



## Biographical Sketch – Part I Alice Leuchtag

### BIO:

**Alice Leuchtag** *nee* Kesner was born in Los Angeles and educated at UCLA (BA, Sociology) and California State University, San Diego (MA, Sociology). Alice Kesner won a Massachusetts statewide contest for high-school students, “I Speak for Democracy,” and was first chair at the UCLA chess club.

**Alice Leuchtag has been employed** as a waitress, telephone operator, migrant farm worker, journalist, cab driver, social worker, community education specialist, college instructor, community outreach organizer and epidemiological researcher. As Community Education Specialist for the Indianapolis Human Rights Commission, Alice proposed a citywide desegregation plan for Indianapolis public schools. As a community outreach organizer for the New York Diabetes Association, Alice set up an “It’s Up to You” program for senior citizens. As a researcher at Shriner Burns Institute in Galveston, she investigated the antecedents of children’s burn injuries.

**An activist** as a UCLA undergraduate, Alice helped organize the Green Feather campaign on campus to defend academic freedom in the face of McCarthyism. She and her husband, Richard, marched and demonstrated for peace during the Cuban Missile Crisis (1962); the Vietnam War (1960s), including a march on the Pentagon; and against the war on Iraq (2003). In 1969 she wrote a position paper for the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee. In Houston she co-founded a group, Women against Global Trafficking, to raise awareness of the global trafficking of women and girls. In 1991 she was elected president of the Humanists Involved in Greater Houston (now, Humanists of Houston). In Kerrville, she helped organize the Hill Country Peace Movement.

**She is a member** of American Association of University Women, the American Civil Liberties Union, a charter member of the National Women’s History Museum, and a supporter of the Coalition against Trafficking in Women, the Friends Committee on National Legislation, the National Organization of Women, Peace Action and other feminist, labor and peace organizations.

**She gave yearly talks** or coordinated programs commemorating International Women’s Day and Women’s History Month at the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship of Kerrville. She gave invited talks at the national convention of the American Humanist Association, the Houston Women’s Group, the Houston Peace Forum and an invited talk on humanism and feminism in Pushchino, Russia. She organized a workshop at an international convention of the Women’s International League for Peace and Freedom. She presented an invited talk to the Kerrville chapter of the American Association of University Women.

**Alice and Richard** live the Texas Hill Country, where they distribute the monthly newspaper, *Houston Peace News*; they have a son, three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren. They are members of the Unitarian Universalist Fellowship of Kerrville. Alice’s hobby is singing folk songs while accompanying herself on the guitar; she played with the DC Pickers in Kerrville. Alice has a Facebook page.

### Publications:

Articles in the *UCLA Daily Bruin*.

Poetry in *Seventeen*, *UCLA Scop* and *Voices International*. Her poem, “On Croton Point,” was chosen poem of the month by the Kerrville poetry group in December 2015.

Feature articles in 1957 on migrant farm work and a 1960 visit to revolutionary Cuba in *The People’s World* (with H. Richard Leuchtag, under the pen names George and Marie Coulter).

A monthly column, “What Time Is It?” in the Indianapolis community newspaper *Grassroots*.

Mary S. Knudson-Cooper, Alice K. Leuchtag, “The Stress of a Family Move as a Precipitating Factor in Children’s Burn Accidents,” *Journal of Human Stress*, 1982, 8 (2), 32.

Alice Leuchtag, *Essays in the Philosophy of Humanism*: “In Defense of Human Rights Everywhere: Prostitution, A Humanist Issue,” 1983, 23; “Ethical Questions Concerning Gender Inequalities: Some Feminist Views on Prostitution and Pornography,” 1992, 49. “Elizabeth Cady Stanton: Free Thinker and Radical Revisionist,” 1994, 105; “Program for Humanists: Eleven Statements,” 1995, 11; “Women Under Patriarchy,” 1995, 101; “Failure of Transnational Corporations to Meet Their Ethical

Standards," 1997, 91; "Review of Marilyn French's *The War Against the Women*," 1998, 129; "Gender: A Social Construct," 1999, 83; "Capitalist Globalization," 2000, 74.

Alice Leuchtag, *The Humanist*, "The Culture of Pornography," May/June 1995, 4; "Elizabeth Cady Stanton: Freethinker and Radical Revisionist," Sep./Oct. 1996, 29; "Human Rights, Sex Trafficking, and Prostitution," Jan./Feb. 2003; this article has been reprinted in several textbooks and anthologies.

Alice Leuchtag, "Fannie Lou Hamer and the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party," *Z Magazine*, June 27, 2008.

Alice Leuchtag, "Why I Am Not a Mystic," *Free Inquiry* 2014, **34** (5); reprinted in Tom Flynn *et al.*, eds., *The Faith I Left Behind*, 2015, Inquiry Press, 165.

Alice's mother, Geraldine Kesner, nee Geraldine Barrett, was of Irish-English-Scotch ancestry. She traced her maternal line back through William Morris and Alexander Hamilton to the American Revolution. As a young woman, Alice's grandmother, Vergene Hamilton, sang and danced on the vaudeville stage. Everyone remarked on her beauty. When she smiled, two gorgeous dimples twinkled. One time, Vergene traveled from her home in San Francisco to the small mountain town of Prescott, Arizona, where the vaudeville troupe was to entertain at the local supper club. When Vergene came out on stage, a handsome young medical doctor who worked at the Prescott tuberculosis sanitarium couldn't take his eyes off her. After the performance, Dr. John Barrett invited her to his table. They were surprised to learn they were both from San Francisco and yet, belonging to very different social circles, had never met. It amused John and thrilled Vergene to think that a young woman from the poor, working class should meet a man from the upper crust under such romantic circumstances. Vergene was smitten by John's aquiline nose, his twinkling blue eyes and his convivial manners. Toasting one another over glasses of mellow sherry, they fell in love.

Finishing her tour, Vergene returned to Prescott, where she and John tied the knot, in spite of vociferous objections by his mother and sisters in San Francisco who felt he was marrying beneath himself and refused to attend the wedding. A gorgeous, beaming son was born to them, but he died of pneumonia at eleven months, contracted after a brief, uneventful afternoon carriage ride in the country. A second son, Jack, was born, and then, just a year later, Geraldine came into the world. Her family and friends called her Gerry, though she never liked that nickname.

