages, so they extended their boycott to the producers of wines and liquors. Somehow, the Schenley Corporation became one of their big targets. I don't know exactly why, but possibly because the strike leaders had reason to believe that the Schenley Corporation was vulnerable. Low and behold, that was the first capitulation by an employer.

Another one of the tactics which the union hit upon was a march from Delano to the capital of California, which was about 250 miles or maybe more than that. It was going to be a march just to publicize their cause, counting on the fact that it would be considered newsworthy, and in fact it was. A number of well-known people took part, at least for one stage or another, on this long march. Chavez himself and a number of other members stayed with it for the entire length. Movie stars, for example, would take part for 10 miles or 20 miles or something like that. By the end of this march, about 10,000 people had joined for the final stage, and there was an enormous rally on the grounds of the State Capitol.

I guess one of the reasons for the march was to influence the State Legislature, which was in session. There were bills before this Legislature of California, trying to get the passage of certain laws which would have conferred equal rights upon farm workers that they had never enjoyed before, such as coverage by unemployment insurance and a minimum wage and collective bargaining rights and so forth. I don't think that the Legislature passed any of these laws on this particular session, but in time it did.

All this was taking time from the activities of Citizens for Farm Labor, such as the production of our magazine, so it became impossible to do it every month. It was increasingly difficult for me, without the help of Wendy Goepel and Bill Escher and Kathy Lynch and others who were all down in Delano. I just wasn't able to do it all by myself (but I persevered as best I could) because I now was juggling my responsibilities in the Health Department.

Just a few months before the grape strike began in Delano, in December, a dramatic event took place in Washington DC which, in the long historical view, was a good deal more important. On July 30th of 1965, the Congress had passed two amendments to the Social Security Act, and

they had been signed into law by Lyndon Johnson. Technically, they were called Title 18 and 19 of the original Act which had been passed back in 1936. Title 18 created a program called Medicare and Title 19 created a program called Medicaid. These had been violently opposed, of course, by the American Medical Association, which considered them to be socialized medicine.

The Medicare program said, in so many words, that anyone over 65 regardless of their income was eligible to be covered by this program of health insurance, which was largely to be paid for by contributions to a new withholding fund from one's income. Title 19, the Medicaid program, was a program for those who were not able to afford to pay anything toward the maintenance of the system. It was based upon need and it had no age requirements. This was a veritable revolution in health care. The Medicare program was entirely administered by the Federal Government. The Medicaid program is different in that it was optional, state by state. If a state wanted to take part it could do so by paying half the costs and the Federal Government would pay the other half. In order for that to happen in a given state, the State Legislature would have to vote to approve participation and to vote the funding for its half of it. This in turn meant that there might have to be a special session of the Legislature called, and that might take some time. California (I think) was in the middle of a legislative session in 1965 and in December (I believe), the Legislature did vote for participation in the Medicaid system, voted to appropriate some hundreds of millions of dollars or something of the sort. It gave the California version of the program its own name, "Medi-Cal."

It seems that this was a logical place for the medical care studies unit (which had been set up by Dr. Breslow a considerable time before it was ever known that there was going to be such a thing passed by the National Congress) to have certain responsibilities for the administration of the Medi-Cal program. I'm not privy to what must have gone on but it seems that there was a tug of war between the State Department of Public Welfare and the State Department of Public Health as to how the responsibilities could be divided up. The Welfare Department obviously had some considerable experience with establishing the eligibility of people who were low income, as to whether they were eligible for other types of social welfare programs. On the other hand, the Welfare Department didn't know much about medical care. So there must have been a lot of back room haggling. All I do know is that the end result was that the Welfare Department got the biggest slice of the pie, if that's the right way to look at it.

The Health Department got the right, if it wanted to use it, to conduct surveillance. That was not well defined. In fact, it was ill defined. In fact, it wasn't defined at all. Something called a "surveillance unit" was set up. It had something of a structure within a larger bureau. By this time Dr. Breslow had worked his way up within the bureaucracy to the point where he had become Director of the entire State Public Health Department. He put in charge of this new Bureau of Health Research (or whatever it was called) a man named Eric Reynolds, who had been in private practice in medicine for many years, but retired. Breslow prevailed upon him to be head of the Bureau of Medical Research or whatever it was named (I think that's pretty close). The surveillance unit was one part of this new bureau.

Rick Reynolds, as we called him, had been sufficiently good at the politics of medicine and had been at one time the President of the California Medical Association. He was a good guy and I

liked him a lot but he didn't know anything about statistics or how to evaluate programs such as the Medicaid program. We understood in some way or another the surveillance unit was supposed to look at whatever data there might be to judge how well it was performing, how well the Medicaid system was accomplishing what it was intended to do. There were a number of other people in the hierarchy between myself and Eric Reynold, and above him was an Assistant Director named Dr. Day and then there was Breslow.

They all looked to me, maybe because I had a master's degree in medical care administration, to decide what "surveillance" meant (laugh) and how it could be carried out. It was, in a way, a very frightening burden. But on the other hand, it was very good to feel that I was in a position that I might actually accomplish something. In other words, that I might care deeply in what I was doing, and not just be drawing a monthly paycheck. In a way, it was the equivalent of something I had hoped I would feel when I was Research Director for AWOC. It was an opportunity for me to make a difference in the world. That didn't work out. In a way I was able to feel that I was accomplishing something useful as head of Citizens for Farm Labor except it couldn't compare with the importance of what was going on in Delano. But here was something in which I could feel that I was really perhaps making a difference in the world and so I threw myself into it although (laugh), at the time, I still cared very much about the farm labor movement. I should mention that I was also, at the same time, supposedly co-authoring a book with Joan London, which had a publisher by then. I was really juggling things in almost a schizophrenic manner.

When it came to the concept of surveillance of the Medicaid program, what I had to work with was a set of tapes which under agreement between the Health and Welfare Departments were sent at the close of every month from Sacramento to Berkeley. These tapes contained information about every payment that had been made to every vendor of health care services during that month. They contained information identifying the name and license number of the vendor and a code which represented the nature of the service that had been rendered. There were hundreds of codes - procedure codes they were called. They would go into detail such as a brief office visit (defined as 10 minutes or less) and different numbers for an office of 15 minutes or an office visit of a half hour and so forth. There was another code for the nature of the condition for which the service had been rendered. There would be information about the amount billed, and there was information about the amount actually paid.

I looked at all these things and talked with the head of our tabulation unit (I think that that's what it was called at the time). This fellow was a friend of mine dating back to the very first time that I ever got into the field of public health. It was in San Francisco in November of 1952, when I was at the very bottom of the rung in the Bureau of Records and Statistics, before there was any such thing as a computer (at least we didn't know of any such thing).

By 1965, the Health Department had a fairly advanced model of a computer and therefore we were able to think of ways in which the raw data contained in these tapes that we got from the Welfare Department could be analyzed in a way which would illuminate the question of whether the program was doing what it was intended to, which was to provide medical care of a quality which was equivalent to that which the public had a right to expect. The California

version of Medicaid, as we called it Medi-Cal, specifically stated that vendors were allowed to charge their usual and customary fees (the assumption was that this would make the quality of care equal to what the middle-class and upper-class were receiving).

Ideally, we would have been able to link diagnoses with services and we would have been able to make judgments as to whether services were appropriate for the diagnoses. Ideally, we would have been able to make certain judgments as to whether the treatments had been successful. It soon became quite evident that the diagnostic coding was full of errors, so we were forced to fall back on measurements of different indices. It turned out to be usually a matter of quantity of services rather than appropriateness. We were able to look at the sheer number of patients that a doctor claimed he saw per day, that sort of thing. We were able to look at the sheer number of injections that a physician claimed he gave, or chest x-rays, or other types of procedures.

We would were then able to make distributions which would categorize (as we were particularly interested in medical doctors). We grouped them as those, on average, claimed they saw 10 patients per day, 20, 30, 40, 50, etc. We thought that we would select out for particular surveillance those who were at some extreme in the distribution of whatever index we were interested in measuring (those who might fall in top 1 or 2 percent, let's say) because we're talking about 100s and 100s of participating physicians. When we found that there were about a dozen physicians in the upper 1 or 2 percent with respect to patients seen per day, we would ask Steven Gibbons, the head of the tabulation unit, to send us a printout of all the claims of those 10 or 12 physicians during that month. I was given a couple of helpers and we would go over these claims very carefully. We would look up whatever we could find about the physician himself, such as what medical school he had been to, what medical specialty he practiced, where his practice was located, etc.

We found a number of very, very interesting things. We found some physicians who claimed that they were seeing so many patients that it came to an average of about 3 minutes per patient. We were prepared to judge that they were probably not getting the same quality of care that the average member of the public was receiving. And so it went with the various other things that we might look at. There were cases in which we found that a certain physician was claiming that he was giving an injection to every patient, regardless of the diagnosis. We thought that that was probably not a good quality of care, if in fact it were true. Other physicians were claiming that they were giving every patient a chest x-ray, regardless of the diagnosis. We were greatly struck by a physician who apparently had a practice in the area where the norm was large families. This physician claimed that he would see a mother with 5 or 6 children, all of whom had the same diagnosis, (laugh) which was a common cold…

David: ...and they all received injections?

Henry: ...and they all received injections AND chest x-rays!

David: Oh, my God! A windfall!

(Henry, David, Gene laughing)

Henry: So, you laugh. My helpers and I weren't amused. The program was being "gamed" as they say nowadays. We began sending monthly reports to the State Department of Public Welfare about these guys (they were almost all men, if I remember correctly - there were no women bleeding the system that way). They were largely concentrated in the Los Angeles area. We began sending them the plain record and letting the record speak for itself because the Social Welfare Department had the power of enforcement. We didn't - we were strictly a research unit. The Welfare Department did not take action.

We went up to Sacramento and tried to talk to them about the danger to the program which was going to run into the red in a hurry if this sort of thing continued. We were told that we had to accept that there might be some deviations but that the main thing was to get the program off the ground and to get enough vendors participating to make sure that the needy were able to find people taking part in the program. The Welfare Department was deathly afraid that if the system were too carefully policed that doctors would stop taking part in it altogether.

Then we had the idea of communicating some of these findings to the medical societies in areas such as Los Angeles, in the hopes that they would do something about what we considered to be the rotten apples in their own barrels. I do believe that the head of our bureau (that is RIck Reynolds, who used to be the head of the entire Medical Association for the State) might have used some of his good offices to send his information to the societies down in Los Angeles, perhaps a cover letter and maybe he even telephoned some of these fellows. I'm sure he had friends all over the State, telling them that they might be killing the goose that laid a golden egg if they didn't clean up their act.

We got back the following report. The fellow that we had identified as a guy who specialized in large families had been called to speak to a meeting of his local medical society. He had given an eloquent defense of his pattern of practice, saying that he was providing a service which should be appreciated by the physicians in the middle-class and upper-class neighborhoods by continuing to serve the people in the ghettos. Otherwise, the tenant dwellers would start to seek care in the middle-class and possibly even the upper-class doctors offices, and how would they like *that* to happen. In the end, according to our information (and I'm sure it was true), they gave this fellow a standing ovation. All of this was disappointing and yet we kept at it. Some changes were made, although not in the direction that we would have liked.

In the next session of the legislature, they had to change the law which had specified "usual and customary fees." They had to establish a fee schedule in the hopes that it would cut down on some of the abuses. In my opinion, it was simply an impossible situation. That is to say that the fee-for-service system itself was the culprit because it was an open invitation to game the system. The fee-for-service system was incompatible with a publicly funded program. The physician could change the coding of the procedure if he wanted to cover up. However, that was not in the cards. The fee-for-service continues, and I've seen it in my own case, and I'm not in a welfare system.

I'm going to have to continue with because I'm not quite finished, but not tonight.

24. More MediCal

Henry: Last time I was talking about my being head of something called the "surveillance unit", which had the responsibility to analyze the performance of a program called MediCal in this state; in all the other states I think it's called Medicaid, which was passed in 1965 by the Congress, at the same time that it passed the Medicare program. Each state had a responsibility for administering the Medicaid portion of the total package, whereas it was uniform in all the states when it came to Medicare.

There was a tussle between the CA dept. of social welfare and the state dept. of public health as to how the responsibilities would be divided for running the MediCal program. The leader of the public health dept. at that time was a man named Lester Breslow, who I knew fairly well since he had been one of my advisors when I was with the University doing the bracero study. I had a very high opinion of his abilities, but for some reason he ended up with a very small fraction of the total responsibility for MediCal. The social welfare dept. got about 95% of the pie, I suppose because of its experience with handling means-testing programs, as they call it in the trade, whereas the public health dept. didn't. They knew all about establishing people's eligibility for a program in which everything depended at first upon whether they could afford to pay or not.

In any event, after the dust settled the program went into effect in this state in Jan of 1966, and it took a while for the welfare dept. to draw up the forms that would be used when the providers of services started submitting claims, and all those kinds of administrative details. I might add the health dept. didn't know what the welfare dept. was doing, even though we might have had some thoughts about how to design these claim forms, when it came to information about the diagnoses and the qualifications of the provider of service, and so on. But in the due course of time, claims started flowing in from the providers of service of all kinds. This was very broad program. The whole idea was that it would abolish any difference between the type and quality of health services that were being provided to the people with low incomes and those that people with higher incomes were enjoying all along.

Doctors, for example, were specifically informed that they were allowed to charge this new program their "usual and customary fees". That was certainly something new under the sun, because in the past physicians services to people on welfare were essentially available only at county hospitals and clinics, where the doctors were working salary rather than for fees.

After the provider of service had a bill to submit, they sent it to the social welfare dept. in Sacramento, and it would look at the recipient to make sure it was eligible for participation in the program, having filled out whatever forms were necessary to establish its resources, and then the welfare dept. passed this claim along to what they called a "fiscal intermediary". The welfare dept. itself didn't write the checks. The fiscal intermediaries consisted of the Blue Cross program paying individual vendors, and the Blue Shield program – I think was actually called the CA Physicians Service – would handle the providers of institutional services – hospitals, nursing

homes, and so forth. They'd write the checks, and the resulting information would be sent in the form of tapes, by way of the welfare dept., to the "bureau of tabulation services", I think, was the name of the bureau within the public health dept. that did data processing.

The fact that they called it the Tabulation Unit, I thought, gave some indication of how far behind the times they were, because they did a great deal more than just running off tables, which is all that they had been able to do in the old days when everything was done by hand, and when I started everything was done by IBM punch cards. By this time the health dept. had quite a state-of-the-art computer, I think, I don't know that much about the history of computers, but I think they had a pretty good one, and they could have looked at these tapes in various ways, if we had known enough about the potentialities to take full advantage of them. It was all very new to everybody else in the surveillance unit, including myself.

So we had a meeting in I guess March of 66, when these tapes started coming in from Sacramento, a meeting between the assistant director of the dept., a doctor named Robert Day, and the head of the whole medical care studies unit, who was another public health physician, who had formerly been in private practice, so he knew a lot about clinical medicine, and I was the head of surveillance unit. We had to decide among ourselves what was meant by the term "surveillance". There had never been anything like it before. And somehow the term had occurred, I guess, to the assistant directory, Robert Day, that our principal function, at least at the beginning, was something known as "overutilization by vendors". The term "vendors" itself to me seemed rather curious, because it evoked images of their standing on street corners and selling whatever they had to offer. I think it would have been more professional if they had been called "providers" or something more neutral.

So we just had to dream up some rather crude measurements of so-called overutilization, and I believe I mentioned some of these last time we talked, such as the number of services, the average number per patient, and to some extent the types of services and as I said before, there was a lot of overutilization, including such things as routine injections given to every patient with every visit – at least they claimed they had done so – and sometimes there would be claims of routine chest X-rays for everybody who walked in the door. These raised red flags, we thought, and so we began getting tapes with identification of the license numbers of the doctors who fell into these extreme outlying rates of utilization. When we got these numbers we would then request more detailed printouts of 15 or 20 of the most extreme outliers, in various categories, and subject them to even more detailed examination, such as the location of their practice, and their education, whether they were specialists or GPs, and so on.

In a number of cases we were able to find that there was a rational explanation. For example, there are some specialties in which it is common for them to see a patient once a week for some extended period of time – I think that's true for specialists in the field of allergies, for example, and in the field of mental health, psychiatrists see a patient every week, commonly. So we wouldn't subject them to further scrutiny. But there were always a number of cases in which it seemed to us that the pattern of practice could not be rationally explained, other than that the vendor was taking advantage of the system, and we sent that person's name and ID# and a write-up of the reasons for our thinking that they should be scrutinized, sent that to the

dept. of social welfare, which if anybody had the right and indeed the responsibility of making sure that fraud was not taking place, the fiscal intermediaries didn't have the responsibility of this portion of their activities. The Blue Shield and Blue Cross plans, of course, had a lot of private health insurance plans that they administered, and at least in theory they were responsible for seeing that the vendors in those programs weren't cheating. But that's another story.

Well, it was a great frustration to us that the social welfare dept. apparently never did anything about these curious anomalies, and we began writing up increasingly explicit and ironic, almost deliberately humorous, explanations of what thought these people were getting away with.

In Nov. of 1966 an event took place which eventually proved to have a great deal to do with the participation of the public health dept in the MediCal program, and a very great deal to do with my career, and that was the gubernatorial election between the incumbent, Edmund G. Brown, commonly known as Pat Brown, the father of the present governor Brown. Pat Brown was running for a third term, having won overwhelmingly twice before, but this time he was running against Ronald Reagan, who was venturing into politics for his first time, and he was something of a joke among a lot of Democrats. They didn't think that anyone with no experience whatever had a chance against an extremely experienced politician who had a well-oiled political machine. But as a matter of fact, Reagan won very handily.

Everything went along for a while very much as it had. In Jan of 67 the surveillance unit in the public health dept. moved from an adjunct office building on Shattuck Ave to the main public health building on Berkeley Way, and for the first time I had a private office, which I suppose gave me a certain cachet. It wasn't completely private because it had a door with a window in it, a clear glass window, but it was nice in some ways.

I had two clerks working under me to start with, but as time went by we found more and more suspicious-looking claims, vendors with suspicious-looking patterns of practice, and so I think eventually I ended up with 4 or 5 clerks working under me. I got along well with all of them, mostly, but there was one woman who seemed to take a dislike to me, and I didn't know why. But I think it may have had something to do with the fact that her father was a physician in practice in San Francisco, who was in some exalted specialty, I think he might have been a surgeon of some kind, and his daughter probably thought I was being too suspicious of physicians in general, and she might have been right. I certainly didn't try to be blatant about it. I always thought that the medical profession itself ought to care more than anyone else about bad apples within their own barrel, because it tended to bring the whole thing into disrepute.

In any event, I began to think that we were placing too much emphasis, in fact we were placing sole emphasis, upon this phrase "overutilization by vendors". I thought a really mature concept of surveillance would include the quality of care as well as the quantity of care, and in theory at least it should have been possible to take advantage of the raw data that was on these tapes, to look at the relationship between diagnoses and the treatment that was given – was this an appropriate relationship, given the best quality available. It would have required accuracy in diagnosis. There was no doubt about – in some cases there probably should have been doubt

about accuracy of the service rendered – but there was no doubt in my mind that there was inaccuracy in diagnosis also, and I thought that in some cases when a diagnosis seemed clearly to be in error, that it would have been appropriate to instruct the social welfare dept., or the fiscal intermediary, to withhold payment until that were cleared up. Well, this never happened.

