Silicon Valley, Women, and the California Dream
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Gender, Class, and Opportunity in the Twentieth Century

Glenna Matthews

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To my dear friends Monica Loewi, Sandy Maboney, and John Snetsinger

In memory of Larry Maboney
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Every book has a history, but because this book originated as a Stanford University dissertation in the 1970s, its history is longer than most. To be completely accurate, my interest in the subject even antedated my graduate school experience. From late 1968 to early 1970, I hosted a weekly League of Women Voters television program devoted to public affairs in San Jose and Santa Clara County. Thus, it is not surprising that when I chose a topic of study at Stanford, I gravitated toward an area I had already come to see as fascinating—and that was before the area had become world famous as “Silicon Valley.”

Another reason for my choice to study San Jose is the nature of the family in which I grew up. My late father, Glen Ingles, was a newspaper editor in various small California towns. Although I would not live in the Santa Clara Valley—Sunnyvale, to be precise—until adulthood, many of the issues with which this book deals, such as the conflict between development and resource preservation, were part of our nightly dinner-table conversation. Moreover, in the 1950s my late mother, Alberta Ingles, worked for the Coastal Area Protection League at an office in Laguna Beach. This organization tried to prevent the offshore drilling of oil. I learned many things from my parents; one of the most valuable was to care deeply about my native state.

For my dissertation, I chose to focus on the Santa Clara Valley during the Great Depression, because I had read enough of John Steinbeck to know that I wanted to discover if the historical record would verify his view of California as riven by class conflict during that turbulent decade. And, of course, it did. I published a number of articles drawn from the research but
never a book. Then in the fall of 1992, I was teaching a class at the University of California, Berkeley, in which I teamed up with the anthropologist Aihwa Ong, a scholar who has written about female high-tech workers in Malaysia. The course was entitled “Comparative Gender Systems,” and we devoted a great deal of attention to the situation of women workers. It came to me that I could compare and contrast two different groups of immigrant women workers in two different industries in the Santa Clara Valley, fruit and electronics, and perhaps develop a fresh way of looking at the subject. This book is the result of that decision.

Over time, I have accumulated a greater than usual number of debts to friends and colleagues. In thanking those who have been helpful, I must begin with my Stanford mentor Carl Degler. He has provided an outstanding model of scholarly engagement as well as valued personal friendship. I have long believed that the opportunity to work with him was one of the most significant turning points in my life.

Second, I want to thank the dozens of interview subjects whose cooperation made this research possible. I didn’t rely only on oral history, but the book could never have been written without it, because the written record does not do full justice to a number of the people whose experiences I wanted to document. Moreover, as I worked on the dissertation and then the book, I drew upon many other people to recommend interview subjects or to put me in touch with them. The notes section acknowledges these individuals where possible. Because I received so many names and telephone numbers from him, Michael Eisenscher deserves special thanks.

I would like to say a special word, too, about Lenny Siegel, who dedicated himself to creating an archive of clippings about the Valley’s high-tech industry and who has made it available to scholars. The value of his effort was manifest to me as soon as I heard about it. In researching the depression decade, it had taken me six months to read my way through the San Jose Mercury-Herald (as it then was called) to locate the newspaper articles that would endow me with a matrix of knowledge about that period. Thanks to the clippings files about high tech, I could get right to the meat of the very substantial coverage of the subject in the local press.

Speaking of the San Jose Mercury, I would like to thank two former employees of that publication, Phil Trounstine and Harry Farrell. Each has a tremendous knowledge about the area, and each generously shared his knowledge with me. Indeed, I came to believe that there was not much of
public significance that went on in San Jose in the last half of the twentieth century that escaped the attention of one or both of these men. Another San Josean who deserves to be singled out is Craig Parada of the San Jose City Planning Department. He provided me with specialized maps of San Jose that show the impact of the plethora of annexations on that city.

Two social scientists who have studied high-tech workers in the Valley also provided generous help to me. Karen Hossfeld has interviewed hundreds of assembly workers, and I have been able to discuss the Valley’s high-tech industry with her—as well as read her articles and her dissertation. Boy Luethje of Frankfurt, Germany, has insights and information about the Valley that are unparalleled. Not only has he shared them with me, but he has also read a number of chapters, sparing me from mistakes and enriching my own understanding. Moreover, it was Professor Luethje who told me that I had to talk to Dr. Joseph LaDou, a man with an extraordinary grasp of the occupational safety and health issues for high tech and someone else whose help must be acknowledged.

