

LAST ISSUE
RENEW SUB. TODAY
PACT BETWEEN

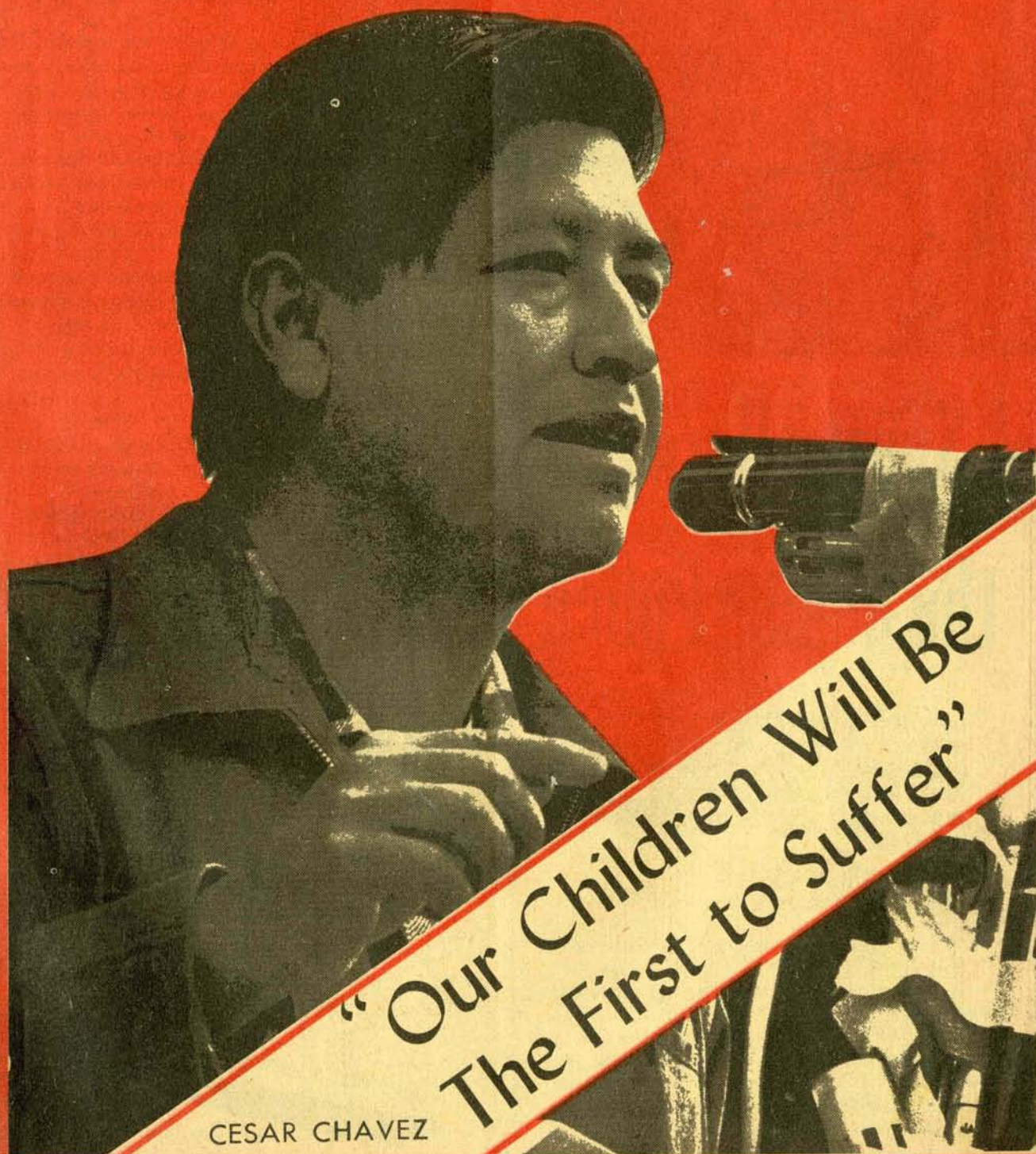
Students and Farm Workers

El Malcriado

In English



"The Voice of the Farm Worker"-Delano, Calif.-March 1, 1967-15¢

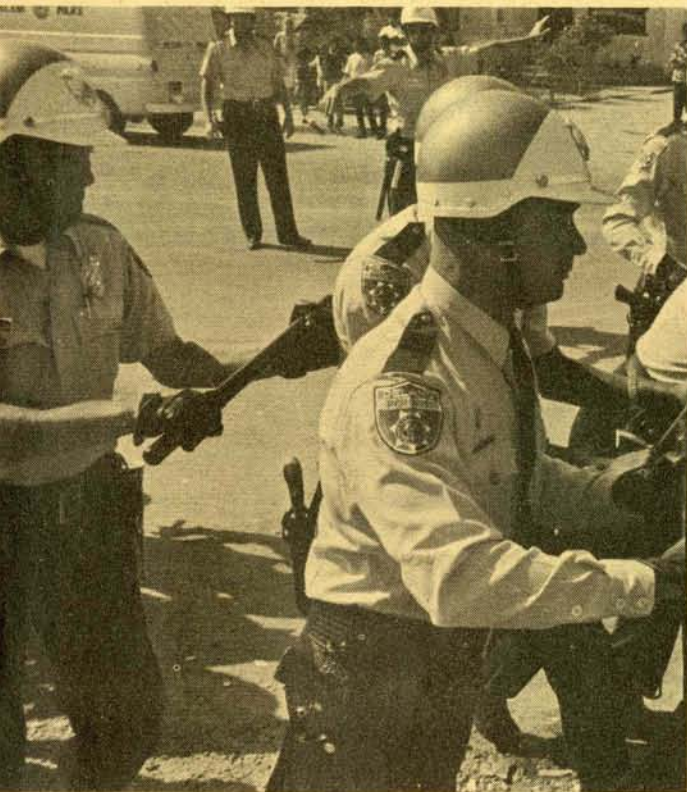


"Our Children Will Be
The First to Suffer"

CESAR CHAVEZ

THE LEAMON KING INCIDENT

BY EMMON CLARKE



have to give them a chance to keep that promise."

* * * * *

It was late at night, dark outside, about 10 o'clock in the old farm house set back from the road about a half mile. The young and beautiful wife was home alone except for her three small children and her bed-ridden father-in-law. Her husband was out of town on business.

A pounding on the door, a shouted command "Open up, Police," and the beauty of a quiet night was no more.

So started another episode in the indiscretions of the young Captain Harry Gilbert of the Delano Police force.

Gilbert, together with Sgt. Bannister of the Delano Police Department and sheriff's deputies from Tulare and Kern Counties formed a posse that was, according to the Delano Record, "combing the area for a suspect wanted on a Tulare County warrant for two counts of assault with a deadly weapon.

No publicly-known facts in the case indicate that the suspect was in the area. But, the posse surrounded the home of Leamon King on the King's ranch located about three miles west of

A Sports Hero is a Victim of the Delano Police

LEAMON KING REPRESENTED HIS COUNTRY WITH DIGNITY IN THE INTERNATIONAL OLYMPICS BUT THIS DIDN'T SAVE HIM FROM ROUGH AND UNJUST TREATMENT AT THE HANDS OF THE POLICE.

"I was not after an apology," Leamon King told this reporter, "What I want is to be sure that this type of thing never happens again to my family."

"In my mind," King continued, "this (the city council's actions) is a constructive step. I really don't want to make a big issue of this thing. They (the city council) have made me a promise, now we have to wait. To be fair, we

the Delano City limits. Gilbert, the city police captain, led the search.

Mrs. King, frightened by the unusual activity, at first refused to answer the door. She was alone, her husband was away, the only men in the house were her six-year old boy, an 18-month old infant and her stroke-crippled father-in-law.

Why police at her door? Was it really the police? Why late at night? Was it a lynch mob? What had she done? What did the MAN want?

