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LEVEL 2 - 27 OF 28 STORIES

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GenderWatch

Sojourner: The Women's Forum

June 30, 1985

SECTION: Vol.10; No.8; Pg.13

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HEADLINE: Global Feminism: Going Beyond Boundaries

BYLINE: Bunch, Charlotte

BODY:

Global Feminism: Going Beyond Boundaries

In the article below, adapted from a May speech at Tufts University, long-time feminist activist **Charlotte Bunch** discusses global feminism and the upcoming UN women's conferences in Kenya. (In July, a meeting of official government delegations in Nairobi will be followed by a "Non-Governmental Forum" in which any woman may participate.) **Bunch** is currently helping coordinate explicitly feminist participation in the Forum through the International Women's Tribune Centre in New York. She was a fellow at the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington, D.C. for over ten years, and an editor of *Quest: A Feminist Quarterly*, from 1974 to 1979. She is the editor, with Sandra Pollack, of *Learning Our Way: Essays in Feminist Education (Crossing)* and, with Kathleen Barry and Shirley Castley, of *International Feminism: Networking Against Female Sexual Slavery (Tribune Centre)*.

I have just returned from Peru, where I was involved in workshops that were a followup to the feminist encuentro, or meeting, held in Lima in 1983 with over 600 Latin American and Caribbean women present. At that time I was one of a handful of North Americans invited to offer ideas and developments from the women's movement in this country, but I hardly opened my mouth - I was overwhelmed by the things happening in Latin America. The energy reminded me, as a veteran of the early days of women's liberation in the U.S., of the excitement and sense of discovery we felt then. I also realized something that is becoming more and more true: the latest burst of energy and ideas for feminism is coming from the Third World. (By that I mean both feminists in Third World countries and women of color in the U.S., who are raising issues that are often similar to developments in Third World feminism.)

As a white U.S. feminist I celebrate this, because it brings insights and imagination that enable us to break some of the boundaries of our thinking - even though (as all of us who have been through various movement conflicts know) it isn't always easy to hear new ideas, or listen to criticisms of feminism in the last two decades. After three or four years of intense activity in one area, one of the best things you can do is listen to feminista emerging from



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some other place, whether it's Peru, New Zealand, a different part of the U.S., or any other cultural context different from your own, even within the same city. Close attention to the perspectives and energy of women outside our own class, race, and culture helps us see more possibilities rather than fewer, to see what feminism can mean as we all grow and evolve a definition that goes beyond any particular cultural boundaries. Of course, no process of taking diversity seriously and listening to different points of view is without challenge, discomfort, and conflict, but I think it's well worth the price.

Understanding this process will be especially crucial at the UN conferences in Kenya in July, although I think it will be much more possible to do at the non-governmental meeting than at the governmental one. The UN graciously declared 1975 "International Women's Year," and sponsored an international women's conference in Mexico City that was in many ways the first acknowledgment of women as a global force. A "Decade for Women" was announced after the recognition in Mexico City that the elimination of women's oppression would take more than a year, and a "Mid-Decade" conference was held in 1980 in Copenhagen. Now we're at the end of the Decade, and progress for women seems in many ways to have been minimal; poverty is increasing among women worldwide, there has been very little significant rise in the political power of women, and these are only two of the hard statistical problems we face at this "end of the Decade."

But there has been enormous growth in the women's movement during the last ten years: we see women everywhere defining their reality for themselves. To me, the first step in taking any kind of power in any culture is refusing to accept the patriarchal definition of who you are and what your reality is, and this is the stage that I think most women in the world - including this country - are in. But as we each define our own reality, we also must recognize women's diversity. The first step - "We are women, we are distinct, we are oppressed, and there is a women's consciousness" - then must lead almost instantly to, "And yet at the same time there is no one 'women's reality,' except perhaps in the general fact of the subordination of women in every culture - a subordination that takes many varying cultural and individual forms." So the stage of seeing ourselves as similar, seeing ourselves as women, and feeling the excitement of being in a group is followed by the more difficult realization that as a group we are a multitude of groups who are not always united. The struggle for unity requires first recognizing and examining our differences and then asking which of those are strengths and which are simply based on oppression.

It seems clear to me, however, that at the Kenya conferences the worldwide media will use these very differences to say that women are hopelessly divided and that feminism is dead. Our diversity - a source of potential strength - will be manipulated by forces that do not wish to see feminism thrive. But I'm hoping that, in the midst of all the predictable conflicts in Kenya, a number of women will do what we've done over and over in the past decade: build networks around shared concerns, places where we can see our common oppression and work together to solve it. Recently I've worked mostly in the area of sexual violence against women, but coalition-building has also happened in many other areas, such as in the women's health movement and among women working in rural development, including U.S. women who face conditions similar to those in some so-called "developing" countries.

By the way, I hope one of the first items on our agenda will be



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Sojourner: The Women's Forum June 30, 1985

elimination of language like "developed" and "developing": the condescending notion that the western industrialized world is "developed" is highly questionable outside any but a strictly industrialized interpretation of that word. For lack of a better phrase, I refer to most of the nations of Asia, Latin America, and Africa called "developing countries" as "the Third World," an equally difficult term, but one that at least suggests the possibility of non-alignment with the U.S./U.S.S.R. blocs. This question of terminology raises the related issue of how women, as we define ourselves, can also redefine the ways in which the world is categorized. At the United Nations - created initially to be a place of world unity - you see especially clearly how the various power blocs have developed and solidified. It is very difficult for women there to talk across governmental and bloc lines. The official UN conference is a meeting of over 150 patriarchies, not a gathering of the women of those countries or women who see themselves beyond nation-state definitions. The official Kenya conference will be women and men representing patriarchal governments without the freedom to speak what they feel and think - and this is as true of the U.S. delegation as any other. As we saw in Copenhagen, delegates will be pulled in whenever they start to talk beyond bloc lines. Under these circumstances, we cannot expect much more than a reading on how governments view women from the official UN conference in Nairobi.

But the Non-Governmental Forum can be quite a different matter. I see women there being able to break down barriers, because we will not be under the same obligations to state powers and can examine our positions and the divisions between us. In fact, this conference may be unique because of the emergence of feminism in the Third World in recent years. In 1980, feminism was a term that most women in Third World countries were afraid of, or didn't like, or rejected completely because the media had portrayed feminists with the kinds of stereotypes we know so well in this country. We were described as women who only wanted to get to the top within an oppressive world power system - and why would peasants in Latin America identify with a few women trying to become the head of General Motors? We were also caricatured as crazies, women who hated men, lesbians who couldn't have men, etc. Feminism has been ridiculed and stereotyped worldwide, and the issues we have raised have usually not been taken seriously by the media.

But remarkably, despite this bad press, feminism has continued to grow. Women's groups all over the world, but especially in the Third World, are taking up issues ranging from housing, nutrition, and poverty to militarism, sexual and reproductive freedom, and violence against women. We face these issues in the U.S., too, of course, but their forms vary depending on the culture and where women feel the most intense oppression at any moment. For example, women in shantytowns around Lima, who live on the very edge of survival, are organizing communal kitchens called *comedores populares*, or "popular restaurants." In their traditional role as food providers, they are creating a means to feed their families that is leading them to challenge the whole structure of society and the basis for survival. In shopping together to get better prices, they are starting to ask questions about inflation - why, when food is grown so close to their homes, is it so expensive - and about the worldwide food business in which many countries export certain foods as cash crops while their people starve. And in fixing meals together they are evolving a sense of community, of being together as women; one group, after talking about violence in the neighborhood, set up a system in which a woman blows a whistle if she is being beaten.



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Sojourner: The Women's Forum June 30, 1985

This is only one example of the many ways in which women around the world are saying, "We will no longer be silent about any part of our lives in which we are oppressed." And that statements makes very clear that there is no such thing as a separate "women's issue," although there are women's special concerns and women's perspectives. When we talked about "women's issues" early in the women's movement, we were trying to place on the political agenda things women cared about that had not been considered political: equal rights, reproductive freedom, lesbian rights, childcare, violence against women. But we have to say today that all of these are issues of human justice, of human society, not just women's issues.

And, as important, all of the concerns which have been called "larger issues" must be considered women's issues. This became especially clear to me at the Copenhagen conference, where a western woman said that to talk feminism to a woman who has no home, no food, and no water is to talk nonsense. A group of us, feminists from both western and Third World countries, wrote a response pointing out that feminism has to do with everything in the world, and so is a perspective on food, home, and water. But we also saw the challenge in what she said: if her words become true, then feminism will not fulfill its potential to be a transforming force in the world, although it may do some useful things. I'm hopeful that in Kenya this summer a larger body of women than every before will develop feminist perspectives on issues like food, shelter, and water.

I also hope that U.S. feminists there will avoid some of the traps that we often fall into, like the tendency to relate to global feminism from one of two extremes. One is to be guilty and over-apologetic, to say, in effect, "I have nothing to say because my country is so terrible that nothing I could offer would ever be of use to anybody anywhere else. Please tell me what I should do, and I'll do anything you tell me." Nobody wants that: it's not a partnership, not a real sharing and learning, not the kind of connection that feminism is all about. It may be useful to somebody to have your help, but that approach is patronizing and not the basis of fundamental change. The opposite attitude is "feminist imperialism," which implies, "Feminism started in the U.S., after all. We will show you the way. You're in a stage in a process that we've already gone through, and five years from now you'll agree that we were right." I hope we'll be able to say instead, "My experience is valuable and authentic, and I will share it. But I also want to learn about what others are doing, and, without feeling guilty, I want to see where I have been culture-bound and how I can go beyond my particular boundaries." The point isn't to browbeat ourselves or get defensive if, for example, somebody points out something as racist; the point is to try to understand what that means and begin working to change it. Such a stance - which is not so unnatural, and can actually be quite loving - will be crucial in Kenya.

We will also need to bring home from there what we learn from this approach. We don't want to be "international experts" who no longer relate to our own country, a nation which is, after all, one of the problems in the world. We have to address what the U.S. does, rather than simply feel apologetic or defensive about it - and we have to look at how our work as feminists affects people's lives worldwide. For example, when U.S. women succeeded ten years ago in getting certain birth control devices outlawed, we didn't understand, because we didn't have a global consciousness, that they would simply be dumped on women in the Third World; I think we know now that if we're going to ban things from the shores of the U.S., we also have to make sure they're destroyed. And we



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will increasingly be concerned about people in other countries not just because "we ought to be," but because we're all so closely connected: secretaries who form a union may lose their jobs when their company responds by sending clerical work via satellite to Barbados, where it can pay starvation wages - thus exploiting two groups of women.

There is a group of women on the Mexico-Texas border working against the manipulation of women's jobs back and forth across that border, and this is the kind of networking we will have to do if feminism is to continue to grow and to realize its global potential. It is also the kind of networking that I hope will happen in Kenya, with roomfuls of different women exploring the issues at the heart of our lives - recognizing that all are "women's issues" - and asking, "How can we as women look at these in new ways? What can we learn and offer from our experiences so that there might be some solutions?" We won't resolve all the conflicts created by 2,000 years of patriarchy in a short time. But I do expect to hear the dialogue that must happen in the '80s and '90s if feminism is to reach towards those solutions and respond to the world's enormous need for new perspectives based on women's experiences.

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GRAPHIC: Photo , Charlotte Bunch

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

TYPE: Newspaper; Article

JOURNAL-CODE: SO

LOAD-DATE: October 22, 1999

GRAPHIC: Photo , Charlotte Bunch

LOAD-DATE: October 22, 1999



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LEVEL 1 - 11 OF 25 STORIES

Copyright 1997 Newsday, Inc.
Newsday (New York, NY)

September 30, 1997, Tuesday, QUEENS EDITION

SECTION: NEWS; Page A07

LENGTH: 791 words

HEADLINE: SHE TREATS THEIR BODY AND SOUL

BYLINE: Dennis Duggan

BODY:

There is a little bit of Southeast Asia in the Fordham section of the Bronx, where a 55-year-old nun with the Dominican Order, who speaks Spanish and Cambodian, tries to convince reluctant Asian women that examining their breasts for cancer is not a sign of cultural degeneracy.

"But it's hard," sighs Sister Jean Marshall, a self-described "Bronx girl" who decided years ago to minister to refugees and immigrants when another Dominican nun was shot in the face in Cambodia in 1981.

"She was and is my hero," said Sister Jean, whose office on the first floor of a busy three-story building has become a mini-Grand Central-like crossroads station for Cambodians, Vietnamese, Russians, Albanians and Ethiopians.

"She is excellent, excellent, excellent," said a young Albanian construction worker named Jose Xhindolihose.

Sister Jean waves aside such full-blown compliments. "These people help me as much as I help them," she said.

She opened her ministry on Andrews Avenue behind the magnificent St. Nicholas of Tolentine Church on Fordham Road in 1983 on a wing and a prayer. "I knew no one," she said. "It was a struggle."

But now the church has a Vietnamese priest and a sign at the door greets the Vietnamese parishioners with the words "Chao Mung" - welcome. The church has a huge Latino congregation and also lists bilingual masses.