When Geraldine was three, John Barrett died from Bright's disease, a kidney ailment. The only memory Geraldine retained of her father was an image of him lying in bed propped up against pillows, in a darkened room with the shades drawn. She had to tiptoe through this room, so as not to disturb him. After John died, Vergene, now a penurious widow, washed and ironed other people's clothes and took in boarders, earning barely enough to support herself, let alone two young children. During almost two years of struggle and hardship for Vergene, Geraldine and Jack lived in a Catholic charity orphanage run by a strict order of humorless nuns who practiced the maxim "spare the rod, spoil the child."

Though she was younger than he was, in the orphanage Geraldine protected Jack. She took the blame and punishment from the nuns for his bedwetting, by exchanging their bed sheets. On the playground, she clenched her small hands into fists and fought any child who made fun of him. When Vergene visited them, the two children clung to her skirt and, as she was about to leave, begged her to take them home. Their pleas broke her heart, and she vowed to get her children back.

Vergene's widowhood ended when she married a man she didn't love. William Mays was an uncommunicative, hardworking, sober man with a narrow face, high cheekbones and almond-shaped eyes, who owned Prescott's only movie theater. Vergene immediately retrieved Geraldine and Jack from the orphanage and took them to live with her and their stepfather "Daddy Bill." The Mays family soon included half-brother Billy and step-grandmother "Nana," who came over from Bristol, England, to join them. When Nana arrived in Prescott, her large steamer trunk failed to show up, apparently having been placed on the wrong train. Observing Nana's unhappiness over her missing possessions, five-year-old

Geraldine peered up into Nana's face and asked, "Ain't you lonesome 'out your trunk?"

The six of them lived in a spacious two-story, Victorian-style white frame house. An unenclosed wrap-around porch, with gingerbread porticos and graceful columns, let out into a half-acre yard shaded by Arizona ash trees. The movie business prospered and Daddy Bill hired someone to relieve him on weekends. Nana and Vergene shared the household chores. The three children grew like weeds. On leisurely summer evenings, they all sat on the porch and sang Irish and English folk tunes and popular songs of the day, while the scents of wisteria, honeysuckle, jasmine and lilac lingered in the air.

In this seemingly fortunate way, life flowed on at its own quiet pace, temporarily interrupted when Geraldine and Jack were 8 and 9, respectively. That summer, without Vergene or Daddy Bill along, Jack and Gerry traveled by train to San Francisco, to stay for three weeks with their widowed paternal grandmother Mary Agnes Barrett, nee Murphy from County Cork, Ireland, and her five unmarried daughters, Nellie, Alice, Kate, Mary and Josie, who were all school teachers. Along with their teenage servant Anna and their Boston Bulldog named Pudgie, this prosperous all-female household lived in a handsome brick three-story home on Cole Street. As if to make up for their past neglect, the Barrett family rolled out the red carpet. They fussed over Jack and Gerry, took them to visit the World's Fair across the Bay in Sausalito, told them true stories about the great San Francisco earthquake and fire, showed them old photos and letters of their father, stuffed them full of ladyfingers and chocolate eclairs, took them on buggy rides through Golden Gate Park, and bought them adorable twin sailor suits at the fashionable White House department store. They never once mentioned their own mean-spirited boycott of John's marriage to Vergene years before. Home again, for weeks the children could talk of nothing else but San Francisco.

Despite the peacefulness of Prescott, or perhaps because of it, Vergene grew bored with her comfortable but constricted small-town life. She felt restless and longed to return to California, where she remembered a faster, more exciting pace. She kept reading about opportunities for starting a small business in Southern California and she urged Daddy Bill to move there. So, when Geraldine graduated from high school, against his better judgment, Daddy Bill sold the theater and the house. In their 1923 Packard sedan the family drove to Los Angeles. There, they invested their life savings in a neighborhood movie house in South Central L.A. and in a lovely, terraced, tile and stucco home on Bonnie Brae Avenue. But, just as they were ascending the ladder to renewed prosperity, the Great Depression hit and they lost everything. In the years of travail and impoverishment that followed, Jack and Billy began drinking to excess. Geraldine felt sad and guilty for not being able to keep them from succumbing to alcoholism, a disease that eventually ruined the lives of both Jack and Billy.

At the age of 18, Geraldine scored 135 on her college entrance IQ test, placing her in the brilliant category. She wanted to get a University degree and become a philosopher, but her family could only afford for her to attend one semester at the college on the Normal School campus that later became UCLA. After that she had to find a job, not so easy in the Depression. Having already given up the Catholicism of her childhood in favor of Hindu mysticism as interpreted in *The Secret Doctrine* of theosophist Madame Helena Blavatsky, Geraldine went to work for a theosophical sect in Los Angeles. She ghost-wrote weekly lessons addressed to "Dearly Beloved," for the Master to use in his teachings. She also delivered radio talks on the Lost Continent of Atlantis, spirit writing, astrological horoscopes, Einsteinian relativity, invisible parallel universes, meditation and the meaning of auras. To prepare, she spent many hours in the philosophy room of the downtown public library, doing research.

In her twenties, Geraldine's personality differed dramatically from what it had been when she was a child. The outspoken, feisty, self-confident little girl who wasn't scared of the dour nuns and who fought her brother's battles on the playground had given way to a dreamy, scholarly young woman, who spent most of her time reading. Quiet, inward, keeping her own counsel, hesitant to express her desires and emotions, unsure of herself to the point of self-effacement, stoic, idealistic, serious and careful about

details, she worried a lot about her family and often experienced an indefinable, vague sadness.

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Alice's father, Maurice Kesner, was born Moishe Sugarman in New York City. Maurice's father, William Sugarman, a Russian Jew, escaped from a prison-labor camp in Siberia, where the Tsar had banished him for evading the military draft. Escaping from the labor camp and hiding out as a stowaway on a cargo ship at the port of Vladivostok, William arrived in California, USA. He made his way across the country to New York City, where he found a job selling fabrics for a dry goods wholesaler.

Maurice's mother, Sarah Kesner, was born to poor Jewish parents in the French province of Alsace-Lorraine and lived in Paris until she was eight. One day, believing their daughter would have a better life and more opportunity in the New World, her parents kissed Sarah goodbye and put her, all by herself, on a tramp steamer bound for the United States, where she was to live with an aunt and uncle and work in the uncle's garment factory on New York's Lower East Side. The shy, blue-eyed little girl huddled miserably in a corner of the deck, bewildered and homesick. But for the kindness of the ship's captain, she might not have survived the three-week voyage. All her life, Sarah remembered how the red-haired, bearded captain sang to her as the dinner bells rang out, coaxing her to stop crying and come to supper. "The bells are ringing for Sarah, the bells are ringing for Sarah," he intoned on that lonely passage across the Atlantic.