I also took it upon myself to talk to persons in the Blue Cross and Blue Shield plans about statistical analyses that they have done, to look for the possibility of fraud within their private health insurance plans, and there was usually somebody, sometimes even a department, within the overall structure, which had the wherewithal to do research analogous to surveillance, and I finally found a key person, who might have been able to help me out with suggestions as to the kinds of things that we might look for in our surveillance efforts, but I was surprised to find that they didn't have anything of the sort that I thought they should have, because it made some difference in the kind of rates that they'd be able to charge for premiums of the private health insurance plans, if they were to root out waste, fraud, and abuse, as the unholy trilogy always had it.

But I was quite surprised to learn that they did little if anything of this sort. It's almost as though they felt it was OK to accept some waste, fraud, and abuse, in order to stay on the good side of the vendors. This was certainly the attitude of the social welfare dept. They were deathly afraid that people in the fields of medicine and dentistry and eye care and podiatry and so on would simply stop cooperating with the program, and wouldn't accept MediCal recipients at all, unless one stayed on their good side.

So we just had to continue pretty much without any suggestions from other providers of large-scale health plans until the day came that the election of Ronald Reagan began to have unintended consequences – I'm sure he intended them, but we certainly didn't anticipate them. Reagan began to talk about what he called "fundamental philosophical differences" between himself and the director of the health dept., Dr. Breslow, and this got into the newspapers. We would ask Breslow, I guess the reporters also used to ask him, what these philosophical differences might be, and Breslow said he had no idea, that the governor had never talked to him about it.

But for one thing, Reagan had the idea that all of the health functions of government ought to be administratively located in Sacramento, as well as the welfare functions and other broad departments of the state government. He wanted to have them all close to where he was able to keep an eye on what they were doing; I guess that was the theory. And so along about Sept of 1967 there was a radical shakeup, and most of the functions of the state health dept. were ordered to relocate in Sacramento. A few were allowed to remain elsewhere because they didn't have the equipment. For example, there was a branch of the health dept. called the Division of Laboratories, and they were allowed to stay in Berkeley, but those of us who worked with the data were told that studies of the Medical program, if any, were to be relocated, including the surveillance unit.

I assumed that I would be allowed to retain my position if I were willing to move to Sacramento, or if I were willing to commute between Berkeley and Sacramento (which in fact a

good many of the people in the health dept were willing to do; it can be done in about an hour each way, if you exceed the speed limit by a judicious amount).

But I learned that the movers and shakers of this reorganization already had somebody picked to be the head of the surveillance unit, even if I were willing to move or commute. So I talked to the head of the overall medical care studies field, by this time he was also changed from the physician who had been in that job, to a new doctor named Jim Harrison, and so I tried to talk to Dr. Harrison like a Dutch Uncle or whatever the expression is. I asked him to be quite frank with me as to why I wasn't given the option of moving if I wanted to, because I thought I had done a fairly good job in this new position that really was pioneering. And so he was pretty frank with me, and among other things he said – I was sufficiently moved to write down his exact words as soon as this interview was finished – he said that I "didn't have the type of personality that got along with everybody". He also said that I sometimes worked on my own projects. He also said that I kept somewhat irregular hours. He also said that I had too much imagination.

Well, it was quite a bill of particulars, and I had to agree with a lot of what he said, and yet I thought that some of it must have been passed along by the woman who had taken a dislike to me because I was critical of certain the medical profession, and there had admittedly been times in which I kept very irregular hours. Often I would come in late, but then I would work straight through, without taking a coffee break, whereas almost every other employee in the whole health dept. would take extended coffee breaks, both morning and afternoon, which were on the books supposed to be 15 min each – they averaged about 45 min apiece. I never did that, and I would frequently work through the lunch hour, which nobody else did, but I couldn't deny that there were times when I used the health dept.'s typewriter to type stencils which were not part of my official job. I would sometimes type stencils for the magazine that I was editing for the organization I headed, called Citizens for Farm Labor.

I certainly couldn't deny that I sometimes used my imagination, and I have to admit that I did not suffer fools gladly. When I would go into meetings with the representative of the social welfare dept., in which I would attempt to get them to see that this program was being taken advantage of, and that it was work against the best interests of everybody concerned if something wasn't done about that, and I could see that I wasn't getting through to them, either because they weren't very bright, or they didn't like the competition between the health dept. and the welfare dept., whatever their reason. I wasn't able to mask my feelings, I have never been good at that, and it's gotten me into trouble many times over the years.

Well, I was able to stick with my work without a portfolio even after this shakeup was finished. I was able to stay on in the health dept. with temporary assignments on paper for one bureau or another within the dept. where I was allowed to continue finishing up because Breslow was still the director and was still interested in what I was doing, including my writing a paper to be submitted to the American Journal of Public Health, regarding our activities in the surveillance unit. Apparently it was unique in the entire country, because all the other states had Medicaid programs, but apparently none of them had anything quite comparable to the surveillance unit. So Breslow was willing to see that I was allowed to stay on while I finished up writing this

article. There were other things that he helped me with, for example there was a convention of the American public health association in Miami Beach, I think it was in the fall of 1967, maybe October, and he arranged to have me appear on a panel in which I would give a summary statement on our activities in the surveillance unit. It was held in the Fontainbleu Hotel, if I remember.

In Jan of 68 I finished up this article, which was in fact published in the American journal of public health, and then in the latter part of Jan 68, Breslow himself was fired. Reagan had what amounted to the president's power to select his cabinet. So he fired Lester Breslow, who was the best director of public health there had ever been, I'm certain. And so I lost my protector, and started looking around for some other position within the health dept., in some kind of research or statistical capacity, whatever it might have been called. I still had a temporary job classification called "health program advisor", so I would have had to revert to my permanent job classification, which was "associate public health analyst". So I looked around the department for anybody who might have an opening in that classification, and they only one I was able find was in something called the Bureau of Air Sanitation, which did not sound very exciting. In fact it sounded deadening, and so I began looking very seriously at leaving the health dept. entirely, in fact leaving state employment entirely.

I looked in on an old friend of mine, dating all the way back to the time I was with the Agricultural workers organizing committee, and he had just gotten a degree in sociology from the University, and I got him a job with the US dept. of labor, because he was very interested in the farm labor, and his job had something to do with that subject. And he had gotten along famously in the federal bureaucracy, and particularly when Lyndon Johnson began the so-called War on Poverty, Rick Wakeford, that was his name, got quite a handsome position within the war on poverty, with an office in San Francisco. So Rick remembered me well, and had a number of suggestions as to where I might get a job in the federal bureaucracy, and I began interviewing people and had a couple of leads that were very promising, one of them having to do with surveillance of health programs in the western states that were being financed under the auspices of the Office of Economic Opportunity. There were one or two others, but that was the most promising.

However, that job, attractive as it would have been in some ways, required that I be in the field much of time, if not most of the time. The western states covers a lot of territory. Now it happens that at this time, Stephen, David and Rachel were in Ecuador for a year. If I had taken this job with the war on poverty, I would in effect have substantially lost contact with Eugene and Dorothy, and that I was not willing to do. So I said thanks but no thanks, and I reconciled myself to a clerical position, is what it amounted to, in the bureau of air sanitation, under a guy named Stan Hanks, and I'm afraid I was not able to mask my feelings. When I asked Mr. Hanks, when I had just started in this position, whether air sanitation was improving or not, because they had measuring stations scattered all around the state, which would send in readings every week or two, and they would be faithfully recorded and filed away, and that was the last that anybody would hear of them, and Mr. Hanks said that it was not their mission to analyze these data. I'm sure my face must have spoken volumes, that I thought he was an idiot. It was just the worst possible dead-end, intellectually deadening.

So after a month or whatever I really redoubled my search for some way out. And there's a phrase from Greek tragedy, *Deus ex machina.* At the very end of the drama, something miraculous happens to solve the dilemma, and the hero or heroine is saved, and in my case I was saved by being told that a job had just opened up in a unit called the Community Studies on Pesticides. I didn't even know such a thing existed within the public health dept. A very small unit, but it seemed heaven-sent, because if you talk about pesticides, you're bound to talk about farm workers, right?

I interviewed with the head of that modest little unit, and he liked the cut of my jib, and I liked the cut of his jib, and he agreed with me that they should logically have been doing a lot in the field of the effects of pesticides on farm workers, but had never had the person who was just right to make that connection. So I filled their bill, and they filled mine.

I'll just wrap up briefly to say that even at this late date – in fact it was even some time later than this – I heard from a fellow that I had known back when the surveillance unit of the medical unit was just getting started. His name was Joseph Piffet. I had a call from him. It seemed that he had moved along, and had a job back in Washington DC, which I believe had something to do with surveillance not only with the Medicaid programs taking place throughout the country, but also with the grand-daddy of them all, the Medicare program. He wanted me to come back there and speak to a meeting of some of the senior staff about things that they might do in the way of surveillance, because they, like the CA medical program, in fact all these public programs, were having serious financial problems. They were all running over budgets. They were all being taken advantage of by a certain class of vendors.

And so I flew back there to Washington and spoke to this group of high-ranking staff members, and as usual I was not impressed by them. They didn't know any more about it than I did, and I knew very little about it. I had to admit that our surveillance programs had been quite simple-minded by comparison with what would have been possible, given the oceans of data that were flowing in. I'll have to say that I was witness to a tragedy, that the opportunities were there for these programs to have done much greater things than they ever did, because of the failure of the people with sufficient skills and passion, which is what would have been required. There would have had to be a coming together of people who knew something about medical practice, who knew more than something about computers, and who cared about the fact that the public treasury was being raided, and that eventually it was going to work against the very existence of these programs. I regretted very much that I myself didn't have the necessary skills to pull these possibilities together.

David: In your journal paper, and in the panel you attended, did you talk about fraud, or did you just talk about methods?

Henry: Well, yes, I could hardly avoid saying that what we were doing was in effect looking for crooks. I tried not to use such inflammatory language. Yeah, after the first year of the Medical program, it was already running $200M in the red – that is, claims flowing in much more than had initially been anticipated by the legislature, which had enacted the program, and had allowed a certain amount of money, an amount that they thought was sufficient, and it was

nowhere near sufficient. We estimated, and it was a horseback estimate, that if there had been adequate surveillance enforced, it would have saved somewhere been a quarter and a third of the amount being spent on those programs. I think that's probably true at the federal level also. And yet they go on, year after year.

I neglected to mention, when this big red ink flowed in after this very first year of Medical, I made the pitch that even if our estimate of the amount of waste was exaggerated, even if it were only half as much, it would still come close to bringing the program into balance financially. But nobody paid any attention to that. All they could think of to do was to chop certain services, and so at the end of the first year they eliminated dental care, for example. They eliminated eyeglasses. They eliminated physical therapy, and so on. They took it out of the recipients, rather than the vendors.

And even after I left any connection with that program, I was still concerned, so angry, I would make clippings whenever there was anything in the papers or magazines about somebody who had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar, and these sorts of things came to light every so often, and they were the really extreme cases, they were criminal cases – they were so bad that the FBI or somebody with no normal connection to the program became involved, and this was so commonplace that eventually I gave it up because I had archive boxes full of these clippings, showing how the programs were being abused, and it's still going on. I see it even in the medical practice that I rely on myself for care. They play fast and loose with the rules, I can see it.

It is, as I believe I said last time, the fact that the whole practice of fee-for-service medicine is incompatible with public programs, or with insurance programs in general, it's true even in private health insurance plans. It's not true in the case of the Kaiser plan. The Kaiser physicians have absolutely no financial incentive to overutilize the system. The other systems do have such incentives. That's why I say it's incompatible with the whole fee-for-service system.

25. Pesticides

Henry: I take it that there was a mutiny among the troops, regarding my tendency to recapitulate the previous session at the beginning of the present session, which takes up a lot of time in some people's opinion. I do reserve the right to occasionally fill in something I may have forgotten last time which in my opinion is worth preserving. I am going to take a minute or two to remember something I did not mention before. That is, that I was feeling so depressed by my failure to be able to hold on to any kind of position with the surveillance of the MediCal program, and being forced to accept a really dumb position in the Bureau of Air Sanitation, I was seriously considering dropping out altogether, and doing some writing. I had in mind an absurdist novel, kind of inspired by "Catch-22", to be called "The Memorandum Jungle".

But then a cooler head prevailed, namely my own, and I had to face the fact that I was responsible for support of 5 children, since my second marriage had also failed. So, I had to keep working. I don't know what I would have done if there hadn't dropped in my lap, totally unexpectedly, the news that a position was available in a unit within the Dept. of Public Health called Community Studies of Pesticides. I'll also say a few words about that, since it was part of the bureaucratic jungle.

This unit was funded entirely by the Environmental Protection Agency (part of the federal government in Washington DC) -- quite different from most other functions in the state health dept., which were totally dependent on appropriations from the state legislature. In the case of Community Studies of Pesticides, we had to apply every year for renewed funding from Washington DC. At the time I became interested, it functioned under the overall umbrella of the Bureau of Occupational Health, which was headed by Dr. Tom Milby. He apparently knew something about and cared about pesticides because he had done some research on women who had worked for a major manufacturer of pesticides (perhaps Monsanto; I'm not sure). He examined whether residues of exposure to the pesticides (DDT in particular) were transmitted from the women to their children through breast milk. He made something of a reputation for himself based on that research.

When the vacancy came up, Milby interviewed me before he passed me down the line to the head of the pesticide unit itself. He warned me in advance that I would have to go through an oral interview, to be held in Los Angeles, that one of the members of the panel was probably going to be a pro-pesticide guy from USC, and I should be prepared for some questions that were not "creampuffs".

The head of the pesticide studies unit was Dr. Dudley Miller -- I guess he had a PhD in some field, but I don't know what. He interviewed me and seemed very agreeable, amiable, and simpatico, so I had a good feeling about that. There was another professional person on the staff. I don't remember his position title, but his pay grade was the same as mine: associate public health analyst. There was a secretary for the unit.

I went down to LA for the oral interview. The USC guy did ask me, after some preliminaries, what did I think of Rachel Carson? She had written a book called "Silent spring" which was a piece of special pleading, really, that the use of DDT was having a really deleterious effect on certain bird populations -- principally those that lived on fish. The fish were affected by agricultural runoff of DDT, a very long-lived pesticide that built up in the food chain. These sea birds were laying eggs that had very soft shells. The eggs frequently broke before hatching, and the populations of these birds were declining -- to such an alarming extent that, as the book title suggests, the songbirds in certain parts of the country were not being heard as they used to be.

I tried to dodge the question without answering very directly whether I liked the book or not. I said something along the line that it was very effective in its way. The guy let the subject drop. So, I passed that exam, which was pretty much a sham. They all knew I was wanted by Milby, and they didn't want to antagonize him by turning me down.

I reported for work in Sep 1968. The first assignment I was given by Dr. Miller, I think he put in the form of a question. He said, "There's going to be a trial held in Bakersfield in which the health dept. is going to want the right to have the manufacturers of agricultural chemicals report what they have sold, where, for what purposes, and in what quantities. The manufacturers are going to take the position that these are trade secrets, and they don't have to report if they don't want to (and they didn't)". The hidden agenda was that they didn't regard the health dept. as a friendly dept. They thought that the supervision of the use of agricultural chemicals should be by the state Dept. of Agriculture -- which was legally responsible for protecting and advancing the interests of the industry of agriculture. The purpose of the health dept. was to preserve and protect the health of the public at large.

I accepted this assignment with pleasure. I went down there and sat in on the trial for a couple of days. I believe that after the judge took it under submission, it ended with the health dept. winning, and the judge refused to issue an injunction prohibiting them from receiving this information. I came back and wrote a report on what I had seen and heard. Because it was for a very limited audience, namely Dr. Miller himself, I didn't hesitate to write it in a non-bureaucratic way, using adjectives, adverbs, and whatever I could to add spice to the subject, rather than the usual bureaucratese. Dr. Miller liked it a lot; he told me that it was a noble piece of writing. He was the first person to ever say anything about my writing, so that meant a good deal to me. I would have liked nothing better than to continue working under Dr. Miller, but it seems that he was on the verge of retiring. Within a month or two he was gone, and was replaced by a guy named Bill -- I've blanked out on his last name. A psychologist might call it "motivational forgetting". I didn't have much respect for him. He was a PhD in chemistry. I have no idea how he got his PhD, but it didn't have anything to do with pesticides.

Up to this point, almost all of the studies by Community Studies of Pesticides unit had been on people with possible pesticide exposure during the manufacture of these compounds, and to some extent the application of the materials in the field by crop-dusting planes or ground rigs. The unit had never studied the effects of these chemicals on field workers, which was my big interest. So, I began sending out ideas for possible research subjects that I felt would fit within

the purview of the unit, beginning with a survey. I was an old hand at designing questionnaires and running them by some sample population. It occurred to me that I would ask people who were knowledgeable about the field what types of symptoms people might exhibit who had been exposed to agricultural chemicals on the job while harvesting the crops. I proposed a questionnaire which would list 10, 12, or whatever number of these symptoms, mingled with a few that were not related, so people wouldn't get the idea that the questionnaire was biased. It was to be administered to a representative group of farm workers, and a control group of people who had never worked in agriculture.

I got advice from Miller, Milby, and anybody else in the health dept. who might have ideas on the subject. I was given carte blanche to go down to Tulare County, which was selected because it still had harvests going on. We were approaching the late fall/ winter season, and some parts of the state, like the Salinas Valley, didn't have any harvests going on that time of year. Tulare County had things going on year-round. In the middle of winter, the navel orange harvest was at its peak. That's why I selected that area as the study site. It also happened that my old friend Cesar Chavez was in the midst of organizing grape workers, and mounting a grape boycott, not only in that area, but in the entire U.S. and overseas as well. One of the weapons he was using in the boycott was to tell people that under existing conditions, growers who were not organized by the union were using these pesticides on grapes without supervision. Chavez was very interested in the subject of pesticide control. I talked to him about it ...

David: Can I interrupt here?

Henry: Yes.

David: What was the extent of your personal contact with Cesar Chavez? When did you meet him? Was he actually your personal friend at that point?

Henry: Oh, I knew him way back when I was starting as research director for AWOC, in Jul 1959. I met him that fall, and we kept in touch one way or another for all the intervening years. It's not that we saw each other regularly at all, but our paths would cross. When the grape strike first began in Sep 1965, I used to go on car caravans, which was one of the functions of the Citizens for Farm Labor group that I started. We would transport supplies of beans and rice, etc. They had mass meetings every weekend involving Chavez and other strike leaders, including filipinos, who were very actively involved in the early stages of strike. At these mass meetings, the workers themselves would hear progress reports. The general public was welcome to sit in. Those of us who brought supplies in the car caravans would mingle, and listen to the reports. I would usually sit near the back of the hall, because I thought the farm workers themselves should be the principal participants at the meetings.