At the St. Rita's Center, financed with city, state and federal funds, the refugees and the immigrants can learn English, find an apartment, and get food, work and clothing, as well as health and social services.

"We do dental and eye screening here, and we teach breast cancer awareness under a grant from the American Cancer Society," said Sister Jean.

The breast cancer program appears to be the most troubling for the reluctant Asian women. One of them told that her parents avert their eyes from television



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Newsday (New York, NY), September 30, 1997

programs showing any nudity or even kissing scenes.

"It's the way they are raised," said Paul Bui, a 39-year-old Vietnamese who runs a second-floor clothing establishment under the nearby IRT elevated subway station on Fordham Road. We talked about cultural differences and how they affect access to the health-care system. A lack of cultural sensitivity on the part of health professionals, particularly with women's health issues, has kept some immigrant women from seeking help when they may need it.

"These women here," Bui said as he pointed to some Vietnamese women working in his store, "would rather see women doctors than men doctors. The younger generation is learning the American way of doing things. But the first generation is still shy about such matters."

Sister Jean's establishment brings a little bit of home into the Bronx. There are wooden maps of Cambodia and Vietnam on the walls, each bearing names - Phnom Penh, Hue and Saigon - that were familiar to Americans when we were part of a long, costly war in those countries.

I asked why the Asians and the other immigrants picked this corner of the Bronx to call their home.

"It's because there were vacant apartments here and this is where the resettlement agencies steered them," said Sister Jean, recalling that as many as 200 of these new Americans pass through the building behind the church daily. Sister Jean prays for Bronx Borough President Fernando Ferrer daily because "he has been so good to us."

Sister Jean's story about the hesitancy of the Asian women is familiar to other medical people in the city. Muslim women, for example, are steadfast in their refusal to be examined by men. A Muslim doctor in Queens said that the hardest task he has is to convince female Muslim patients that they can trust him to conduct highly personal physical examinations.

Sister Jean, who grew up in Parkchester, has been a nun for 38 years. She agrees that the American diet presents a higher risk of cancer for Asian women because fish and rice often are replaced with cheeseburgers and french fries. But she also thinks the stress of living in war-torn areas and exposure to chemical weapons increased the cancer risk.

"We see young Asian women who have undergone mastectomies even before they arrive here or shortly afterwards," she said.

"So I don't think it is just the change of diet that causes breast cancers for them," she said.

Sister Jean has a staff of 10 at St. Rita's and a two-person staff at another satellite site on Steinway Street in Queens.

The immigration from Southeast Asia, Sister Jean believes, has helped the University Heights section of the Bronx. "Things are much better now than they were a few years ago when we slept with one eye open. Now, everywhere you look there is new building activity. It's a big change for the better."

LANGUAGE: English

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LEVEL 1 - 5 OF 12 STORIES

Copyright 1994 Newsday, Inc.
Newsday

November 15, 1994, Tuesday, MANHATTAN EDITION

SECTION: PART II; NEW YORK NEWSDAY/CITY PROFILE; Pg. B06

LENGTH: 284 words

HEADLINE: Sister Jean Marshall

BYLINE: Sheila McKenna

BODY:

Sister Jean Marshall

JOB

Founder / director of St. Rita's Center for Refugees, a nonprofit, nondenominational center under auspices of Tolentine-Zeiser Community Life Center, which serves Cambodian, Vietnamese and Amerasian immigrants in the Bronx, the only federally designated Amerasian cluster in city; received honorable mention at New York Public Library's 1994 Brooke Russell Astor Awards ceremony; on boards of Bronx Center for Community Services and Aquinas High School.

BIOGRAPHY

52, born and reared in the Bronx, a Sparkille Dominican Sister, entered convent in 1959; master's in education from CUNY and certification in multiculturalism studies and guidance from the Spring Institute in Colorado, fluent in Spanish and Khmer (language of Cambodia), taught for 21 years before founding St. Rita's Center in 1983.

RESIDENCE

Home in Pelham Bay.

IMPACT

'Before St. Rita's, there was no agency in the Bronx helping these people. I found people picking garbage off the street and feeding it to their kids. We've had over 11,000 people pass through here.'

FOCUS

'I want to expand services to include a cultural center for all refugees. I want a place where they can have a party or a wedding and not pay a huge amount of money. I want to get enough space to create a pre-GED and a GED classroom. My commitment is total. I want justice for these people and will fight for them till my dying day.'

BEST THING

ABOUT NEW YORK



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Newsday, November 15, 1994

'The opportunities these people have are not available any other place in the world. If we can help them take the best of New York and make a life for themselves and their families, it's worth it for them and the city.'

GRAPHIC: Newsday Photo by Oliver Morris-Sister Jean Marshall

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

LOAD-DATE: November 16, 1994

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH

LOAD-DATE: November 16, 1994



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Copyright 1999 SOFTLINE INFORMATION, INC.
The Ethnic NewsWatch
Michigan Chronicle

June 1, 1999

SECTION: Vol. 62, No. 35, Pg. 1

LENGTH: 1011 words

HEADLINE: Fifth African Summit promotes investment, human rights

BYLINE: Rich, Archie

BODY:

Fifth African Summit promotes investment, human rights

By Archie Rich

The fifth African-American Summit was held the week of May 15-22 in Accra, Ghana, West Africa.

The official host of the summit was Jerry J. Rawlings, president of Ghana since 1962. The convener and chairman of the summit was the Rev. Leon H. Sullivan, founder and chairman of the Opportunities Industrialization Centers of America, and president of the International Foundation For Education and Self-Help (IFESH).

Presidents, ambassadors and official representatives from more than 20 African nations were in attendance, plus thousands of participants and observers who are the sons and daughters of the African diaspora from the Caribbean, Central and South America, Europe and the United States.

In his introductory remarks, Sullivan said, "We were taken away from here in chains, but we've come back in airplanes. We were taken away as slaves, but we have returned as statesmen, ambassadors, doctors, lawyers, engineers, teachers, preachers and business executives with skills to help create a new Africa, and to move the continent into a place of respect in the global marketplace."

The summit brought together CEOs of major markets, human rights advocates and concerned citizens from around the world to focus on business, trade and investment opportunities to move African nations toward becoming equal partners and beneficiaries in the world market.

The design of Summit V, according to Sullivan, was to bring together participants who "represent the best minds from Africa and America, with knowledge in education, business, agriculture, health, democracy, good governance, peace, community development and other vital areas all focus on one common goal -- the creation of a new era for Africa to become competitive with the rest of the world in every way in the 21st century."

The most impressive development of the summit was the endorsement of two



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major projects that should have profound and long-lasting significance for Africa and the world, the Peoples Investment Fund For Africa (PIFA) and the Global Sullivan Principles of Corporate Responsibility.

The Peoples Investment Fund For Africa is a nonprofit, charitable foundation developed to raise money that will be invested in African communities through "microfinance organizations." The fund will issue debt securities to investors in the form of notes that will pay a fixed interest rate of 6 percent. U.S. investors will lend money to the fund at fixed interest rates, which will also accept grants and program-related investments from companies and foundations. The Overseas Private Investment Corporation (OPIC) will be invited to provide an amount matching the amount obtained from U.S. investors.

The objectives of PIFA are to create a vehicle enabling Americans to lend money to a fund that focuses on economic development opportunities in Africa and provide an additional capital base for African micro and small business clients, thereby helping to create job opportunities and alleviate poverty in Africa.

For information on this program, write to: The Rev. Leon H. Sullivan, Peoples Investment Fund For Africa, 5040 E. Shea Blvd., Phoenix, Az. 85254-4610, or call (602) 443-1800.

The Global Sullivan Principles of Corporate Social Responsibility were adopted by Summit V, and will be strongly promoted in the weeks to come. An official announcement of the principles will be made at the UN in the fall by Sullivan and Kofi Annan, secretary general of the United Nations. Several corporations with worldwide markets have already endorsed the principles, including General Motors/Africa Operations, Shell Oil, Sunoco and Chevron.

Religious, professional and social organizations can pass resolutions that encourage the major corporations of the world to endorse the Sullivan principles as was done in the successful effort to end apartheid in the Union of South Africa.

Companies that endorse the Global Sullivan Principles commit to do the following:

1. Express support for universal human rights and, particularly, those of their employees, the communities in which they operate, and parties with whom they do business.
2. Promote equal opportunity for employees at all levels of the company with respect to issues such as color, race, gender, age, ethnicity or religious beliefs, and operate without unacceptable worker treatment such as the exploitation of children, physical punishment, female abuse, involuntary servitude or other forms of abuse.
3. Respect employee's voluntary freedom of association.
4. Compensate employees to enable them to meet at least their basic needs and provide the opportunity to improve their skill and capability in order to raise their social and economic opportunities.
5. Provide a safe and healthy workplace, protect human health and the



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environment and promote sustainable development.

6. Promote fair competition including respect for intellectual and other property rights and not offer, pay or accept bribes.

7. Work with governments and communities in which they do business to improve the quality of life in those communities and seek to provide training and opportunities for workers from disadvantaged backgrounds.

8. Promote the application of these principles by those with whom they do business.

The African-African American Summits, held bi-annually since the spring of 1991, have been designed to build a bridge from America to Africa; a bridge over which educators, teachers, students, doctors and health care practitioners, engineers, large and small business developers, average citizens and tourists, can travel from one side of the bridge to the other.

Such a bridge can enhance the lives of Africans all over the world, including Africans in America.

Rev. Archie Rich is a minister in metropolitan Detroit.

Article copyright Michigan Chronicle Publishing Company, Inc.

ETHNIC-GROUP: African American/Caribbean/African

LANGUAGE: English

LOAD-DATE: October 8, 1999

8. Promote the application of these principles by those with whom they do business.

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LEVEL 1 - 26 OF 190 STORIES

Copyright 1999 Charleston Newspapers
The Sunday Gazette Mail

January 10, 1999, Sunday

SECTION: Life; Pg. P1E

LENGTH: 1397 words

HEADLINE: STANDING GROUND From Charleston to the world stage, the Rev. Leon Sullivan's principled stands

BYLINE: Paul J. Nyden

BODY:

Sunday Gazette-Mail

ONE day in 1997, the Rev. Leon H. Sullivan spoke to a South African audience.

"If we look at history, there are very few people who are

remembered far, far beyond their years. There is Moses. There is

Jesus. I think I should include Martin Luther King," the Charleston

native said in remarks reported in a South African newspaper.

"But none of them, except Jesus, can take the place of this man in the

history of the world," said Sullivan, referring to South African

President Nelson Mandela.

After 27 years on Robben Island and other harsh South African prisons,

Mandela was released in 1990, as apartheid began to crumble. Then, in

May 1994, after the first democratic election in South African

history, Mandela became president.

Sullivan, who grew up poor in a back alley off Bradford Street on the

East End, played a critical role in those historic events. He

graduated from Garnet High School, received a bachelor's degree from

West Virginia State College in 1943, and graduate degrees from

Columbia University and Union Theological Seminary.



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President Nelson Mandela
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Sullivan then moved to Harlem to work with the late Rev. Adam Clayton Powell at the Abyssinian Baptist Church. He went on to become pastor of Zion Baptist Church in Philadelphia for 38 years. In 1971, Sullivan became the first African-American on the board of directors at General Motors.

Sullivan will come to Charleston on Jan. 21 to deliver the fifth annual W.E. "Ned" Chilton III Leadership Lecture. The lecture, open to the public, begins at 7:30 p.m. in the Cultural Center at the state Capitol Complex.

Chilton, publisher of The Charleston Gazette, died in February 1987.

This annual lecture series was founded to help perpetuate his strong commitment to social equality and reform.

Mandela himself spoke after Sullivan that day in South Africa in 1997.

He praised people around the world for opposing apartheid.

"They gave us their support, their loyalty, their love," Mandela said.

"We won not only because of the sacrifices of people in our country, but because of the support of the international community, particular the people of the United States."

Sullivan was in South Africa to chair the fourth African-American Summit held in the city of Harare. Since apartheid's fall, Sullivan has continued to raise money and build corporate support and financial investments to build a more democratic society there.

Sullivan and the African-American Summit, for example, are working to build more than 1,000 schools in South Africa's poorest areas.

Sullivan rose to prominence after he announced guidelines that U.S. corporations should follow if they continued doing business in South Africa under apartheid.

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Apartheid relegated nonwhites to the poorest areas, denied them education, job promotions and the right to vote. Beginning at age 15, all South African blacks had to carry bulky "pass books" at all times. The whole apartheid system developed, Sullivan wrote, "without opposition from the developed world, except Russia, and it was done with the acquiescence of the United States."

Sullivan played a unique and critical role in all those years since 1977.

Economic influence

Inside South Africa, the African National Congress and other anti-apartheid groups led the resistance through marches, strikes, boycotts and, sometimes, sabotage of selected industrial facilities.

Outside the nation, Sullivan organized economic power against one of the most racist regimes the world has seen. Sometimes, other activists criticized him for compromising too much.