In the New World, Sarah labored long hours in her uncle's factory in Manhattan's garment district, sewing dresses for fashionable retail stores like Macy's. When she was 17, she met William Sugarman, who had come to the factory to sell his fabrics. They married and soon had five children, Rosie (Ruth), Marian, Moishe (Maurice), Helen and Irene. One night, a terrible fire destroyed the dry-goods wholesale business William and Sarah had struggled to establish in the Bronx. Maurice remembered watching in horror as the barn, which housed their two work horses, burned down. He never forgot how the doomed animals, trapped in their stalls, reared and screamed in panic, their nostrils flaring and the whites of their eyes reflecting the red glare of the flames. The disaster seemed an omen of worse to come. Soon after the fire, William left his family to go to California, leaving Sarah to support eleven-year-old Moishe and his four sisters. His idea, he told them, was to find a job there and send for them. But they never heard from him again.

Quiet, patient, hardworking Sarah, accepting William's desertion as just one more turn of the screw in her unlucky life of drudgery, took in sewing to pay the rent on their cold water flat. Every week, Sarah sent the children to the local Salvation Army mission to ask for food. After they reluctantly sang Amazing Grace, they received cans of pork and beans and loaves of stale white bread handed out to them by missionary ladies. They lugged the charity food home in shopping bags, where screaming arguments among the children ensued at mealtime over who was grabbing more than their fair share. Somehow, they managed to survive, but not without deep emotional and mental scars. When Irene grew up, she would rather die than be seen carrying a shopping bag home from a store. To her, it signified the mortification of being looked at as a pauper.

In junior high school, Moishe began calling himself Morris Kesner, the name of his maternal grandfather, and in high school he called himself Maurice Kesner, which he adopted as his permanent legal name. He chose Maurice, a variant of Morris, because it sounded French, which was Sarah's mother tongue; and he kept Kesner because it was his mother's maiden name. He refused to be identified with the absent William Sugarman, who had rejected him and whom he couldn't confront with his rage and fear.

Profoundly pained by a self-loathing born of paternal rejection and the mortification of being fatherless and poor, the adolescent Maurice Kesner defended himself against the pain of self-contempt by repressing it and unconsciously transforming it into a conviction of his own moral superiority and

rightness. It occurred to him that, as a superior being, he possessed paranormal powers such as telepathy, telekinesis and prophesy. Convincing himself of this, he felt called upon to criticize, judge and control the inferior beings around him, especially his sisters. Having little empathy for others' real emotional needs, he convinced himself that they looked to him for correction and guidance.

As he grew older, Maurice visualized himself as a great adviser and teacher, who unselfishly dedicated himself to helping others. But if the advice he gave was not appreciated or heeded, he would be biting sarcasm and predict a disastrous fate for the heedless one that bordered on a curse. Often remarking that traits of mental instability "ran in the Sugarman family," Maurice saw no such tendencies in himself. Such negativities had miraculously spared him and lodged instead in his "hysterical, unstable, neurotic" sisters. Particularly in his younger sister, Helen, who "willfully ignored" his counsel and would "suffer a bad end." The fact that Helen, who aspired to be an actress, ran with a fast crowd, became a cocaine addict and eventually died of an overdose reinforced Maurice's belief in his own prophetic powers.

In high school, Maurice flirted with Trotskyism, attracted to it by its promise of justice for the downtrodden and the underdog. However, seeing his Trotskyist friends persecuted for their beliefs, he turned to the politically safer teachings of Theodore Herzl and became a Zionist, which he remained the rest of his life. However, he observed no Jewish holidays or rituals, nor did he go to Temple. He doubted a rabbi could teach him anything he didn't already know.

When Maurice was 18, he accompanied Sarah to Mount Sinai Hospital, where she was to have radiation treatment for colon cancer. In the corridor outside his mother's room he noticed a hollow-eyed, sour-smelling, unshaven old man shuffling along in a hospital gown and bedroom slippers. The fellow aroused in Maurice vague memories and troubling emotions from the past. Upon talking to him, Maurice discovered it was William Sugarman. Seeing his father reduced to such dire straits, the angry words he had stored up for so many years suddenly evaporated on his tongue. Shortly after that, Maurice learned that William had died, but he couldn't grieve. He felt nothing.

In his late teens, Maurice was verbose, manic, energetic, argumentative, opinionated, hypercritical of others but lacking in self-criticism, insecure in his personal identity, nervous, phobic, procrastinative and careless about details. To win an argument, he was not averse to inventing facts and figures fabricated on the spot. He often came up with world-shaking ideas and plans, but seldom followed through on them. He had a flair for big ideas, but little patience for the myriad complex and dreary details of everyday life. He could be charming, persuasive and amusing, especially in order to impress women and naive young people.

Maurice decided he wanted to become a chemical engineer. Working during the day selling newspaper subscriptions and going to Cooper Union College at night, he suffered what he called a nervous breakdown and dropped out of school. Trying to rest up, he worked fewer hours at his job, which made his sisters, who by then had jobs too, angry. They expected him to contribute more toward Sarah's expenses than he was doing. To escape the demands of his sisters, he found a traveling sales job, selling oil-well shares owned by a stock company. Westward he trekked, selling shares of black gold and enjoying a romantic interlude in Little Rock, Arkansas. When he stepped off the Greyhound bus in Los Angeles, he was shocked to be greeted by a policeman, who informed him he was under arrest. The oil shares he'd been selling were phony and the company he'd worked for had vanished. Explaining that he had sold the stock in good faith and innocence, Maurice talked himself out of trouble.

Maurice landed a job selling advertising in women's wear catalogues, and settled down in Los Angeles. One day, as he passed the public library downtown, he saw a lovely brown-haired woman in a blue dress ascending the front steps. His heart skipped a beat. She looked like a living angel, he thought. He followed her inside the building, to the philosophy room, where she glided over to the section on Eastern Mysticism. Sidling up alongside her, he pretended to be engrossed in the titles on the shelf in

front of him. Out of the corner of her eye she noted the interesting features of the thin, dark-haired, bronzed-skin man standing beside her. Not realizing his bronze complexion was mainly tan from the sun, she thought he was an East Indian. Just as she reached for Madame Blavatsky's *The Secret Doctrine*, he reached for it too and their hands touched. "Excuse me," he said, "I won't ask you where we have met before, but why haven't we met before." And that was how Geraldine and Maurice met.

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In 1933, in Los Angeles, California, Alice Kathleen (Nadeja) Kesner came into the world at the French Hospital. "Alice," for a great aunt on her mother's paternal side, "Nadeja," Russian meaning hope, a word her father liked, and "Kathleen," after her mother's favorite Irish folk song, "I'll take you home again, Kathleen."