In the history of her people such a visit meant horrible things. The Kings are Negroes.

Afraid, she went into her darkened bedroom and got her husband's rifle. She re-entered the living room through a door opposite the front door. The police were threatening to break down the door. She placed the still sheathed rifle on a settee against the wall and went to the front door.

CONTINUES NEXT PAGE



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The Leamon King...

Other men in uniform gather on the little front porch. She looks out through the small glass plate on the front door and sees a friendly face.

He takes his I.D. card, and silently places it against the glass. She reads it and unlatches the front door.

Gilbert pushes the door open and strides past Mrs. King. He pauses for a moment and speaks. Mrs. King hears him say, "What's the matter with you?" Then he moves on swinging to the left.

Down the length of the living room and then to his right and through the kitchen. Nothing on the back porch at the end of the kitchen. Turn right and open a door.

Gilbert steps into the bedroom of the senior Mr. King. Only an old man here. Across the room to his right is another door. It opens into the living room.

Gilbert moves through and to his left into the master bedroom. Back out again, he walks to his left and looks into the children's room. Only children there. He returns to the living room.

Gilbert finds nothing so the night raiders return to the dark.

They took nothing away, but they left a house disrupted, a woman frightened and alone, and terror in the night.

Mrs. King telephoned her mother-in-law, Mrs. Beatrice King, who came to the ranch and spent the night there.



This sequence of events is true. It happened on Jan. 26, 1967 at the ranch of Mr. Leamon King in the countryside west of Delano.

King is a native of Delano and an internationally known track star. In the mid-50's he ran in the Olympic trials and in the Melbourne Games, as well as representing the United States in Stockholm, Sweden, running the 100-yd. and 100-meter dashes.

King returned home Friday, Jan. 27, but his wife, not wanting to worry him, said nothing. He first learned of the incident when Kern County Sheriff's Sgt. Ray Brittain was making a follow-up investigation.

On Monday, Jan. 30, King and his wife atten-

(Continues on Pg. 30)

Letters From the Readers



A Poem

DON SOTACO and his MISERIES

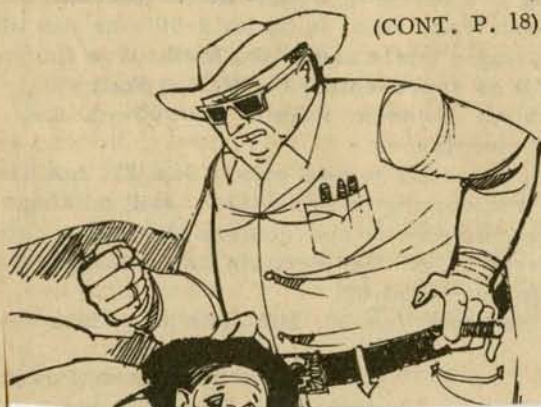
Editor:

Enclosed you will find a check for \$4.40, \$1.40 for remittance of 2 Malcriados, \$2.00 for the record you sent me, and \$1.00 so that you will send me the cartoon book of Don Sotaco.

I am writing a poem on the miseries and mistreatment that our people have suffered during the last 50 years in the fields, how they live in shacks as if it were a village of savages. The Mexican-American is, and continues to be, the forgotten man.

And with your permission, if you will grant it, I want to call this poem "Don Sotaco and

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COMPANIES AND PEOPLE

Friends:

Work for the good of your people and stop printing so much about the bad guy--a company yes but one person no

May I be an honorary union member? God's blessing.

Charles E. Mertins
Towson, Md.

The Struggle Has Not Yet Ended

Sirs:

I have been very pleased to receive El Malcriado during the past year, and with much pleasure and interest I have read your commentaries on the struggle for a better life that is taking place in California and other states. I want to congratulate you for the clarity with which you have expressed the worthy, progressive, and democratic wishes of the farm workers.

Their cause has reminded many that the old victories of the labor movement did not conclude its history, but rather that the selfish interests of the powerful must be confronted today and in the future.

I wish you the best of luck in this next year.

Sincerely,
John B. Pierce
San Francisco, Cal.

sity of California was a cynical move. Strike-breaker Mohn, unable to stop the unionizing of the farm workers, now joins his pals from Agribusiness, oil, and banking who sit on the Board and also monopolize business in the State of California.

Maybe Mohn can help Governor Reagan break the back of student strikes at Berkeley. Brown's appointment of Mohn should help farm workers everywhere understand how much workers have in common with students at Berkeley and elsewhere who are struggling for justice and control over their own lives. Free Speech, union organizing, and fair and equal treatment under the law are only allowed when the bosses approve.

For years the bosses have been trying to stop students from getting involved in labor organizing, civil rights, and other political issues because students have power and energy to organize people against their oppressors. Government investigations of the University will only teach more young people that big business and its government puppets are the real cynics and enemies of the people.

Sincerely yours,
Marc Sapin
Stanford, Cal.

The Hell That Is



Sirs:

Here in the County of "Estrella" there are people who kill and people who rob; among

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the latter are the sons of the public employees, who in turn are robbers. Robbers that never even see the jail. Instead, th the poorer strikers are put in jail. Their crime having fought for a just cause.

Everything you say in' your paper about this country is true. Here tl the law is enforced by criminals. I thank you for telling this to the public. I know that not even in Mexico do they treat people as they do here.

I wish the Federal Authorities would realize what kind of situation we are living in here.

One of the things the Federal Government should know is that the money they send here for poverty programs is really being used by the politicians to buy their own votes. And those people who do not want to comply with this are left out of work.

A Friend of Yours
Apolonio Solis
Grulla, Texas

LETTER FROM A NAZI TO GENE NELSON LEADER OF THE TEXAS FARM WORKERS



In our last issue we published an article entitled "Left and Right". Now we have received a letter which, in normal circumstances, we would have thrown away; but since it is a clear example of the mentality of those who believe that we are still living in the age of feudalism where the ideals of Jefferson and Lincoln are no more than an empty dream, we here publish it as an illustration of the content of our past article.



"Dear" Eugene,

We read all about you in the Detroit Free Press newspaper recently, and think you ought to be heartily ashamed of yourself for causing such a lot of trouble.

Since you attended Long Beach college for two years, it would seem you would be able to get yourself a respectable type of job instead of spending your life messing up everybody else's. Too bad you didn't carry out your plans for a writing career, instead of pulling a Jimmy Hoffa trick, in organizing a bunch of ignorant laborers. We can bet your parents are plenty ashamed of you these days, and hang their heads, as a result!

You deliberately moved into Texas thinking you could stop a big melon crop (like a gangster enjoys meddling in something he has no business in, --ala Hoffa again). You figured it was an easy touch, eh boy?

Those Mexicans are mighty glad to get paid for their honest work until a rabble rousing guy such as you enters the premises and persuades them they're doing wrong by giving an honest day's work! Fie on you, Gene! It is people like yourself who make America wrong. It used to be a wonderful country until gangsters and hoods became powerful and began taking over. Actually, your kind ought to be stopped, but quick.

Have you no conscience?

What makes your kind tick anyway?

Up here in Detroit its the Niggers who are giving the citizens a lot of trouble.

An ex-colleague
Detroit, Michigan

For the FUTURE OF CHILDREN

The things you are doing will give the children of the future a better chance--it is so hard to explain how good it feels that at last somebody has not shut their ears to the crys of hunger from our children ren and wives, and to the many injustices--

May the
Good Lord keep giving
you the courage and faith
which you have shown.

John Nidal
Dallas, Texas

P.S. Many times I wondered what our children thought when they saw so many not do a thing to improve the conditions.