Chavez was gifted at being able to remember names and faces. It seemed that every time I went to these meetings, no matter where I sat in the auditorium, he would spot me, remember me, and walk down the aisle to greet me. That just made me feel great. That's why I say I considered him a friend. I was in this sphere of pesticide studies. He said that if he had known that I was looking for a job [*chuckle*], I could have worked for him. He was being semi-facetious; at that time all his co-workers were being paid $5 a week spending money, and room

and board. That's what I would have been getting if I had worked for him. He knew I had dependents and couldn't do that, but he still talked about the possibility.

The reason I wanted to talk with him on this occasion was that I needed interviewers. He suggested 2 or 3 people that he knew were highly responsible. They were farm workers, probably working in the oranges at that time of year. He thought that what the health dept. would be able to pay them would equal what they could make picking oranges. He gave me their names, addresses, and phone numbers. I interviewed them, and they were very responsible people, all Spanish speaking. They were willing to work for the health dept. because they were also interested in the subject matter. I had to instruct them, as I had my interviewer in the bracero study years before, that this survey should be presented as being of general public health interest, not as having any axe to grind. I did not want them to have the feeling that we were going to try to eliminate agricultural pesticides, or anything of that sort.

We got several hundred results. We found that for most of the symptoms that were likely to be associated with parathion and the other organophosphates, there was a statistically significant difference between the two groups in the frequency with which the symptom was experienced during the study period. There were a number of holes in the methodology. Eventually, after we had several hundred returns, I became convinced that we should turn to other ways of looking at effects of pesticides on field workers. A couple of years later I learned that almost exactly the same methodology was being used by a team of sociologists from UC Davis, without giving me any credit, but I didn't care. As they say, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

Another of my ideas had to do with a line of argumentation used by pesticide manufacturers: that if field workers suffered from exposure, it was to a large extent their own fault, from not protecting themselves adequately by what they wore. If one followed up this line of argumentation with them, they were happy to write back a list of things that field workers should wear to protect themselves. They didn't indicate whether these things should be provided by the employers, or whether the workers should pay for them out of pocket. The list included things like fingerless gloves, in which the fingers were exposed so that the worker could grasp the crop. The palm of the hand, according to the manufacturers, was more vulnerable to dermal exposure because it was wide open; the thumb and fingers were better protected by pads. So, that was one thing the farm workers should supposedly use to protect themselves.

I remember another area that was emphasized was the forehead, which was supposedly a wide open avenue through which pesticide residues could leach into the bloodstream and have adverse effects. Of course, one should also wear appropriate clothing to protect the body. I don't think they ever went so far as to recommend wearing anything like raincoats or rubberized material of any kind -- in warm weather, that would have been unthinkable for a field worker. But they were supposed to wear reasonably thick shirt and pants fabrics.

I conceived the idea of testing this line of argument by measuring exactly how much pesticide residue was penetrating to the skin through the clothing. I guess what I did was have patches of aluminum foil (or some such thing) taped to the subject's arms, legs, and torso, retrieved

after a day's work, and forwarded to the pesticide laboratory in the main building of the state health dept. There was a guy on duty full-time there to examine specimens with a spectroscope, to see what kinds and what quantities of pesticides penetrated the clothing. This lab served for purposes other than our pesticide studies unit. It was available to local health depts. around the state in cases of suspected pesticide poisoning, by accident or suspected foul play. This was an example of the kind of thing I was going to put into my novel. The fellow at the lab (it was a one-man operation) would put the samples into a freezer to be examined at his leisure -- and he did love his leisure. Every time that I ever visited that lab, I always found him reading the Wall Street Journal. He did not take his work seriously, let's just put it that way. He lacked any passion for safeguarding the public health. Jim was his name. I have again (perhaps deliberately) forgotten his last name.

Don Mengel was my associate with the same job title I had -- whatever that was. Whenever there was a major pesticide poisoning in the field, one or the other of us would usually go out and try to get the complete history of what had happened, and why.

The health dept. was under the leadership of Dr. Lester Breslow, whom I have mentioned on a number of occasions as being a real pioneer in the field of public health, as long ago as the first year I was there -- 1952. At that point he was already trying to get the health dept. and the public at large concerned about the effects of smoking cigarettes. This was before anybody else was talking about it. I believe that he used his influence, which was considerable, to get the state to make pesticide poisoning a reportable condition by physicians in private medical practice -- like measles, mumps, or any other communicable disease. He wanted to add pesticide poisoning, even if it were only suspected, to the list of reportable conditions -- that is, to be reported on a standardized form to the state health dept. There are certain cases in which a practicing physician in a rural area should be able to spot something caused by exposure to the highly toxic compounds called organophosphates. They include parathion and many compounds with similar names, such as malathion. Reports would come in to our office. Some cases were fully self-contained. For example, if laboratory analysis indicated some other cause, no further investigation was needed. In some cases, the report was quite skimpy, so Don or I would go out and fill in the missing information. There was never any lack of things to do.

Here's one I had a lot to do with. In my reading, I came across an article about a group in England who had worked on a technique to ascertain the effects of organophosphates by something called electromyography. This consisted of stimulating a nerve (the ulnar nerve) with a small electric shock, resulting in a reflex action by the forearm muscles -- a bit like a doctor using a rubber mallet to tap the patellar tendon, which results in involuntary contraction of the thigh muscle in a healthy person. The idea was that you can get a picture of the spike resulting from the reaction to the stimulus -- a bit like the printout of an EKG, except in this case there was a series of four stimuli. In a healthy subject, the spikes would be identical. In a person with impaired neuromuscular system, the spikes would be progressively smaller. I looked around to find someone who might be able to provide a general outline of the apparatus required, based on the description in this article, which was actually pretty fragmentary. I finally found an outfit in Alameda that said they would take a crack at it, with

various safeguards built in so that nobody would be electrocuted. They succeeded in making something serviceable, and we tried it out on ourselves. It wasn't exactly pleasurable, but as long as the subject was told in advance what to expect we thought we might be able to get some data.

Again, we were interested to compare control subjects with farm workers who had been exposed to pesticides, particularly in the harvest of oranges. With oranges, you're working among the leaves all the time. If those leaves have any residue on them, you're bound to inhale some and get it on your skin. Again, I went down to Tulare County to look for subjects. This time, it didn't require any interviewers. I was looking for people who were willing to be exposed (if they weren't already) and also willing to undergo small electric jolts from the apparatus. I was only able to find one to begin with, and that was Stephen Anderson. This was in the summer, and he was out here from back East, where he was living at the time. He might have been starting Harvard already by this time. Anyway, we got him a job picking oranges, and at the end of the day hooked him up to this apparatus to get an electromyograph. We may have kept this up for a couple of days. We had great difficulty finding other people to participate.

David: Was he exposed to pesticides?

Henry: Oh, he couldn't have failed to be.

The results were indeterminate, possibly because the equipment wasn't all that great. As I say, it was practically impossible to get a large cohort. So, this had to be written off as an interesting beginning which required further work. We didn't have the time or expertise to carry it on to a really convincing conclusion.

The "gold standard" in assessing the effects of organophosphates is taking blood samples, and sending the samples for analysis of an enzyme called cholinesterase, which plays a crucial role in transmission of nerve impulses. Exposure to organophosphates inhibits cholinesterase activity, which is a very reliable marker.

I may have mentioned the name Wendy Goepel in some of my previous episodes. She and I had worked together closely in the formation of Citizens for Farm Labor, editing the magazine, etc. When the great strike of 1965 broke out, she left Berkeley, moved to Delano, and became kind of a personal secretary for Cesar Chavez. In the course of time, she met a young doctor, David Brooks, who was setting up a clinic to be called "Salud" (which means "health"), intended primarily for agricultural workers. She left the strike to work full-time on the establishment and growth of this clinic. She and Brooks got married. They didn't live happily ever after, but they made quite a success of that clinic.

I went to Wendy and said, "How about if we draw off a small portion of the blood samples that you take for other purposes, and look at cholinesterase levels in that subsample?" She thought that was a capital idea. In order to round out the research design, it was necessary to have the

people who had given the blood samples give us some detail about their activities in the previous 30 days or so. We would then divide the subjects into two groups: those who had done farm work, and those who hadn't. The ones who had done farm work needed to be further subdivided according to the amount of work, which crop, etc. It was pretty complex, but it was the best thing going, and it kept on going as long as I was with the pesticide studies unit.

David: So, these organophosphates interfere with neuromuscular activity. What other kinds of symptoms would people have? Did you look at long-term things like cancer rates?

Henry: Pesticides can be divided roughly into two large groups. The organophosphates are comparatively short-lived. The other group, called chlorinated hydrocarbons or organochlorides, includes the DDTs and other long-lasting pesticides, and affect mainly the reproductive system rather than the neuromuscular system.

David: What pests did these things target? On oranges, for example.

Henry: Insects. Interestingly enough, the principal target in oranges is an insect called a thrips, and the only damage it causes is cosmetic. It leaves a little scar around the stem, on the outside. The growers douse the trees heavily with parathion at the time of the year when thrips are likely to emerge from their pupal stage. They leave the tiny scar when they lay their eggs. The inside of the orange is totally unaffected. So, this particular use of parathion is simply because the housewives of America want flawless fruits and vegetables. They consider this small scar to be as serious as if there were a worm inside the orange, which there never was and never will be. You can't argue with the tastes of American consumers.

David: What are the long-term effects of organophosphates on humans?

Henry: Long-term effects of organophosphates are probably minimal. It's the short-term effects that one has to worry about. They include dizziness, sweating ...

David: Do they cause accidents in the workers? I mean, if you're up on a 20-foot ladder and you get dizzy, do people fall?

Henry: I suppose that is possible. Somewhere in my souvenirs, I have records from all these projects, including copies of the questionnaire, the electromyographs I got from studying Stephen, and copies of my field reports of particularly dramatic poisoning cases, in which I probably used a "purple prose" style [*chuckle*], knowing myself as I do. I would have to go through all the boxes that are stored at the rear of the property at 1243 Ashby Ave., and I just haven't had time.

Web pages:

Silent Spring (book by Rachel Carson): http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Silent_Spring

Organophosphates (incl. organophosphate pesticides):
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Organophosphate

Organochlorides (incl. chlorinated hydrocarbon pesticides):
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Organochloride

26. Federal pesticide working group; real estate foray

Henry: I'm going to give a little context for the main subject of today's discussion having to do with the bureaucracy at the federal level, which in a real sense began in 1961, early in the administration of JFK. I strongly suspect that he was moved to do something in the area of pesticides by the work of Rachel Carson, who was on a kind of crusade against DDT, which caused birds to lay eggs with very flimsy shells, and they were in danger of becoming extinct as a result of eating fish that had ingested DDT residues.

In any event, JFK set up something called the "Federal working group on pest management", in which he ordered representatives of the various federal agencies that had anything to do, even peripherally, with pesticides. This so-called working group puttered along for years without ever getting on the radar of anybody. And then, in the late 1960s, the Chavez movement had attracted a lot of attention because of its grape strike, and boycotts, in which the whole population was invited to enter in to the movement by declining to buy grapes, to begin with, and later on the boycott extended to lettuce. One of the arguments that Chavez used to get consumers interested was the argument that pesticides were used on these crops and were not being adequately regulated, and that pesticide residues were having some effect upon the public health.

Well, politicians are subject to pressure from the public, sometimes, and they were in this case, and surprisingly enough one of the leaders at the federal level working in the area of pesticides was none other than Richard Nixon, who had been elected in 1968, very narrowly, over Humphrey, and hadn't yet gotten into the mess with Watergate. In 1971, I believe it was, he organized or was a leader in the creation of a branch within the Dept of Labor called Occupational Safety and Health Administration, known as OSHA, and in 1972 he was also the leader in the creation of a new cabinet-level office known as the Environmental Protection Agency. I don't think most people nowadays realize that Nixon was in a sense the father of the EPA. The current crop of Republicans, of course, want to abolish the whole cabinet.

In any event, the OSHA and EPA both got interested in the subject of pesticides. They were both members of this working group established way back in 1961 by Kennedy, and so the working group took the lead by taking a favorite step of federal agencies, when they can't think of anything else to do, they set up a task group. They set up something called the Task Group on Occupational Exposure to Pesticides. This task group included ten voting members, plus a director, all of whom were doctors of one sort or another, most of them probably PhDs in entomology or things like that, with also a number of MDs. They had a group of 15 "resource members", or I guess you might call them consultants, that the voting members were able to call upon whenever they wanted expert advice in one or another field, and all of these were doctors of one sort or another except for 3 people who were Misters, and I was one of those.

Now, the head of the whole voting membership was a medical doctor named Thomas Milby, who was the chief of the bureau of occupational health in the CA state dept of public health,

and he was the man who had first interviewed me for this position in the pesticide studies unit that was part of his bureau, and so he was responsible for naming me to be a resource member of this task group. And as it worked out, I was in fact more than the usual resource member. I became an assistant to Milby himself, and in many cases more than the usual assistant, and I think I have to be a little more than usually candid at this point, and I think it's safe to be, because Milby himself is no longer with us, having died in 2012, even though he was younger than I. But he had personal problems during the period when the task group functioned, which was for a period of about 2 years, between 1973 and 75. He was having marital problems, no doubt involving the fact that he was also having a very close relationship with his secretary in the bureau of occupational health, seeing to it that they went together on various field trips to Hawaii and things of that nature. And so Milby himself took up residence in Walnut Creek, separate from his wife, and in an effort to deal with his stress, or whatever it might be called, he was taking medications of some sort, I'm not sure exactly what but it could have been Vicodin or something like that. And as a result there were times in which he was really not able to function at all, and began leaning heavily on me.

The task group was given a charge, a mission. And it was supposed to finish serving out this charge and fulfilling this mission within a very few months, and it consisted of nothing less than assembling all available information regarding the extent of this occupational health problem in the United States, and by that they mean exposure of workers to pesticides on the job. The 2nd part of the charge was to prepare a report that will identify areas in which relevant information is not available. The 3rd charge was to make recommendations for the development of research protocols to determine safe reentry intervals for the protection of agricultural workers and, where possible, suggest reentry standards based upon existing knowledge. And this is very important because it says in to many words that it had already been established in advance that the way to handle the problem of exposure of farm workers to pesticides was not by protective clothing, respirators, or to have somebody on the side of the field equipped with medication in case a worker began showing the symptoms of pesticide illness, it was assumed that the proper approach to worker safety for agricultural laborers with respect to pesticides was to make it safe for them to enter the field in the first place, and that's what is referred to throughput as a "safe reentry period".

Finally, the official charge that this task group was given was as follows: "these recommendations should take into consideration the medical ethical efforts of research involving human subjects", and here again you have to read a little bit between the lines to know what they are really saying in effect, because there had been studies, sponsored by the manufacturers of pesticides, in which they were at pains to prove that their product was safe when applied according to their prescriptions, for workers to go in and pick the peaches or oranges or whatever it was, and that these studies would involve waiting periods so short that they almost didn't exist at all.

There were serious studies of parathion, for example, which had workers go in 12 hours after the orange groves had been sprayed with parathion. And their idea of a scrupulous study was then to calculate the effects after 24 hours, after 48 hours, and after a maximum of 72 hours. After all of this they would conclude that maybe to be prudent you'd need to wait 48 hours

because it was somewhere in between the 2 extremes. But all of this was exposing the workers themselves to unknown hazards, which was contrary to what might be reasonably thought of as medical ethics.

And a number of so-called studies of reentry periods, all of the conducted by pesticide manufacturers, relied upon so-called volunteers among prisoners, who were told, and I think it was no secret, they were told that their cooperation in a pesticide study would be helpful to them when it came time to look at possibilities of parole, and that again was in the opinion of some reasonable observers to be a form of coercion and highly unethical, so part of our as the task group was to write up a set of guidelines which all future studies of reentry periods should adhere to.

Well, things went slowly. It was a very widely-spread group. There were people from the Univ of Miami, Univ of N Carolina, Iowa, and one from Berkeley, so sometimes the group met in Berkeley. I remember one time it met in Washington, and so it very early became obvious that it wouldn't be possible to go through this rather daunting list of purposes within a period of 4-6 months.

A lot of time was spent on statistical techniques. One of the resource persons was a biostatistician from UC Berkeley. He wasn't a voting member, he was a consultant, who had a new technique for determining statistically significant differences between two populations, and Milby was completely out of his depth in this controversy, so he turned to me and I was also out of my depth, but I was familiar with the chi-squared test, and I argued that it was well-known and had served its purpose pretty well over the years, and that it was clouding the issue for this biostatistician from the school of public health to try and substitute a new and unfamiliar technique, so we went back and forth on that, and eventually we ended up by settling on chi-square.

When it came to assembling the available information, and to identifying areas in which relevant information was not available, it seemed to be almost a matter of our throwing darts at the wall, because the information was so spotty and so diverse. I took it upon myself to try and draw up what I called a matrix, in which I lined up a number of types of information, ranging from things like toxicity of compounds, which could be and had been established quite precisely in terms such as what they called LD-50 measurements, meaning the point at which 50% of a group of laboratory animals died from ingesting or being exposed to a certain level of a certain pesticide. So that could be accepted as scientific information.

And there was some fairly reputable knowledge about the longevity of a compound. And there was information, although it was not of the same scientific character as those other figures, we knew the manufacturer's claims as to how much of the compound should be sprayed or applied by crop-duster airplanes per acre, to each type of crop. We had that information. It became more and more opaque when it came to other measurements such as number of reports of poisonings. Many states had no reporting system at all. I should say not only many states, but almost all states. I think CA was the only state that had any attempt to require reporting of suspected as well as proven pesticide poisonings among agricultural workers.

All these types of information could be entered in the matrix, along with assigning the information a number as to its quality, and if it wasn't available of course it would be a zero. At the end of it there would be a total figure in which the higher the figure, the more an interim reentry period might be hazarded, at least suggested, and the lower the number the more dangerous it became to even guess at a figure. But I do remember that the total score for parathion in citrus proved to be sufficiently good on the basis of several ways of looking at it, one of which was electro-biography, although it wasn't as good as blood tests – putting them all together, there was reason to believe that a waiting period of 21 days could be defended as a safe waiting period for parathion in oranges and lemons, always assuming that it had been applied in concentrations that were according to the label, and that there wasn't anything unusual about the climate or other variables.

But there wasn't much that could be guessed in most other cases, meaning that a lot of emphasis in the last analysis had to be placed upon the other two portions of our charge, namely drawing up protocols for the proper studies that needed to be made, and finally the medical ethical requirements. So various members of the group volunteered to look at different portions of the overall job, and in some cases people volunteered, and I volunteered to take a crack at suggesting research designs and I also volunteered to take a crack at the medical ethical implications.

So then we went our separate ways. There was an executive secretary of the entire group, who was I guess affiliated with the EPA, and he did not have an easy job, because people sometimes procrastinated in their writing assignments, and needless to say I was among them. I found my two assignments to be very interesting, and unless I have an absolute deadline, with serious penalties if I fail to meet it, I tend to write at some length, and as it turned out my thoughts on the subject of research ethics in the field of pesticide studies, my draft turned out to be 38 pages long, and I think what I had to suggest about research designs was almost as long.