In his new book, "Moving Mountains," Sullivan comments, "One of the most difficult things about being an activist is knowing when to stand firm on principle and when to compromise for a time and be content with smaller steps of progress to reach the goal."

If conditions ever existed for massive, prolonged violent confrontation, those conditions existed in South Africa.

A white minority government, willing to shoot and kill schoolchildren marching through the streets of Soweto, oppressed the huge majority of its nation's people.

Sullivan believes Mandela and F.W. de Klerk, the Afrikaaner president who knew change must come, played key roles in a remarkably peaceful transition of power. In 1993, Mandela and de Klerk received the Nobel

most difficult thing about being an activist is knowing when to stand



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The Sunday Gazette Mail, January 10, 1999

Peace Prize for their efforts.

"I believe it was the plan of God for South Africa to have these two men on the two sides of the fence to try to work together," Sullivan wrote.

Principled stand

Sullivan also played a key role in that peaceful transition. On April 1, 1977, he first announced the "Principles of Equal Rights for United States Firms in the Republic of South Africa."

They quickly became known as the "Sullivan Principles," which included:

- Desegregation of restaurants, hotels, factories and offices.
- Fair employment practices and equal pay for comparable work.
- Programs to train blacks and other nonwhites for supervisory and professional positions.
- Increasing the number of black supervisors and managers.
- Improving employees' quality of life outside work in housing, education, recreation and health facilities.

Initially, a dozen major companies doing business in South Africa supported the Sullivan Principles, including General Motors, IBM, Mobil, Union Carbide, Ford, Otis Elevator, 3M, American Cyanamid and Citibank.

By 1982, five years later, \$ 500 billion in stocks and investments in the United States stood behind those principles. Many churches, unions, universities, private pension funds, city and state retirement funds and individuals refused to invest in companies that did business in South Africa but refused to subscribe to the Sullivan Principles. Some companies may have signed on because they feared anti-apartheid boycotts, Sullivan writes. But others were genuinely interested in



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bringing democracy to South Africa.

The general manager of one U.S. company in Port Elizabeth even joined his employees in "wade-in" protests to end segregation of beaches.

Making changes

By 1980, Sullivan was calling for the release of Nelson Mandela, imprisoned since 1963. And Sullivan began talking about a total trade embargo.

"What I care about was changing an unjust system without a bloodbath," Sullivan writes in "Moving Mountains."

In 1984, Sullivan added a new principle asking companies to work to "eliminate laws, practices and customs that impeded social, economic and political justice." That put them in direct confrontation with the South African government.

Anti-apartheid efforts grew internationally. The U.S. Congress passed the Anti-Apartheid Act of 1986 over President Reagan's veto. That act, embodying the Sullivan Principles, remains on the books today.

In May 1986, West Virginia became the 17th state to stop investing in companies doing business in South Africa. The state's Investment Board voted unanimously to sell \$ 513 million in bonds from companies operating in either South Africa or Namibia, which it controlled.

Interestingly, the West Virginia University Foundation resisted taking that same step for another year.

West Virginia saw other opposition to apartheid. Beginning in the mid-1970s, the United Mine Workers actively opposed imports of coal from South Africa, where coal companies paid miners less than \$ 5 a day.

Looking back, the anti-apartheid fight not only helped end apartheid, but helped individual South Africans as well.

In May 1986, West Virginia became the 17th state to stop investing in



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"Hundreds of black supervisors, administrators and executives in corporations in South Africa today trace their career beginnings to the Sullivan Principles," Sullivan writes.

Reminiscing, the 78-year-old minister adds in his book:

"Maybe I can still see myself as an eight-year-old boy with a nickel in hand to buy a Coca-Cola and can still hear that man at the soft-drink counter saying to me, 'Stand on your feet, black boy, you can't sit down here.'"

"I have been standing on my feet against prejudice and segregation all my life. And I will continue to do so until the day I die."

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LEVEL 1 - 30 OF 190 STORIES

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Chicago Tribune

October 23, 1998 Friday, EVENING UPDATE EDITION

SECTION: NEWS; Pg. 8; ZONE: C; EVENING. Reader.

LENGTH: 1074 words

HEADLINE: AT DAY'S END, LEON SULLIVAN MADE A DIFFERENCE;
'MAN OF PRINCIPLE' REFLECTS ON AN ERA HE HELPED SHAPE

BYLINE: By Connie Mabin, Associated Press.

DATELINE: MONTGOMERY, W.Va.

BODY:

It was a Sunday evening in 1930, and Leon Sullivan was a thirsty 8-year-old.

He ventured across the street to buy a soda. "I put a nickel on the counter and sat down and said, 'I want a Coke!' "

The image is still clear in his mind -- a black child on Charleston's east side, looking the white storekeeper in the eye, demanding a drink in the days of segregation.

"His eyes were blazing, his face got red," Sullivan recalls. "He said, 'Get on your feet, black boy! You can't sit down here.' "

"That was my first real confrontation with segregation and black and white," he says. It was the beginning of a life's work. "I decided . . . that I was going to stand up against that kind of thing the rest of my life."

Today, Rev. Leon Sullivan has the Presidential Medal of Freedom and 50 honorary degrees.

Anti-discrimination principles he wrote changed history in South Africa and help guide the corporate world today.

A documentary is being made on Sullivan, who remains for many an unknown figure. "We looked for the books, for the documentaries, and there were none," says Diana Sole, producer of the film titled "A Principled Man."

As a teenager, the 6-foot, 5-inch Sullivan towered over friends and was feared on the basketball court.

But hoop dreams were quickly replaced by another vision.

"I knew there was a purpose early on," Sullivan says. "Early on, I would write poetry about the advancement of blacks and that sort of thing."

He became a leader in school and at church, developing an interest in social



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TODAY, REV. LEON SULLIVAN
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issues and speaking to fellow students about civil rights.

Sullivan's junior year in college had two milestones: He was injured and lost his scholarship. And he decided to become a minister.

Giving up his education wasn't an option, so Sullivan worked days at the Naval Ordnance Plant to pay for night school. On Sundays, he preached at First Baptist Church in Montgomery and at a church in Vandalia.

In 1943, Sullivan moved to New York, settling in Harlem, where he studied under Adam Clayton Powell and met his wife of 55 years, "Amazing Grace."

Seven years later, the Sullivans moved to Philadelphia, where he became pastor at Zion Baptist Church. Membership grew to 6,000 from 600.

Sullivan grew too. It was 1950, and America was divided. Segregation was law in many places. In schools, at work, on buses and in businesses, blacks and whites were kept apart.

The civil rights movement was in its infancy. Some urged a violent response to racism. Sullivan preached peace.

This was the era when Rosa Parks, a black seamstress in Montgomery, Ala., refused to give up her bus seat to a white man and set off a transit system boycott led by the young Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.

Sullivan promoted similar peaceful protests. In the early 1960s, he organized a non-violent boycott of all Philadelphia businesses that wouldn't hire blacks. The slogan: "Don't buy where you don't work."

The boycotts worked and jobs eventually were offered to people of all races, but many did not have the skills required for the openings.

"In order to fulfill my protest, I had to create programs for progress," Sullivan says. One result was the Opportunities Industrialization Center.

The first opened in Philadelphia in 1965. A year later, another opened in Charleston, W.Va.

"It was the salvation of this country," says Rev. James J. Gilmer, one of Sullivan's childhood friends. "We had complete turmoil in our big cities, and he kept these youths off the streets. OIC came at the right time with his philosophy of self-help."

It was in Philadelphia that Sullivan was thrust into the spotlight for the first time. He was bumping elbows with other civil rights activists, including King and Rev. Jesse Jackson.

As his influence broadened, so did Sullivan's vision of economic methods to bridge the racial divide.

In 1968, he published the book, "Build, Brother, Build," its title contrasting with the "burn, baby, burn" message of some black activists.



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Chicago Tribune, October 23, 1998

In 1971, **Sullivan** became the first black board member at General Motors Corp. Then-Chairman James Roche had made a trip to Philadelphia to offer **Sullivan** the post. **Sullivan** made clear he would not trade his principles for a seat.

In his first three meetings, **Sullivan** was the lone vote supporting the Episcopal Church's request that GM leave South Africa, where the majority black population was subjugated in work, housing and social life under apartheid. His pressure on GM and other American corporations to divest was relentless.

"If you take a hammer and a chisel and pound a rock 100 times, it's going to crack. I pounded and pounded, and it cracked," **Sullivan** says.

Out of this came the "**Sullivan Principles**," which he wrote in 1975 to promote equality for all employees. He describes them as "a code that companies of America and the world came to follow to end apartheid peacefully, starting with the workplace."

By March 1977, **Sullivan** had persuaded GM and 11 other corporations to give South Africa's white rulers an ultimatum: end apartheid or lose their business.

Seven years later, more than 100 other companies had agreed to abide by the principles. But progress remained hard to measure, and **Sullivan** lost his patience with South Africa's white leaders.

He told them: "In two years (imprisoned human-rights activist Nelson) Mandela must be freed, apartheid must end and blacks must vote, or else I'll bring every company I can out of South Africa -- every company in the world."

Finally, in 1990, apartheid was officially abolished. Mandela has become the nation's president.

Today, the **Sullivan Principles** have been expanded to apply to inequality in all countries, and they have become common knowledge at most international companies. They are widely used as part of business school curriculums.

Sullivan, now 76, is retired from GM but still serves as an adviser.

He continues his work in Phoenix, where his International Foundation for Education and Self-Help is based. It is funded by the U.S. Agency for International Development and promotes democracy around the world.

Sullivan has begun passing duties on to his children, Hope, Julie and Howard.

Hope **Sullivan**, director of government relations for OIC, says she never realized how important her father's work was until she went to Africa and saw the people he has helped.

And there she found a surprising legacy: "I run into all of these little kids named **Leon Sullivan**."

GRAPHIC: PHOTOS 2PHOTO (color): Now living in the Phoenix area, Rev. **Leon Sullivan**, 76, discusses his life's crusade. A film is being assembled on his life.; PHOTO (color): Rev. **Leon Sullivan** visits with a woman and her child at a clinic in Liberia earlier this year. AP photos.



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LEVEL 1 - 3 OF 53 STORIES

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Los Angeles Times

August 15, 1999, Sunday, Home Edition

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LENGTH: 4331 words

HEADLINE: COVER STORY;

THE ETERNAL SOLDADERA;

TO HER 11 CHILDREN, SHE WAS AN OFTEN ABSENTEE MOM. TO THOSE WHO CROSSED HER, SHE WAS A HARSH FOE. BUT TO THE THOUSANDS OF FARM WORKERS SHE STILL FIGHTS FOR, DOLORES HUERTA IS THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR.

BYLINE: JAMES RAINEY, James Rainey, a Times staff writer, last wrote about his actor, father for the magazine

BODY:

In a nondescript Santa Rosa hotel conference room, another day of tortuous negotiations with the world's largest winemaker has sputtered to a close.

Half a dozen farm workers slump around a long table as the sun sets. In their jeans, T-shirts and cowboy boots, the men listen glumly as their leader--a tiny, 69-year-old grandmother with a community college education--assures them that they are making progress against the bevy of lawyers and consultants from Gallo of Sonoma Vineyards.

Dolores Huerta, co-founder of the United Farm Workers of America, is certain: "Something happened today. It's another step forward."

For the tired workers, it hardly seems that way. Gallo has fended off the farm workers and Huerta for a quarter century. This round of contract talks has dragged on for two years. And today the men have lowered their wage demand, again, only to receive no response.

The leather-skinned workers can only joke about their counterparts from Gallo, who huddle in a neighboring conference room in their crisp suits and white shirts. The winery's top lawyer must have made another \$ 1,000 today, the farmhands guess. Ruefully, they smile.

Then, incongruously, one of the men spreads his arms wide, throws back his head and laughs. It is the laugh, not of a vassal, but of a king.

"When we finally win, this is how I will laugh," Carmelo Sales, a broad-faced father of three, tells Huerta and his fellow campesinos in Spanish. "Because all the foremen said we would never win. And he who laughs last, laughs best."



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For nearly four decades, thousands of field hands like Sales have put their lives and livelihoods in the hands of Dolores Huerta and the United Farm Workers of America, the nation's most mythologized and misunderstood union. They have thrown their bodies alongside Huerta's to block loads of nonunion grapes, locked arms with her against the blows of 2-by-4-wielding thugs, and, raging to go on strike, stayed in the fields at the insistence of this mercurial little woman.

Fabled union founder Cesar Chavez has been dead more than six years. Current UFW President Arturo Rodriguez struggles with the daily task of winning new members for a rebuilding union. That leaves Huerta as the union's emotional compass and its most potent symbol.

The longtime secretary-treasurer has pushed relentlessly toward the goal of building a national farm workers union--even as agribusinessmen have dug in their heels, even as new immigrants have continued to accept low wages, even as old liberals have forgotten the field hands and moved on to new causes.

Small victories sustain Huerta. For her followers, there is nostalgia and, especially, faith.