One of the most riveting interviews I conducted was in the fall of 1999, when I talked to Sam Kagel, an attorney and professional labor mediator/arbitrator who was then ninety years old and who had just signed a three-year contract with the International Longshoremen’s and Warehousemen’s Union (ILWU). Mr. Kagel told me of becoming interested in California labor when he was an undergraduate and of then serving on the Strike Committee of the ILWU in San Francisco in 1934. With an unexcelled perspective on California labor, he’s a man to be listened to. I asked him how he explained the fact that seasonally employed, immigrant female workers in the canneries got a union in the 1930s. He fixed me with a piercing look and replied “the march inland,” the name for the ILWU’s plan to organize collateral industries after its success in 1934. In consequence, I strengthened my argument in that respect.

Over the years, I have presented my research to several audiences, an experience that has invariably been illuminating. Local audiences have included the California Studies Dinner Seminar, the Bay Area Labor History Workshop, the women and work study group, and the Institute of Urban and Regional Development. I have also spoken at the Claremont Graduate School; MIT; California State University, Fullerton; and the University of Central Florida. Thanks to one and all.

Several scholars, in addition to Professor Luethje, read the whole or a part
of the manuscript, including Bob Cherny, Janet Flammang, Bill Issel, Dick Walker, and Charles Wollenberg. To each of them I extend profound gratitude. I am, of course, responsible for any errors that remain.

I also want to thank librarians and archivists at DeAnza Community College’s California History Center, the Labor Archives at San Francisco State University, the Institute for Governmental Studies at University of California, Berkeley, the Bancroft Library, the National Archives, the AFL-CIO Archives in Washington, Stanford University Archives, the San Jose Public Library’s California Room, and the San Jose Historical Museum, as well as personnel at Varian Associates, Intel, and Lockheed. Lynn Bonfield and Susan Sherwood of the San Francisco State Labor Archives deserve special mention, because they allowed me to examine the Sam Kagel Collection before it had been catalogued—I could assist them in evaluating its historical significance—and because of many other acts of kindness along the way.

One of the most crucial sources of help came in the form of a yearlong fellowship from the National Endowment for the Humanities in 1998–99. Not only was the financial assistance welcome, but also receiving the NEH was a wonderful validation for the project.

Norris Pope of Stanford University Press demonstrated interest in the book as soon as I presented the idea to him. Many thanks to him and to all the other people at the press who have helped usher the book into life.

Finally, to all of the friends and family who have lived with my passion for the Santa Clara Valley, there are no words to convey the depth of my gratitude. Sadly, neither of my parents is now alive to see the book, but they always displayed a lively interest in it, even in their nineties. My children, Karen and David, and my grandchildren, Monica, Margaret, and Justin, have done so much to sweeten my life; in the former case, they are two of my best friends as well as my offspring, and in the latter case, I have come to appreciate that none of the stereotypes about being a grandparent does the role justice. Thanks also to my daughter-in-law Maria Matthews and her mother, Sheila Lester. Others I want to mention include Deborah Gardner, Pat Hills, Greg Nolan, and Kevin Whitfield, my East Coast support group; Bob Darcy, Adelia Hanson, Lynn Murnane, Etta Perkins, and Dorothy Schrader of Stillwater, Oklahoma; Barbara and Fred Nash of Laguna Beach (and many other members of the Laguna Beach High School Class of 1955); and my friends in the Bay Area. Among the last-named are Dee Andrews, Dion

The friends to whom the book is dedicated have been singled out because they have had so much tenure in office, so to speak, have been so loyal, and have listened to me beyond what is reasonable but not beyond their endurance. Monica Loewi was my roommate at Pomona College in the 1950s and has been an unflagging friend ever since. Though she lives in Canada, she has shown up for many of the “big” occasions of my life. Sandy Mahoney and the late Larry Mahoney of Sunnyvale, whom I first met in 1964, provided me with months of hospitality when I no longer lived in the Valley myself but needed to be there to conduct research. I should also say that Sandy—was there ever a better confidante!—has faithfully clipped appropriate articles in the San Jose Mercury for me over the years. John Snetsinger, fellow historian and friend since childhood, has given me heart since the days when I was a re-entry student at San Jose State University and wondering whether I could aspire to the doctoral program at Stanford. Clichéd though it may be to say this, these are the people who make my life worth living.

Glenna Matthews
Berkeley and Laguna Beach