Maurice doted on Alice during her early childhood, building her sense of self by remarking on and praising little things she said and did. He read poems to her from a volume of *A Child's Garden of Verses* by Robert Louis Stevenson. However, as she grew older he began to accuse her of character faults: "willfulness," "mental reservations" and "self-centeredness," traits that he said required his constant guidance to eliminate. He sometimes sat Alice down across from him, made her look into his dark penetrating eyes, and lectured her in a hypnotic, repetitive manner. Mostly, the subject was Alice's purported inherent selfishness, an "ingrained tendency" he ascribed to her wanton willfulness. If, for a moment, Alice shifted her eyes away from Maurice's intense gaze, he told her she was not paying attention, and if she tried to defend herself by expressing a thought or two of her own, he interrupted her with "tsk, tsk" and a knowing smile that implied, "You're not fooling me one bit, I know just what you're thinking," which, by its unjust and unfounded accusation angered her, but which also caused waves of shame, self-doubt and helplessness to sweep over her for daring to contradict her wise, all-knowing father.

From the moment they'd met in the philosophy room at the Los Angeles Public Library, Geraldine and Maurice discussed the philosophy of history they were jointly developing. Sitting at their feet on the living-room floor, bouncing her little straw horse and rider up and down, four-year-old Alice listened to her parents read aloud and comment on the writings of José Ortega y Gasset, Pitirim Sorokin and Martin Buber. These men, along with Oswald Spengler and Arnold Toynbee, became household names, as familiar to Alice as the Arm and Hammer symbol on the box of baking soda stored above the icebox or the silver and red maple syrup can shaped like a log cabin, kept in the center of the kitchen table. As she sat on the floor and heard words like "objectivity, subjectivity and perspectivity" tossed about, whole cycles of thousands of years flashed by, as quickly and surely as spring, winter, summer and fall.

After starting school at age five, Alice discovered she was neither fish nor fowl, but some undefined species in between. She didn't go to synagogue and, with her straw-blond hair (that later turned light brown), blue-green eyes and light complexion, didn't "look Jewish," so Jews consigned her to the category Gentile. She didn't attend church or have a yearly Christmas tree, so Gentiles assumed she was a Jew. When they sang Yuletide carols in school, she kept silent on the phrase "Christ the Savior," as her father had instructed her to do. When other children asked her what religion she practiced, she said "free thinker," again, as her father instructed. Once, kids chased her home after class, throwing rocks at her and yelling in unison "dirty free stinker."

From age five to eight, Alice wanted to be just like Daddy and do whatever he was doing. She imitated the way he whistled as he strode with his long legs down the street, swinging a newspaper in his hand. And the way he shook his head, clicked his tongue and muttered Yiddish words like "epis, epis" when he played chess with a friend. At the age of seven, Alice begged Maurice to teach her how to play chess. When he agreed, he had no idea she would soon become a prodigy and beat him and other adults at the Hollywood Chess Club. The *Los Angeles Times* ran a photo story about her under the title

“Checkmate, Daddy.”

A journalist and public-relations man for Jewish and Zionist organizations, Maurice changed jobs frequently. The public relations game was by nature fraught with uncertainty and, in addition, he argued with his bosses and was frequently fired or forced to resign. Los Angeles was a car city, with great distances between its parts, but Maurice was too nervous to learn to drive. Consequently, every job change meant a change of residence so he could be within walking distance of the new office or at least be able to get there conveniently by bus. Alice attended a host of schools. Nine grammar schools, two junior highs and two high schools. She and her parents lived all over the Los Angeles area, then in Oakland and Burlingame, California, and finally in Brighton, Massachusetts.

In her constantly uprooted childhood she perfected the art of saying goodbye to teachers, friends, neighbors and pets whom she would never see again. Her saddest farewell was to Helen Harrick, who lived four houses down from her on Kingsley Drive in Hollywood. At ages ten, they swore eternal friendship, sealing the pact in blood by pricking their fingers with pins and crossing them over each other. Never again would she have such a close friend of the same sex.

When she was twelve, her father started publishing a weekly newspaper in San Francisco, the *Jewish Herald*, so they moved to the Bay area. Alice and her parents underwent a curious time of dislocation in Oakland. They lived for several weeks in a family boarding house or hostel. Every family in the building shared the same kitchen, where they all kept their food in one huge refrigerator and prepared their own meals. Once, by mistake, Alice ate someone else's macaroni salad. When the woman who had made the dish discovered this, she shouted at Alice and called her stupid.

Alice attended a large junior high that sat directly across the railroad tracks from the hostel. For the entire month or so she was there, she had difficulty finding her way about the sprawling grounds, perpetually getting lost and coming into class late. It was the most racially integrated school she had ever gone to. Tall, husky, black-skinned boys yelled, “Hey, Kisser” to her. Although they probably only meant to be friendly, they frightened her. When she told her parents about it, her mother worried for her safety. Her parents decided to leave Oakland and move to Burlingame, down the Peninsula.

A member of the so-called Silent Generation that arrived on the scene during the Great Depression, Alice wasn't silent when it came to politics and world affairs. In the eighth grade in Burlingame, she wrote a letter to the editor, which appeared in the *San Francisco Examiner*, arguing that the United Nations should choose San Francisco as its permanent headquarters.

When the *Jewish Herald* folded, Alice moved with her parents to Brighton, a suburb of Boston, where Maurice started a new job. While a junior at Brighton High, using the skills in research and writing her mother taught her, she won the Massachusetts high school written and oral essay contest *I Speak for Democracy*, sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce. She read the essay on a radio broadcast.

She also participated in a Boston radio program for teens and took part in amateur plays put on by an academy of fine arts in Boston that her mother enrolled her in and that she attended after regular school. At this same academy, she took modern dance lessons taught by Jose Limon, as well as voice lessons and drawing. Appointed class poet by her English teacher, Alice wrote an ode, *The Juke Box Gang*, for the high school graduation ceremonies and poetic inscriptions for student portraits in the Yearbook. Her poem, *Maidens Twenty*, was published in *Seventeen* magazine. These achievements brought her recognition from members of the faculty at Brighton High, who regarded her as a “genius,” but they didn't make her popular among her peers, most of whom considered her odd.