"With Cesar Chavez in heaven looking down and Dolores at the table negotiating for us," Sales promises, "1999 is the year that the growers really have to worry."

*

It has been this way since 1961, when Cesar Chavez called Huerta to his home in East Los Angeles and told her: "We have got to start the union. If we don't do it, nobody else will."

What followed has become legend from the barrios of East L.A. to the liberal salons of SoHo and Santa Monica: the strikes, long marches and grape boycotts that blossomed in the fertile political soil of the 1960s. The contracts and substantial wage increases for transient farmhands, who some thought could never be organized. And the weeks-long fasts for nonviolence that landed shy, little Cesar Chavez on a saintly perch from which, for some, he has never descended.

Today, the Left heralds Huerta as a hero. Mexican Americans consider her a seminal figure in the Chicano power movement. Labor leaders and feminists have installed her in their Halls of Fame.

The faithful strum their guitars and sing new corridos for the "Madonna of the Fields." At marches, brown-skinned parents push their small children forward to ask for autographs. Huerta, whose name, fittingly, means "Sorrowful Orchard," scrawls boldly across vintage UFW flags, the blood-red field emblazoned with a defiant black Aztec eagle. "Si, se puede," she writes. "Yes, it can be done."

But the audience for such ethnic populism has its limits. Most Americans probably would be surprised to learn the farm workers union still lives; and that it still wants them to boycott grapes.



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Los Angeles Times August 15, 1999, Sunday,

A quarter century after the plight of farm workers captured the national conscience, the UFW is battling to recapture its past glory. Membership has finally pushed back over 25,000, but it's still less than one-third of its peak and not even 10% of California's semi-permanent farm workers. An estimated three-quarters of all field workers earn less than California's minimum wage, \$ 5.75 an hour. Fewer than one-third receive health insurance. Ephemeral labor middlemen have proved too evasive for most union organizing drives. And when farm workers have gone to the state Agricultural Labor Relations Board for relief, they have seldom found it.

The UFW also has suffered at its own hand, stumbling through in-house purges and straying from the face-to-face organizing that was its strength. During the 1980s, Huerta and union leaders obsessed over internal conspiracies, while membership withered.

Ironically, it took Chavez's death in 1993 to revive the union. Now it has entered a new era under the leadership of Chavez's son-in-law, Arturo Rodriguez. During the past five years, the UFW has won 18 union elections and signed 23 new contracts. But the gains have been mostly in small crops such as mushrooms and roses. The union's biggest push--to represent notoriously low-paid strawberry workers--has stalled, despite a three-year campaign and heavy financial support from the AFL-CIO.

Never mind that, says Huerta. "I feel that, as long as we keep fighting, we can't lose."

Like some presidential contender, Huerta whips across the landscape today, as if her next speech might be the one that finally enlightens a slumbering nation. During a typical five-day swing, she rushes from a meeting at a Florida ranch, where UFW workers would soon sign a contract; to a student rally in Georgia; to an appearance with California Assembly Speaker Antonio Villaraigosa in Los Angeles; then on to marches in East Los Angeles and Salinas; before speeding north to San Francisco, where rock legend Carlos Santana played a concert in her honor.

Her name still opens doors in Sacramento and Washington, D.C. This year, she helped push through federal and state relief for farm workers who lost their jobs in the citrus freeze, then got the state to raise the amount the distressed workers could earn and still receive unemployment benefits.

At an age when she might be doting on her 11 grown children, 14 grandchildren and four great-grandchildren, Huerta alights at her two-story stucco home in Bakersfield only long enough to repack and hit the road again.

At most of her stops, she listens as others paint her as an icon. Then Huerta takes center stage--often wearing a rakish red beret atop long hair, ringed black--and tells a story about "Cesar."

The final flourishes have become a mantra. Huerta calls out the names of the



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movement's heroes--Chavez, the campesinos, the "martyrs" killed during the union's heyday. The crowd responds to each with shouts of "Viva!" She then recites targets of union antipathy--pesticides, Proposition 187, the once-Republican-dominated state farm board. The crowd answers with "Abajo!" ("Down with.") Then rhythmic clapping and chants of "Si, se puede! Si, se puede!"

To some, the routine might seem tired or anachronistic. But Huerta seems ever-inspired. She will not leave a room until she has talked to every well-wisher. Richard Chavez, Cesar's younger brother and father of Huerta's four youngest children, once joked that she seemed to suck energy out of the crowds like some powerful extraterrestrial.

Thirty years ago, Huerta remained sharp during all-night contract negotiations while others faded. Today, she stays up salsa dancing and partying until 3 a.m. with her youngest daughter, Camila, and her 20-something friends; then it's up early to march through a rainy San Francisco morning, paying homage to Chavez.

In San Antonio this spring, she stayed at seven homes in seven nights. Someone from a network of union members and admirers--veterans of decades of labor conflict--always seems to turn up at the right time to offer a ride or a change of clothes.

Gone are the days when she and other UFW leaders paid themselves just \$ 5 a week. But Huerta draws a salary of just \$ 10,000 a year and still relies heavily on friends and union supporters.

In 40 years, this doyenne of American labor recalls only one true vacation--a week she spent in Puerto Vallarta with a son. Other respites came only when she was hospitalized for exhaustion.

"There is just so much work to be done, and someone has to do it," Huerta says. "In organizing, you are not going to reach every person, but you just have to keep pushing for the next one."

Throwing herself in front of brawling men, giving birth to four children out of wedlock, working rather than staying home to rear her children, Huerta shattered the mold for a Catholic Latina of her generation. Contemporaries sometimes clucked about her absentee parenting and vagabond lifestyle. Traditionalists found it distasteful that a woman was so outspoken, so radical.

But others found in the beautiful young provocateur the logical extension of a cultural tradition. During the Mexican Revolution, a handful of women followed Emiliano Zapata, Pancho Villa and others into battle. The people called them soldaderas, women warriors. The most revered member of the fighting sorority was named Adelita.

When Huerta railed against greedy landowners at a rally in San Francisco, an old lettuce picker in the audience applauded. "Nuestra Adelita," the man



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Los Angeles Times August 15, 1999, Sunday,

murmured, smiling. "Our Adelita."

Like the soldaderas, Huerta, then union vice president, would be dispatched everywhere to do anything to keep the fledgling organization afloat. In 1963 in the UFW's home base of Delano, the young mother would show up at all hours at pool halls and on front stoops, recruiting workers. When the great grape strike of 1965 began, it was Huerta who marched up and down the picket lines, rallying the men and keeping them out of the fields. When the growers formed a bloody, anti-UFW alliance with the Teamsters union, it was Huerta who flew to Miami Beach and camped for a week outside Jimmy Hoffa's suite, pleading--futilely, as it turned out--with the Teamsters boss to back down.

Before the union's first walkout--at the Mount Arbor Rose Co. in McFarland--she led a final unity meeting for nearly 100 workers. Huerta held out a cross and had the mostly Catholic workers place their hands on it. They had to swear they would stick together.

Not trusting providence alone, she was up before dawn the next day, patrolling in front of the workers' homes. When one group of men appeared as if it might break ranks, Huerta rolled her car in front of their driveway. She hid the keys and would not move. (The strike eventually led to a pay raise, although not a permanent contract.)

When the first proud grape grower finally buckled in 1966, Huerta negotiated the contract--the first in the state's history between a corporation and a union led by nonwhite workers. Then she went to San Francisco and learned from longshoremen how to run her union's first hiring hall.

Huerta framed every fight as part of a larger class struggle. Some of the growers seemed as pained at being depicted as greedy oppressors as they did at granting wage increases. They called Huerta "the dragon lady."

Three decades have not softened the view of one old foe, a Central Valley farmer, who said: "You don't get anything from Dolores Huerta unless you fight for it and you earn it. . . . She is vindictive and carries a certain amount of resentment. I wouldn't ever expect anything to be relented by her."

The same persistence is viewed by the UFW stalwarts as the union's greatest strength.

"She went about this stuff with an amazing confidence," says Marshall Ganz, a former UFW executive and now an instructor at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government. "She went in face to face with these lawyers or professional management people and she was just very impressive. She more than held her own."

Huerta felt union leaders could only be limited by their own imagination and resolve. She once drove a 19-year-old grape picker to the Port of Los Angeles, handed him a picket sign and told him to stop longshoremen from loading nonunion grapes. Huerta then sped off to a meeting. Fourteen hours later, young Eliseo Medina was still sitting on the dock. He never saw a single grape that day. But if he had, "Dolores just thought I would figure it out and stop those grapes all by myself," recalls Medina, later a UFW vice president and now the western chief of the Service Employees International Union, which has 1.3 million nurses, doctors, janitors, clerks and other members.



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"Dolores had a gift for making you believe in yourself," Medina says. "She has an ability to inspire you and urge you to do things you could not think were possible. She is one of those life-changers."

History also had a way of freezing Huerta in its bright strobe.

On the night in 1968 that Bobby Kennedy won the California presidential primary, among his last utterances was a thanks to Chavez, Huerta and the UFW, whose precinct walkers inspired a 90%-plus vote for Kennedy in some East Los Angeles neighborhoods. Moments later, Huerta followed Kennedy off the podium at the Ambassador Hotel, ready to direct him to a room where mariachis would serenade the presumptive Democratic nominee. Instead, Kennedy walked into the hotel's kitchen, where Sirhan Sirhan shot him dead.

Two decades later, in 1988, Huerta suddenly found herself at the end of a San Francisco policeman's nightstick as she and others peacefully picketed an appearance by Vice President George Bush. A television camera captured the assault, which ruptured Huerta's spleen and nearly killed her.

The incident led to a rewriting of the San Francisco Police Department's policies on crowd control and discipline. The city also awarded Huerta \$825,000, a legal settlement that pays her \$2,000 a month to this day.

Chavez once summed up his right hand quite simply: "Totally fearless, both mentally and physically."

History also had a way of freezing Huerta in its bright strobe.

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Not long ago, Huerta's daughter Juanita was writing for a San Francisco State University publication. Her elegant essay begins with a recollection of the day she waited in a junior high school parking lot for her mother to drive her home.

The minutes pass and Dolores fails to appear. The 12-year-old's emotions vault from anger to sadness to despair. A train rushes past the lonely parking lot, and the girl begins to cry. The locomotive evokes in Juanita an image of her mother "... rattling all the windows behind me, blaring out its horn, announcing its simultaneous arrival and departure with an incredible clamor, but rushing constantly forward. . . ."

Dolores Huerta did not make life easy for those around her, whether in her blood family or her union one. The fire and quixotic nature that moved the faithful often left those close to her scrambling for solid ground.

Chavez had his wife, Helen, to raise their eight children. But Huerta was often on her own, having split with her two husbands. The second, Ventura Huerta, had been alienated by Dolores' refusal to stay home and be a traditional wife and mother.

So when Dolores drove up and down Route 99 to her latest meeting or negotiation, she would likely be nursing another new baby. (She once said she had so many children because they were lucky, like angels.) Her older children



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sometimes had to forage among friends and neighbors for dinner and a place to stay.

She would miss birthdays, communions and school open houses. The children could not help but feel jealous of their mother's first love, the union. But they basked in a feeling that they were a part of history. "We understood very quickly she wasn't ours to have," says Emilio, now 42 and a lawyer for the National Farm Worker Service Center in Bakersfield. "She sort of belonged to the farm worker movement. And it was our job to support her."

Her crusade only gave her pause, Huerta says, when it put her children in danger.

When Emilio was 9, he slipped fliers to workers on a giant produce ranch, sprinting to safety just ahead of a pickup truck driven by an angry ranch supervisor.

One night in Delano, two anti-union agitators came to the door at 4 a.m. and tried to force their way in. When they couldn't, they smashed a picture window, sending shards of glass just past Emilio. Huerta and her children huddled in terror in a bathroom, shaking uncontrollably until the men went away.

"It was our families who sacrificed," she conceded to friends and family at her 69th birthday last April. She then told a story about limping to school one day, with a carload of children, on a slashed tire. "That was kind of how we made it through life," she said.

Now Huerta's children seem largely to be flourishing. They devote at least some of their time to the movement. Fidel, 43, is a doctor at a public health clinic, 47-year-old Lori is acting director at the Cesar Chavez Foundation and Juanita, 28, teaches fifth-graders in Los Angeles. Among Huerta's other children are a chef, a nurse, a film student, a public health outreach worker. Her greatest heartache has come from her eldest, 49-year-old Celeste, who has schizophrenia and has sometimes wandered the streets but now lives in an L.A. nursing home.

Her union family and allies also found Huerta to be an unpredictable partner.

Chavez appreciated that Huerta would speak her mind, but the two clashed so routinely that others tended to shrink from the room in anticipation of their encounters. Huerta quit or was fired by Chavez more times than anyone can remember. Within a day or two, she would be on the phone or back in the office, talking strategy as if nothing had happened.

Some of her co-workers were rankled by Huerta's inability to follow a schedule. Others complained that, for all her negotiating and motivational skills, she could not execute an organizational plan. And she has a reputation for never forgiving a slight.