Rev. Drake: "Only one thing makes the political system in South Texas work. And that thing is money. The one accepted procedure is 'Mordida' -- the bribe. Thus, the lowest official on the scale has to pay part of his salary to the next man up the scale. At the top there is a tremendous concentration of money. For instance, the superintendent of schools of Starr County, with all his federal money and power to appoint people to jobs is not an educational administrator -- he's a labor contractor!"

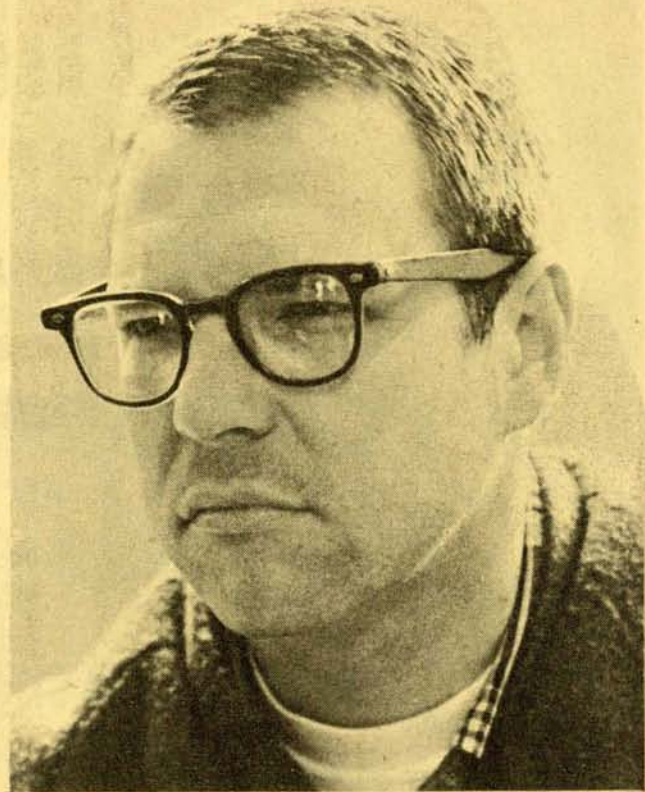
In this brutal setting in which the rich get richer and the poor are hungry, is LA CASITA FARMS, current target of the Texas Strike and Boycott. LA CASITA FARMS pays its field labor as little as 60¢ an hour and hires an average of 300-400 workers all the time. Its sales are in the millions. The owner of LA CASITA FARMS is Clarence Morris, a millionaire Salinas Valley, Calif. rancher. A button is pushed in Salinas, and powerless farm workers two thousand miles away in Starr County are squeezed, dragged, and pushed a little farther down the road of despair and poverty.

Rev. Drake: "The law in South Texas is a man named Randall Nye, a menacing shadow which covers all of Starr County. Here peaceful assembly is illegal, picketing is illegal, even praying is illegal. When strikers are arrested -- and there have been more than 100 arrests -- they are not given the rights which all people must be given. Why? Because Randall Nye is not only the district attorney. He is the attorney for La Casita Farms."

The Rio Grande Valley is a string of poor little towns along the beautiful river that forms the international border. Many of the houses are built of rocks and mud with thatched roofs. It snows sometimes in the winter and the snow breaks through the roofs with its weight. In Rio Grande City, many of the houses are brick--because there is a local brick factory--but they are without floors or interior walls.

Rev. Drake: "The local doctor has refused to treat strikers, and they have to go to Mission Texas, when they are sick. There is a good doctor there who says, after treating a striker: 'Don't worry about it. It is only \$2, but I'll send the bill to the AFL-CIO.' But he never does."

La Casita Farms gets its scab labor from Mexico. Every day they send buses to the International Bridge at Roma, Texas, and bring back loads of workers. Roy Rochester, trusted local manager of La Casita, knows that as long as he can hire non-citizens and non residents, without any rights, he is not going to have any labor trouble. But the Texas strikers have taught him differently. Even the Texas Rangers--governor John Connally's personal shock troops--cannot save him from huge losses when he has his markets strangled by the economic pressure of decent people all



Rev. JIM DRAKE: "In Southern Texas the law is a man called Randall Nye".

over Texas who will not buy his products.

Rev. Drake: "When the strike started, many of the local stores just gave food to the strikers. Then the union started a strike kitchen, where the daily diet is rice, beans and tortillas. The Texas strikers are an even harder, more courageous group than the Delano strikers -- if that's possible -- and they will stick with this thing until they win. When you haven't got money or power, then you need strong people, and that's what we've got in Starr County."

For the first twenty or thirty arrests during the strike, the workers were able to find friends or relatives with a piece of land who could guarantee the bail bond by putting up their property. (Randall Nye keeps only one bail bondsman in the county. If he won't bail one out, nobody can.) But now they've run out of people with property, and a cash bond is required. So they just stay in jail until the boos wants to let them out. If it's the Texas Rangers that have put them in, they could stay in forever, without being charged, without seeing a judge or a lawyer. The Rangers have authority across county lines, and if there's agitation to get the strikers out of the Starr County Jail, they just move him somewhere else. The food in jail is worse than the strike kitchen. Reverend Drake told El Malcriado that he was fed a small ball of flour and rice for dinner, and that six strikers were put into a cell six feet wide and twelve feet long.

At the bottom of the heap are the Texas strikers,

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SACRAMENTO 1967

By DANIEL de los REYES

Photography by EMMON CLARKE

THE FIGHT AGAINST

IGNORANCE

**THE PACT BETWEEN STUDENTS AND
FARM WORKERS REAFFIRMED
IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL**

THE SCENE

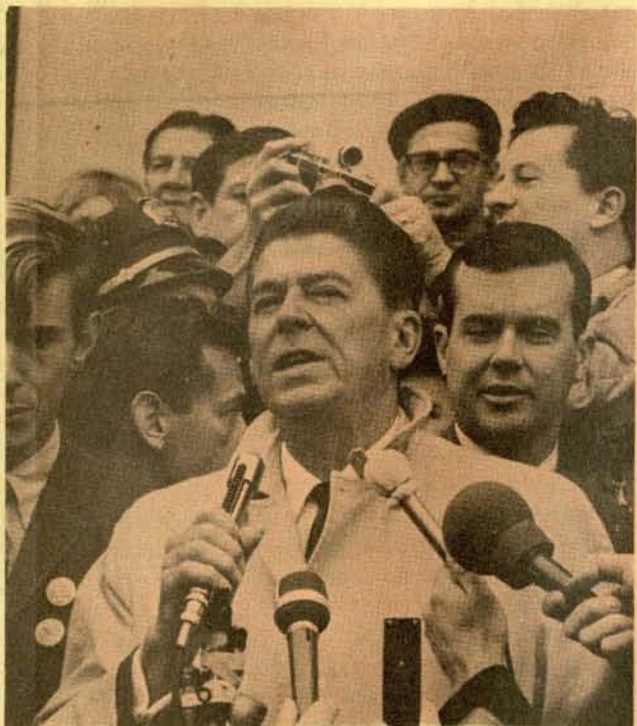
The man, tall, grown old, and with make-up on his face, raised his arms, and with a theatrical gesture asked the crowd to quiet down, so that they could listen to what he had to say. As soon as the crowd knew he was there, it was shaken by different reactions. On the right started a strong chorus of voices that yelled, "We don't want tuition!" And from the other side, loud and fast, came the agreement, "No, no, no, no, no, we don't want tuition!"

The television cameras were focused on the face of the man, the flashed of the press cameras exploded, capturing the event for history, for this was history. A voice demanded over the microphones: "Please, please let the Governor talk."

The man was Ronald Reagan, Governor of the State of California, actor in cowboy movies during the forties, now getting into politics. The scene was the steps of the Capitol in Sacramento; the crowd, twenty thousand students; and the discussion, the tuition in California colleges.