She didn't try very hard in Brighton High to be understood or liked. In the process of moving to so many different locales and changing schools so frequently over the years, she had lost the knack and the desire for forming close friendships, her last such friendship having been at Burlingame High with a fellow student named Jane Grow. Maurice, who commented on and criticized her for almost everything she did, said she had lost her *hayshick*. Feeling self-conscious and a perpetual outsider, Alice simply

looked on as the popular girls, most of whom had known each other for years, clustered in tight little social cliques and chattered away about things that didn't interest her. At lunchtime in the Brighton High cafeteria, Alice ate with fellow rejects: Dawn, a tall, long-haired blonde, possibly a schizophrenic, who sang her own composed songs about people who lived under the ground and came to the surface only at night; Patricia, short, dark-haired, in braids, who played the piano beautifully but stuttered badly and was terribly self-conscious; and Margaret, also a newcomer from out of state, who was also too shy to try and join the popular crowd.

Offered scholarships to Wellesley, Radcliffe and Brandeis Universities upon graduation, Alice turned them all down in order to return with her parents to Los Angeles, where her father had accepted a new job. In 1950, while living at home, Alice started UCLA, majoring in psychology. Back in the familiar city of her birth and going to a large, commuting university where many were strangers like herself, she felt more on an equal footing. A swirl of activities soon opened for her and she began to take a new interest in social life.

In summers between school terms, she worked as a counselor for the Girl Scouts, a waitress in Thrifty Drug Store and a telephone operator at Pacific Telephone. All these jobs she enjoyed thoroughly, finding ways to make them fun or at least less boring.

During the school term, she sat first board on the UCLA chess team during intercollegiate tournaments. She climbed the San Bernardino Mountains with the hiking club, and with the riding club she rode horses the color of cinnamon on trails in Griffith Park. As a member of the photography club, she photographed street scenes on Olvera Street in downtown Los Angeles. She wrote for the *Daily Bruin*, published poetry in the UCLA literary magazine *Scop*, co-founded a liberal organization on campus called *The Independents* and marched in the Green Feather Campaign in defense of academic freedom for professors, against McCarthyism. Alice was also a member of the Cosmos Club, where she found and brought in speakers on various world issues, and the International "I" House, where she met interesting students from all over the world. These activities earned her a coveted seat on the Dean's Gripe Cabinet, where her views on student problems and concerns were solicited.

At UCLA, she had lots of chances to "go all the way" with the many boys she dated, but she never went further with them than heavy petting in their cars. Fears of getting pregnant or, what seemed worse, a bad reputation, had always held her back and dampened her desire. Also, she believed she would become psychologically dependent on anyone she had intercourse with, and she dreaded that, too. She couldn't see herself ever getting married. For these reasons, she always severed her relationships with boys whenever they began to get serious.

If she had only managed to live away from home during college, things would surely have been different, but she couldn't separate herself from Maurice and Geraldine, either psychologically or financially. Once, she and a date foolishly parked in front of her house and as they were necking her father, who must have stayed up late watching for her, ran out, grabbed her by her hair and hauled her into the house, calling her a "whore." Maurice looked so wild and agitated, she so undignified and helpless and her date so startled, that she would have laughed aloud at the whole ridiculous episode if she hadn't felt so totally mortified in front of her friend. She never dated that fellow again.

After this, her father criticized all the boys she went out with and routinely accused her of being "loose." The necking incident had reinforced her father's suspicions that she was no longer a virgin. "If you get pregnant, you'll have to leave my house," Maurice told her. Maurice's unjust insinuations and untrue accusations frustrated her so much that she fell into moments of abject desperation, collapsing on the floor at his feet, a balled-up mass of screaming denial and protest.

In her sophomore year, her father devised a scheme to find out if she was still a virgin. Following Maurice's instructions, her mother made an appointment for her with a gynecologist and accompanied her there. During the obstetrical exam, she was deflowered by the greased and gloved fingers of the male

gynecologist (female ones were rare then). She hadn't felt much physical pain but she'd been so embarrassed she hadn't been able to look her examiner in the eye. Throughout the procedure, her mother had sat on a stool next to the examining table, a silent witness. This only added to Alice's chagrin. When the medical man withdrew his bloodied hand, Alice saw remnants of her hymen clinging to it. Now, technically she was no longer a virgin.

In an enlightened nonpatriarchal world, that physician would have fitted Alice with a diaphragm (there was no pill then), given her instructions on its use and wished her well. But that was 1951 and most girls in the United States in her social class were in the Dark Ages when it came to sexuality, pregnancy and the right to control their own bodies. Women's Liberation was eighteen years off, and it might as well have been an eternity.

One day, lounging on the lawn next to the physics building with some people from the chess club, she was challenged to a chess game by a smooth-talking Israeli. Instantly she got a crush on him. As they played, he reclined on his side, elbow on the grass, hand supporting his head, one leg bent. The short-sleeved white shirt he wore showed off his bronze skin and his close-fitting trousers made the well-developed muscles of his thighs stand out. His straight, black hair came almost to his shoulders, and he joked about it, saying he would have to get a haircut or buy a violin. When she looked at him, her guts turned to water and a lump formed in her throat. Her feelings about him so distracted her that she almost didn't win the game.

When the Israeli came to her house in Westwood Village to take her out to a movie, he met Maurice, who immediately sat him down and lectured him for half an hour. When she and her date were finally alone in his car, he shook his head in disbelief.

"I'm an Israeli, and your father presumes to tell me what Zionism is. What a confused, crazy man!"

"He's not," Alice protested in Maurice's defense.

"You need to get away from him and live on your own," he told her.

"I can't afford to," she said, which was true as far as it went, but it wasn't the main reason she still lived with her parents. She just couldn't picture living anywhere else.

"We could keep on talking and playing chess and that would be fine, but I want us to sleep together," he said, and kissed her.

She wanted it, too, but she hesitated to assent, fearing for her reputation and sensing that old familiar dread she couldn't clearly define. Misinterpreting her reluctance, he hastened to assure her that he would satisfy her totally. "I'm not a man to make love in the back seat of my car," he told her. "I want to do it right."

They agreed to a rendezvous at her house, for a time when her parents would be away for the evening. With the assignation nailed down, he casually mentioned he was "shacking up" with an Israeli woman who held an important post at the Israeli Embassy. This person had pulled strings for him, he said, so he could extend his student visa after he got his physics degree. To find out that he cohabited with someone shocked Alice, but she smiled and pretended to act like she imagined a woman of the world would act.

"You see, I choose my intimate associates very carefully," he quipped as they parted.

All that week, she worried, thinking about their upcoming date. Wouldn't a man who bragged about one conquest do so about others? When the doorbell sounded, she ran and crouched behind the double bed in her parents' room. The man's shadow loomed across the floor as he peered in the bedroom window. The sun setting behind him outlined his face in silhouette, jaw thrust forward in stubborn frustrated determination. She held her breath, fearing he had caught sight of her and that he would force his way into the house. He repeatedly jabbed the bell and pounded on the door, but finally gave up and stalked off. A part of her felt relieved, but she wondered, wistfully, if she had denied herself an important

experience and just what it would have been like with this man.