Art Torres, chairman of the state Democratic Party, suffered Huerta's fury when he was a state assemblyman. Although he once worked as a UFW lobbyist, the union attacked him with a vengeance when he failed to support the UFW choice for Assembly speaker. The union gave generously to Torres' opponent, and Huerta would not even speak to her old ally.



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Los Angeles Times August 15, 1999, Sunday,

Torres won despite the union opposition, but he and Huerta "didn't speak for years and years and years," he recalls.

By some accounts, such stridency exacerbated the union's long slide, which began in the mid-1970s when Chavez became preoccupied with "malignant forces" he insisted were trying to topple the union. Some core staff members were deemed too preoccupied with leftist politics and pressured to leave. Others were ostracized because--no longer content to work for little more than room and board--they asked for salaries.

When a group of dissident field representatives in Salinas attempted to elect their own candidates for the UFW's executive board in 1981, Huerta was dispatched to fire the 10 leaders of the rebellion. She insists that they were not responding to worker grievances. To this day she claims the real culprit was Marshall Ganz, the former UFW executive who gave 15 years of his life to the union with virtually no pay.

Critics say that the dark side of Huerta's zealotry came out during those low years for the union. "All through that period, Dolores played a negative role," says Ganz. "I think she exacerbated Cesar's difficulties and acted as an amplifier of the union's paranoia."

Torres won despite the union opposition, but he and Huerta "didn't speak for years and years and years," he recalls.

Those who knew her as a child could not have predicted what a force Dolores would become. She was skinny and prone to illness. She relished the middle-class life her mother built for her in Stockton. Dolores took violin lessons, joined the Girl Scouts, loved to tap dance. She even became a majorette.

But she also learned from her single mother, a hotel manager, the importance of community service. Alicia St. John Chavez made sure even her poorest tenants had something to eat. And Huerta's father, Juan Fernandez, was a fiery union leader who had served in the New Mexico Legislature. According to family lore, he identified one fellow legislator as "a dirty scab" and punched him out on the floor of the House.

Dolores began to flower as an activist in the mid-1940s. As a high school student, she organized a teen center, where kids gathered to listen to a jukebox, dance and play games. She was popular and excelled in school.

But the sharpest memories of those years were of rewards denied, opportunities missed. She won a Girl Scout essay contest, but high school administrators would not let her miss two weeks of classes to accept the trip that was her prize. She sold the most war bonds, but the promised award was never presented. School officials would not accept a Mexican American as a winner, she says.

Then police ordered the teen center shut down, apparently because they did not like whites socializing with Mexican, black and Filipino kids. Huerta said those setbacks so alienated her that she cannot remember a single detail from her senior prom or graduation. "It was terrible," she recalls. "I just blacked



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the whole thing out."

In the years that followed, that sting would never leave her. After attending Stockton College, Huerta became a teacher. But she left about a year later because, as she once told an interviewer, "I couldn't stand seeing kids come to class hungry and needing shoes. I thought I could do more by organizing farm workers than by trying to teach their hungry children."

In 1955, at age 25, Huerta found the perfect outlet for her restless energies when she met Fred Ross Sr., a liberal activist who helped teach working-class people how to register voters, fight police brutality and demand government services. Huerta helped found the Stockton chapter of Ross' Community Service Organization. A few years earlier, a former farm worker named Cesar Chavez had taken the same path in a San Jose barrio named Sal Si Puedes (literally, "Get out, if you can.")

The CSO would help win many new rights for its poor, mostly Mexican American, constituents, including state pensions for immigrant noncitizens. As a CSO leader in Stockton, Huerta began to organize farm workers. Chavez was doing the same in Oxnard. They shared a frustration: After a few victories, they would turn over the workers to larger unions, who ignored the poor, Spanish-speaking migrants.

Even when Chavez rose to the CSO's top job in California, the organization's convention voted against organizing farm workers. A distraught Chavez bolted the group in 1962 and Huerta soon followed.

Chavez moved his family to Delano, a modest Central Valley town surrounded by rows of Emperor grapes and groves of fine almond trees. There he started his union with the help of his friend Dolores Huerta and, later, a child of the migrant camps, Gilbert Padilla.

"I thought, 'Wow, we are finally going to do it!' " Huerta recalls. "We are finally going to make it happen."

The old soldadera speaks much the same way about the union today. So closely does she relate to la causa that questions about her personal life inevitably turn back to the union. She seldom allows herself to express regret or loss. She answers questions about setbacks with reports on the latest union victories. Rarely by herself, she seems the fanatical embodiment of the old 1960s axiom--the personal is political.

Huerta is familiar with many people but gives the impression that she is intimate with very few. If this is sad to anyone else, it is not so to Huerta, who considers her life's work totally energizing.

"You could just feel this power you could generate from people working together," she says. "It was just very awesome. We were doing what we loved and so we didn't really sacrifice anything."



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Los Angeles Times August 15, 1999, Sunday,

At a bucolic hideaway in the mountains above Bakersfield, Richard Chavez waits.

He has retired from most of his union responsibilities, except for an occasional march or a tribute to his late brother. Soon he plans to move out of Nuestra Senora de La Paz, Our Lady of Peace, the 200-acre retreat in the Tehachapi Mountains where many of the union's leaders live and work.

Richard Chavez spends most of his days at the base of a boulder-strewn hill, about a half mile from La Paz, where Cesar Chavez is buried in a simple grave beside a gravel road.

He is toiling away on a retirement cottage. Here Richard will be close enough to his union family and friends, but distant enough to avoid being dragged into every union intrigue. He and Huerta have mostly lived apart in recent times, although she recently took him into her home when he was ill.

Chavez hopes the two will be reunited in the small hillside cottage, living out their days together. He concedes, though, that his sometime-partner has not shown much interest in this plan. "She wants to build this national union," says Chavez, a kind and quiet man of 69. "And she feels she is running out of time."

The old carpenter keeps at it--installing the dry wall in the cottage and raising rough wood beams. He adds a picture window and other touches he thinks Dolores will like. But he laughs a little at his efforts, realizing the woman warrior is not yet prepared to strip off her armor.

"I hope to spend a few hours with her before I fall over," he says, still smiling. "I've been waiting and waiting and waiting. I guess I will just keep on waiting."

GRAPHIC: PHOTO: (COVER: Dolores Huerta) PHOTO: Dolores Huerta at UFW headquarters in Keene, Calif. She and Cesar Chavez, lower right in the Jess Jose De Leon painting, founded the United Farm Workers of America. PHOTO: This page, Huerta with UFW President Arturo Rodriguez, center, in Salinas commemorating Chavez's birthday in April;... PHOTO: Opposite, Huerta and Assembly Speaker Antonio Villaraigosa, second from left, at L.A. ceremony honoring Chavez this year. PHOTOGRAPHER: Annie Wells / Los Angeles Times PHOTO: ...with daughter Alicia atop her shoulders, at 1966 farm workers meeting in Delano.

PHOTOGRAPHER: John A. Kouns

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HEADLINE: UFW CO-FOUNDER COMES OUT OF SHADOW;
LABOR: CESAR CHAVEZ'S STATURE LONG ECLIPSED DOLORES HUERTA'S WORK. SHE'S EMERGED
AS A LEADER AND ADVOCATE FOR WOMEN.

BYLINE: By LISA GENASCI, ASSOCIATED PRESS

DATELINE: NEW YORK

BODY:

In history, women's accomplishments are often forgotten or tucked behind those of their male colleagues.

*

That's how it has been for Dolores Huerta, co-founder with the late Cesar Chavez of the United Farm Workers of America.

Chavez, the union's charismatic president until his death in 1993, has been credited with organizing the union and its nationwide grape boycotts to win better pay and conditions for farm workers. But her admirers believe the credit should be shared with Huerta, the union's first vice president since its founding in 1962.

A small Mexican American woman with soft eyes but steely determination, Huerta at 65 still spends much of her time traveling, organizing migrant workers, negotiating contracts with growers and giving speeches. She averages about four hours of sleep a night and is often away from her Bakersfield home.

In her spare time, she has raised 11 children.

Before he died in 1993, Chavez described Huerta, the grandmother of 15, as "totally fearless, both mentally and physically."

One example of that courage: In 1988 Huerta was in San Francisco, handing out news releases on the UFW's longstanding grape boycott outside a hotel where President Bush was speaking. She was beaten by police and suffered a ruptured spleen and three broken ribs. The run-in with police and injuries didn't stop Huerta from fighting for her cause.

Eleanor Smeal, president of the advocacy group The Feminist Majority



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Los Angeles Times, May 11, 1995

Foundation and a longtime admirer of Huerta, described her as a "dedicated, inspired leader."

"She is the hardest working, most determined yet optimistic crusader for people I have met," Smeal said. "She thinks nothing of taking a red-eye flight from California to New York or elsewhere and then a red-eye on to somewhere else. She is tireless."

Said Karen Nussbaum, director of the Labor Department's Women's Bureau: "She was the most important woman labor leader in the 1970s. She led the picket lines, stared down the bosses, negotiated the contracts, sustained the beatings and carried on."

Former California Gov. Jerry Brown described her as "a fighter, dynamic, creative."

But he also described her as "embodying the spirit of Cesar Chavez," and there lies the rub.

"That's the history of the world. His story is told, hers isn't," Huerta said in a recent interview. "I feel that has to change and women are going to have to change it."

So Huerta in recent years has added to her union work an advocacy for women, with a focus on getting women elected to public office in California.

"At some point in my career in the union I realized that women were not being valued for what they were doing," Huerta said.

"Women have the ideas and men take the credit for them. It happens all the time."

*

Huerta was born in 1930 in Dawson, N.M., a small mining town. Her father was a miner and union activist. He was, she said, charismatic, intelligent, handsome and a chauvinist. Her mother was a cannery worker and cook, quiet, genteel and a hard worker.

When Huerta was 6 her parents divorced and her mother moved the children to Stockton, Calif., where she raised them alone, eventually saving enough money to buy a simple 70-room hotel.

Huerta and her siblings did much of the work. At the same time, however, her mother believed strongly in culture, buying the children symphony tickets and encouraging them to play musical instruments.

As a teen-ager, Huerta took dance lessons offered free under the Works Progress Administration -- tap, ballet, flamenco and regional Mexican dances. She believed for a long time she would dance professionally.

But reality set in, and at 20 she married Ralph Head, a manual laborer, had two children and held an array of clerical jobs. The marriage ended about the time she started work on a teaching degree, taking night courses at what was then Stockton College.



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She then married Ventura Huerta, with whom she had five children and whose name she took for her own. In Spanish, Dolores means "sorrow" and Huerta "orchard" -- appropriate names for a union organizer, she and Chavez later thought.

After completing her degree, Huerta took a job at a local grammar school, but said she soon realized teaching was not for her.

"I couldn't stand seeing kids come to class hungry and needing shoes," Huerta said. "I thought I could do more by organizing farm workers than by trying to teach their hungry children."

Partly, that realization came after meeting a community organizer, Fred Ross, who taught Huerta what he knew about union organizing.

She was deeply moved by the living conditions of the farm workers, who she said were treated almost as indentured servants by some growers.

"We would see their dirt floors, the wooden boxes for furniture," Huerta said. "They had no money for food and worked so hard."

Ross introduced Chavez to Huerta and after several attempts to organize the mostly Mexican farm workers for other unions, the two formed their own, the United Farm Workers.

Huerta and Chavez used community and public support to pressure growers to negotiate. Strikes and three nationwide grape boycotts eventually forced growers to sign contracts with the United Farm Workers.

In her division of labor with Chavez, Huerta did much of the negotiating, the legislative work, and organized the 1970 and 1975 grape boycotts. Chavez spent more time in the fields with workers.

Huerta successfully lobbied for state bills that removed citizenship requirements for public assistance and legislation that created disability and unemployment insurance for farm workers and aid for dependent children. Republican administrations in the 1980s, however, eroded some of the gains made the previous decade, she said.

Also in the 1980s, the union began fighting the increasing use of pesticides, after finding high rates of cancer and birth defects in migrant workers.

Meanwhile, Huerta raised her children, including four more with her current companion, Richard Chavez, Cesar's brother.

Between organizing meetings, Huerta changed diapers and nursed babies. The older children sometimes stayed with friends and supporters; they often ate donated food and coped with frequent moves.

"Although we weren't a traditional farm worker family whose livelihood depended on harvesting crops, we felt that way," said Emilio Huerta, 37, an attorney for the union. "As a labor organizer, my mother had to follow workers in their seasonal patterns, and we traveled around with her. . . . Sometimes we

Los Angeles Times, May 11, 1995

attended as many as three or four different schools in a year."

Emilio Huerta said that on the last day of fourth grade his mother picked him up from school and they moved to another town for the summer without taking anything, depending on donations of clothing once there.

"At certain times it was hard having a mom who always worked and wasn't your typical mother," said Maria Elena Chavez, a daughter and a performance artist who also works with the union. "As I get older it becomes easier to understand why those sacrifices were made."