Well, that was only the start of it, because then these materials had to be circulated, and others who had not written them were invited to comment upon them, and they were not too pleased with my logorrhea, not to mention my free use of colorful adverbs and adjectives. Dr. Milby himself roused himself from his sickbed, or whatever you might call it, to attempt to edit my stuff, and he managed to cut it to about half its original length.

I remember overhearing the head of my pesticide studies unit, I don't know whether I've mentioned him before, but he was a chemist named William Serat, who had no background in pesticides or farm workers, or anything else relevant, but he did have a PhD in chemistry and that got him his job. I was in an office next to his, and I remember one day that he was on the phone to one of the resource persons at the national association of agricultural chemical manufacturers, his name was John McCarthy. Bill and John were talking like good buddies, and Bill was telling his friend John that he didn't need to worry about whatever I was saying in my writings, because it was well known that if I had my way, no pesticides at all would be allowed, and I didn't that was altogether appropriate, that Bill Serat would be saying such a thing to somebody from the pesticide industry, mostly because it wasn't true – I never did oppose the any pesticides, I opposed the indiscriminate use of pesticides, and I opposed fake pesticide

research by the manufacturers, and a lot of things of that sort, but no, I have used pesticides myself when it was necessary and appropriate.

I've never yet seen the final result of our labors. They were supposed to have been finished by 74. I think they dragged on until 75, when a final version was in fact published by the government printing office, and I never got a copy, or if I did I don't know where it is now. I think it could probably be found somewhere in the government archives. It might be interesting to look for someday. But the point is, I think we had an effect. It was a close shave, because I remember a preliminary draft, in fact it had already been through the vetting process, and the shortening process, so it was pretty close to a final version, and it included a recommendation that the reentry period for parathion in citrus could properly be 2 days, whereas I thought we had agreed that the best available evidence suggested it should be 21.

I was in near despair, that maybe it was too late to have it changed, so I talked to somebody in the bureau of occupational health who was acting chief during Milby's absences, and Milby's absences were become more and more frequent, not just because of his duties as head of this task group but also because of his personal problems. So the acting chief in that bureau did not know where Milby could be found. But he assumed, well he didn't need to tell me, I assumed that if he was to be found at all it would be in his apartment in Walnut Creek, and I knew where that was because I had visited him there several times, so I checked out a state car and I drove lickety-split out to Walnut Creek, and I found Milby was there in his pajamas, and was awake, reasonably so, and I showed him this draft report, and he was as surprised and as shocked as I was at the change somebody had made in this recommendations, one of the few solid recommendations made in that entire manuscript, was so dead wrong. So he promptly got on the telephone to the guy named William Wymer, who represented the EPA as kind of the mother hen of the whole operation, in arranging places for us to meet, and dates to meet and things of that nature, and Wymer claimed that he had no idea how this recommendation had got in there, but Milby ordered him to have it changed.

So I think that the task group did some good, I like to think that I did some good in influencing it, even though for the most part it didn't come down to actual numbers, because they depended on the conduct of proper controlled studies, which had never had any overall guidelines to follow, and I do believe that after this, when a manufacturer wanted to have a product licensed for use on a given crop in a given dosage, it had to be approved by the federal dept of agriculture. There was a turf war, of course, between the various government agencies which could claim some jurisdiction of the subject of occupational exposure to pesticides. There was OSHA, which was part of the dept of labor. There was the dept of agriculture, which had its own finger in the pie, and there was the EPA. But when it came time for the actual giving of approval for the right to sell product, I believe the dept of agriculture still had the power, in the same way the Food and Drug Administration had the power when it came to prescriptions and for residues on the food that people eat.

But the dept of agriculture was thenceforth requiring manufacturers to show that they had done serious research on the specific question of whether workers entering the premises to harvest a certain type of crop after that field or orchard had been sprayed with a given type of

pesticide, whether they can feel confident they wouldn't be poisoned. So I think that the number of incidents, as they liked to call them, began to go down, and it isn't to say that the number of incidents ever disappeared entirely, because there was many a slip twixt the cup and the lip.

For one thing, premises that had been sprayed, either with ground rigs or from the air, were supposed to be posted with signs. In CA at least these signs were supposed to be in English and Spanish, indicating what had been applied and when it had been applied, and that no one was supposed to work in those premises until after such and such a date. Well, there were many problems with how many such signs should be posted, and where. And some agricultural premises are very extensive, and it may well be that a warning sign posted on a gate at one side of a property wasn't seen by workers entering a gate elsewhere on the property. There were questions about whether they were always in both languages. There were questions as to whether they were accurately translated into Spanish. There were even questions as to whether workers were always able to read the language.

There was still plenty of room for errors in the mixing of pesticides. In the application from a ground rig the contents of the sacks that the pesticides came in, in powder form, was dumped into a hopper and mixed with water, or special dilutants, but errors could be made in the amount. It was not at all difficult to have twice as much pesticide as should be mixed with a certain amount of water, meaning that workers were getting double the exposure. There was always plenty of room in aerial application. Aerial spraying was not supposed to be done when there was an appreciable wind, but that wasn't always followed, and sometimes the wind would come up unexpectedly, and so sometimes workers got sprayed while they were working in the field. But by and large I think there has been an improvement. And we of the task force of 1973-75 had something to do with the improvement.

While all of this was going, the funding for the community study on pesticides in the state of CA was under fire. It seems that one of the professional positions in the CA unit had to be trimmed in order to stay within budget. There were 3 positional positions, one of them held by William Serat, one of them held by Donald Mengle – I think I might have mentioned him in the past – and one of them held by me. All of us were in essentially the same pay grade, so the question came down to length of service – service within the state dept of public health. If memory serves, both Serat and Mengle had about 14 years of service, and according to the calculation that I was given, I had 13 years of service, meaning that I was low man on the totem pole, and nothing could be done about it – it was strictly a seniority business.

I decided to file a protest, because a good chunk, well, partly I think I was dinged because my first tour with the state dept of public health was way back in 1952, when I was with the bureau of records and statistics, the headquarters of the dept at that time were in SF. In 54 I heard about this job in the school of public health at Berkeley, which was so attractive that I left the dept, so there was a break in service, and I think I lost credit for the time that I had spent in SF. And furthermore, and even more clear in my mind, I was prepared to argue that I had spent an even larger chunk of time in a relevant position, doing research, in the field of public health,

namely the health of braceros, and that that made me more useful to the state health dept than I had been before, when I came back to the dept.

Well, under the ground rules I was allowed to plead my case before an administrative law judge. I think I had to go down to San Jose to appear before this guy. And if all of these other jobs had been figured in to my total service, I had more than 14 years, and so I was prepared to argue this. Well, this guy didn't think that he could bend the rules of the game. They didn't allow for related work; it had to be work for this particular state dept. If I had done research on pesticides for the state dept of agriculture, that wouldn't have helped me. It had to be the dept of public health.

Well, that was the end of my attempt to work within any kind of bureaucracy. I gave up. Oh, I made one feeble attempt. Dr. Milby, just as my tenure at the state health dept expired in 75, he left the dept to get a better job at the Stanford Research Institute, and he said he might be able to find something for me to do there, on a per-diem basis. So I wrote a research design for something that one of their staff was interested in, involving exposure of certain population groups to lead. But I could see that I was never going to be happy there.

Have I mentioned the fact that at the end I could have stayed in the health dept if I had moved to Bakersfield, in a job in what they called vector control, which means counting the mosquitos that were caught in mosquito traps around the county, and that this job would have meant a reduction in pay, but at least it would have been a job. I was not interested. And so I have been a free agent ever since.

And to keep body and soul together I tried something that I owe entirely to my mother, because she somehow or other hit upon the fact that it was possible to buy single-family homes in the suburbs around Sacramento, which had been bought by GIs returning from WWII, under the GI Bill of Rights, which had loans at very very low interest rates, and which required if anything to be paid down. So as the years went by these GIs began to move out of these houses, sometimes because they moved to better houses, and sometimes because they came on hard times, and were not even able to keep up the very modest payments that they had. So these houses became available at resale, for very little if anything down, and with these very moderate monthly payments, because the old terms could be assumed if the new buyer had the proper credit history.

So my mother would buy up these houses occasionally, and would rent them out. And she had an aptitude for buying the houses that looked good and didn't require a heck of a lot of work, and she had an aptitude for renting to people who were usually entirely responsible. She didn't believe in what they nowadays call "flipping", which is buying low and as soon as possible selling high. She looked upon this as kind of a public service. She rented these places to buyers who weren't able to afford much elsewhere, and she didn't raise their rents much above what the cost of the loans were. Many times she made personal friends with these renters. And then occasionally, for one reason or another, maybe because she was getting a little overly extended, she would sell, and almost to her surprise and delight, she'd find that lo and behold the houses were now selling for more than she had paid for them.

So I thought I might try this. I didn't have any experience at all, but she gave me advice. My very first attempt was a house on Prospect Ave., which is a very short street just off Dwight Way, between Dwight and the stadium, about 2 or 3 blocks. A big old brown-shingle house, 5 bedrooms and 3 baths. It was an estate sale, meaning that it was an auction, and I was represented by a realtor who was unfamiliar with the whole process, so I gave her instructions as to how high to bid if it were possible to get it for what I considered to be a reasonable price; if the bids went higher than that she would have to drop out. Well as it turned out she got the house, and I was for the first time the owner of a piece of property for rental purposes. My big mistake was that I never could quite believe that the real estate market would behave as it always did. I should never have sold any of them. So I bought that house for $42,000. I guess it was 1975, just about the time I left the health dept.

So there is very little for me to talk about my career in the usual sense from then on, since as I say I never held a regular job again, which was the end of most of my productivity, since I've learned that I needed deadlines, I needed to have some kind of intellectual whip to keep me from just taking it easy. In the years to come I was occasionally called upon to help somebody who wanted advice, or some information, about the things that I had done in the farm labor movement, occasionally for what I had done in the surveillance of the Medical program, and occasionally for someone who wanted to know a little about pesticide research.

And one other thing that I plan to do in my very next episode of this sort, with my memoirs, is to talk about something that was a thread that ran through the farm labor movement, and the Medicare surveillance, and the pesticide studies, for about 10 years, from 63 to 73, and that common thread, quite independently of all of those 3 occupations, was my monthly commentary series on station KPFA. I want to talk about that because it meant a lot to me, because it did have the effect of requiring me to produce something worthwhile on a regular basis, and I always seemed to need that, and I did produce things which some people found interesting and helpful.

David: presumably you know who was responsible for changing the 21 to a 2.

Henry: No, I don't, though I have a suspicion.

David: The guy in the next office?

Henry: No, he didn't have any contact with the executive secretary of the task group. That guy was William Wymer, whose formal affiliation was with the EPA, but he could have been leaned on by the resource person, John McCarthy, who was a charmer; he could talk a bird out of a bush, as we used to say, and his job was with the pesticide manufacturer's association, and I can visualize him convincing William Wymer that he had knowledge that the figure of 2 was closer to the mark than 21. But no, Serat didn't have that kind of access to Wymer.

David: Did 21 appear in the final report?

Henry: I think so. I have not seen the final report, but I think it did survive. I am encouraged to try and track it down, because I would also be very interested in seeing how much of my

contributions to the 2 chapters that I worked so hard on, research protocols and research ethics, I'd be greatly interested to see how much of my fine writing survived.

Info on Thomas Milby:

http://www.tributes.com/obituary/show/Thomas-H.-Milby-94494904

https://books.google.com/books?id=59eH-Xg4WyAC&pg=PA75&lpg=PA75

William F. Serat:

http://link.springer.com/article/10.1007%2FBF02332033#page-1

William H. Wymer:

Acknowledged in http://nepis.epa.gov/Adobe/PDF/2000FCBD.PDF

Donale C. Mengle:

http://www.sfgate.com/news/article/Donald-Mengle-2702449.php

27. Real estate

Henry: And the last time, which was three weeks ago, I guess I was winding up my tenure at the State Health Department and the time period being roughly 1975. I had finally come to the end of the line with the Health Department and indeed with the whole world of bureaucracies of any type. Since I had struck out in the labor movement, and the University, and the State Department. So, I wasn't going to try to continue on that path, but on the other hand I had to do something, because among other things I was having to pay child support to five children at the time not to mention my own expenses.

Well, maybe I mentioned this before but I'll say it again: I was inspired by the example of my mother, who had figured out a way for herself to keep body and soul together with a certain niche in the world of real estate. She had found that there were lots of modest houses becoming available as a result of the tremendous building of tracts around the main cities, which were filled up with returning GIs who were able to buy these houses with nothing down. So, she would buy these houses with practically nothing down; she would assume the loans and they were at 2% interest or something like that. She was able to rent them out at a very modest rent, and that would be enough not only to cover the expenses, but to give her a little something extra. Well, I never did follow that pattern exactly, but in one way or another I tried to see what I could do in that new world in which I would be essentially self-employed and wouldn't have to answer to a bureaucracy of any kind.

In the first instance, I needed to get a real estate license, so I studied for that and found it was very easy to pass. And then I looked for a place to hang my license; that is to say I had to find a broker who would take me on as a salesperson. And I found a fellow whose office was on University Avenue, a little bit South of Shattuck, it was called the University Realty and the broker's name was Victor Goff. He was a good liberal, and I don't remember exactly how I teamed up with him. The only requirement was that I would have to stay on the floor as they call it one day a week, meaning that I would take care of everybody who walked in no matter what their needs were. If it were just a matter of information I was supposed to be able to answer their questions. And if they wanted to look at real estate to buy, then they would become my clients and I would be entitled to a commission if in fact it ever came to the point of their buying something.

Well, there was another guy who was there also and he and I became quite good friends; he was more experienced than I in the field but he was having a rather difficult time making a go of it. Because he was an African American and labored under a sort of fear of being rejected; I kept arguing with him that he was in the world center of liberal guilt and that if he went door to door soliciting he would probably find a better reception in Berkeley than any place else in the world. He still was rather afraid of being rejected. So he and I talked, we spent a lot of time talking. And, later on he had a suggestion for me that helped me make a sale.

Well, I'll never forget my first sale in the world of real estate: It was a duplex in West Berkeley which was selling for $15,000. And there was an offer, and that meant that I, representing the buyer, would enter into negotiations with an agent who was representing the seller. And he was also rather new in the field, so we didn't take the whole thing really seriously, because under the rules of the game – we were talking about a commission of 6% of $15,000 which was going to be split four ways: the listing office got 50% of the 6%, the office of buyer got the other 50%, the broker of each of those two offices got 50% of 50%, and what was left would be for us salespeople, and I think we ended up with $150 bucks a piece or something like that. It became very clear to me that I was not ever going to be making a killing at selling real estate to people who came off the street.

I began looking for ways in which it was possible to buy real estate on my own account. I somehow stumbled into one such type of purchase, which was brand new in my experience but I thought it sounded as though it had possibilities. And that is what they called estate sales, in which a person who has deceased has an executor who has to dispose of the property left by the deceased. And if it's real estate there were certain rules of the game; they had to enter into an auction in which the property was advertised and anyone who was interested would have to congregate on the steps of the county courthouse and be prepared to pay all cash to back up their offer.

Well, there was a friend of the woman that I was associated with at that time – her name was Lois, I'm sure you both remember her – she had a good friend who had heard about an estate sale that sounded very intriguing, and I looked at it and I agreed that it was. It was a 5 bedroom, 3 bath brown shingle house on the corner of Prospect and Dwight Way; very close to the campus and it looked to me as though it was in pretty good condition. So I tried to scrape up enough money to enter a credible bid in this auction process. Meaning I had to borrow from relatives and friends, but I did win the bid. And that opened up a whole new world for me. It did require some work, and I tried to do as much of the work as I could given my lack of skills, but I learned by doing a number of things. I would buy books about plumbing, and wiring, and shingling, and glazing, and painting, and whatever. I remember Eugene helping put that place into shape by helping lay some carpet.

Eugene: I remember that.

Henry: Good for you. [Henry laughs]. I think we did a pretty good job.

So, this was a variation of my mother's strategy. I wasn't buying it to sell it right away. I planned to rent it for a while, not that I had the idea that the real estate market was going to go up particularly fast, because at that time it wasn't. This was a time in which the Berkeley real estate market was really quite reasonable. I remember my broker, Victor Goff, announced to us sales people that Berkeley was about the witness the first hundred thousand dollar sale of a single family house. We all drove by to look at it; it was kind of a castle up in the Berkeley Hills. For $100,000. So I got this 5 bedroom 3 bath brown shingle in a good location for $40,000, and didn't have any trouble renting it, and held onto it for several years.

That was just one example; I went into different aspects of real estate and learned some of the nuances and tricks of the trade, and things to do and not to do. And I entered into some cases of rental properties with more than one unit. There was one on California Street I remember that had 4 units, and it was in pretty good condition. Once again, there were always things to do to make it better, and I gradually became a little more proficient at some handyman stuff. I had help from a friend of mine from the Health Department who had been in the maintenance department of that institution, and he knew how to do almost everything that had to be done, and he would help me from time to time.

I'm trying to think of some other different types of real estate that I became involved in. Well, I had one 5 unit place on Alcatraz; on the corner of Shattuck. It was different from the others in that it was located in Oakland rather than Berkeley. So it was really a bargain. But, it wasn't all a bed of roses. I would be called at all hours with complaints: a woman who complained that her kitchen sink didn't work, so I went there after dark, took off the pea trap, and found that her children had stuffed knives and forks and spoons down into the drain. So, I fixed that. And I was called at night with a problem at the beautiful brown shingle at the corner of Prospect and Dwight because one of the children had put a toothbrush down the toilet and that stopped it up pretty well. I did not ever seriously consider having a company provide management of these places. I didn't think that I was a big enough operation to do that. And besides, I was too cheap to pay their commission, so I kept trying to keep track of everything. At one time I had 15 units of one type or another scattered around the town. But I just hated living in fear of every time the phone rang – what I might be called upon to do.

David: Where were you living during this period?

Henry: Let me think…

David: Was this after Virginia Street?

Henry: I was still living in Virginia Street. Okay, now it's all starting to come back to me. Lois and I were living in Virginia Street, but it wasn't big enough because there were times when the children visited and there just wasn't enough room, it had only 2 bedrooms, for Heaven's sake. So the kids usually slept on the floor in sleeping bags. So, we started house hunting, and this time not looking for something to develop and rent but to live in ourselves.

And late one afternoon when all the other open houses had closed we drove by one on Scenic Avenue where the salesperson was just taking down his sign, and he wasn't any too happy about our asking to see the place but he finally agreed. It seems he was under considerable pressure from the owner to get some action, because she, a widow of a professor at the University, who incidentally was the founder of what became known as hydroponics, he had developed a whole property to grow things in that manner. This was almost a half acre of land in the middle of that very desirable area, and a nice big stucco house, which you probably remember. 1555 Scenic Avenue. $42,000 and that one I didn't have to pay all cash; I got a conventional loan.