A COMMON STRUGGLE

Early in the morning, before dawn, while we were traveling from Delano to Sacramento in the car with César Chavez and Jim Drake, we were aware that something unusual was happening that day. As we drove down Highway 99, we were passed by car after car of all types, filled with young people, as though the older people had for this day stayed home and giv-



THE MAN WAS RONALD REAGAN,
GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.

en the road to youth. Most of the automobiles had stickers on their bumpers with such slogans as, "Down with the tuition" and "Reagan, cut the act, not the budget!"

We arrived in Sacramento. We were there because the Farm Workers Organizing Committee agreed to join, side by side, with their brothers, the students who have proved to us that not everything in California, and that the youth are standing up to save the state from the reactionary acts of some politicians.

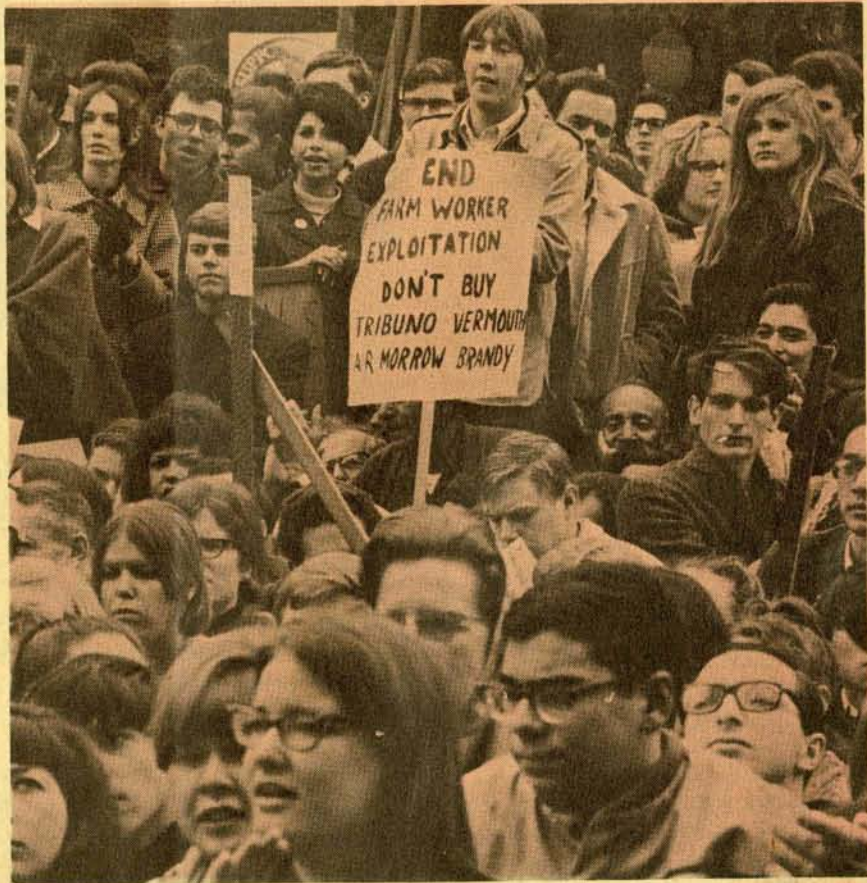
There, a mile from the Capitol, in an empty lot, were thousands and thousands of young people representing all parts of the state, carrying signs with a thousand statements and one goal: to voice the opinions and ideas of young Californians to Governor Reagan.

The farm workers were there with their red flags with the black thunderbird, and their signs, which reflected their feelings about the problem. Led by Cesar Chavez himself, Larry Itliong, Dolores Huerta, Jim Drake, and other of the leaders, they were received with applause and cheers from the students; the same students that we have seen so many times on the picket lines at the vineyards of DiGiorgio, of Goldberg, and of Perelli Minetti; the same youths we have seen working tirelessly on the boycotts and at all the activities helping the farm workers in their struggle against social injustice.

Then the march started along Capitol Mall, and it was something to see the spectacle that was presented to the city of Sacramento: farm workers with dark faces, aged prematurely by the California sun, marching side by side with students with youthful faces; farm workers with black hair and a determined look, by the side of blond and redheaded students with brilliant, sparkling eyes, all forming a part of a brotherhood against ignorance and poverty, all brothers in a common fight against the evil politicians.

At the arrival at the steps of the Capitol, the park in front was not big enough to hold the crowds,

(TURN TO PAGE 18)



ABOVE WE SEE PART OF THE FARMWORKER DELEGATION ARRIVING AT THE CAPITOL. BELOW, A GROUP OF STUDENTS LISTEN ATTENTIVELY TO CESAR CHAVEZ.

THE FARM WORKERS' STRUGGLE

The Double-Cross at Alta Vista

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS-OR THEIR AGENTS-SABOTAGE A UNION ELECTION

"OUR FIGHT IS NOT AGAINST THE CHURCH, IT IS NOT AGAINST A RELIGIOUS ORDER IT IS AGAINST MOUNT LA SALLE VINEYARDS, OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS AND THE LABOR CONTRACTORS THAT THEY HIRE"

"WE HAD THOUGHT THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS WOULD BE AS CONCERNED AS THE UNION ABOUT SOCIAL JUSTICE. WE THOUGHT THE AGREEMENT BETWEEN OUR FARM WORKERS AND THE BROTHERS COULD BE A MODEL AND AN EXAMPLE."
Cesar Chavez

Cesar Chavez began talks with the Christian Brothers Winery and Ranch Properties in June, 1965. Last week the relationship ended on the Christian Brothers' Alta Vista Ranch in Reedley, California, with the Christian Brothers in the position of active union-busters.

Through its agent, who is the labor contractor Daniel Losano, and his foreman Mike Diaz, the company began a campaign of harassment and intimidation the workers, just three days before the election. Workers



Mont La Salle, near Napa, headquarters for the Christian Brothers order and for their profitable wine-making enterprises.

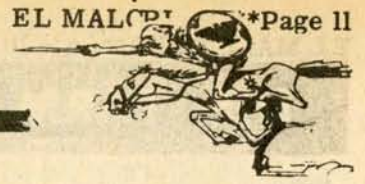
who spoke up for the union were thrown out of the Christian Brothers' labor camp. A hired agitator spread lies about the union. On Tuesday, February 14, the date scheduled for the election, Cesar Chavez release the following statement:

"Despite the words and deeds of Brother Gregory in our presence, Harassment, coercion, and intimidation of employees qualified to vote has continued with increased vigor up to this

hour.

"Therefore the United Farm Workers (AFL-CIO) and the workers who have chosen us to represent them cannot in good conscience participate in the scheduled elections. "We call upon you to fulfill your original public statement that you recognize the union. The conduct of employer agents leaves us free to take any appropriate economic action if you fail to fulfill recognition.

"If it had not been for our own



feeling that a religious order shared our concern for the workers," Chavez continued, "we would never be in this position. We trusted them and we believed that they were acting in good faith."

After Christian Brothers announced last year that they were recognizing the Farm Workers Union, they were approached by the union for negotiations. They told Chavez to wait and agreed to sign the same terms as in the Schenley contract, whatever that would be. The union waited, and after the Schenley agreement, went back to Christian Brothers. By this time the union was not dealing with the Brothers themselves, but with their lawyers. The workers were told to wait some more, until the complete, final Schenley contract was released. But they were impatient and asked for an immediate 30¢ an hour raise in the wages at the Brothers Napa and Reedley Ranches. The lawyers refused. Again, the union went along with them.

Chavez pointed out that the union would never have done this with any other employer. "They are Christians; they are Catholics we thought that their cause and our cause were the same. Right now it appears that we were wrong."

The next time the union approa



ched the Christian Brothers lawyer, he said that there was some question about whether the union really represented the workers. The union went out again and signed up almost all of the employees--for the second time, and presented proof to Christian Brothers. At this time the workers, represented by their negotiating committee, presented the company with their ideas for a written contract.