The way the children were raised made them resourceful, and at the same time exposed them to a life most people won't experience, Chavez said.

"We have always known that we can overcome any obstacles with a lot of determination, time and sacrifice," she said.

And why did Huerta choose to bear 11 children?

"She wants to pass on life, have her children carry out what she stands for," Chavez said. "She's always reminding us what she stands for."

GRAPHIC: Photo, Dolores Huerta, center, with activist Howard Wallace and Maria Elena Chavez, daughter of the late Cesar Chavez, at 1988 San Francisco rally. Associated Press; Photo, Dolores Huerta speaks to students in Shafter, Calif. Farm workers union organizer, now 65, founded UFW with Cesar Chavez in 1962. Associated Press

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Yale Law Journal

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SECTION: Vol. 105, No. 3 Pg. 611-619; ISSN: 0044-0094; CODEN: WFLRDE**LENGTH:** 3812 words**HEADLINE:** "To feel the great forces": The times of **Burke Marshall****BYLINE:** Wald, Patricia M**BODY:**

Just about this time in October 1948, forty-seven years ago, a motley crew of legal neophytes, the class of 1951, gathered at Yale Law School to be "oriented" into the mystique of our profession. I use the word "motley" advisedly because we ran the gamut from combat-weary veterans of World War II--some, heroes at an early age--to innocent young things like myself whose longest journey to that time had been the bus ride from upstate Connecticut to New Haven. Temporarily buried in the mid-alphabet "M's" (I was Miss McGowan then), but still gender-prominent as one of ten women in the class, I was frankly terrified. All around me appeared articulate, worldly, sophisticated, omniscient classmates possessed of supreme confidence, noble bearing, vast knowledge about how the legal system worked and who were its chief prophets, which professors were allied with which causes, who graded hard and easy. Cosmopolitan upperclassmen like Charlie Wright, Mike Seymour, Bayless Manning, Frank Wosencraft, and Jay Topkis roamed the halls, effortlessly crossing and crisscrossing between the smoke-filled student lounge, professors' aeries, classrooms, and the Law Journal offices. Near despair, I noticed a slight and nervous young man seated near me in the M's. He appeared at least as cowed as I--his voice was low and tremulous; he spoke only when spoken to. As the term progressed and the terrible moments multiplied when one of us was called upon by Fleming James, the Darth Vader of Torts, or J.W. Moore, the Pontiff of Federal Procedure, this outsider became my secret support, my O'Henry painted leaf on the brick wall. As long as he did not fall from the tree, neither would I. What he did say in class was on point, focused, pithy, unembroidered by allusion or attempted wit. And he bore no trace of contact with the anointed circle of the wise and all-knowing. The facade, of course, was torn away at the end of the first semester when **Burke Marshall** was unmasked as a class leader, eventually a Law Journal officer and a sage and authoritative presence in the Law School. But by then he had already served his prime function for me--an illusory but necessary brake against a dreaded fall into the abyss below.

Fast-forward a decade. Washington-based Yale lawyers from the early '50s are busy with their law firms, their suburban school boards, their kids. The Marshalls--Burke and Violet and their three daughters--live a few blocks away in Chevy Chase from the rapidly multiplying Walds; we share pediatricians, the YLS Alumni Association, and some embryonic attempts to integrate the local public pool. Burke has established a reputation as an eminent antitrust expert. And then one day in early 1961 we pick up the Washington Post and with some astonishment see that our newly elected President, John F. Kennedy, has chosen **Burke Marshall** as head of the Civil Rights Division at

Justice.

Victor Navasky's account of the critical interview between Burke and **Robert Kennedy** in his book **Kennedy Justice**--however accurate--sounds plausible. Describing the successful young Covington partner as "reticent" and "frail-looking," he recounts that Marshall at the end assumed he would be offered the Antitrust spot, if indeed he were offered anything at all. The interview was reportedly a disaster--neither man said a word for ten minutes, after which Burke told his wife, "I blew it," and Kennedy confided to an associate, "I have nothing in common with that man." (1)

But, according to then-Deputy Attorney General Byron White, Burke was exactly what the new administration wanted, not "a committed civil rights activist ... set on using law as a social instrument." Instead, "We thought it would be more interesting to get a first-class lawyer who would do the job in a technically proficient way that would be defensible in court--that Southerners would not think of as a vendetta, but as an even-handed application of the law." (2)

The Senate quickly confirmed Burke, after making sure that he had no affiliation whatsoever with the NAACP or any other civil rights organizations (though they fretted a bit about a contribution to the ACLU). He freely admitted under somewhat anemic questioning that he had no experience in the civil rights field and no plans or agenda to carry forward into his new job. He described his future duties like this: "We will present a case when we think a case is justified, and the court will either decide it for or against the Government. If it decides for the Government, it will order relief." (3) Over and out. He had thirty-one lawyers at his disposal.

That, of course, was not the way things were destined to work out between 1961 and 1965--five pivotal years for the civil rights movement, convulsive ones for the nation; years in which **Burke Marshall** stood tall in the vanguard of the country's long overdue push to make the right to vote real for black Americans. No chronicle of those tumultuous times--Richard Reeves's *President Kennedy*, (4) Taylor Branch's *Parting the Waters*, (5) Navasky's *Kennedy Justice*, (6) Jack Bass's *Taming the Storm*, (7) PBS's award-winning *Eyes on the Prize* (8)--fails to document his central role in planning the strategies; negotiating with the players, Martin Luther King, Governors Barnett and Wallace; arguing the appeals before Frank Johnson, Minor Wisdom, and the other "unlikely heroes" (9) on the Fifth Circuit bench (not a one of whom would be a sure bet for confirmation--or even nomination--today); and parsing the constitutional basis for the Civil Rights Act of 1964. He had alongside, it is true, a magnificent DOJ team--Byron White, John Douglas, Louis Oberdorfer, John Nolan, John Siegenthaler, John Doar, Steve Pollak, not everyone from Yale, but most--under the direction of Attorney General **Robert Kennedy**, a man who, in the words of columnist Joe Kraft, "got everybody to play above their heads." (10) But, on the other hand, it is easy to forget, in Doar's words, the "really incredible lack of experience all of us had, from the Attorney General on down." (11)

It must be difficult for those of you not of our generation to understand or appreciate the savagery, the intensity of the opposition in the early '60s to according blacks the right to vote, a right formally accorded them by the Fourteenth Amendment nearly a century before. With **Robert Kennedy's** pronouncement that the Justice Department would enforce basic suffrage, a hellish defiance broke loose. Southern registrars routinely rejected black applicants for failing literacy tests, failing to fill out complex forms correctly, failing to pay poll taxes. It often took months to notify an applicant if he or she had passed the voting test; registration offices were closed except for a few days a month; the names of all newly registered voters were published so as to expose them to private vigilantism, harassment, and intimidation; prospective voters were required to "interpret" arcane tax provisions in the state or U.S. constitutions.

For civil rights leaders, fuming under such treatment, the time had come to stand and fight. In rapid succession came the Freedom Riders, buses full of white and black riders traversing state borders to defy the segregated canons of the deep South, the violence-ridden integration of the University of Mississippi by James Meredith, the Birmingham sit-ins and boycott of segregating merchants, the bombing deaths of little black girls at a Birmingham Sunday School, the March on Selma with Bull Connor's police dogs and firehoses loosed on demonstrators, and finally the "I Have a Dream" March on Washington. These events had little to do with tidily filed civil rights complaints entered onto

federal court dockets for the wise disposition of thoughtful and diligent judges. These were blood-and-guts battles for human bodies and souls. In a 1983 retrospective, the New Republic commented about those years:

It is hard to remember, but the role of the Department of Justice as an activist participant in the affairs of government began with **Robert F. Kennedy**. No longer just the office of the "President's lawyer," the Department under RFK became a place where active justice could be furthered, the rights of Americans vindicated, and the priorities of social policy tested and then reenforced.(12)

According to Navasky, the speculation was that Burke was originally picked by **Robert Kennedy** for his "quiet style, his caution and precision that won (Kennedy's) respect and total confidence in his judgment."(13) But, Navasky points out, the irony was that Burke

spent the bulk of his time and made his greatest contribution in a distinctly extra-legal capacity. For Marshall was the field general, the executive officer of the extraordinary Kennedy corps of problem-solvers, the free-lance pragmatists who were dispatched across the land on ad hoc assignments. Technical lawyering turned out to be only a small part of the job.(14)

And, as it turned out, his decisions were not universally hailed. Burke was, we are told, the "conservative voice" in the administration ranks, raising states' rights and the tolerable contours of federalism as a legitimate concern in decisions whether and when to send in the troops, to federalize the National Guard, to move in court for contempt against intransigent Southern governors. He worried--some thought unduly--about the long-run implications of the federal government taking over local law responsibility. He pointed out repeatedly, "They (the locals) are going to be there when we leave." Yet he was in the middle of the decisionmaking process when 400 deputy marshals were dispatched to Montgomery to protect the Freedom Riders; when backup troops were mobilized for the integration of Ole Miss; and when a critical decision was made not to use police dogs as crowd control devices for the March on Washington. Still it was not enough for some civil rights activists, and eventually the stakes escalated for Burke, too. After the small children were bombed at their Sunday School, President Kennedy, with Burke's counsel, began the historic process that led to the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Burke was close by when the President drew his famous line in the sand:

If an American, because his skin is dark, cannot eat lunch in a restaurant open to the public, if he cannot send his children to the best public school available, if he cannot vote for the public officials who represent him, if, in short, he cannot enjoy the full and free life which all of us want, then who among us would be content to have the color of his skin changed and stand in his place. Who among us would then be content with the counsels of patience or delay.(15)

Only a month earlier, when the President had called the Alabama National Guard into federal service in response to the Birmingham bombings, Burke had reportedly commented, "He's gambling his presidency on this one."(16) The roulette wheel continued to spin.

One account of Burke's activities during this period is particularly illustrative--his negotiations to end the boycott by local black citizens of the white-owned segregated businesses in Birmingham:

There had been lunch-counter sit-ins, followed by protest marches, followed by Easter Sunday kneel-ins. There had been court injunctions, police dogs, cattle prods and the arrest of Martin Luther King, Jr., and thousands of other forms of harassment. By the time **Burke Marshall** arrived, thousands of Negroes were in the streets (over half of them children).

Marshall arrived and his technique was appropriate. He talked and talked and talked and talked. He reminded the whites of the minimal demands of the blacks--the right to have a cup of coffee, the right to token jobs, amnesty for the demonstrators. He warned King against trying to provoke outside troops, arguing that the solution had to come from within. And he: warned local business leaders that failure to arrive at a solution was, among other things, bad for business.

... "I don't know what would have happened if it hadn't been for Burke," says one who was on the scene. "King would have been killed and we would have had either a civil war or hundreds of thousands of troops down here. That could have happened."(17)

In 1965, after he had served briefly under President Lyndon Johnson and Attorney General Nick Katzenbach, Burke left the Civil Rights Division, which would be led successively by two other Yalies, John Douglas and Steve Pollak, and still later in President Carter's administration by Drew Days--the Yale line of succession (in Democratic administrations) broken only by the controversial withdrawal of Lani Guinier's nomination in 1993. Thirty years later, Burke told a seminar reflecting on the accomplishments and significance of that tumultuous period:

When I came to the Civil Rights Division and when I worked with some of you, our mission was clear. It makes things easy if you have a very clear mission. Our mission was clearly to dismantle the system (of voting discrimination) that Judge Wisdom described in his Louisiana decision.... What we came to do, in the years that I was there, went far beyond that because we got deeply involved in what Judge Wisdom called the job of "making Brown sink in."

Now it seems to me that the Civil Rights Division has to redefine its mission because its mission is diffused by the diversity of interests and diversity of problems that it has to deal with

... (There) are people that are untouched by all the statutes that the Civil Rights Division has at its disposal to try to deal with racial problems of this country. They are the people in the inner cities that are growing up without educational hope; without economic hope; without law hope, just in terms of crime and crime abatement; without any escape so that it appears to go on generation after generation. There are millions of Americans who are identified both by economic class and by race and are left out and left behind.(18)

After leaving the Civil Rights Division, Burke went to IBM for several years as a corporate executive. But even in those years he never really left the public service. He joined issue on a wider battleground. He became the chair of the board of the newly created Vera Institute of Justice, a private organization devoted to working with local governments on the most intractable problems of our violence-ridden cities, including policing, court administration, corrections, and low-cost housing. Herb Sturz, who helped found Vera and was for almost two decades its Executive Director writes:

No one I can think of could have brought Vera more credibility. Whenever Burke's name was mentioned there was instant respect.... The benefit of every doubt went Vera's way. Vera was the happy beneficiary of Burke's caring, wisdom and innate decency.