But one of the lessons that I learned on that occasion and it came in handy on a number of other occasions, including buying this house, that there were times that a seller needed badly to sell. And it's not as if you were taking advantage of them if you got a good deal; you were actually doing them a favor because – well, in the case of the widow who owned the place on Scenic – she had been sure that the place would sell quickly and that she could afford to find something else and to move out, and so she had. And it seems she had had a couple of offers that had fallen through because they couldn't qualify for a loan, or whatever the reason was, and so she was really anxious to sell for almost any reasonable offer. So, it needed some work but nothing really – well, the kitchen needed to be updated, but it was a heck of a deal.

So, another lesson I learned from that occasion was that one shouldn't be stampeded by emotions. And I was stampeded into selling that place when I didn't really have to, because of the political situation in Berkeley. This was in the middle of the Vietnam War and a war of sorts that went on in the City of Berkeley itself, in which there was a kind of test of approaches. There were basically two approaches to protesting the war in Vietnam. One was by reason, and the other was by mindless violence. So there were episodes of mobs cruising down the main street, smashing windows right and left without any reason, and in fact this school of thought was able to elect three members of the city council; I couldn't see where it all might end. It could result in the place on Scenic being trashed.

And so I myself acted out of sheer emotion and fear – and in order to get a quick sale I decided I would sell it myself, and that way I could save the commission. So I practically gave it away. So that was another lesson learned the hard way, because as time went by, Berkeley citizens kicked out these three loonies in a recall election, and things settled down to more appropriate forms of protest. I got another very nice house on Colton Boulevard in Montclair, which you might also possibly recall, but if I had held onto the one on Scenic it would have been very wise.

However, values did go up. And I developed an approach to selling places to the tenants who were renting there if they really loved the place, because I – once again, acting somewhat emotionally – felt that they would take good care of it, and that I would be appreciated. And at the same time I could make it easy for them to afford it, because I was willing to hold back a second mortgage. So that if they were in a graduate program at the University or something like that, they wouldn't have to qualify for a commercial loan where they might have difficulty.

So, in a number of cases including the one on Prospect; I remember letting a tenant named Bob McAllister who was a machinist by trade, a very nice guy, and he really loved that house. He was sufficiently skilled at a number of trades that he could make it even better than I had, so I let him have it at a very good price; although at this time and this was about three years later, it had already gone up from $42,000 to over $100,000. I did the same thing with the 4-plex on California Street; let one of the tenants there buy it. And I did the same thing with a single family home on Allston Way. I preferred to deal with people that I knew, rather than putting these places on the open market and having to entertain negotiations with a number of perfect strangers. And sometimes it didn't work out as I hoped, but it usually did, and it put a certain human quality into the whole practice which I felt was usually lacking.

I began getting some radical ideas about the whole real estate industry. In which I thought that these escalating prices were very unhealthy because they were far outstripping anything that was going on in the larger economy. I began thinking it would be a balloon that would be inflated to the point where it was about to burst. And I began thinking that it was the profession, if you want to call it a profession – the industry of real estate sales, that was responsible to a considerable extent for these rapid increases. Because sellers usually didn't have any idea what to list their places for, so they would take the advice of the broker, and the broker had a vested interest in pegging the listing at the highest possible level, even though it might seem beyond the norm. And the brokers would always argue that they were just letting the market set its own level, and in fact that they had an ethical obligation to get the highest possible price that they could on behalf of their client, etc. etc.

Well, I didn't like the idea, so I started getting out and I thought that the market had certainly reached its high point in the late 70's or early 80's, something like that, so I started divesting myself. Meaning I needed to find something else to put the money into, but I did keep a few places. And I would put the money into something for enough to not only meet my living expenses, but also to put away something for the future. Because I was still too young to qualify for a pension from the State, much less to qualify for Social Security. So, I looked into the whole field of secondary financing as they call it. When a person buys a house with a conventional loan of 80% or whatever and they don't have the remaining 20% down payment they frequently take out a second deed of trust for a shorter term than the 30 year first mortgage. And the terms of the second trust deed would call for a substantially higher rate of interest. So, when I would sell a house on terms that did provide me with some money to invest, I would look into second deeds.

And for a while I guess I had good luck. But then I don't know what got into me – well, I do know what got into me – there was a period in the late 1970's in which the whole world economy was shaken up by events in the Middle East in which the producers of oil began to take advantage of a near-monopoly position and started jacking up the price of oil. And then there was something, I can't recall exactly why, but they cut off the spigot entirely for a period. And there was a gasoline shortage in this country, with people lined up for blocks to buy gasoline at their favorite corner station. And that resulted in severe inflation. It resulted in very high rates of interest. It was the period in which the Shah of Iran was overthrown, and the mullahs took over running the country, which in turn resulted in the election of Ronald Reagan over Jimmy Carter.

And so – inflation was about 15% as I recall – and in order to keep up with the cost of living, I began taking chances in the second deed of trust market, and investing in places that I would not have under normal circumstances. Such as with a guy in Las Vegas, Nevada, who I thought would be on the up and up, because he was on the faculty of the University at Nevada, Las Vegas, UNLV. Well, it turned out that he was a professor, if that's the word, in the physical education department. And the physical education department was best known for their basketball program; there was a guy named Jerry Tarkanian who was in constant hot water with the authorities who were trying to maintain the amateur status of college athletics, and Jerry Tarkanian was waging a war against them. And they against him. And he usually won.

Well, to make a long story short, the guy who was selling these deeds of trust was a teacher - if that's the word - who was running courses set up exclusively for athletes, including things like playing billiards, that was one of their courses, learning how to pack a backpack for an overnight hike, that was another one of their courses. And he was actually spending his time peddling these deeds of trust, all of which went bad and he was crook, and he was running a Ponzi scheme. And nothing was ever done about him, because as far as I could tell the entire city of Las Vegas was occupied by crooks. So, I made a lot of mistakes in my efforts to build a nest egg.

I didn't have any protection against the possibilities of some kind of health problem in my older years, which would not be covered by Medicare. I had never forgotten the stories that my mother had told me about her sister, my Aunt Zella, who had been married to a rancher in Texas who was quite successful and had left my Aunt with a quite large inheritance, so she was able to have a very nice brick house built for herself in Sweetwater, Texas. And then began developing abdominal cancer, and it ate up her insides and it ate up her inheritance, and at the end she was dependent upon help from her children, and it was really a sad, sad story. I guess I wanted to protect myself against that by building up enough to cover medical problems and nursing home care, or whatever might be required.

I never did go into the stock market. I never understood it; the few times that I tried following somebody's hot tip it always went bad. And even if one bought things that were supposedly as solid as the rock of Gibraltar – IBM for example, or Standard Oil, or whatever you might wish – nothing was immune apparently from up and down cycles. And I was not willing to become one of the people that I saw tied after a manner of speaking to the ticker tapes from Wall Street just to see what happened to their stocks on a day to day basis, there were more things that I wanted to do with my life than that.

My biggest regret, I guess, is that none of this business of working on old houses and whatever I was doing in real estate – none of it had anything whatever to do by way of follow up – to what I had been doing in the Farm Labor movement, in the environmental movement, in the field of pesticide regulation. I frequently thought of doing a monograph on the history of AWOC, because everybody knew about the story of Cesar Chavez, but almost nobody knew about AWOC which had come before him and which in some ways made it possible for him. Also, it bothered me a lot that during this intellectual dark age in my own life nobody had any recollection about the Bracero program which I still felt was of extraordinary importance and interest, and yet I never worked it into this period of making a living by real estate.

If I had been of a different nature, I would have done what some of my more knowledgeable and experienced friends were doing, and that was writing applications for financial assistance from foundations – from the National Endowment for the Humanities, from comparable organizations such as that at the State level. A very good friend of mine from the farm labor days did that throughout all of these years, and she was able to get grants not only for herself. People would come to her and she would help them write up their own applications; she was very successful at it. So, I might have done that, and I might have gone on to write the true

story of AWO;, and I might have done something with the magnum opus that I wrote about the Bracero program, which never saw the light of day.

But one thing did result from the real estate period, and that is that even though Virginia and I were never able to buy long term care insurance, we had trusts. That by the luck of the draw we wouldn't have to spend too much time in nursing homes or whatever, and when the time comes that we do, we will have enough in the piggy bank to take care of it. But every once in a while I think about returning to the good old days and wish I was making myself useful in the way of helping with social problems. And in fact there were times when I was able to be of some help even during my declining years, and perhaps we can talk about that next time.

28. The Ranch, Joe Murphy, Gene Nelson, Vincent St. John

Henry: Well, last time we covered my brief career in real estate and I'm happy to move on to other subjects. I was only in the real estate racket (if you'll permit the expression) because I had certain financial obligations to meet and had no other source of income, but there were a couple of important developments in the late 1970's. One took place on December 14th of 1977 when I turned fifty years old and was thereby entitled if I wanted to start drawing my pension, based on the years I had spent working for the State of California. And I opted for that, even though it meant my monthly payment was a lot less than it would have been if I had waited. And then two years later than that in 1979 I turned 62 [*ed. Note: these ages and dates need to be checked for accuracy*] which entitled me to Social Security if I wanted, and once again I opted for the lower figure, despite the fact if I had been in financial straits I may have waited and gotten a bigger pay-off eventually.

In any case, it relieved some of the need for me to spend time on houses and to start thinking about other things. And lo and behold, in the early 1980's, I don't recall the exact date, I got an inquiry from a publishing house in New York City asking if they could reprint something that I had done for the University of California many years before on the Bracero program. They wanted to issue it as part of a series on the Chicano experience or something like that. And what they were talking about was a truncated version of the long (overly long) report that I had done on my Bracero study for the school of Public Health. The one that had the unfortunate demise at the hands of my project supervisor, who thought that I had wandered too far from my announced subject, and had become involved in muckraking.

Well, that was not the last of that project as it turned out. About a year after I thought the whole thing was dead and buried and was working for the AFL/CIO, I heard from my old project supervisor, who wanted me to issue a much briefer and much more objective report. Because evidently he was under pressure from the National Institutes of Health which had funded the project – largely because of his personal influence, and they wanted to see something for the investment they had made.

Well, I could have told him I was too busy doing other things; he had no power over me at that point, but I still thought there were some findings from my survey, which involved interviews with over a thousand braceros. Nobody had ever done anything like it and nobody showed any signs of doing anything like it, and so I agreed to have another crack at it. And this time I hit upon a device which could get a lot of raw meat into the report without raising the objections that I wasn't being objective. This device consisted of extensive quotes from the braceros themselves, rather than my commenting on this or that aspect of the program; letting them speak for themselves. So, I did that in this truncated report; it still turned out to be well over 300 pages long but my project supervisor couldn't object to my including this material because it wasn't me speaking, it was the braceros themselves.

Well, it was pretty good – still, he was very reluctant to let it be seen by anybody other than his immediate circle within the profession of public health administration. So, a few copies were made and sent off with severe warnings that it was for administrative purposes only, not to be circulated, not to be quoted, etc. I forgot about the whole thing. Somehow or other, this publisher in New York City, it was a wholly owned subsidiary of the New York Times I found out; somehow he had gotten a hold of a copy, and wanted to include it in his series on the Chicano experience in the U.S. It didn't have much to do directly with Chicanos, but he wanted to include it as part of the series. And I said that was okay with me, if I could write a new preface to explain the whole history of my bracero study, and he agreed to that. So in the early 1980's, I think it was probably 1982, I was again a published author, although it was not exactly a New York Times bestseller.

Eugene: What was the title?

Henry: The Bracero Program in California.

Eugene: The publisher?

Henry: The Arno Press.

Now, I was in the market for country property. I don't know exactly how I got the idea, but I visualized buying a place that had enough elbow room that I could indulge all of my interests, including spreading out my archives that I had been building up throughout the years in all of my roles: at the AFLCIO job as director of research for AWOC, and then my several hats that I wore at different times at the State Public Health Department, including pesticide studies, including surveillance of the Medicaid program, and also including farm labor studies to some extent in the Public Health Department.

I visualized a place where I could spread things out almost literally on table tops and start organizing my collections that were in chaos, scattered widely to some extent in basements here and attics there. I was going to pull them all together and put them in sufficiently good shape that I might not only use them for my own writing; I dreamed of telling the true story of AWOC which nobody else had and nobody else ever did. But then I also wanted a place that had enough room for me to indulge my continuing interest in painting, which I had let fallow for a long time but which I would like to have gotten back to every once in a while.

So I was always on the lookout for someplace in the environs of Northern California. And in 1984 I just happened to be talking with a friend of mine from the real estate world who said he had a client who was looking for rural property and had found something in Sonoma County near a little town called Forestville, which I had never even heard of up until that point. And he said that it sounded awfully good, but this client of his had been turned off by the fact that the people who were occupying the place were freaks. Who claimed they had a religious community going, which was in fact a pot farm. And she didn't want to get involved. Well, my friend, the real estate agent, said in fact they were on their way out because they hadn't been

paying for years and were about to be evicted by the Sheriff, and the owner of the place would be willing to sell it very reasonably, just to get it off his hands.

So, I said I would be interested in looking at it, and he drove me up there one weekend and it was a pretty interesting looking place. Even though it was steep and not very much of the 27 acres was usable, but there were lots of trees, and certain vistas from the tops of some of the places on the property. So I became very interested. And it was just a matter of waiting for the eviction process to take its course, and in order to satisfy the sale I needed to come up with all cash, which I was able to do. And in March of 1984 I became the owner of these 27 acres outside of Forestville. The place really wasn't in such bad shape; the religious cult hadn't trashed it.

So, at that point my significant other, Lois, had a son named Patrick who was at loose ends, and we worked out an arrangement whereby he could help develop the place in Forestville, including building a cabin for himself. There was one main house, and I guess at that time there was one other usable building on the highest point which was being sublet to a guy named David who was interested in computers and worked up there by himself. He wanted to continue staying in that cabin. So Patrick and I built a cabin for him down in the valley. When that had been finished, he began looking for employment elsewhere in the vicinity and found somebody in the town of Occidental, which was a few miles away. This fellow was doing some building of his own. Patrick considered himself to be a fairly competent carpenter's assistant. So, he started working for this guy. And all of this is a prelude, if you can bear with me, to quite a digression in my career arc, if you could call it that.

Patrick had a friend from Southern California who came up and shared the cabin with him and started working for this guy in Occidental. They lost their job with the builder in Occidental but were able to find employment as gardeners for an elderly couple. And now this gets into the meat of my story.

The elderly man named Joe Murphy was one of the last of the old Wobblies; a Wobbly being a member of the Industrial Workers of the World, an organization that had been a real power in the country in the early 1900's. I had learned about it from a course I took at Pomona College on social movements and the IWW had a real social movement back in the early part of the century. Joe Murphy was one of the last old Wobblies still standing, and Patrick and his friend Chester strongly suggested that I meet him, because they knew that I was interested in the labor movement. So I did, and was swept off my feet by the charm of Joe Murphy who was a good Irishman and he had the gift of Blarney. He apparently didn't have too many people who were that interested in the old days, when he would work in the wheat harvest, or the lumber industry or various things that he related. I gave him evidence of my own interests, I gave him copies of some of my writings; he was very impressed by them. So I began making video footage of him telling his stories. I guess I had in mind making a documentary eventually; I made a lot of tapes. I used to drive up from Berkeley to Forestville every week, and I would always stop off in Occidental along the way.

For about two years at least this went on. I had a little Dodge Ram pickup truck; I would load it with archive boxes in Berkeley and drive them up to the Ranch (I called it a Ranch, which rather stretches the term in its usual sense). I helped build several more out-buildings; we built something we called the Red Barn, and I personally built something I called the "Library". Along about this time – we're now talking about the late 1980's – Patrick de-camped and the cabin down in the canyon that Chester was now living in was not adequate in several respects. There was no source of water down there for one thing. But it seems there was another point on the property at which a water line had been laid out with the expectation that a cabin would be built there. So, Chester had a friend from Southern California, who was in fact a skilled carpenter, and we brought him up to build a cabin for Chester himself, where he would have electricity and water and all the modern conveniences, including an out-house. That cabin has stood the test of time.

Now, I regret to say that I was never sufficiently well organized to carry out my grand plan of working on the archive boxes to make them usable for research purposes.

Another out-building was built by Patrick before he de-camped, on the highest part of the property, which is where there were two huge storage tanks for water, but alongside of those there was a bare space which was level and big enough to build what I called a Studio Gallery. It was divided into two halves, and one half would be devoted to my painting materials and the other would be devoted to hanging them where people could admire them. Well I'm afraid that I never realized much if any of that.

But then my attention was seized by the case of Joe Murphy who went into the hospital in 1989 I guess it was to have an angioplasty, a procedure that I happened to know something about because I myself had a heart problem and I understood that it was a relatively routine procedure that involved cleaning out some blockage in one of the coronary arteries, and the implantation of something called a stint. Well, I knew that Joe was going to have this done on a certain date and I started calling up to his home immediately after that to find out how it was going, and I didn't get an answer for several days. And I feared the worst, and in fact the worst had happened. The surgeon had bungled the procedure. Joe had been kept alive on whatever kind of heart/lung apparatus they had. His wife was Doris, who was by his side the whole time, and none of it did any good, and she finally had to agree to have the plug pulled.

I had become sufficiently friends with Joe that she wanted me to preside at his memorial service, which took place in May of 1989. At that service I met a man named Archie Green, and I understood from Doris that he was a labor historian and that he and I ought to get to know each other. So I did talk to Archie at that time and agreed we should get to know each other better. One thing led to another and we decided – I guess it was my idea originally – to start a non-profit foundation in honor of Joe Murphy and the IWW tradition. They had a little cabin, that is, Doris Murphy had a little cabin on her property now, which had been used for occasional overnight guests. But we decided that it would be converted to a library for Joe's memorabilia and for other books and relevant materials for anybody interested in the history of the IWW. And there was a lawyer who was sufficiently interested, to do the paperwork for

creating this non-profit organization. And a long-time friend of mine named Eugene Nelson got interested because he was himself a member of the IWW, which still existed by the way, even though it didn't attract any attention anymore. But the whole idea of the IWW was to have every worker in one big union rather than dozens and dozens of small unions, sometimes competing with each other.

Well, Gene Nelson and I – again I have to confess it was my idea – I suggested that we collaborate on a biography of Joe Murphy. I guess I was influenced by the fact that I had collaborated with Joan London on a biography about the history of the farm labor movement. So Gene and I began alternating chapters and got up to several hundred pages of material before the inevitable happened. We both had very definite ideas about tone and style and so forth and the point came at which Gene himself said that he couldn't go on with it. So that was the end of that project, although the materials still exist up in my attic. Gene went his own way and wrote his own version in the form of an autobiographical novel, that is, it was as though Joe himself was telling it; it was fictionalized.

Meanwhile, Archie Green and I had become ever more friendly, and I became very caught up in his field, which was what he called labor culture, which he was at pains to distinguish from labor history. History being limited to the cold hard facts, and names and dates and places; whereas Archie was interested in the glue which held the workers together by means of common slang and jokes and songs; and he was in fact the father of that sub-branch of labor studies.

So I helped him in whatever ways I could; by driving him around, because for some reason or another he had never learned to drive himself. I would take photographs, which later appeared in his books. I did research for him at the Bancroft Library. And I felt I was making a useful contribution.