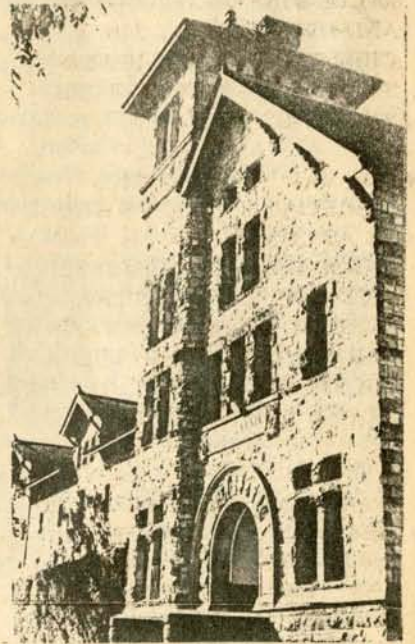
Christian Brothers' lawyer put these aside. He also put aside the Brothers' original recognition agreement. And he called for an election.

Tricked by what they believed to

be the good intentions of the Christian Brothers, the workers agreed. And this was the point of no return.

The company's hired agents began a campaign of lies and smears against the union that was more savage than even the bitterest days of DiGiorgio's fight against the union. When it reached this point, on Monday, February 13, where the workers were being subjected to union-busting sermons, and were fired for defending the union, Cesar Chavez stepped in and called off the election.

It was a sad day for the Christian Brothers' workers in Fresno and Napa County, who had come so close to getting a living wage and the dignity of a union contract. But it was also a sad day for the dedicated men of God who call themselves Christian Brothers.



Picturesque old champagne cellars of The Christian Brothers at St. Helena, in the heart of California's wine country. Reminiscent of a medieval castle, the vast grey stone structure was built in 1889.

ATENCION

ANYONE WITH EXPERIENCE OR KNOWLEDGE OF THE EMPLOYMENT OF SUGAR BEET WORKERS FROM TEXAS AND THE SOUTHWESTERN STATES: DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE HIRING, TRANSPORTATION, WAGES, PAYMENT PROCEDURES, WORKING CONDITIONS, OR ANYTHING ELSE FOR THE FARM WORKERS WHO WERE BROUGHT BY THE EMPIRE STATE SUGAR CORP. TO WORK IN NEW YORK STATE SUGAR BEETS IN THE 1966 SEASON, OR WILL BE IN THE COMING 1967 SEASON?

IF YOU DO, PLEASE WRITE YOUR NAME TO DEVEC, 1034 MADISON STREET, SYRACUSE, N. Y. 13210, SO THESE WORKERS CAN GET A FAIR DEAL THIS YEAR.

Above Left:

Vineyards of The Christian Brothers at Mont La Salle, in the foothills of California's Napa Valley, were planted from choice European cuttings. Here, Brother Timothy, cellar master for the winery, decides that grapes have reached the peak of perfection required for harvesting.

THE FARM WORKER STRUGGLE

Reagan's Plan To Improve (?) Agriculture

REAGAN

Governor Reagan last week submitted to the lawmakers his "8-point plan to improve agriculture." Five of the eight points were union-busting tools.

(1) The first point called for 600 "migrant houses" to be built at a cost of \$9,000 each. **EL MALCRIADO SAYS**—the houses will be used for foremen and supervisors only.

(2) A mediation service for labor disputes. California already has a mediation service which operates fairly and is nationally recognized. **EL MALCRIADO SAYS**—Reagan is trying to get rid of all government employees that he can not control, and replace them with his own puppets.

(3) a "revitalized" farm-labor employment service. The farm labor service has always operated in the interests of the rancher.

Its officials have always been corrupt in shutting their eyes to violations of the law. **EL MALCRIADO SAYS**—To spend more money on this sick state agency is a crime. The farm placement service should be shut down instead.

(4) Removal of the 160-acre water rights limitation. This is a law designed to protect small farmers. **EL MALCRIADO SAYS**—If there is no room for small farmers in California why doesn't Reagan stand up like a man and say so, instead of trying to squeeze them out of the back door.

(5) To create an Agricultural Youth Corps. Teenagers and college students would be given summer jobs needed by professional skilled farm workers who have their families to support. **EL MALCRIADO SAYS**—If Reagan suggested this ridiculous idea for any other industry, he would be laughed out of the state.

(The other three points in his program dealt with plant diseases)



Another view of the thousands of students and workers who marched in Sacramento last week against Reagan and tuition.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

In a special letter sent from Delano headquarters, the United Farm Workers announced this week that "THE UNION WILL NOT BE ABLE TO PROVIDE EL MALCRIADO FOR MEMBERS." Many members had the impression that El Malcriado was provided free to all who paid union dues, and a few members were actually receiving the paper. "THE UNION IS GROWING AT SUCH A FAST RATE," the letter said, "THAT TO GIVE EL MALCRIADO WILL COST US MANY HUNDREDS OF DOLLARS. THE ONLY WAY WE COULD GIVE EL MALCRIADO TO THE MEMBERS IS TO RAISE THE DUES. AND WE WILL NOT RAISE THE DUES."

The union stated that, "IT IS EVERY FARM WORKER'S OBLIGATION TO KEEP INFORMED ABOUT WHAT IS HAPPENING." The letter ended with a request that everyone send \$2.50 to El Malcriado for a year's subscription.

A Victim of War



RICARDO CAMPOS

Oakland, Calif. —Ricardo Campos, 27, born in Amador, Calif., was killed last December 6th in a small village in Vietnam, victim of war. Son of migrant workers, Campos was orphaned at a very young age and spent all his life in juvenile detention homes or in orphanages. Richard had no choice other than to join the army at 17. He was shipped out to Vietnam and never returned alive.

Since his birth, Ricardo Campos was exploited by the same system which sent him to his death, but when the body was sent back, the politicians praised the manner of his death, and spoke of naming parks after him.

But it is too late. Should someone have to die in order to live as a human being in this country?

Cases like that of Ricardo Campos would not happen if all the citizens would listen to organizations like the farm workers, struggling to end such injustices, and would join them.

help the Farm Worker Strike. The Farm Worker Union now has its own number: 47947, and if you use the number when you buy, the Union will get money at the end of the year. You don't need to be a member of the union to use this

number. The Union has had its own number (47947) since 1966, but until now it has only received \$16. Please help by giving the number of the Union on your big purchases, and your own number for your small purchases.

F B I INVESTIGATES TEXAS ARRESTS



Rio Grande, Texas—254 stores have agreed to cooperate in the boycott that has been organized in Texas against the sale of the products of La Casita Farms. Among them is included 148 markets of the Safeway supermarket chain. Gilbert Padilla is in charge of this boycott which has had so much success.

Moreover, the FBI has begun an investigation of civil rights, as a result of the arrests by Sheriff Alberto Pena of Starr County, who has been acting as if he were taking the law into his own hands.

The last straw that has brought about the FBI investigation was the arbitrary and illegal arrest of three Catholic priests who have been helping the strikers of Rio Grande City.

Five priests arrested in January for appearing in Rio Grande City in support of the strikers, were released from disciplinary action by their bishop. One of them stated, "This is not the end. It's only the beginning." The priests, returning to Texas from a week's exile in New Mexico for "meditation," said "we ate some fire (during the punishment) and we are ready to breathe it forth." The story was carried nationally in the daily newspapers. San Francisco headlined it "Two Exiled Priests Return to Fight."



A Practical Way of Helping Us

Berkeley and San Francisco—If you live in the Bay area and buy at the Berkeley Co-ops, you can

YOU CAN HELP STOP this drain on Texas wealth! Refuse to buy these products, produced by strikebreaking slave labor on the LA CASITA FARMS in Texas.