Burke, by force of example, makes people around him behave better than they otherwise might.(19)

During his double-decade tenure as chair of Vera from 1965 to 1986, Burke accomplished small miracles. Starting with a few dedicated staffers and a couple of donated rooms in a walk-up off Sixth Avenue (Dan Freed and I were among those early workers), the Institute pioneered the first bail reform project in the country, releasing nondangerous pretrial defendants with community ties who could not afford bail bonds. Within a few years there were sixty projects across the country replicating the Manhattan Bail Project. In 1966, when President Johnson signed the Bail Reform Act, he personally credited Vera's work as its source. There were other successes: diversion programs with treatment for narcotics addicts; the Bowery Project offering medical and counseling services as an alternative to the streets for 20,000 homeless alcoholics; community-policing programs that previewed national initiatives two decades later; a flagship Victim Service program for protecting and counseling victims of urban crime; community-service sentencing experiments; and low-cost housing projects.

Since its beginnings in the 1960s, Vera has spawned ten nonprofit private reform organizations, and now has a staff of 235. Burke stepped down from the chair several years ago, but remains an active board member and has recently accepted the chair of its latest spinoff, the Center for Employment

Opportunities. The Center provides job training and employment to 1200 prisoners coming off of parole and out of prison onto the streets of New York City every year. Like Burke--spare, low-profile, and infinitely flexible--Vera has endured and contributed for thirty-five years to making the governmental systems that so vitally affect ordinary people's lives "play above their heads."

When Burke left the Civil Rights Division there were infinite battles unfinished or not yet joined. When he left Vera's chair, the tangible and important projects he had snaked through the Byzantine labyrinths of city bureaucracies had still not stemmed the tides of poverty, immigration, racism, and crime that overwhelm our cities. But he left a lasting mark on both terrains. Someone said about him: He had a "genius at getting adversaries to translate lofty slogans into five- or six-point demands which could be mediated, arbitrated, negotiated." (20)

In the 1970s, Burke returned to Yale Law School. With typical understatement, he had been approached as a candidate for Dean, declined, and came on as a Deputy Dean, stayed a simple professor (if there is such a thing at YLS). In Joe Goldstein's words (who came to New Haven with Burke as a law student from the same U.S. Army service in Japan, and has remained his lifelong friend), Burke brought to Yale an "integrity," an "authenticity" that over the years has made him a "rock and a magnet" to the Yale students. (21) YLS students saw in their midst not merely someone who made history but someone who worried about it afterwards, and was still striving for honorable principles to draw on in those terrible moments of crisis that endlessly characterize public life. Burke hasn't sought the limelight and his modesty has never dimmed. As one of his colleagues reports, students in or out of his classes know his door is open and they freely knock.

And quite predictably he still struggles with the future of our public law and the tenets that drive our government servants. In the post-Watergate era, he wrote about the problem of "compelling obedience by public lawyers to the rule of law"; (22) he underscored with a mea culpa, his own knowledge in the '60s of dubious searches and wiretappings, asking: "If it is not up to public lawyers--and perhaps to the legal profession as a whole--to implement such rules through their advice and their representation of clients, then on what segment of society, or what other distinguishable group, does that burden fall?" (23) He continued to meditate on the proper boundaries of federalism, and to voice opposition to post-Watergate proposals to limit the Department of Justice's function to law enforcement and to divorce it from policymaking: "The core of the Department's work, (he said,) in all its Divisions, is... deeply and inextricably interwoven with the policy decisions and directions of the President and his administration." (24) Watching the Department's role over the years, I think Burke had it right.

When you are into middle age--and beyond--it often seems as though you and those who have been important to you have lived many lives, been many different people at different times, some no longer recognizable or even remembered with clarity. It is audacious for most of us to hope that even one of our lives will leave its mark on the history of our times. If it happens, we are profoundly grateful to fate even if the mark is known only to ourselves or an intimate few. (Washington and the political life of America is full of single-performance actors soon forgotten.) And when the blazing opportunities come early in life, it is the emblem of true merit to fashion a fine, steady, contributory after-life. That is the feat that **Burke Marshall** has accomplished so admirably in his decades at Vera and here at Yale--with, we all hope, more to come. He has, in Holmes's words, rendered

the best service that we can do for our country and for ourselves: To see so far as one may, and to feel, the great forces that are behind every detail... to hammer out as compact and solid (a) piece of work as one can, to try to make it first rate, and to leave it unadvertised. (25)

That is why it is such a privilege for me, his nervous and naive classmate of old, to share the honor of presenting Yale Law School's Medal of Merit to him today.

* Judge, U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia Circuit. This Tribute and the two that follow it are based on remarks given at the presentation of the Law School's Medal of Merit to **Burke Marshall** on Oct. 7, 1995.

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considered the height of bad taste. Manna decided to release the album in spite of the risk. "I refused to think negatively," Manna has explained. "I'm not a flag-waver but I had tremendous faith in our space program, and I felt that if Shepard could take a chance so could I."

An instantaneous success, the Manna album was imitated by the astronauts themselves at the Cape. Seconds before Alan Shepard entered his capsule his doctor handed him a box of crayons. According to Shepard, "This was a real tension breaker." After his successful flight Shepard was greeted by astronaut John Glenn at Grand Bahama Island with another box of crayons.

As a result of *Manna Overboard!* Manna's reputation was enhanced. Stories about him in magazines and newspapers often quoted his jokes and routines. He was called upon to write a number of articles, including one for the New York Mirror magazine (July 8, 1962) and another for *Variety* (January 10, 1962). In the former he analyzed the difficulties involved in trying to specify those conditions that make a joke or routine funny.

In the more serious and pessimistic *Variety* article Manna examined the status of comedy in contemporary society and found it to be in a precarious position. Through television, Manna maintained, the public has become aware of the subtleties of comedy and has grown more sophisticated and knowing. "The American people want to laugh as much as they ever did but they cannot be caught off-guard as easily," Manna wrote. "Therefore, a new comedian is confronted with the greatest challenge in the history of show business. New ideas become the criteria and craftsmanship takes a back seat." Manna also pointed out that whereas fifty years ago an aspiring comedian could serve an apprenticeship in vaudeville, today, television insists on no experimentation and big names. In another article for *Variety* (February 12, 1964) Manna compared the relationship between performer and audience to a battlefield, as evidenced by such words and phrases in the language of comedians as "bombs," "fractures," "pulverizes," "laying in the aisles."

His second record, *Manna Alivel*, released by Decca in 1962, duplicated the popularity of the first. Although he once had written all of his own material, Manna was now forced by the pressures of success to seek the help of other writers who have remained true to his style. Perhaps the most unusual tribute to his prestige as an entertainer came in September 1962, when he was featured for over a month in the nationally syndicated comic strip, *On Stage*. Marking the first time that an actual living person appeared under his own name in this comic strip, the cartoonist Len Starr of the Chicago Tribune Syndicate portrayed Manna in his everyday world of stage, television, and theater. *On Stage* was designated Best Comic Strip of the Year by the American Society of Cartoonists. It is distributed daily to some 230 newspapers with a combined readership of 22,000,000.

Charlie Manna is five feet nine inches tall, weighs 160 pounds, and has brown eyes and dark brown hair. In his spare time he enjoys swimming, tennis, and writing. On September 15, 1943 he married Florence Post, and the couple has two children, Meredith and Charles. Mrs.

Manna occasionally collaborates with her husband in writing his material, and she recently proved to be something of a comedienne herself in an article she wrote for *Variety* (January 9, 1963) entitled "My Husband (the Comedian): The Li'l Woman's Travail of Being an Ex-Officio Gag-taster to a Comic." The article was a tongue-in-cheek lament in which she compared the lot of a comedian's wife to that of a food-taster at a medieval court. Despite his flippant attitude, Manna takes his work seriously, and he wrote in his *Variety* article (January 10, 1962): "Comedy is a subject that everyone feels he can discuss with authority. Yet comedy is the most complex of all the arts, and certainly the most elusive."

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Obituary

N Y Times p47 D 9 '64

MARSHALL, BURKE Oct. 1, 1922- Business executive; former United States government employee; lawyer
Address: b. International Business Machines Corp., Armonk, N.Y. 10504

Perhaps no period in the history of the civil rights struggle in the United States has been more momentous than the years from 1961 through 1964, when Burke Marshall, now vice-president and general counsel of the International Business Machines Corporation, was Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's civil rights division. In that position he directed the federal government's action against voting discrimination and served as a troubleshooter in racial disturbances in Mississippi, Alabama, and other parts of the South. An expert in antitrust law, he had for ten years earlier been a member of the Washington firm of Covington & Burling. In his work in helping to draft the civil rights act he made one of his most important contributions in the Department of Justice.

With the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 federal responsibility in civil rights shifted from the Department of Justice to a broad government base involving several agencies and departments. Marshall resigned as Assistant Attorney General in December 1964 and accepted an appointment as assistant to Vice-President-elect Hubert H. Humphrey in planning the coordination of policies and programs to give federal agencies "a unity of direction and purpose" in the civil rights effort.



BURKE MARSHALL

Burke Marshall was born in Plainfield, New Jersey on October 1, 1922 to Henry Place and Dorothy Louise (Burke) Marshall. He attended Phillips Exeter Academy in Exeter, New Hampshire, and after his graduation in 1940 he entered Yale University, from which he obtained his B.A. degree in 1943. Joining the Army, he studied Japanese and served during World War II in the Intelligence Corps as a Japanese language expert with the rank of first lieutenant. After the war he was stationed in Tokyo as chief message analyst with the War Department. He also taught English in Tokyo. Having returned home, in 1948 he took a job as clerk-typist for the city of Plainfield and then enrolled in Yale to work for his LL.B. degree.

In 1951 Marshall graduated from Yale Law School and was admitted to the District of Columbia bar. He joined the Washington firm of Covington & Burling, of which Dean Acheson is now a member, and became a specialist in antitrust litigation. Soon after the Democrats, under President John F. Kennedy, came to power in 1961, Marshall was selected as one of the Administration's New Frontiersmen. His reputation as an extraordinarily competent and coolheaded lawyer caught the attention of Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy, at whose recommendation he was appointed on February 2, 1961 to the post of Assistant Attorney General in charge of the civil rights division of the Justice Department. Marshall had had no experience in the field of civil rights, but he was neither uninformed nor uninterested, and he had taught at one time at Howard University Law School, a predominantly Negro school. He is a Democrat, but had not been active in politics.

During the Senate hearings on Marshall's nomination as Assistant Attorney General, Mississippi Senator James O. Eastland made a charge of possible sectionalism—of bias against the South in regard to voting discrimination. Marshall answered with characteristic logic by saying that, as far as he knew, voting discrimi-

nation was not practised in other areas. Acknowledging that it may develop elsewhere, however, he asserted that he intended to investigate such charges wherever they arose. "I will act on any evidence coming from any section," he told the Senate committee. He was congratulated at the end of the hearing by Senator Kenneth B. Keating, New York Republican, on his calm manner and firm answers. "You seem to me," the Senator said, "to be a man who is not easily intimidated." The Senate confirmed Marshall's appointment on March 28.

Burke Marshall's approach to the problem of equal rights for all citizens stresses the need for law and law enforcement. He does not share the opinion that the change must first come about in the hearts of men. "Acceptance of what the law requires is the beginning of change," he has said, as quoted in the *St Louis Post Dispatch* (May 19, 1963). "And knowledge that the law is going to be enforced is vital. Implying that it will not be enforced until there is some other social change has an adverse effect on the situation." He sees improvement in race relations as a change in social custom that is taking place within the framework of the law: "The law has to lead the people sometimes."

By the end of 1961 Marshall's office had filed suit in fifteen cases of voting discrimination, compared with ten such cases previously handled since the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1957. In less than three years he had acquired a file of specific cases, in litigation and under investigation, two inches thick, compared to two pages left by the Eisenhower Administration. In many places where racial violence broke out or Negroes were denied their rights under law, Marshall was present with quietly made appeals to reason and justice, or he was keeping a twenty-four-hour watch in Washington. He spent much of his time flying between the capital and the cities of the South or conferring with the Attorney General, who came to regard him as the man most responsible for the civil rights progress achieved by the Justice Department.

Delaying tactics and strong-arm methods kept Negro registration to a minimum in some Southern areas, and harassment and intimidation often prevented those who did register from exercising their franchise. Negro leaders were at first inclined to regard voting as secondary to such matters as employment, housing, and schools; but Marshall maintained that political rights would open up the way for all others. His opinion was borne out in progress evident in Atlanta, Georgia after the Negro vote had been substantially increased. "When officials need votes," Marshall believes, "they will change." A second reason for the emphasis on Negro voting rights was that the idea does not meet with the bitterness and violent opposition that other issues have engendered. The passage through Congress of two civil rights bills (1957 and 1960), each concerned with the vote, is evidence of its greater acceptability to Southerners and their Congressmen.