In her junior year, Alice joined a Zionist youth organization on campus called *Habonim*, The Builders. These young American Jews were preparing for *aliya*, emigration to Israel, where they planned to live and work in a *kibbutz* called an *ulpan*, study Hebrew intensively and eventually become Israeli citizens. In *Habonim* she got to know several other Israelis, men and women who were studying physics, engineering and social work at UCLA. They were older than she, having already served in the army over there, and she admired their toughness, worldliness and independence of spirit. Particularly, she appreciated the men's lack of chivalry. The women opened car doors for themselves and in a mixed group, whoever got to an entrance first went through first. Could she ever learn to be like them, she wondered.

In *Habonim*, Alice clasped sweaty hands with other aspiring *Halutzim*, pioneers, as they danced in an ever-narrowing circle, chanting the Israeli folk song *Mayim, Mayim, Mayim*—water, water, water. (*Chaverim*, comrades living in a desert, sing about water a lot). In her senior year, she chose her Hebrew name—*Elana*, meaning tree—obtained the necessary documents and even packed her suitcases along with the other *aliya* volunteers. And then, to everyone's surprise and for reasons she herself couldn't fathom, at the last minute she “chickened out” and didn't go. All she could think to say by way of explanation was, “It just didn't feel right”—a lame excuse, she knew.

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In 1954 Alice got her BA with honors in sociology. Working part time at the Bank of America as a posting clerk, she enrolled as a graduate student in the sociology department at UCLA, aiming toward a PhD.

As a graduate student, she learned about formal and informal social structures. Yet, her understanding was theoretical only. She was surprised when she discovered how the informal actually worked in the world of academia. At the invitation of the two other woman graduate students in her department, she attended a party at a sprawling house perched on stilts over the beach in Malibu. This was the home of the professor who taught statistics and quantitative methods, subjects she found difficult. Somewhere in all the moving she had done as a child, she had missed out on certain quantitative skills. Here was a chance to get to know the good professor as a person and perhaps get some clarification on math issues that confused her.

As she sat on a sofa sipping the bottle of Budweiser she'd been nursing, a bespectacled, balding, married student in his late thirties staggered towards her through the noisy, crowded room. Earlier that evening, while strolling beside her along the beach, he had suggested they cut out for a nearby motel. She had nixed that idea. Now, the guy was stewed to the gills and she assumed he was going to make another pass.

“A smart, attractive gal like you's got an advantage over us guys,” he said in a low, confidential and ironic tone, putting his pudgy face close to hers and peering myopically at her through his thick lenses.

“And why's that?”

“Because our department's esteemed leader has his eye on you. So, a word to the wise. Sleep with him, and you've got it made, like the other females in our bailiwick. All two of them.”

“And if I don't?”

“Well, then, my dear, I wouldn't give a rat's ass for your chances in our little academic rat race,” he said and burped. Chuckling self appreciatively, he shambled off.

She had no intention of following his advice but the possibility that her fellow student had acted as messenger and spokesman for the department chairman, who might be keeping an eye on her and

expecting her to comply with his wishes, disturbed her. All she could do was to act as if nothing had changed.

Still, things didn't feel the same. In the chairman's seminar on cultural anthropology she now felt ill at ease and almost aching for a showdown with him. In the discussion period, she surprised herself by arguing vehemently against the chairman's pet theory on the many social benefits of minority acculturation and assimilation. She spoke adamantly in favor of keeping a group's ethnic identity intact, a view she wouldn't ordinarily have endorsed so strongly, though it was consistent with Zionism.

When it was her turn to give a short presentation, she invited a friend from I House to visit the class and he agreed to illustrate her argument by his presence. A Zulu prince from Mozambique turned economics major, he looked impressive, all six feet eight inches of him, dressed in robes of purple velvet and sandals trimmed in gold. The chairman was not pleased by the prince's visit. Alice figured she was in for real trouble, now. To deal with her anxiety, she studied harder than ever.

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One day in the graduate reading room she noticed sitting across from her a nice-looking guy whose crooked, enigmatic grin made him look like he enjoyed a private joke at the expense of the rest of the world. His laughing eyes focused on her bare knees under the study table. Suddenly, almost as if an invisible Aesopian oracle were whispering a warning in her ear, a remarkable and incongruous idea jumped into her head. This playful-looking stranger would achieve great things but only after causing her much pain and anguish. Wanting to escape from him, she gathered up her books and rose to leave, but he, too, got up. He followed her out of the library, introduced himself as Richard Something-Or-Other (German-sounding and hard to pronounce, even though she'd had one semester of German) and asked her if she'd like to go to the coop for a lime rickey. She agreed, mainly to be polite. After that, she tried to discourage him, even standing him up on a date, but he was persistent. As they got better acquainted, she forgot about the strange thought that had popped into her head in the library, which had felt so much like a prophetic warning.

H. Richard Leuchtag was born in Germany in 1927, to middle-class Jewish parents, Rudolph and Kathe, still grieving the loss of their first child, a daughter, to a mysterious illness. When Richard was eleven, on the day after the Nazi terror of *Kristallnacht*, Rudolph was arrested on the street and endured two weeks in Buchenwald concentration camp, where he watched in horror as a man was beaten to death. Kathe went to the Gestapo and managed to get Rudolph released, pointing out that they had their visas to leave Germany. They emigrated to Panama, and two years later to the United States, where Richard went by his middle name. (His parents, though, still called him Hans.) At 18, he became a naturalized citizen. After a two-year stint in the Army as a draftee and a civilian job with the Navy, he was back in school finishing the requirements for his MA in physics. Like Alice, Richard too had worked at several jobs. He'd helped his parents sell cosmetics and perfumes in Panama from door to door, delivered newspapers in Long Beach and been a shipping clerk in the Los Angeles garment industry.

Alice and Richard's first quarrel was over *The Old Oaken Bucket*. Alice loved that nostalgic song and whenever she sang it or heard it sung, tears came to her eyes. Richard thought the song silly and poked fun at it, which hurt Alice's feelings. When she expressed her hurt feelings, he only laughed, which made her feel even more hurt. They also disagreed over what was funny. Richard had a sizable repertoire of "off color" jokes, and he seemed to feel inclined to dust them off every now and then and "entertain" Alice with them. Women's anatomical parts were usually the butt of these jokes. At first, she pretended to find his offerings amusing, not wanting him to think her unsophisticated or a prude. When she finally stopped this pretense and told him, "You're insulting women," he said she had no sense of humor.