**Don't Buy
these**

**PRODUCTS
MANUFACTURED BY**

A. Perelli-Minetti

VICTOR HUGO

ARISTOCRAT



Institution

ASSUMPTION ABBEY

BROOKSIDE

(OLD RANCHO)

The Leamon King...

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

also contacted by phone, "we have already initiated two changes, one concerning booking and reports, and the other dealing with an inter county agreement between the city and Kern and Tulare counties.

The Mayor could not explain the discrepancy between his statements and that of the police chief.

It appears that someone is trying to fool the people, but we don't know yet who.

THE MILLIONAIRE & "Don QUIXOTE"

Tell the Truth, Mister A. Perelli-Minetti!

AN INTERESTING DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE MILLIONAIRE RANCHER, AND A POOR STUDENT, WHO IS ALSO A 'MILLIONAIRE' BUT IN IDEALS, A TRUE 'DON QUIXOTE'.

Mr. Robert M. Philmus
University of California
Department of Literature
La Jolla, Calif. 92038

My dear young man:

A Letter From P. Minetti...

In any business, there prevails the laws of economics which must be observed if one does not want to go broke. If you guarantee us a 5% profit, we will pay any wage you want us to. Proof of your financial ability to back this up would be necessary.

Advice from a man who is very likely older than your grandfather: Deposit a copy of the letter you wrote us in your box at the bank. Wait 20 years so that you may have had some business ventures of your own and then re-read the letter and compare what you wrote us in January, 1967 with your reactions of 1987.

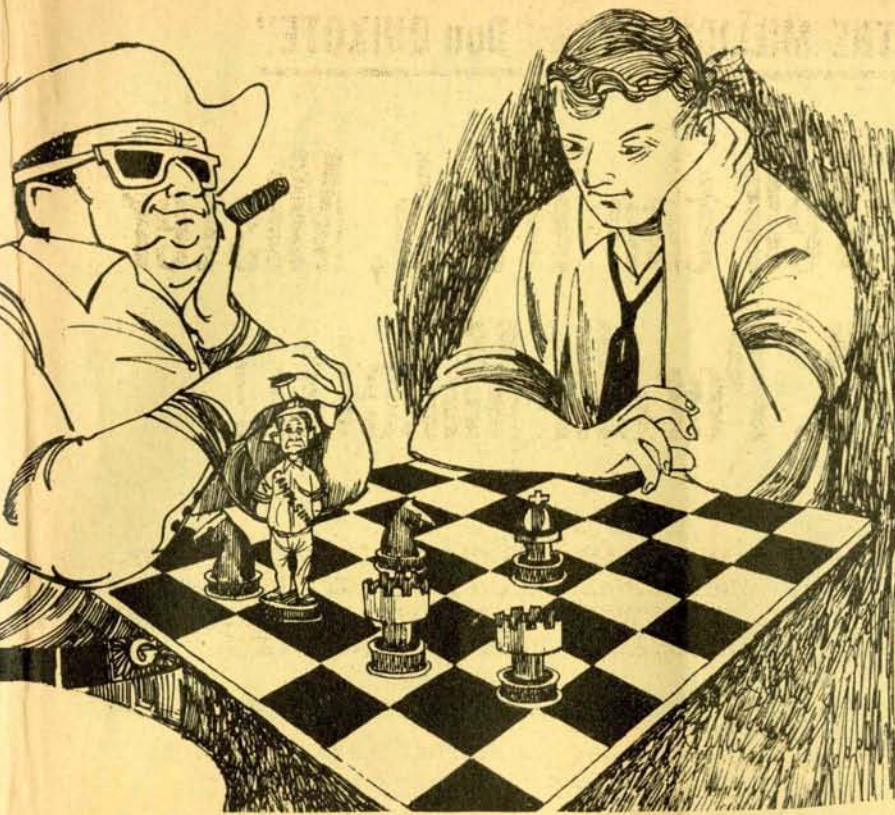
Incidentally, the picking crew who walked out in September, 1966 did earn an average of \$3.27 an hour. A fact of life is that the AFL-CIO is on a membership drive.

As to our contract, it was signed September 18, 1966. While Schenley signed recognition agreement in the spring of 1966, it did not sign its collective bargaining agreement until October, 1966. The Schenley UFWOC - AFL-CIO contract, a copy of which we have, includes neither medical insurance, nor life insurance, nor unemployment insurance, all of which are included in our contract for temporary as well as permanent workers.

Our contract was the first full collective bargaining agreement ever signed in behalf of farm workers, and still is the most generous and comprehensive.

Yours very truly,

Antonio Perelli-Minetti



And the Right Answer !

Dear Mr. Perelli-Minetti:

Thank you for your reply to my reply. I hope you don't mind if I don't wait 20 years to send it to El Malcriado, which has already printed my letter to you. After all, you hardly typed it on the sort of paper that is likely to benefit from being in a bank for any number of years (20 years is a rather long time, by the way; Horace in his Letter to the Pisos recommends 9, as I recall). Besides, I think your workers are entitled to your reply as well as this reply to your reply.

Let me emphasize again that my letters to you are not an exercise in personal acerbity or disrespect. The point of my first letter -- which point you seem to disregard -- is that you sent out a letter which purported to de-mislead people about the strike at Perelli-Minetti and which instead was more misleadingly unclear and ambiguous than anything else I have read about the strike. If you look over my letter again, you will find that with one exception, all the information that it contains was taken -- sometimes verbatim -- from that "de-misleading" letter you yourself originated. Let me repeat: my only interest in this matter is the TRUTH!

With regard to the letter of yours now at hand, I propose to follow the same method as in my reply to your previous letter. That is, I shall use only the information which you yourself furnish -- this time with the exception of two reported facts.

I would first like to expatiate on your repeated assertion that the crew which went on strike was earning "an average of \$3.27 an hour" (not \$3.26 1/2 or 3.28 1/4?). That statement is perfectly compatible with the statement that most of the crew was earning less than the minimum wage, or even less than \$1.00 an hour, as anyone acquainted with statistics will know. For example, if you had a crew of three and the foreman were earn-

(CONTINUED ON P. 18)

Perelli-Minetti refuses an
interview with El Malcriado

What is he Hiding?

PERELLI-MINETTI SAYS: "El Malcriado prints what it wants with no concern with anything other than to prove what it wants to prove. It is a malicious newspaper."

* * * * *

Fred Perelli-Minetti, contacted in his offices in the center of the huge Minetti winery complex in McFarland, refused to talk with a reporter from El Malcriado.

"Our mission was to get his point of view on the strike and the nationwide boycott which he faces.

"I WILL NOT TALK WITH THEM," he said. "I HAVE READ SEVERAL ISSUES OF EL MALCRIADO AND I HAVE NOTICED THAT THEY HAD AN ATTITUDE, A CAUSE, A STATEMENT TO MAKE, AND THAT THEY WOULD NOT LET ANYONE OR ANYTHING INTERFERE WITH THEIR MAKING IT."

We explained the terms of the interview to Mr. Minetti. We told him that it would be tape recorded and would be printed word for word in our paper, whatever he felt like saying.

"IT DOESN'T MATTER. I WILL NOT TALK WITH THEM. THEY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT GRAPES. THEY DON'T EVEN KNOW A GONDOLA FROM A TRUCK."

We got into a long discussion with Mr. Minetti about gondolas and trucks. We had referred to one of his trucks or loaders as a gondola, by mistake. He had taken this as an example of our bad faith, our foolishness, and our malice.

Changing the subject, we asked if he would agree to an interview by someone else.

"WHO ELSE?" Minetti asked.