Among the decisive battles in the fight for civil rights that engaged the attention of Marshall as Assistant Attorney General were those concerning the Freedom Rides in 1961 and the

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integration of the University of Mississippi in 1962. The race riots in Birmingham, Alabama in the fall of 1963 made particularly heavy demands upon his skill in handling civil rights disputes. While Negro demonstrations grew in violence, and terror spread through the city, Marshall succeeded in persuading the Negro leaders to draw up a list of specific grievances. He then persuaded the city officials to meet with the Negroes and try to reach some kind of understanding and agreement. The talks began with bristling hostility on both sides but gradually grew more amicable and for some participants ended on a first-name basis. One of the negotiators said of the meetings as the groups neared an agreement, "It was like an orchestra tuning up. Burke was not leading it. He was kind of like the drums, the rhythm section. He kept up the beat and kept things going."

When the demonstrations were called off and a limited desegregation was agreed upon, Marshall disclaimed any credit. He maintained that the trouble arose because there was no communication between the white and Negro communities, that when communication was established, an agreement was reached. Paradoxically, Marshall's actions in Birmingham and in other areas were so effective that they were used as arguments against the passage of the 1964 civil rights bill. Opponents of the bill maintained that since Marshall had accomplished so much in quelling riots, obtaining desegregation of bus and rail facilities, and enrolling Negro students in Southern colleges and universities, there was no need for the bill. Marshall pointed out that his action had not succeeded in all areas, and he argued that in places with high racial tensions voluntary action was impossible.

Burke Marshall played an important role in ensuring the constitutional grounding of the Kennedy civil rights bill, the strongest to be submitted since President Ulysses S. Grant's in 1875. While it was in preparation he agreed with the Administration that the bill, especially those parts banning discrimination in public facilities, should be based on the commerce clause of the Constitution, which deals with the regulation of interstate trade. Opponents argued that it would be best grounded on the 14th Amendment, which provides that states cannot make laws that infringe on the rights of any of its citizens. They argued that the issue was a moral one and should be grounded on the moral aspects of the Constitutional amendment. This controversy was finally resolved by the decision to base the civil rights bill on both the commerce clause and the 14th Amendment, with the heavier emphasis on the former.

Enactment of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which President Lyndon B. Johnson signed into law on July 4, did not end the Justice Department's struggle, but rather increased the department's responsibility and marked the beginning of what seemed at first the monumental task of enforcing the hard-won law. Massive resistance to it was expected from many quarters. To strengthen the force of the civil rights division for its new tasks, President Johnson asked Congress for an appropriation to assign the division fifty more lawyers.

In November 1964, after the civil rights bill had been in effect for five months, Burke Marshall called the bill "an overwhelming success." The most controversial point, the public accommodations section, met with "massive compliance." "It has worked," the civil rights chief said. "There is not a major city in the United States where there is not substantial compliance with this provision of law. Many business organizations and many public officials—including leading Senators from Southern states who vehemently opposed passage of the bill—have called for compliance and acceptance, and it has come."

Certain provisions of the new law, especially those involving fair employment and nondiscriminatory use of federal funds, extended responsibility to several government agencies besides the Justice Department. In December 1964 President Johnson appointed Vice-President-elect Hubert H. Humphrey as co-ordinator of over-all federal policy and activity in the field of civil rights, and Burke Marshall was chosen to serve as Humphrey's counselor. In resigning as Assistant Attorney General on December 18, Marshall explained, "It would not be wise for the same person to hold my position for more than one Presidential term. . . . The position needs a fresh look, a new mind, and a freedom from the encumbrances of past conflict." He described the frustrations of fighting disfranchisement and "the double standard" of justice in the deep South in his book *Federalism and Civil Rights* (Columbia Univ. Press, 1965).

On January 15, 1965 Marshall returned to the law firm of Covington & Burling. In February 1965 he rejected an offer from Yale University, which wanted him as dean of the Yale Law School. The International Business Machines Corporation announced Marshall's election as vice-president and general counsel of IBM on June 2, 1965.

During World War II Burke Marshall met Violet Person, a civilian employee of Army Intelligence who, like him, was an expert in the Japanese language. They were married in Tokyo on June 20, 1946, and they have three daughters, Josephine Holcomb, Catherine Cox, and Jane Montgomery. Marshall is a slim man with thick dark hair. His laconic and undramatic manner is sometimes mistaken for shyness. A former law colleague once described him as quite the opposite of shy and attributed his quietness to an inner assurance that enables him to be silent when he has nothing to say. He shows little inclination for the Washington social whirl. In September 1961 he resigned from his club, the Metropolitan, because of its discriminatory practices. The Marshalls play bridge and are sailing enthusiasts, and they enjoy an occasional holiday at their fifty-five-acre farm near Berkley Springs, West Virginia.

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HEADLINE: SOUTH AFRICA JOB CODE IS FRUIT OF ONE MAN'S BATTLE AGAINST BIAS

BYLINE: By LINDSEY GRUSON, Special to the New York Times

DATELINE: PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 8

BODY:

While the Rev. Leon Sullivan was leaving South Africa after an overnight visit 10 years ago, security officials manhandled him, held him in a small room, forced him to undress for a search and tore through his luggage.

It was as if Mr. Sullivan, the leader of one of the largest Baptist congregations here, was being stripped of his social rank and returned to the segregation of Charleston, W.Va., where he grew up, he said in an interview last week.

That was where he saved pennies for his first Coca-Cola, he recalled, only to be thrown out of the soda shop on the long-awaited day by a man shouting, "Boy, get up, you can't sit there, you're black."

"I decided right there and then I would stand on my feet against that type of thing," he said.

When he boarded his plane in South Africa after the incident with the security officials, Mr. Sullivan, a veteran of the American civil rights struggles, recalled his childhood pledge and decided to fight South Africa's policy of racial separation, this time from within the corporate power structure.

Code for American Businesses

Mr. Sullivan wrote an employment code for American businesses active in South Africa that has come to the forefront of the political debate in the United States over how to respond to South Africa's racial policies.

President Reagan is expected to announce on Monday that he will carry out by executive order many of the features of a bill in Congress imposing economic sanctions on the South African Government. Among Mr. Reagan's expected proposals is a requirement that American corporations doing business in South Africa sign Mr. Sullivan's code, including recent revisions that have strengthened it.

Under the code, which has become known as the Sullivan Principles, corporations may not discriminate by race, must train blacks for supervisory



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positions and work to better their black employees' health and living standards. A recent revision also requires them to press for broad changes in South African society, including the repeal of all laws requiring racial separation.

About 150 of the 350 American companies doing business in South Africa have signed the code, and it is winning converts as it evolves. In the wake of violence in South Africa and growing calls for institutions to divest themselves of stock of companies doing business there, 45 companies have signed it in the last nine months.

Many companies have said they signed the code because they agreed with its aims, while others acknowledge it has become a domestic political necessity.

Criticism of Principles

But the principles have come under fire from both sides of the political spectrum.

The code, and the order expected to be announced by Mr. Reagan, are a step short of the sweeping economic sanctions sought by many activists against South Africa. They charge that American corporations doing business there are "partners in apartheid" and should be forced to withdraw. The legislation, they insist, is irrelevant and will be ineffective.

They charge the Sullivan Principles are a smoke-screen, allowing corporate signatories to say they are fighting racism while reaping profits in a system of institutionalized racism.

"They use it to divert the debate," said Timothy H. Smith, executive director of the Interfaith Center on Corporate Responsibility, a leading divestment group. "It disguises that they strengthen apartheid. How the companies treat a few black employees is not the issue. The real issue is that they're partners in apartheid."

But even the critics acknowledge that the legislation is a symbolic gesture illustrating the growing pressure for the United States to combat South Africa's policies. As such, they say, it marks a profound awakening of American repugnance toward the white minority Government in Pretoria.

Meddling in South African Affairs

On the other side of the debate, many corporations and conservatives who favor quiet diplomacy with South Africa say the code is an unwarranted intrusion into the companies' private business affairs. It requires an unacceptable meddling in the internal affairs of a sovereign state and will only promote South African intransigence, they say.

"We don't feel it's the role of Newmont Mining to lobby," said James Hill, a spokesman for the company, which owns a minority share of three South African mines. "We have our own code. We don't need to turn to a third party for another set of principles."

Mr. Sullivan wrote his code in 1975 and did not get his first signatures until 1978.

The New York Times, September 9, 1985

Corporations at first refused to sign and Mr. Sullivan was widely derided as a nettlesome gadfly, an irksome holdover from the civil rights movement.

"I got piles of letters telling me to mind my own business," he said in a recent interview. "But it became an obsession. I had to see how far I could go. I kept thinking maybe a ripple could become a wave and a wave could become a tide that would change a country."

'Moving a Big Rock'

"My aim is not to keep American companies there," Mr. Sullivan said. "They can leave. But the companies must become part of the fiber of the liberation movement. If you can use the American companies, like a crowbar, to move a great big rock, you have to."

The approximately 350 American companies operating in South Africa have a total direct investment of \$2.8 billion. Combined with bank loans and an estimated \$8 billion of American-owned shares in South African companies, the United States investment in South Africa is an estimated \$15 billion, according to groups favoring divestment.

In addition, the United States was South Africa's largest trading partner in 1983, the last full year for which figures are available.

Mr. Sullivan acknowledged that his principles have had little impact on the lives of most South African blacks and that the pace of change in South Africa has been slow. He also acknowledged that many signators do not fulfill all of the code's provisions.

"It's not a solution," he said. "It's a part of a process to bring about fundamental change. When I started with the idea, I thought I'd build. I thought the more I got companies on my wagon, the further I'd push my wagon. I thought I could move them in a direction they, maybe, didn't know they were going."

Code Has Been Strengthened

That has led Mr. Sullivan to repeatedly strengthen the code. While the principles originally required its signers to improve the life of their employees, it now mandates that they also work to overturn South Africa's racial policies.

Nonetheless, Mr. Sullivan acknowledged that the mounting cycle of repression and violence may require stronger action to pressure the white regime. He has called for a complete economic embargo against South Africa unless it dismantles its system of apartheid by June 1987.

"I don't know if we have two years," he said. "Time is running out. But these little principles have done more than the U.N. and all the other nations. It's making a difference. Besides, the pragmatic use of economic force is a tradition in my life."

This pattern was evident by the time he was a teen-ager, writing protest poetry and demonstrating against segregation. After being thrown out of the soda shop, for instance, Mr. Sullivan went back every Saturday until he was served. Then, having memorized a section of the Constitution, he integrated a nearby



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The New York Times, September 9, 1985

hamburger stand, which would only serve blacks through a side window.

"I kept going in there and they kept pushing me out," he recalled. "One day when they were pushing me out I stood up and recited the Preamble. The people stood up and applauded. The owner came up and said, 'Young man, anyone who can recite the Preamble can have a hamburger.'"

It was essentially the same tactic he used in winning national attention as the organizer of a 1959 boycott of Philadelphia companies that discriminated against blacks. When the boycott ended four years later, Mr. Sullivan concluded he had won a Pyrrhic victory.

"We found we were getting jobs in abundance," he said. "But we didn't have the training. So the companies were getting off the hook. I learned that integration without preparation is frustration."

Focus on Job Training

After the boycott, Mr. Sullivan started the Opportunities Industrialization Center, a job training program, in an abandoned jail in the poorest section of Philadelphia. The program now has centers in 100 cities across the country and in eight African countries.

Mr. Sullivan, who stands 6 feet 5 inches, went to West Virginia State College on a basketball and football scholarship. Although he badly injured his knee, he kept playing so he would not forfeit his stipend.

After graduating in 1943, he went to New York to earn a master's degree at the Union Theological Seminary.

Several years later he came to Philadelphia as pastor of the Zion Baptist Church. He planned to stay a few years before moving back to New York, but he settled into the community and became, as he likes to call himself, "a Christian soldier who labors in the field of urban battle."

That brought him to the attention of James M. Roche, chairman of the board of the General Motors Corporation. He called Mr. Sullivan in 1970 and asked him to meet him in New York. Mr. Sullivan declined, saying he was too busy. But he would see Mr. Roche if he came to Philadelphia.

Mr. Roche came and invited Mr. Sullivan to join the company's board, a position Mr. Sullivan accepted.

Opposed G.M. Investments

As a board member Mr. Sullivan said he took pains to inform other members of his opposition to the company's investments in South Africa. Nonetheless, when he spoke in favor of a shareholders resolution demanding that the company leave South Africa, it was a shock. It was the first time in memory that a director had publicly dissented from management's expressed views.

The resolution was voted down by 98.71 percent of the shareholders, and Mr. Sullivan, though remaining on the board, devoted himself to running his church and job training centers.

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The New York Times, September 9, 1985

Mr. Sullivan said he believes that until African countries have enough trained people to run their economies, they will never be truly liberated, even though they administer their governments.

During the trip, he had to stop over in South Africa. His arrival was widely announced. Throughout the night, South Africans came to his hotel room and, he said, asked him to work to make American companies a force for change. So he returned and wrote the code.

"I'm looking beyond the end of political apartheid," he said. "Then you'll have people without skills. I'm one of the few people who still believes there's a chance for peaceful change."

GRAPHIC: photo of Rev. Leon Sullivan (NYT/Fred R. Conrad)

LANGUAGE: ENGLISH



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