Oh, it's 7 o'clock. If I have another couple of minutes, I will end in this way. In the course of my exposure to the IWW, I had become fascinated by the figure of Vincent Saint John, who had been the head of the whole thing during a crucial period in the period about 1908-1914 and yet he didn't appear in the histories of the organization. All of which made it sound as though the leader, the virtual Mister IWW, was a man named Big Bill Haywood. So I was fascinated by the fact that Saint John had been virtually forgotten. And I happened – well, Archie Green in his research on another subject – happened to find that Vincent Saint John had been buried in the Mountain View Cemetery of Oakland. Unmarked grave, but Archie was able to give me the number of the grave and I could find out from the office exactly where it was located.

And I did, and I was moved. I had an epiphany that what was needed was a gravestone to indicate that here was a leader of an important social movement at one time. So I broached this idea to Archie and he agreed that the two of us would raise the funds for such a headstone, and I designed it and we had it put in place, and notified people that we thought might be interested and had a little ceremony one sunny day in June, I believe it was. About 2001. And [*David? Ed. question*] reported it.

And it was a high point in my life. Because that is going to endure, that monument is going to endure, whatever else I have accomplished. That stone will still be there. So much for that portion of my career; but it was very important to me, it was a peak experience, as Abraham Maslan would call it.

David: We should go there some time.

29. Staying in touch with the farm labor movement

Henry: In the 1980s, I was still having to put in a certain amount of time fixing up old houses and renting them out for a while, until I couldn't stand being a landlord anymore, and then I would turn around and sell them. But I never lost contact entirely with my various social issues, particularly the farm labor movement.

In 1982, I was invited to the 20th anniversary of the founding of the Farm Workers Association, which was started by Cesar Chavez in Delano in 1962. For some reason, the 20th anniversary celebration was held in San Jose. Well, I can think of a reason they might have done that. That's where Chavez spent a good many years -- in fact, that's where he was discovered by Father Donald McDonnell, who started him on the path to social activism. But I suspect that the main reason for holding the anniversary celebration there was that Chavez's mother was still alive -- she was probably approaching 100 years old -- and she was able to attend this meeting, whereas she probably wouldn't have been able to travel to Delano.

I met a number of my old friends there, including Chavez himself, Wendy Goepel (who had much to do with the organization I started, called Citizens for Farm Labor, back in 1963), and Father Thomas McCullough (I hadn't seen him for years). This was also the occasion upon which Chavez, hearing that I had been dropped from the Dept. of Public Health ... he knew that I had spent some time in the health dept. studying the effects of pesticides on farm workers ... when he heard that I was at liberty, he said "Why don't you come work for us?" He was very interested in the pesticide issue, because he was interested in boycotting agricultural products as part of his strategy of organizing the workers. However, I had to tell him that I had family commitments, and it would be impossible for me to move to Delano.

Another issue that got me involved once again took place in 1986, when the U.S. Congress was grappling with the problem of immigration, somewhat in the way that they still are. There was a big problem with illegal immigration then, as there still is. A senator named Alan Simpson from Wyoming and a congressman named Romano Mazzoli from Kentucky, after holding a lot of hearings, came up with an omnibus immigration reform bill popularly known as the Simpson-Mazzoli Act. It was supposed to reform all the things that were wrong with the immigration system up to that point. It was going to cure the problem of employers hiring illegal immigrants by, for the first time, penalizing the employers -- that is, if they were caught. In regard to workers, there was a provision that if domestic workers could not be found in sufficient numbers to do certain types of jobs, then "guest worker" programs could be instituted. They didn't use that language -- they knew that the bracero program had been very unpopular in its time, so they avoided the use of that word. Somebody came up with this euphemism.

So, I was like an old warhorse smelling smoke, or whatever the cliche is. I began writing a critique of this aspect of the so-called immigration reform bill. As was my besetting sin, I was behind the curve and didn't finish my critique in time to do any good, because Congress passed the bill and it was signed into law by the President in 1986 -- Ronald Reagan.

There was a confluence of other interests of mine, one of which was my new friendship with Joe Murphy. Joe was not only a former wobbly, with lots and lots of anecdotes about the rough-and-tumble life he used to live, but I also learned that he was interested in some of the cultural aspects of life, including writers. Somehow or other, it had come to his attention that the remaining daughter of Jack London was still alive and well, and living in the town of Glen Ellen, which was where Jack London's ranch was located. She had never actually lived at the ranch; she was living in an apartment owned by the manager of a bookstore that specialized in the works of Jack London. Joe liked the idea of having gatherings of writers and would-be writers at his place in Occidental.

One day he arranged to have Becky London driven from Glen Ellen to Occidental, for the purpose of meeting me as another sometime-writer. We had a good time trying to bring out her memories of her father. Becky herself, unlike her sister Joan, my co-author on the book that I have mentioned before in these ramblings, was no writer. In fact, I think she took some pride in the distinction between herself and her sister. Joan was a political radical, and a heavy smoker and drinker. Becky was a conventional housewife, but she was a charming old lady and did have some memories of her father, which were very interesting to me.

At about this time -- we're talking about the late 1980s -- it came to my attention that an old friend of mine, Trevor Thomas, whom I had known way back when I was research director for AWOC ... at that time he was the legislative representative of the Friends' Committee on Legislation ... he was a lobbyist trying to get the California legislature to act on laws that would be of some help to agricultural workers, and in that connection I had got to know Trevor. Later on, he became station director of KPFA, and I got to know him even better during the troubled times there. It was always in trouble. By 1987, he had long since been relieved of his duties there, and was at liberty. In fact, I think he was on the verge of poverty. He probably had a small pension from Social Security, and that was about it. Somehow, I got the idea of combining my knowledge of Jack London's two daughters ... I had known Joan well, and I was in the process of getting to know Becky ... it occurred to me that there had never been a proper documentary (a television documentary of the sort that they run periodically on PBS) on the life and times of Jack London. He was a very colorful character, much more deserving of a documentary than some of the stuff they ran on PBS.

I knew that Trevor had some experience with television. He had been a commentator on KQED during a time when they used to have a hour-long news program every evening. It occurred to me that maybe he and I could join forces and do a proper documentary about Jack London, and it would give him a little extra to supplement his small Social Security benefit. I was going to bankroll the whole project. I somehow got the idea, and I don't know now how it occurred to me, that I would form a tax-exempt, non-profit corporation to which we would invite contributions from friends, relatives, and to some extent ourselves, and we would use the proceeds from that to support the production of cultural programs such as an opening documentary about Jack London. I found that it was entirely possible for amateurs to organize a non-profit corporation, by buying a book from the Nolo Press in Berkeley, which led you through the process step-by-step.

So, that's exactly what we did. Trevor and I became co-directors of something called Antho Productions, Inc. The word "Antho" consisted of An- for Anderson and -tho for Thomas. We found incidentally that "antho" is actually a Greek word meaning "flower". I designed a piece of stationery that featured a line drawing of some roses. We began with my making a contribution to this non-profit, which was tax-deductible, and we would then pay Trevor $1000/ month out of this fund. We hired a production crew (a professional video photographer) and went through interviews with a number of talking heads who knew something about the subject. We concentrated on Becky London, but also had extensive interviews with a man named Russ Kingman who had done a biography of London, and a teacher at Sonoma State named Clarice Stasz who had done another biography.

Unhappily, things began to go downhill when Trevor started to become increasingly forgetful. One day when I went down to meet him at his home on Rose Street, he had a long face and said that his car had been taken away. He said that he had not only lost his driver license, but to make sure that he didn't drive his car without a license they impounded the car as well. I never did get the whole story, but I gather that they saw him driving around without seeming to know where he was, and that is the problem -- he didn't. He had forgotten how to find whatever address he was looking for. I had never had any knowledge or experience with Alzheimer's -- I don't think I had ever even heard the word. Trevor had Alzheimer's, it was very swift-moving, and before long he was dead. Those tapes still exist. They're of much better quality than my videotapes of Joe Murphy, because they were made by professionals and didn't come cheap. So maybe somebody can use them someday in some way.

This was just one of many digressions from the main concern to which I always eventually came home, namely the farm labor movement.

In 1993, Chavez died quite suddenly; nobody really knows the cause. There was a memorial service in Delano, which I attended along with Eugene Nelson, the friend with whom I had tried to co-author a biography of Joe Murphy, which hadn't panned out. At this service, which attracted thousands and thousands of people, I renewed my old acquaintance with Father Donald McDonnell. I found out how to keep in touch with him, and soon afterward I invited him to the place I was living at the time (Buckeye Avenue, in Oakland) for the purpose of trying to get him talking about his experiences in San Jose, where he met Chavez and got him interested in the papal encyclicals, which said that the working man had not only the right but the obligation to form associations for their betterment, although these encyclicals didn't use the word "union"; they used the word "association".

Father McDonnell is the one who got Chavez from a job stacking lumber in a lumberyard in San Jose to being concerned with social issues. That is really what led to the events in Delano. Those events would never have happened without the presence of Father McDonnell in San Jose at just the right time. I wanted to get his story because it was not being told in the many biographies of Chavez that were being written by that time (and are still being written). Most of them give passing allusion to McDonnell, but none of them give him the importance I think he deserves.

Anyway, Father McDonnell came to my house on Buckeye, and [*chuckle*] it was a most frustrating experience. He didn't want to talk about the days in San Jose -- he wanted to try to convert me to Catholicism [*laughter*]. He had become very conservative at his advanced age. I diplomatically tried to get him back on the track I was interested in, and he equally tried to get me on the track he was interested in, and it ended up in a draw with neither of us achieving what he wanted.

Every once in a while, somebody would learn that I was still alive, still interested in farm labor, and still in possession of most of my faculties, and they would want to pick my brain about AWOC or some other subject of which I had some knowledge. I remember one author who had a manuscript that he called "The politics of insurgency". He looked upon the farm labor movement as an example of insurgency, I guess. He had a chapter in which he wrote about AWOC, some of the efforts at organization that had taken place before AWOC, and those that had followed, including the Chavez union. He wanted me to go over this chapter and give him my opinion. I guess he wanted me to tell him that it was worth publishing [*chuckle*]. But I couldn't, because I didn't think it was worth publishing. It was full of factual errors as well as wrong interpretations of the facts, which if anything was even more unacceptable to me. So I didn't reply, and I guess that eventually he figured that was my opinion.

On other occasions, I was very willing to help people. Sometimes, people wanted to interview me. Sometimes the interviews turned up later in articles or books. I was happy enough to take part in the movement in ways such as that, even though in spite of my best efforts to get the facts right, they often got warped somewhere along the line [*chuckle*].

When Joan London died in Jan 1971, our book had just been published. I often thought that the thing that kept her going during her last days (she was dying of lung cancer) ... the will to live is apparently a powerful one, and I really think that she kept going as long as she did in the hope that she could actually hold that book in her hand before she died, and that is exactly what happened. This story got into the hands of Herb Caen, the famous and popular gossip columnist for the *San Francisco Chronicle*. He dressed it up with as much pathos as he could, and he managed to get the title of the book wrong [*chuckle*]. It's called "So shall ye reap", but it came out "So we shall reap" [*general laughter*], and then I knew all I needed to know about Herb Caen. Almost everything in his column was ...

David: I completely agree with that, by the way. He was a buffoon.

Henry: Somewhere along the line, a woman named Sara Ramirez, who was in a PhD program in sociology at Stanford University (which was of more than normal interest to me because I had at one time been on the same track) was proposing to write her dissertation on the subject of farm workers and pesticides. So, this looked to be a match made in heaven. She gave me a prospectus and wanted my comment on that. I couldn't make any sense out of it. I didn't see how she could possibly succeed in writing anything that made sense. But she went on and got a PhD, all right, without me. She might have gotten some help from somebody else who knew the subject. Or maybe they gave her a pass because of affirmative action.

I never did get anybody coming to me and asking for my opinion about the administration of these huge new medical care benefits under Medicare and Medicaid, which I had devoted a couple of years to studying and trying to arrive at some ways in which the fraud that was going on, or simply inefficiencies -- it wasn't always deliberate dishonesty. I did publish in the *Journal of the American Public Health Association* an article that had some of our ideas for identifying the providers of services who were abusing the system. But nobody ever did approach me about this. I used to keep a box of clippings from the newspapers that would say that such-and-such medical group (or individual in some cases) had been found bleeding the system of millions of dollars after an investigation of several years. It didn't seem to me that it would take several years, if they knew what they were looking for. I eventually gave it up because the box got to overflowing with clippings. It's still going on.

On a happier note, from time to time somebody would be referred to me by a mutual acquaintance. In some cases, I guess they would find my name in the phone book, where it's always been over the years. They would come to me wanting to talk about some aspect of the farm labor movement. In the year 2000, a fellow by the name of Gilbert Gonzalez came here and told me that he had become very interested in the bracero program, even though it had gone out of existence in 1964. He was a teacher in Chicano Studies at UC Irvine. A remarkable number of the students in his classes mentioned that their fathers or grandfathers had originally come to the U.S. as braceros. He had heard that I had done some work on the bracero program back in the 1950s.

We talked at length, and he became really interested in my work. One thing led to another, and I put together a proposal that we make up a panel that would address in some way the subject of so-called "guest worker" programs. They were once again being discussed seriously as part of the "immigration reform bill" that had passed in 1986. I learned that the North American Labor History Conference (NALHC) was about to have its annual meeting in Detroit, and the theme of that year's conference was somehow relevant to the subject of "guest workers", bracero history, or whatever.

Gil and I divided up the subject. I don't remember exactly what he talked about. I wrote a talk called "Braceros speak" that consisted largely of quotes from field interviews with braceros that had been conducted during the course of my studies. I appeared at the conference in Oct 2001, and it went over very well. Apparently nobody else had ever actually studied the braceros while the program was still in existence. All of Gil's information came second- or third-hand. People were very impressed that I had braceros talking about themselves in their own words (translated, of course). After the panel broke up, I was surrounded by people who wanted to know more about my project, what had happened to my project, etc. That was a "peak experience" for me -- if I may use that phrase, which I think I have once before -- it's something I learned from the writings of Abraham Maslow.

I kept in touch with a couple of the people that I met on that occasion. One of them had a contact at the Bancroft library in Berkeley. She wrote to this fellow and suggested that he get in touch with me, to get an oral history from me. In due course he tried to do so, but [*chuckle*] I just wasn't prepared. In fact [*chuckle*], I still am not -- not fully. I kept putting him off, until

eventually he retired. I guess my habit of procrastination got me into a vacuum that can no longer be filled. Another one I kept in touch with once in a while, and she's still interested in the subject of foreign contract labor programs.

I was so pleased by this experience that I began submitting proposals for meetings of other labor history organizations. There was a Southwest Labor Studies Organization (SLSO) that met annually. There was a Bay Area Labor History Workshop (BALHW) that met every month. It was headed by a fellow who lives in Oakland, named Don Watson. Every so often I would submit a proposal to one of these organizations. I would talk about not only the bracero program, but also the history of AWOC. These organizations were small compared to NALHC, but they were gratifying.

One of the annual meetings of the SLSO was held in Los Angeles. To my great surprise, during a plenary session that ended the conference, I was called to the front by the chairman, and he presented me with a certificate: a Lifetime Achievement Award for my contributions to labor history. A complete surprise, and I have to put that down as another "peak experience".

I'll just refer to one more interview I had. They weren't always a great success.

David: What about the movie that Gilbert Gonzalez made?

Henry: Well, I'll have to come to that next time.

I was interviewed by a woman who went to the trouble of hiring a professional crew. She was preparing a documentary on contributions to the Delano movement by Filipinos, who were involved in the beginning but later drifted away. As far as the general public knows, it was all Chicanos, but in fact Filipinos played an important role in the beginning of the movement. She brought her production crew here one morning, and I was to talk about my friendship with Larry Itliong, the head of the Filipino community in Delano. I hadn't had a wink of sleep that previous night, and I had a sore throat that made it ... Well, I sounded just about the way I do right now [*chuckle*], and it was a fiasco! I never have seen the resulting documentary. I don't know whether any of my taping survives in it, and I hope it doesn't. If it does, it doesn't show me making any sense. That was one of my failures.

Eugene: What year was that?

Henry: Probably 2007 or -08, something like that.

So, I don't want to make this sound as though it were one triumph after another, because it wasn't.

But my relationship with Gil Gonzalez did build up as the years went by, and I will talk more about that later.

Note from transcriber (Steve): The names I typed here for three labor history organizations mentioned toward the end of this episode (North American Labor History Conference; Southwest Labor Studies Organization; Bay Area Labor History Workshop) all differ from what Henry says in the recording (National Labor History Association; Southwest Labor History Association; Bay Area Labor History Association). However, based on some Google searching, I'm pretty sure the names I used are the correct ones.

Relevant web sites:

Simpson-Mazzoli Act (Immigration Reform and Control Act of 1986):
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Immigration_Reform_and_Control_Act_of_1986

Father Donald McDonnell and his influence on the young Cesar Chavez:
www.ufw.org/_board.php?mode=view&b_code=news_press&b_no=11813

North American Labor History Conference: http://clas.wayne.edu/nalhc/

Bay Area Labor History Workshop: https://sites.google.com/site/4balhw/Homepage/balhw-history

30. A new millenium

Henry: The last time I spoke about the presentation that I made at a National labor history convention in Detroit, and I spoke about my research involving interviews with a large number of Braceros, back in the days when the Bracero program still existed. It seems that this was of interest not only to the people at that conference but it seems to have gone out by the grapevine to other people, and so there arose a kind of cottage industry in research into the Bracero program. And at this point it frequently took the form of instructors in departments of Chicano Studies finding that many of their students were the children of Braceros, or grandchildren in some cases. And so they began writing about this in articles, and books to some extent.

One of these persons was Gil Gonzalez, and he and I developed quite a rapport, and he took part in some of the panels that I put together at labor history meetings. And then, there came a point at which he put together a whole series of essays that he had written on various aspects of the Bracero program. And he had a manuscript which included as one of his chapters what he had heard about my experience with the University of California, and the fact that my research had been truncated and so forth and so on.

I thought that was kind of flattering that he would undertake to do that, but I suggested that maybe I could write that one chapter of his collection of miscellaneous essays, and I undertook to do it. But when I had finished with what I thought was a representative chapter he said that it was too late, that he had already submitted his version to the publisher and nothing could be done to call it back. Well, that was a disappointment. Because it turns out that his version had a lot of factual errors in it, as well as a whole bunch of purple language which I would not have used. So things were a little dicey for a while in my relationship with Gil.

But then I had another idea, which was that rather than limiting himself to interviews with the children and grandchildren of Braceros, that he undertake to ferret out former Braceros who were still alive and well, and were willing to talk about their experiences back in the days when they really were Braceros. Namely, up until the program was ended in 1964. (We're now talking about the early 2000's.) He thought that was a fine idea, and began locating such persons who were now in their seventies mostly. And he became increasingly interested, and began applying for grants to help him branch out, travel down into Mexico itself, and to begin hiring professional people to take video of the interviews with former Braceros.