"By the Reverend James

(CONTINUED ON P. 18)

Democracy Comes to the Fields

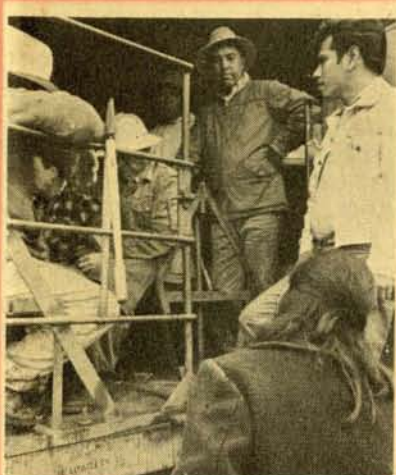
photo story
e. m. clarke



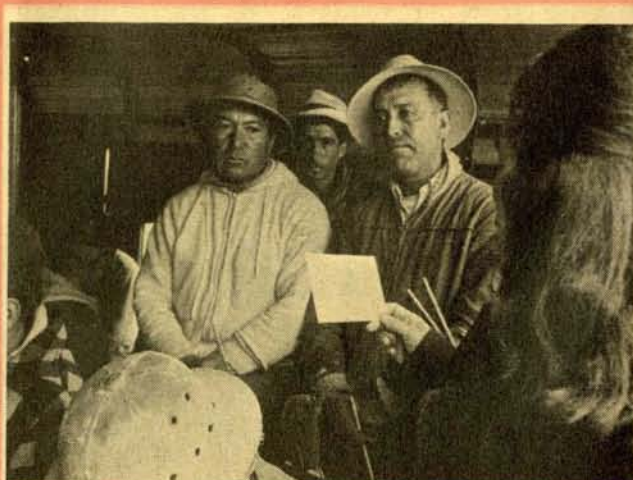
Pete Cárdenas and Ruth Trujillo talk to the workers at the Di Giorgio ranch.



Dolores Huerta talks about the Union to a group of farmworkers.



With interest and attentiveness the workers listen to Cardenas and Dolores Huerta who went right to the vineyards to talk to them



Some of the oldest workers of the Di Giorgio corporation learn about the benefits of señorial they will receive in the Union.



Josefina Gabaldon never trusted the Union, now, convinced, she signs the authorization card.

A BIG CONTRAST

THE STRONG CONTRAST BETWEEN A DEMOCRATIC UNION SUCH AS UFWOC AND THE UN-AMERICAN TEAMSTERS CAN BE SEEN IN THESE PHOTOGRAPHS. THE TEAMSTERS HAVE USED CLUBS, GUNS, AND OTHER GESTAPO TECHNIQUES TO REACH THEIR GOALS. THE UNITED FARM WORKERS ORGANIZING COMMITTEE, THE UNION OF AND FOR THE FARM WORKER, WENT INTO THE FIELDS, SPOKE TO EACH OF THE WORKERS, AND EXPLAINED THE BENEFITS OF UNIONIZATION. THE WORKERS SIGNED CARDS WHICH ALLOW THE UNION TO DEDUCT DUES FROM THEIR PAYCHECKS AND WHICH GIVE THE WORKERS THE FULL BENEFITS UFWOC HAS SET UP FOR THEM. AND SO, THE BEST WEAPON WE HAVE--DEMOCRACY--GOES INTO THE FIELDS TO SERVE THE FARM WORKERS.

**U. F. W. ORGANIZERS
HELP FIELD WORKERS
INSTITUTE THE FIRST
PHASE OF THE NEWLY
WON CONTRACT AT
DIGIORGIO'S SIERRA
VISTA RANCH**



All the questions are answered clearly. Once the workers are convinced that the Union is acting for their good, they sign.

Tell the truth... (CONTINUED FROM P.15)

ing \$8.00 an hour, that crew would be "averaging" \$3.33 an hour if the other two workers were earning \$1.00 an hour. Would you therefore, in the interests of truth, undertake to certify exactly how much most of the workers were earning on that crew, and what wage per hour the least paid was earning?

I ask for this more truthful statistic, because whatever explanation you may have for the strike, a strike of people in the economic status of farm workers must have an economic motive in terms of wage-and-hour rates. I see no reason why this fact should not apply to your farms as well as to the DiGiorgio holdings, etc.

I must here insert a fact of my own gleaning; namely, that not only did your workers go on strike, they went on strike voluntarily and without provocation from the UFW. A delegation of your workers -- so fantastically highly paid, according to you, compared with farm workers elsewhere -- actually went to solicit UFW support for a strike. Yet you continue to obscure what economic motivation they might have had. Do you expect me to believe that they risked their jobs, their "high wages" and the welfare of their families to play some sort of practical joke on Perelli-Minetti? Just what do you expect me to believe? That the "AFL-CIO is on a membership drive" does not account for the strike; you can't get workers to go on a strike when they are being better paid than their fellows -- that's a practical "law of economics" too. And that is the reason, to give a concrete example, why the workers at IBM have never joined a union.

As to the contract you signed with the Teamsters, you give the date of signing as September 18, 1966. Now I don't have an exceptional memory, Mr. Perelli-Minetti, but isn't that just nine days, according to your form letter, after the strike began at your farms? And isn't such an agreement -- a "backdoor contract" I think it's called -- one of the underhanded means used in the annals of labor history to break a strike? And, furthermore, if -- to refer to your first letter -- this contract was signed with a union which represented a "majority" of your workers, how is it that the strike went on -- indeed, is still going on?

Now you begin this reply to my letter by informing me of the economic facts of life. I don't want to get into the complexities of economics, and I certainly don't want to get involved in your business problems -- I've got enough of my own, thank you. But permit me to point out that "a 5% profit" is another tricky statistic -- 5% profit on what? On your farm workers? As long as you bring up your own economic considerations with regard to the strike, however, let me ask you a question. Presumably, you are against the strike on economic grounds, since you argue on this basis yourself. But hasn't the strike and the resulting boycott cut your distribution and sales by two-thirds? Wouldn't it be less costly to negotiate to end the strike, seeing how you are paying such high wages anyway?

Please keep in mind that these questions of mine are not rhetorical; they are asked by COMMON SENSE in the interests of TRUTH. What are the answers? And again let me reiterate that I have nothing against you personally, still less your product -- which the boycott prevents me from judging, as to its quality anyway. Nor have I brought up any matters which you yourself have not touched upon first -- concerning which you

(CONTINUES ON P. 30)

(CONTINUED FROM P. 15)

What is he ?....

Drake," we responded. Rev. Drake, who had just returned from Texas, was above any kind of suspicion or reproach.

"REVEREND DRAKE!" snorted Minetti. "REVEREND DRAKE HAS FOR OVER A YEAR NOW DISPLAYED HIS PREJUDICES LIKE A SIGN IN FRONT OF HIM. NO, I WILL NOT TALK WITH THE REVEREND DRAKE."

We said goodbye and called the Delano Record, a local advertising sheet that has for two years been at the service of Minetti. We asked the Record to set up a joint interview with Minetti, in the interest of public information. The Delano Record said they were very much interested in the idea but that they would have to think about it.

We hope to be able to bring you, in the next issue of El Malcriado, a joint interview with the Delano Record, Fred Perelli Minetti, and ourselves. We intend to ask Minetti why he is afraid of our printing his side of the story, why he has so ruthlessly opposed the same farm workers who have created his wealth, and whether he thinks the days of the local so-called aristocracy of rich and powerful families is at last at an end.

Don Sotaco and...

(CONTINUED FROM P. 4)

His Miseries", or "Don Sotoco and the Patroncito", either of these names. I will send you copies as soon as I have finished it.

In order to finish it, I need some details on the Huelga in Delano. The cartoon characters are my inspiration, together with the history of the strike, and I hope to carry in my person those same principles of the strike: that of the betterment of the people.