These interpersonal conflicts slipped into the background when Alice and Richard searched for a

common ground in the world of theories and concepts. The two of them invented their own extracurricular curriculum. In UCLA's shadowy library stacks, the "tombs," where bound volumes on philosophy, history and economics were kept, they pored over the works of Karl Marx, Frederick Engels and Robert Briffault and devoured the writings of Mary Wollstonecraft, Olive Schreiner and Charlotte Perkins Gilman. They read newspapers that reported news never mentioned in the commercial media. For a practicum, they attended public meetings on issues of importance to the local community, where they gorged on a smorgasbord of ideas.

They developed a critical vocabulary to describe the social inequalities they perceived all around them. Strolling down a street or into a place of business, they nudged one another to point out "symptoms of a sick society." Women employed at one set of jobs, men at another, women's pay always less. Men supervising women, never the other way around. Blacks relegated to menial work, even when they were educated. The Westwood Village barbershops near UCLA employing blacks as shoeshine boys but refusing to cut "black hair."

In 1955, after Richard had finished his exams and was awarded his MA degree, Alice and Richard got married by a Justice of the Peace in the City Hall at Santa Monica, the court clerks acting as their witnesses. "So, you ran away just fast enough for him to catch you," one of the men quipped to Alice, as he signed their marriage certificate. It was true. She had tried to run away, but not out of artifice. But she didn't tell the clerk that.

The third-floor efficiency they rented in Ocean Park, only a half-hour's commute to UCLA, afforded a fine view out its fire-escape window of sea, sand, boardwalk, amusement pier and a tortuously high, silver-painted roller coaster that flashed and sparkled as it caught the rays of the sun. Of an evening, "It's the High Boy" rang in their ears from a loudspeaker on the pier, accompanied by the screams of riders on the roller coaster and the repetitive, maniacal laughter of the mechanical witch in front of the fun house. From the beach, where beatniks hung out, the rhythmic, hypnotic booming of bongo drums floated up through the misty salt air.

Their shabbily furnished apartment sported a Murphy bed that sprang out of the wall—into which the stray cat they had taken in mysteriously vanished one day. Under black sheets (a whim of Alice's that shocked Kathe when she saw them), they drifted off to sleep to the nightly rantings of their neighbor across the alley behind their building, cursing her drunken mate, yelling, "Romeo, you bastard." No Juliet, she.

Alice and Richard were on tracks now toward PhDs and they set about the brave task of attempting to build a bridge between the "soft" and "hard" sciences. She transferred into experimental psychology and he into biophysics and they worked part time as graduate research assistants, Richard, for a man who implanted electrodes in the brains of cats and monkeys and Alice, for a man who measured human autonomic responses to visual stimuli.

They planned to do interdisciplinary research together. They actually tested a hypothesis derived from Ivan Pavlov's theory of conditioned autonomic reflexes. The volunteer student subjects wore a pair of eyeglass frames to which was attached a gadget, designed and constructed by Richard and operated by Alice, which caused the eye to blink by delivering a measured puff of air whenever a bell sounded. Would subjects blink when the bell sounded without the puff of air? Yes, they would and did, after ten or so conditioning trials.

By the summer of 1957, the gap between psychology and biophysics loomed wide, while Alice and Richard's strongest interests remained in the realm of progressive social ideas. A chance conversation with two intellectuals on the left changed their lives. Roberta and Joel Goldfarb had dropped out of UCLA a few years before and now ran a small boardwalk deli that sold sour dill pickles out of a barrel. To the Goldfarbs, Alice and Richard confessed their dissatisfaction with academia and the conformist, artificial, narrow world into which it seemed to be leading. In response, the Goldfarbs regaled them with

their adventures as migrant farm workers, before their baby girl was born.

“Farm work keeps you in touch with the workers and with the wide realities of working-class life,” Joel said. “The summer harvest is almost starting, so why don't you give it a try?” Roberta urged.

Richard and Alice resolved to throw in their lot with migrant workers. Alice sold all of her dresses and skirts. Most of their books and their 33 1/3 rpm classical-music records were sold or given away. Into the back seat of Richard's black 1947 Plymouth sedan went their toaster, frying pan, radio, tools and blankets as well as several pairs of work pants and a few shirts and blouses. Off they went in search of their Holy Grail, the ripening of the crops. Maybe they would return to school in the fall semester and maybe they wouldn't. They would see. Little did they realize as they left L.A. just how many bridges behind them they were to burn.

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Through California, Oregon and Washington they drove, getting jobs that lasted a day or a week, either from the labor contractors who came by the Farm Labor Offices or directly from farmers and ranchers themselves. They crashed at night in cheap motels or, more often, in farm-worker shacks and cabins, the rent for which came from their earnings. Paid by the crate, tray, stub or sack, they picked peaches in Visalia, grapes for raisins in Vallejo, tomatoes in Modesto, potatoes in Klamath Falls, apples in Yakima and olives near Yuba City. They counted it a good day when they netted ten dollars between them.

In peaches, the Mexican-American labor contractor told them, “Be careful of the fuzz.” They thought he meant the cops, but they discovered that if they didn't wear long sleeves the peach fuzz, along with the parathion sprayed on the trees, burned their arms and gave them rashes. In tomatoes, they had to be careful to select only completely ripe ones, so picking was slow. In olives, where they lived in a trailer, it took them a long time to garner enough olives to pay for their rent and buy a few groceries. In cherries, the trees were over twenty feet high and the tall ladders they climbed had to be set on uneven, sloping ground. They also loaded sugar beets onto a truck, installed fence posts and pitchforked bales of hay. As Alice stood on a flatbed truck and heaved a bale up into a loft, a fellow worker, a man, told her, “If you keep doing this kind of work, sister, you won't never be able to have a baby.”

In Northern California, a labor contractor they met was trying to organize a union among the farm workers. When they offered to help him organize, he told them he could use them later on and to check with him on their way back down. Later, they learned he had been beaten bloody by union-busting thugs and forced to leave the area. This was several years before Cesar Chavez began forming the Farm Workers Organizing Committee, beginning with grape pickers.

In Malin, Oregon, they holed up in a tent camp with other migrants and waited under the dank-smelling canvas for five days of rain to stop so they could stoop over the rows of potatoes, scoop them up with bare hands and drop them into gunny sacks of burlap hanging from their waists. Alice thought her most delicious meal ever was a slice of raw onion on a piece of white bread, wolfed down in a potato field at the foot of Mount Hood, whose snow-covered peak looked like a giant ice-cream cone.