Well, I helped whenever I was asked to make suggestions or give advice, but mostly I let him do it his way because I didn't want to create differences of opinion that might inevitably arise. And in fact, they did. I had a problem with the very title of his documentary. He wanted to use a title which I myself had used in my magnum opus about my interviews with the University of California research grant. After the original manuscript was confiscated by the University, and I was allowed to keep one or two copies for myself – and I also was allowed to keep the stencils.

And as part of the Free Speech movement at Cal in later years I ran off a few extra copies and I gave it a different title than the original had.

I called it “A Harvest of Loneliness”. And Gil used that for the title of his documentary, with my permission. Although he neglected to give it credit in the many, many credits which come at the end of his documentary. Well, I could live with that. But then I learned that he had changed the title in the Spanish version of his documentary and it translated as “Harvest of Sadness”, or “A Sad Harvest”. Which is rather different from “Harvest of Loneliness”.

Well, that’s a relatively trivial problem, because his documentary was pretty darn good. The one really important difference of opinion between us was that I thought he overdid it by limiting his interviews exclusively to Braceros who had been treated badly in this country, and who hadn’t made any money, and who had hated the whole program. Whereas the fact is, that just enough Braceros made money and were treated decently that when they went back to Mexico the word got around that if you were lucky it was a good deal – and that kept the whole thing going. Otherwise, I always heard defenders of the program who said if it’s as bad as you claim, how come we’re overwhelmed with people trying to become Braceros? Well, of course the answer is that they were starving to death in Mexico.

Back to the subject of Gil Gonzalez and his documentary. I was invited to attend some of the early showings of it. There was one in San Francisco, for example. And after it ended I was asked to come to the front of the theater and respond to questions. And that was a great experience for me, because I was able to speak from having observed the program when it was at its height. And from direct observation, which Gil himself wasn’t able to do, and none of the other people involved in the production of this film. That made me feel very good. And then the same thing happened when it was shown on the campus of UC Berkeley to an even larger audience. So, one likes to get recognition, and so that made me feel good as I say.

David: You were also featured in the film itself. To quite a large extent.

Henry: [Chuckles] That made me a movie star.

Now , also in this Renaissance that you might call it of interest in the Bracero program, books began coming out. And some of the authors of these books would interview me and then they would acknowledge my help in their books, and that was another form of recognition that I always appreciated. There was one by a fellow named Marshall Ganz, who had in common with me that he was a sociologist and he had personally worked for Chavez for about 10 or 15 years. And his book was called “Why David Sometimes Wins”; his point being that the Chavez movement succeeded, despite that the forces that the growers were able to mount were overwhelmingly more powerful economically and politically than the Chavez movement – The Chavez union which was always small and struggling for money. That was a good book.

Another was written by a woman named Miriam Pawel and it was called “The Crusades of Cesar Chavez”. She interviewed me not once but twice, and the things which I had helped her with, such as my knowledge of AWOC, turned up in the book, and that always made me feel good. There was another book that came out in the same general period. The first decade of this

millennium I'm now talking about – another book called "From the Jaws of Victory" – and this fellow took the view that Chavez was a failure and had snatched defeat from the jaws of victory. But he had not interviewed me, and the section that he had on AWOC, which I knew more about than anybody else still living I think – I found 6 or 8 errors in a single paragraph, and that gave me some satisfaction. To know that his book was so bad and he was paying the price of not interviewing me.

There was a member of the faculty at Chico State named Paul Lopez, who had the idea of doing an anthology of writings by various persons who knew something about the Bracero program from various disciplines. And he asked me to contribute a chapter to his book. And I was happy enough to do that, although it didn't come easily, because the older I got the less fluent I became in writing. Back in the glory days of my having to turn out a commentary every month for KPFA and so forth, words just seemed to flow very easily. But the older I got the more I got writer's block. But I kept at it until I wrote a chapter of 32 pages, which I learned was considerably more than Paul Lopez had bargained for. But he let it stand.

And, the burden of my contribution was to express what a pity it was that social scientists from all different schools overlooked the opportunity to study the Bracero system when it was in flower – if that is the right figure of speech – because it was such a huge program, and was so rich with research possibilities. And yet nobody seemed to care or know about it, even though it was very difficult to ignore because there were 500,000 men involved each year. Back and forth across the border when they were needed, and returned to Mexico when they were not needed. And, too late after the fact. Anyway, that book was published in 2009, if I remember correctly.

David: What's the name of that book?

Henry: The name of that book is "Que Fronteras?"

Now, I haven't mentioned – I don't think I have mentioned a woman named Laurie Coyle. A filmmaker who is quite experienced – she made a documentary about Jose Orozco, a Mexican muralist who is a great favorite of mine and she called her documentary "Man of Fire". Which I later used as the chapter title of my little biography of a farm labor leader named Ernesto Galarzo. Which is part of my book with Joan London, but I digress. Laurie Coyle is now working on a documentary that she calls "Adios Amor", which is going to be a documentary about the life of Maria Moreno; who spent her life trying to support her kids by farm work and occasionally getting an honest pay for an honest day's work because she was one of the organizers with AWOC. One of the few good organizers with AWOC. So anyway, Laurie Coyle interviewed me for what I knew about Maria Moreno, and AWOC in general. And, she just recently got a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities – and she's got a lot of footage of me in there; I don't know how much of it is going to survive but that's something pending which keeps me involved to an extent.

I think I may have mentioned Mary Joy Martin, who lives in Colorado and who became very much interested in the IWW; and specifically in the role of Vincent Saint John, who was of great interest to me, because I thought that he was so important to the success of that movement,

which was successful at one time, but since he was very self-effacing and avoided personal publicity he's almost a forgotten man now. But Mary Joy agrees with me that Saint John deserves a biography of his own; she's working on it and I'm helping her in every way that I can, and she says that when she's finished she will dedicate the book to me. Well, there's a way to go yet. Because she hasn't finished writing it, and then there's a little matter of finding a publisher who feels that there's a market for the story of this forgotten man. But that's another way in which you might say that I'm continuing to be involved.

And then even more recently, I had a communication from a woman named Catherine Powell, who is the director of something called the Labor Archives and Research Center at San Francisco State. And she would be interested in my turning over to her and her archives some of my materials from AWOC days – I wrote something like fifty papers, research papers I called them, for AWOC. And then after I left AWOC, or was asked to leave AWOC, and founded the Citizens for Farm Labor, I continued to write for the magazine that we issued at first every month, and then gradually every 2 months, and later every 3 months, and eventually gave it up entirely. But Catherine Powell would be interested in my placing all of these sorts of things at the disposal of her Labor Archives and Research Center.

And then she added that she thought they would be interested in getting an oral history from me. [Chuckles] I don't know if I would be up to doing this again. I'm sure that they would be scared away if they knew how much time we've put into it.

David: Well, we could just send them a few episodes from ours.

Henry: Yes. That's right, that's true.

So anyway, there's still life in the old boy. And as time goes by, I learn about the people that I have known during the years that I have been a participant in the activities of various kinds – not just the Farm Labor movement. But I was interested in the possibility of a documentary about Jack London, and I would be very interested in the subject of the IWW, but as time goes by all the people that I have been working with over the years – they're dying. And I feel the pressure of trying to get things done because I sometimes think of myself as being the last redwood tree still standing.

Well, I don't know what time it is now. I think I'm going to call an end to it even though it's been less than an hour. And next time, I promise that I will save for last what just might be the closest thing that I'll ever have to a written legacy, and that would be the best of the ninety commentaries that I gave over KPFA. By picking and choosing carefully, I think some of them might prove to be worth remembering. So, until then – Go Warriors!

31. KPFA commentaries, part 1

Henry: In the summer of 1963 I had a sort-of position with the state public health department, but they didn't know what to do with me, so I had time on my hands, and I was very involved in the politics of the bracero system, having written a monograph called "Our Field of Bondage", which I distributed to the Congress, which was in the process of deciding whether to extend the bracero program.

I don't remember exactly how it occurred to me, or to one of my friends, that station KPFA in Berkeley, the listener-supported FM station, might be interested in a couple of programs about that subject, but I went to the director of their public affairs department, and offered to prepare a couple of sample tapes. She rejected one or two but approved one or two, so in July 63 my first commentary on the bracero program appeared on KPFA, and there was another one the following month. They seemed to go over fairly well, so I continued, and without anything actually being said in so many words, I was apparently looked upon as their house expert on farm labor, and that I would have a niche in their series of commentators, each of whom represented some particular interest group. They had commentators representing the Democratic party, the Republican party, the Communist party, and so on. At that point there was no thought in my mind that these would have any use beyond the listenership; it never occurred to me that I might mimeograph copies of the scripts, and that people would write in and ask for copies, nothing of that sort.

In April of the following year, 1964, KPFA was thrown into more than the usual turmoil by the fact that the engineers and technicians went on strike. I felt that I had something to say on that subject, so I abandoned my farm labor hat for the time being, and did three commentaries on the subject of the governance of KPFA. I thought that it was more than just a struggle between the administration of the station and the engineers and technicians. I pointed out that the listeners were indeed supporting the station, the sole support of the station, by their subscribing to the weekly or monthly program guide, but the listeners had absolutely nothing to say about what went on in the station, that was the province of the administration. So I suggested in this series of 3 commentaries that the listeners might form a 3rd power group of their own, that would be neutral between the 2 other sides and might strike a balance of some kind. In time the whole thing was worked out, I can't even remember how, but the whole concept of a listener organization went into oblivion.

I went back to commenting on farm labor for the months of June, July and Aug 64, and then the presidential campaign between the incumbent Lyndon Johnson and the Republican nominee, Barry Goldwater, became the issue of the day, and I began commenting on that. I had an epiphany of sorts: that I wasn't going to follow any party line, and say what others were saying, perhaps in different words, but in essence simply repeating the views of the Goldwater campaign and the Johnson campaign. I said that I believed that my limited time on these airwaves is far better spent trying to open up new points of views than congratulating you on

the wisdom and rectitude of your present attitudes and opinions. I directed these words to the listeners of my commentary.

So I made bold to say that maybe Goldwater had something to say of value. He wrote a book called "The Conscience of a Conservative" in which he began by sketching a view of really enlightened humanism. He was talking about the development of man – wonderful visions. And I said those were worth pondering, although at the end of the book he trashed them all by reverting to the Republican sacred cows of small government and low taxes and so on, which had nothing to do with the development of man.

In any case it struck a chord with a number of my listeners, and they said they were happy to have a slightly different point of view. They found it refreshing, etc. So that gave me the courage to continue in that vein. The following month I did a commentary on my ill-starred experience trying to conduct a research project under the auspices of UC Berkeley, and having it truncated because I dared to criticize the bracero program, which of course was the darling of the CA agricultural power.

That was in Nov 64. The following month I went even farther afield by talking about my vision of humanistic sociology, in a series that I called "The Nature of Human Nature". I was following quite closely on the lead that I had heard taken by a professor during the time I was a graduate student at the Univ. of Hawaii. Herbert Blumer was his name, he was on sabbatical at that time from the Univ. of Chicago. This was in 1950. By 1964 he was the chairman of the department of sociology at Berkeley. His view was that human beings were not driven by animal instincts, but they were of a different type of being. They weren't wired to be aggressive, war-like and so on, but if anything, they were wired to be caring, because that is how they became human in the first place. They had to receive the care of other human beings in order for them to survive.

Blumer told us a hair-raising story about some sociologist – they didn't even use the term back in the 19th century – but apparently in England they carried out a diabolical experiment to see what would happen to new-born infants if they had no contact with other human beings. No maternal contact – I guess they were given bottles silently, by women who would slip in and place these bottles by their head, and I guess other women would slip in and change their diapers, or whatever, but never exchange a word or a touch. What would happen to these children? And Blumer told us that the experiment was terminated when all the children died.

I did these commentaries, and received a response from a number of listeners that this was a new way of looking at things as far as they knew, and they would like to have copies of these commentaries. So I began mimeographing copies, mailing them out. It never occurred to me to ask for stamped self-addressed envelopes at that point.

In the following month, that is Feb of 65, I continued in somewhat this same vein. At that time, Lyndon Johnson was carrying out his War on Poverty, and he controlled the Congress to such a great extent that we was able to get very liberal financing for many aspects of this so-called War on Poverty. I once again proposed to say something a little different. I said what the country needed even more than a War on Poverty was a War on Alienation, in which people were in our contemporary society largely estranged from each other. From my own experience

I knew that there were literally cases in which people lived for years as neighbors to people they had never visited, perhaps didn't even know their names. There was a great deal of alienation at large, and what was needed was some sort of restoration of the kinds of human contact that used to be the very essence of a society. There used to be what the sociologists called Primary Groups, face-to-face groups rather than secondary groups in which you belonged to something, like the Sierra Club or the American Legion or some kind of voluntary association in which you don't actually meet the other people most of the time. You don't know them, and they don't know you. What was needed was more community in the most elementary sense.

Well, this touched an even larger chord among my listeners. I was besieged by mail. I answered them all, and in many cases tried to meet the persons because they had ideas and for a while I was totally absorbed, but in most cases wasn't able to follow up on them, I'm sorry to say, but I wouldn't have had time to do anything else but to encourage these small groups, which sprung up here and there.

I did other commentaries that were not related to anything that profound. I did a commentary on a Utopian restaurant, for example, which was just for fun. But in June of 66 I felt the need to attack another sacred cow of the radical-liberal or liberal-radical school which dominated the station and which I was afraid was dominating the thinking of the listenership, and so I undertook to attack another what I considered to be an uncritical acceptance of one of the things going on, namely the emergence of what seemed to be drug culture, which accepted the views of Timothy Leary, the proponent of LSD, and the slogan "Tune in, turn on, drop out". I myself had never tried LSD, or marijuana, or any of the hard drugs, but it seemed to me that you didn't have to have tried them in order to have some idea that they weren't a real solution to the search for a fulfilling life, and that there was no substitute for doing something creative on your own, whether it be a painting, or a poem, or a tune, or a friendship.

So I did a couple of commentaries on what I called the "Race for Middle Space", because there was going on a race for outer space between the US and the USSR in the form of rockets and satellites. And once again I was inundated with people who said they might have felt this way but hadn't heard it articulated. They wanted copies. I had over 200 requests for copies, and my thoughts were reprinted in a number of little magazines, even though they were quite simplistic. But apparently they filled a need. So I was encouraged to keep doing what I was doing, and looking for ways in which I could say things that were a little different from what was being said by other members of the KPFA stable of commentators.

In a little while I had another opportunity. I use a phrase from Kierkegaard, the Danish philosopher, who spoke of the "sickness unto death", and to him that sickness was despair. I used that to build a series of commentaries on an experience I had had with a Unitarian congregation in Walnut Creek, where I had been a member of their commission on Peace, and as a one-time sociologist it occurred to me to draw up a questionnaire to be handed to all the members of this congregation, trying to get their opinions about ways that one might work for peace. Exactly 100 people filled out this questionnaire (which made it very easy to calculate percentages). Most of these people felt strongly that foreign policy questions, and questions about the arms race, and the race for outer space, and so forth, were very important social

issues. I included the question of how amenable to these problems is anything that you might do to help solve them. And it was quite astonishing to find almost nobody thought there was much if anything they could do. And this seemed to me to be an example of what Kierkegaard called the "sickness unto death". People felt strongly about certain problems, but felt absolutely hopeless and helpless to do anything about them. In fact, I thought there were things people could do, and that one should never give up.

And so it went. I reached a point where I wasn't able to answer all the mail I got, and I wasn't able to address all the return envelopes I sent out, or even pay for all the stamps that were required, and so I began to ask that people who wrote in wanting copies of my commentaries should enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope. A number of people not only did that, but enclosed additional stamps because they knew that some people would probably omit to include the necessary postage.

I had no idea how representative my respondents were of the total KPFA membership. I suppose my listenership was different from that of the Democratic and Republican and Communist commentators. But it was very gratifying. Many of them were new each time there a big response. It wasn't the same people who wrote in every month. But as I say it was very gratifying.

I began to almost deliberately look for ways in which I could kick over the traces. For example, at just this point in history the city of Berkeley was coming to grips with the fact that the Berkeley schools were very largely segregated between the races and ethnic groups. It worked out a system of busing to desegregate all the schools. Well, that was all well and good, but I doubted that by itself it was going to cure the fact that the races differed quite decidedly in their scoring on standardized tests, reading up to the standards that were expected of each grade, facility with arithmetic, and so on. Because it occurred to me that most learning doesn't take place in schools, but at home and in the neighborhoods.

I did a couple of commentaries which boiled down to the argument that what was needed was to do something about the very existence of ghettos, in which kids go home after a few hours of school and spend all the remaining hours of the day with kids like themselves in terms of culture. And so I argued that taxpayer money should be, a lot of it at least, spent on finding pockets outside the ghettos in which vacant lots existed, or in some cases corner groceries that might have become obsolete with the growth of supermarkets, and so those properties might be razed and new housing erected for the use of people who wanted to get out of the ghettos, and that these should be subsidized.

In fact, I don't know whether the city fathers of Berkeley ever listened to my commentaries, but for one reason or another something of this sort did happen soon after that. Not to any great extent, but to some extent. That was gratifying.

I did commentaries on the subject of so-called Black Power, because the Black Panther party originated in Berkeley and Oakland, and was seized upon by self-styled left-liberals and radicals to prove their bona fides as true radicals, by excusing whatever the Black Panthers did, and to

some extent they had good arguments and good programs, but they weren't all good. So I dared to criticize them when I thought criticism was justified.

I did a series of commentaries on the subject of higher education, and I was very critical of the Univ. of CA, and I didn't even mention my problems in this series; I was talking about the more general problems of people going for grades based on booklets, they used to sell copies on Bancroft Way, of the essence of classes, whereby you could take the final exam without ever having been to the class, and I thought this was pretty much a travesty, and so were many other things going on in the name of higher education.

This went over tremendously well. I was invited to give a lecture or two to a class in the school of Education, which was run by a good guy named Jack London – no relation to the original Jack London – but he agreed with almost everything I said, and so I was able to reach a large audience in the form of his classes, and I also got a very large number of requests in the mail. This time I expanded on my radio script to such an extent that the mailings turned out to be costly in terms of paper and mimeograph ink, and I asked for a contribution of 25 cents to defray those expenses, and people were usually very happy to come up with that money.

On another occasion I did a commentary under the title "To render the world a more human place", and it was based upon a papal encyclical. The Pope at that time was Paul VI, and I was astonished to see that this encyclical, which he called On the Development of Peoples, was extremely liberal and humanistic rather than ecclesiastical.

I had so many requests for that one I ran off 200 copies. I sent copies to the various Catholic papers. Some of them were weeklies, some were monthlies, and my comments were run, and my only regret is that I wasn't addressing it so much to Catholics as I was to anti-Catholics, because so many of the liberals and radicals, self-styled, still labored under the old impression that Catholics were all authoritarian and trying to keep people barefoot and pregnant, and so on. Whereas there was a strain, within the church, of liberalism, which was fighting against the old order. This was in 1967, and there have been some changes ever since, including the present Pope, who is really in the process of seeming to change everything.

Another subject that I took up about this time, we're still in 1967, I found sufficiently meaty that I devoted 3 commentaries. I called the series "Cigarettes and Social Well-Being". In my years in the Dept. of public health I knew that the World Health Organization operated under the slogan "health is not merely the absence of the disease, but the presence of physical, mental, and social well-being". And I was always intrigued by the meaning of "social well-being". I guess if you boiled these 3 commentaries down to the very bottom of the pot, you'd find that I was arguing that cigarettes are attractive only because there is a lack of real social well-being, and so people don't really care if they poison themselves, and by this time to be a smoker you'd have to know that statistically your chances were 1 in 6 that you'd die from smoking. In other words it was just like playing a game of Russian Roulette, and yet people continued to do it, because – so I argued – the operational meaning of social well-being was not being realized, by and large, in modern societies. People weren't being given opportunities to exercise their needs for creativity and friendship and other good things.

In a follow-up to that, I undertook to write a commentary called “Toward a Sociology of Being”. My inspiration for that was a psychologist named Abraham Maslow, who had written a book called “The Psychology of Being” in which he argued that sociology had been taken over by Freudians and others who emphasized the pathologies to which the human psyche is subject. Maslow argued that the human psyche is also quite capable of grand things, of feeling, oceanic feelings, of peak experiences, and all manner of good things. So I took off from that to say that sociologists could do the same, rather than getting bogged down in social pathologies – criminology and all those other social problems. In my souvenirs I have a letter from Abraham Maslow, congratulating me on my commentary.

But in December of that year I reverted to my practice of finding something to criticize in one of the favorites of the radicaler-than-thou school, which dominated KPFA. The Peace and Freedom Party had come into existence, and it was the darling of Berkeley in general and of KPFA in particular. I undertook to examine what it meant by those wonderful words, peace and freedom, and it seemed to me that they were rather limited to an apology for powers around the world who called themselves “People’s Republic” and things of that sort, when in fact they weren’t peace-loving and they didn’t provide freedom.

Let me explain what I’m doing, because the whole reason for my trying to recapitulate my life, the only reason that it has any value, is that I tried to do some good, I tried to influence some individuals, if not the general course of events, and I know that I did some good in helping people during the brief period of time when I was with the office of the Inspector General at Fort Lewis, WA. I helped a bunch of African-Americans who were stuck as garbage collectors after they had been wheedled into re-enlisting with the promise that they would be stationed in Germany, where they knew they wouldn’t be relegated to collecting garbage. I did some good in getting them reassigned.

In many other respects I was an utter failure. I was certainly a total failure in my working on behalf of world federal government. Nationalism, blind nationalism, is more powerful today than it ever was, I think, I fear.

I did some good in the world of pesticide controls by demonstrating that a waiting period of 21 days was necessary before orange pickers should be required to go back in to the orange groves of Tulare county. The powers that be thought that 2 days was sufficient. I did some real good there.

I don’t think I did much good in trying to prevent the fraud that was going on in the Medicaid program of CA. I think it’s still going on in CA and everywhere else.

But I do believe that it’s worth my while to recall the experience I had with the KPFA commentary series, because I do believe that I influenced the thinking of a few hundred people. I know that I did because they told me so in these letters that they wrote. So I haven’t finished up my recapitulation of that period, but I promise to do so next time.

32. KPFA commentaries, part 2

Henry: Last time I was up to December of 1968 in my comments about my commentaries. I was talking about the issue of school desegregation in Berkeley, which was very much a preoccupation of the whole town at that time. And it took the form of bussing, and Berkeley was all for achieving racial harmony by making sure that each school in the local school district had a proportional representation of the various races and ethnic groups.

I took the position that it wasn't going to be enough to arrive at anything resembling real racial integration if only one of the various social institutions involved had races mingling together, because it was only one of a number of very important determinants. Education was important, but as I pointed out, in all of the waking hours of those kids, they were subject to other social, cultural and institutional influences, such as the family and the neighborhood.

Anyway, in February of '69, I was at it again, combatting a phenomenon in Berkeley in which social protest was increasingly frequently taking the form of marches. At the end breaking down into some groups which went home, and others that marauded down the streets smashing windows. I called this particular commentary 'Reflections on Violence', which was borrowed from an important sociological monograph written many years earlier. Very roughly, and approximately, I said that the conventional explanation by the city's liberals and radicals was that it was the result of a lack of jobs, and superficial things like that. But I took another tack and argued that it was much deeper, and really sprang from the fact that the people involved in that form of expression had hollow lives, which were very unsatisfactory and boring, and that they needed some kinds of influences which would make their lives more interesting and enjoyable.

Well that attracted a lot of responses from my listeners, and I was encouraged to continue in this vein of deliberately looking at the issues of the day and trying to say something different about them, which would make my commentary series a little different from the other twelve members of the series- from what I call the stable of commentators. For example, in September of 1969, there was a musical -- a rock musical I guess they called it -- that began in New York City, and ended up in San Francisco. It was called Hair, and the critics loved it- they fell all over themselves. The New York Times, for example, called it the 'authentic voice of today'. It consisted of young people wearing tie-dyed shirts and singing 'This is the Age of Aquarius', and so forth, which I thought was not really authentic at all. The young people on the stage may have been of the age involved, but the creators of the show were all well over thirty years of age. And they created a series of stereotypes. So I was a drama critic for the first time.

The following month, October of '69, I tilted my lance at a whole school of journalists, and in some cases ethnologists and biologists, who were producing bestsellers which made man out to be no better than an ape, and in fact many respects lower than the apes, in that mankind was, according to this school of thought, inherently aggressive and violent. I even named names, and they include people like Konrad Lorenz, who was a serious biologist of some sort. Desmond Morris was another one. I just thought it was very ironic that they all singled out the fact that mankind is malleable, and it is possible that he be trained to be aggressive, and to fight wars,

and whatever else these persons picked out as representative. But that it is equally true he is malleable in any number of other directions as well.

So I sometimes was a little more lighthearted in my commentaries- I occasionally talked about things like baseball, and the power of a team like the San Francisco Giants serving in a very useful way to knit communities together in some form in which social classes and races and ethnic groups all were on the same wavelength.

But then in January of 1970, I found a sacred cow to do battle with. And that was the change in what the courts considered acceptable – and what the community considered acceptable. In what used to be pornography. Almost anything seemed to go nowadays, and this was 1970, and the Radicaler-Than-Thou School, which was represented by the majority of KPFA-nicks, were perfectly satisfied that it was just an example of free speech, and I took a different view myself. I argued that it was belittling and dehumanizing. In February of 1970, I was again in inveighing against window-smashing.

In April of 1970 I became very interested in the subject of population control. A man named Paul Ehrlich had written a book called *The Population Bomb*, which created a great sensation—because he argued that the world was going to hell by being overwhelmed with more people than there was room for, or that there was food for. And this would result in misery and wars and all kinds of dreadful things. And of course the solution had to be birth control, and that birth control would have to be enforced in some way.

So I took my stand, from the fact that this would be cultural engineering at an unprecedented scale, because you simply couldn't isolate one aspect of culture, namely children, and the relationships between parents and children and so forth. And to restrict the number of children to two per couple, which was frequently thought of as the goal to be reached, you were completely changing men's—in many cases—the way men looked upon themselves as being true men, there was such a strong tendency toward the cult of machismo in many cultures.

And from the economic point of view, in many cultures, the economic base was agriculture on a very small scale. Children became useful to that family size-type of agriculture—at a very early age. And it wasn't anything like child labor, as usually thought of in the mining industry, and industrialized agriculture in California and so forth. Children weren't only useful but they enjoyed being helpful, in ways which children in urban families didn't know anything about because there was nothing useful for them to do. So I went on and on with ways in which the population reformers were talking about completely changing societies in every way, and it was not that simple. And couldn't be enforced even at the point of a gun, because people have these feelings about what was right, and proper, practically in their marrow, and would simply fail to fall in line.

Well, all of these sorts of commentaries struck a chord with many listeners. And the one on population control was different than most of my others in that it elicited both agreement and disagreement. A lot of my listeners liked very much what I was saying, and others interpreted what I was saying as a direct attack on the organization Planned Parenthood. Well, when I sent back copies of commentary to these people, which I always did, I accompanied them with a

letter saying I hadn't made myself clear. What I was really suggesting was that Planned Parenthood retain a lot of sociologists, rather than people simply trying to start people using condoms or whatever else.

In November of 1970 I was going after another Sacred Cow. A professor at Cal State Hayward, whose name was Theodore Roszak, wrote a book called the making of a counter-culture, in which he rhapsodized about what was going on, as he saw it, among the younger generation. He believed that the young people were the key to replacing the old and reactionary culture, with what he called 'Flower Power'. And it was just a matter of time their views on morality and on relationships between men and women were all going to be much more relaxed. And there would be no more wars, and it was all gonna be great.

Well, here again, I tried to don the mantle of a sociologist, and point out that you don't make a culture and you don't make a counter-culture. These things can't be done deliberately, and by any kind of recipe. A culture is so complex you can only make change a little bit at a time. Even violent revolutions, such as the one in Russia—which believed they had changed everything root and branch—when the dust settles, you find out that tyranny has been replaced by another. So I suggested that probably the music the so-called counter-culture, and the styles of dress and all the rest of it, were probably going to fade in the way fashions and fads usually do. And here again there were many requests, all of that kept me going.

In March of 1971, I wrote an open letter to the IRS explaining that I was withholding 15 percent of what I thought I owed in my income tax, because that was the portion that I calculated was going to the war in Vietnam. And I explained that I considered myself to be a good, loyal American, and I didn't mind paying taxes for purposes which helped what I felt valid functions of a society. But I was going to withhold 15 percent, and if they insisted in collecting it they were going to have to go after my salary or bank account or whatever, but I wasn't going to pay it willingly.

Well this got a huge response from my listeners. And among other things they wanted to know what was the outcome. It was really very simple, I never did hear directly from the IRS. They simply attached my bank account and took the 15 percent from it.

I did a commentary on organizing unions among white collar workers, because I visualized that that was the future of the labor movement—if it had a future. And here, as was the case in a number of my other commentaries, I was writing to a considerable extent from personal experience, because I myself had been deeply involved in trying to organize a local union of state employees within the health department where I was working. And I found it wasn't too difficult. We had a going organization I thought. But one of its weaknesses was they elected me as chairman. And as usual I was very inept at that job. Somebody joined who believed that the only proper function of a union was to go on a strike, and I argued that that was not the only function of a union in the state health department, because it was, among other reasons, illegal to strike against the state at that time. But this fellow was so eloquent that I gave up, and the local went out of existence. So I went back to commenting from my position as something of a gadfly.

In January of 1972 I became a movie critic for the first time. The direct Stanley Kubrick—I guess he was a writer, producer, director, and all kinds of things—and he produced a motion picture entitled *A Clockwork Orange*, which was the story of a cacotopia, the opposite of a utopia. It was a dreadful place, given over to lawlessness and sadism, and all kinds of dreadful things. And once again, because it was technologically well done—all kinds of new effects—the critics fell all over themselves praising what genius Kubrick was. And I had to rely on these reviews because I didn't want to see it myself. Although I didn't have something to go on, because he had also produced the even better-known *2001: A Space Odyssey*, in which he seemed to be arguing—or showing—that apes were human-like in their violence. And then he moved on to show that computers could also be human-like. That involved the well-known episode of the computer HAL.

Well, I once again had to take issue with Kubrick's vision, that that was human nature, and that was all we could look forward to, and I took exception. At the end of that commentary, as usual, I asked people to let me know if they'd like a copy of my script, and I concluded with the words "Until four weeks from now, good night". A few days after that, I got the word from whoever was the Public Affairs Director of the station, KPFA, that I was going to be replaced by another commentator. I can't even remember who was running the station at that time, but it was very different from what it had been when I began the whole experience back in 1963.

I have used the 'Radicaler Than Thou' to kind of summarize the atmosphere, and I think in retrospect that I almost certainly would have outlived my welcome before long, because there were so many other things that would have kept coming up. They didn't use the expression 'political correctness' back then, but that was going to become more and more apparent. And in every case I think I probably would have felt that it was a little too rigid and a little too self-satisfied for me to have felt at home.

So that was the end of my experience with KPFA, and I went back to trying to make myself socially useful in other ways. But to summarize, I enjoyed the experience in all respects. For one thing, I found it very useful—almost essential—to have a schedule that I had to adhere to. I had a schedule on the fourth Friday of each month, and I had to appear at the station at 6pm with my fifteen-minute script, which usually ran about eighteen minutes, but they were pretty good at allowing me a little leeway. And then they re-broadcast it the next day. Somewhere toward the end of my tenure, I found that they were also playing my commentaries on their sister station down in Los Angeles. I guess it was called KPFK. And I began getting requests for copies from down there, and that was very gratifying.

I really felt in a certain sense that I was building up a sort of community of interest. I got reactions from some of the same people on a fairly regular basis. I met some of them. I had a number of people suggest that maybe I should put together an anthology of some of my better commentaries in a book. It was very encouraging, although of course nothing came of it. But—even though this was 1972, forty three years ago, and yet a number of those commentaries are still worth thinking about. A lot of them aren't, but some are. So I haven't totally given up on the idea of maybe going back and doing a little selecting, and possibly a little editing, and coming out with a little collection that I might call 'Humanistic Sociology' or something like that.

I have said more than once that I would like to have some effect through the various things I've done with my life, and I think I might have had a little more influence from those KPFA commentaries than almost anything else that I've undertaken. A couple of people used some of my ideas to produce a book of their own, called *Values and Humanity*, and a number of others. I was asked to speak to a number of classes. There was a high school, I think it was in Hayward, where a woman taught a civics class on heroism, and it happens quite independently I had done a commentary which I called 'The Seventh Age of Heroism', in which I talk about the evolution from the days when the hero was somebody who figured out a way to prevent being eaten by saber-tooth tigers or whatever, to the current state of affairs in which the true hero—as I conceive it—was a person who had a new idea, who stood up against the opinion of the crowd, and ultimately prevailed.

I was also invited to speak at classes in the school of education at Cal, because I had done a series called 'In Search of Higher Education', and it really went over well. I had to give out several hundred copies of that particular commentary. So as I say, it was a very important seven or eight years in my life. And it unfortunately couldn't continue because I lacked the necessity of doing anything on a regular basis. And I just don't have the self-discipline, otherwise I would have continued writing, and then I would have gone out and found some medium that would be sufficiently interested to run them either in the printed form, or in the form of radio. I haven't been completely unproductive, but I haven't accomplished anything quite so satisfying as that seven or eight years.

I've got a couple of things on the stove. One is the book I believe I mentioned in the past, about the labor leader named Vincent St. John, and I'm going to continue collaborating with a woman in Colorado who's working on that. And I've just within the past week or so had another communication with another woman who's doing a documentary on a farm worker named Mario Moreno [linked incident happened in 2011, guessing it might be an older case?], and she wants to see me again about some of my recollections. And I, in that same period in the last couple of weeks, had a communication from the head of the labor archives at San Francisco State University, who wants my AWOC archives. So I manage to keep thinking and acting as best I can in between doctor visits. Any questions?

David: Could you tell us more about the book 'Values and Humanity' and where it came from?

Henry: The book was the result of a meeting that I had with Leslie Lipson, of the School of Social Work at the University of California Berkeley, and a woman named Elizabeth Drews who was at Portland State College. And they wrote the book entitled 'Values and Humanity', and it inscribed it 'To Henry with deep appreciation for your generous advice'. So that was good.

David: Was that inspired by commentaries that they heard?

Henry: That was inspired by a number of my commentaries. The thing that was the scarlet thread through all of them, once I began getting my bearings, was that there is goodness in mankind, I believe, along with Anne Frank—in spite of all evidence to the contrary. That ultimately the goodness of mankind will prevail.

Eugene: Well I have a comment and a few questions. The comment is that Theodore Roszak, I think it might have been a second edition of the Making of the Counter-culture, he mentioned your commentary as a criticism. The question- in your commentaries did you ever respond to questions from listeners?

Henry: I frequently wrote letters to those who not only requested copies of my commentaries, but asked me to clarify some point. Maybe you're wondering if I ever had them live in the studio with me.

Eugene: I'm asking if you responded on the air to questions you might have received, following up from an earlier point.

Henry: No, that never happened.

Eugene: You said that it helped you a lot to have the monthly deadline. What was your schedule within the month, and did you have an idea more than a month ahead of time, or less than a month? Did you ever start the night before with no idea what you were going to say the next day?

Henry: No, I would not be good at extemporaneous speaking, as I think I've made more than abundantly clear in this whole series. But it's very true, and you guys probably know this very well, that I am a great procrastinator, so it was not unusual that I would be caught at almost the last minute. And I would rush to the station and still be breathing heavily when they thrust the microphone in front of me. But usually I would have an idea maybe a week in advance, and I would start making notes. And there were times when I had sufficient time on my hands that I was able to make two or three complete drafts. It was always a problem with my having difficulty compressing my ideas into the fifteen-minute frame. In fact I've frequently had to extend it into a series. I did three series on population questions, for example.

I suppose I toyed with the idea of putting out the scripts to a mailing list. But I never got around to that, and maybe it wouldn't have worked. I liked the idea of there being a kind of barometer in the form of these totally voluntary communications from the listeners as to how I was doing. And I liked the idea of having them write to the station to ask for copies, so that the station would also have an idea of how I was doing. This didn't always work out, because at first I had the station announcer, after I had completed my remarks, he would say 'If you wish a copy, write to this address at the station headquarters'. But a few months went by when I didn't have any requests at all, so I figured out that the announcer was simply not making this announcement. From then on I always included that in the completion of my own remarks.

But some of the reactions I got were almost embarrassing. Someone said my commentaries were incomparable. I think she meant it in a good way. And then there was a guy who said that I was incredibly naïve in my optimism. So I took that seriously.

Eugene: Did you keep the letters?

Henry: I kept every one of them. Those are the archive boxes that you hauled up to the attic.

David: Presumably you got some hate mail, or violent disagreement?

Henry: I wouldn't call it hate mail. For the most part those who disagreed with my basic premises just didn't listen. The way I didn't listen to, for example, the station had a guy named William Mandel, and he was an expert on the Soviet Union. And he was given a half hour, and he was on that station religiously, before I started, and he continued on that station after I was fired. That whole station was, and still is, a curiosity. Dozens of times he would swear that it had torn itself apart with its internal faction fights, and yet it still survives. It was fun while it lasted.

David: On a different topic, do you still have original transcripts of the interviews with the braceros, from your health attitude study?

Henry: In one word, no. I didn't throw them away, the university did. They weren't interviews, they were questionnaires. And my interviewer was instructed to write any added comments that they might have to make, when they had gone through these standardized questions. And he was very good at that, and those I reproduced in my manuscript itself. But the questionnaires and the coding sheets and all that were confiscated.

David: So he would transcribe what they said and translate it into English?

Henry: Yes.

David: And did you reproduce all of those, or just a selection of them?

Henry: Most. Every one that was more than two or three sentences. In my monograph, the 750-page one, there were 186 verbatim quotes from the persons themselves. That's another possible project if I live so long. Every once in a while somebody suggests that I exhume that manuscript. Including this woman from San Francisco State that I'm supposed to be seeing within the next couple of weeks.