They noticed the blinking neon lights over a little Chinese restaurant, down by the river. They trudged over and offered to wash dishes in exchange for a meal, but the owner merely smiled and fed them chop suey and coffee and didn't expect any work out of them in return. “Just pass it on,” he told them. That night they slept in the car.

By the time they got to Yakima, Washington, traveling over gravel roads, they were surviving on a stash of stale candy bars. The unaccustomed chill in the air and the hunters in camouflage jackets and caps, cruising by with deer carcasses strapped to the roofs of their cars, reminded them that autumn was fast coming in.

The day after the apple harvest was essentially over, as Alice and Richard walked to a pawnshop,

Alice clutching their toaster in hopes of pawning it, an American-Indian man stepped out of a pickup truck and called out to them to stop for a minute. He told them that he had noticed their California license plates. "Two young friends of mine from the Sahaptin Indian reservation in Canada are looking for a ride to California," he said. "Will you take them with you in exchange for gas money?" "Sure," they said. It turned out to be a good deal. Now there was money for gas and they didn't have to hock the toaster.

Heading back south and working in fields and orchards as they went, they pooled their earnings with Ed and Phil, sharing a substantial restaurant meal each day. That meal and the sack of potatoes Ed had brought along and showed them how to roast in the ground, supplied them with enough energy to keep them going all through Washington and on into Oregon.

One Sunday, going down a steep hill, the Plymouth's brakes gave out suddenly. Richard drove the precarious downhill slope into and through a town using emergency brakes only to try and slow down. Lurching along, he had to swerve to narrowly avoid hitting a garrulous group of women crossing the street in front of a church. The women kept right on talking, oblivious to what had almost happened to them. At the bottom of the hill, Richard steered the Plymouth to the side of the road and finally brought it to a stop. They all scrambled out and plopped themselves down, feeling shaken. Then Phil crawled under the Plymouth and found a way to temporarily repair the brakes.

In every café they visited, the hit song *Wake up Little Suzy* greeted them on the juke box. Phil said he loved the words and melody, sung by The Everly Brothers, and couldn't hear enough of them. In the sugar beets in Oregon, Ed got pneumonia and had to go to the hospital. As they kept on loading beets, waiting for their friend to get well, Phil suddenly cut out on them. Returning after a two-day absence, he explained sheepishly that he had hitched a ride to a reservation, where a girl friend of his lived. Finally, Ed was released from hospital and the four of them continued south. They crossed into California on a bright, sunny day in October, and to their delight they saw oranges and grapefruit on the trees in people's front yards, shimmering like golden Christmas ornaments. To see citrus fruit actually growing was a new experience for the Canadians and it made them happy. South of Ukiah, Ed and Phil took their leave.

The picking season was over now and the pruning season had begun. Alice and Richard got jobs in Live Oak, on one of the huge factory farms run by the DiGiorgio family. While pruning pear trees, Alice caught a bad chest cold that turned into bronchitis and asthma, and she had to stay home a few days, in the cabin they were renting. Not wanting to wait for winter to set in, they left the rural scene and settled in Oakland.

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Alice got a job driving a taxicab for the Luxury Cab Company, and Richard got a job driving an Oakland city bus. Alice had applied for the higher-paying bus-driving job but had been told they weren't hiring women. She liked being a cabbie, even though she was the only woman in the crew of drivers. She never had to sit in one location long and she got on well with her fellow workers, who sported handles such as Seabiscuit and Peanuts. She, too, earned a sobriquet—"Coat". Feeling chilled all that winter, she wore a full-length, grey gabardine overcoat she had bought at Goodwill. "Kid, we'll sure be glad when Spring comes," her supervisor told her, "and we can finally get that garment off you."

Seabiscuit, whose grey close-set eyes, long face and luxurious sideburns made him resemble the famous race horse of the same name and Peanuts, who kept peanuts on the dashboard of his cab to feed the city's pigeons, took her under their wings and gave her tips on how to "crack the daily nut," take in the minimum required to keep the job. For example, when you took someone over the Bay Bridge to San Francisco and dropped them off, you weren't supposed to pick up new fares on that side, even when you got hailed, as was almost always the case in that cab town. To crack the nut, you had to ignore the rules and work the Frisco side, while management turned a blind eye. Coat's regular customers, the women she

took to pharmacies and doctors on Oakland's "Pill Hill" and those she picked up along with their packages in front of the grocery stores, simply weren't enough.

The longest fare she ever had was to the airport in San Jose, down the Peninsula. On the entire 150 miles, her passenger, a meticulously attired young preacher with warm, earnest eyes, pleaded with her to accept Jesus Christ as her savior, assuring her that Jesus loved her and that He was saving her for a special seat beside him in Heaven. The man seemed so intent on saving her "beautiful soul" that she didn't have the heart to argue. Listening politely paid off, though. When he climbed out of the cab, he not only presented her with an inscribed Bible that read, "Remember you are loved by Jesus" and a generous tip, but that one fare cracked the nut for the entire week.

All during their fruit-picking saga, Alice and Richard had sent in stories about trying to survive as migrant farm workers to Steve Murdock, associate editor of the *People's World*, a weekly newspaper published in San Francisco. These reports appeared in the paper under the pen names George and Marie Coulter and caused a bit of a stir in local left and labor circles.

The day the House Un-American Activities Committee came to San Francisco to hold hearings, Alice and Richard, along with hundreds of others, peacefully demonstrated on the plaza at City Hall, singing *We Shall Not Be Moved*. Alice and Richard watched in horror as peaceful demonstrators on the steps of City Hall were being knocked off their feet by powerful streams of water from fire hoses.

*Alice Leuchtag has a Master's degree in Sociology from California State University at San Diego. She has worked at jobs including farm worker, cab driver, social worker, college instructor, community education specialist, diabetes outreach organizer and researcher in the epidemiology of children's burn injuries. She has published articles, poetry, research papers and a column, "The Bridge," in the Indianapolis Grassroots; her writings have also appeared in Seventeen, Voices International, the Journal of Human Stress, The Humanist, Z Magazine and Free Inquiry. Alice has actively participated in the labor, feminist, civil rights and peace movements, and is on Facebook. She has given yearly talks or coordinated programs commemorating Women's History Month. Alice's hobby is singing folk songs while accompanying herself on the guitar. Alice and her husband, H. Richard Leuchtag, are living in the Texas Hill Country. They have a son, Clyde Leuchtag, three grandchildren, Jeremy, Joshua and Ilana, and two greatgrandchildren, Jeremy Junior and Joseph.*