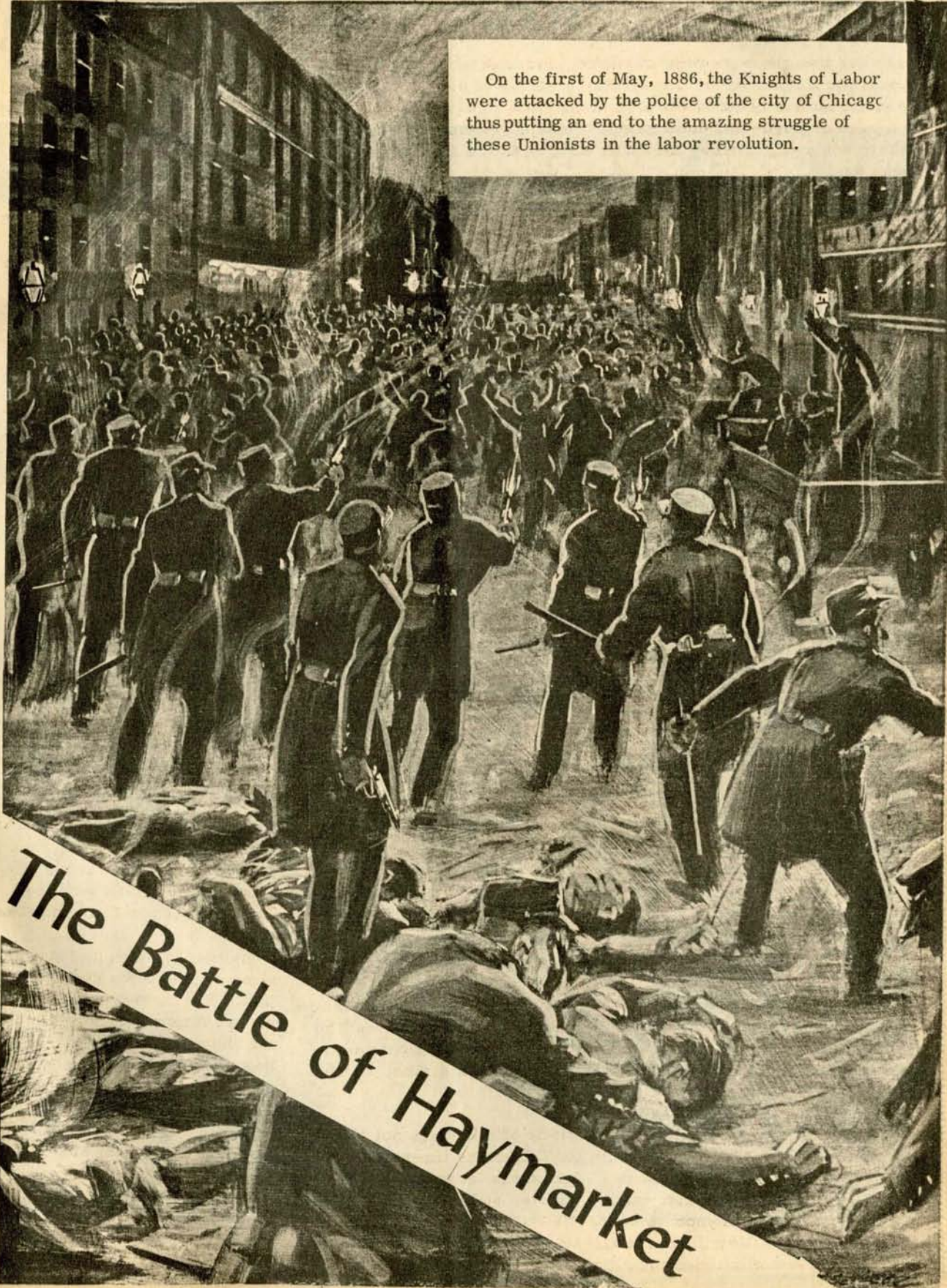
Please receive my kindest regards.

Yours very truly,
M. C. L. Ruiz,
Brawley, California

SUPPLEMENT

No.4

On the first of May, 1886, the Knights of Labor were attacked by the police of the city of Chicago thus putting an end to the amazing struggle of these Unionists in the labor revolution.



ILLUSTRATIONS TAKEN
FROM MATERIAL PUBLI-
SHED BY THE DEPART-
MENT OF EDUCATION OF
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son Ave., Detroit 14,
Michigan.

THE SACRIFICE OF AND THE BIRTH OF

THE GREAT DEPRESSION WAS HERE, MIRRORED IN

THE WOBBLIES THE AFL-CIO



THE STARVING EYES OF MILLIONS OF AMERICANS

By BOB DUDNICK



The Wobblies were finished. The Knights of Labor rattled their chains in the dead past. Gene Debs had lost the Pullman strike, ending hope for one big rail union. The war was over. Prosperity was over. The Great Depression was here, mirrored in the hollow and starving eyes of millions of Americans.

But still labor creaked along. There was only one house of labor now, if you didn't count the independent railway brotherhoods. That one house was the AFL. It had done much good work in organizing and protecting the skilled workers. Plenty of them were out of jobs in this year of 1934, but even more of the unskilled were selling apples and slurping Starvation Army Soup.

John L. Lewis knitted his thick eyebrows at the AFL convention that year of '34. He must have thought of this as he mulled over past—and future—blood to be spilled in the coal mines. He looked up to the platform where William Green was presiding as AFL president, successor to Gompers, who had died in 1924.

No two men started from the same point and wound up so far apart. Both were sons of Welsh miners and both had

been miners in their youth. That was the end of the similarity. Green was a quiet, polite little man who wanted to get a long with everybody. Lewis was a big, bulky, opinionated, erratic man—and when he moved, mountains got out of the way.

Lewis began agitating for something similar to the old IWW goal of mass, "vertical" unions which would represent everyone in a plant regardless of their job classification.

He pressed this so energetically that at the next year's AFL convention, the Committee on Industrial Organization was set up to keep Big John happy. But there was a joker in the deck: the CIO was to be only an arm of the AFL. Further, it was only to study and report back to the parent body. Its activities were to be limited to "educational and advisory" work.

But Lewis & Co. had no such limitations in their minds. They immediately used the CIO to organize the mass industries—steel, rubber, autos, textiles, radio—the works. The AFL was enraged. It kicked out the unions which had representatives on the Committee on Industrial Organization. Only the International Ladies

CONT. ON P. 22

The Sacrifice of...

CONTINUED FROM P. 21

Garment Workers was allowed to remain.

This deterred Lewis not at all. The ousted unions decided to form a rival federation. They renamed the committee the Congress of Industrial Organizations, keeping the CIO initials, and Lewis wrote to William Green:

"Dear Sir and Brother: Effective this date, I resign as vice-president of the American Federation of Labor." Lewis was elected CIO president and the organizing drive began.

Sit-down strikes, slow-downs, battles, pickets, politics—everything went into it. The CIO had two advantages: first, it had some of the smartest people in the movement, and second, it stayed away from the utopianism that wrecked the IWW. Nonetheless, the "CIO organizer" was a terror in the minds of management and good, solid people everywhere, not to mention the AFL.

The CIO got underway in 1938. The previous year had been pivotal in the history of labor because that was the year that the CIO as well as other labor groups were given a new weapon: the Wagner Act.

The Wagner Act actually was passed two years earlier. It was rescued from the bulk of the National Industrial Recovery Act, which the Supreme Court held unconstitutional. But in 1937, the Wagner Act, which was based on Sect. 7(A) of NIRA, was declared constitutionally pure by the court and the gates were opened to organizing.

This was Labor's Magna Carta. It gave the movement a standing in law that it had never had before. It prohibited management to interfere with organizing in any way. It forbade the boss to restrain employees and required him to bargain collectively. It told him not to dominate—or even

contribute to—any union, a clause which destroyed most company unions. It formed the National Labor Relations Board (the NLRB).

There were many stirring strikes after that, as labor became confident and management grew enraged. It was the same old story all over again—the same as at Pullman, Pater son, Colorado, Bisbee, and



JOHN L. LEWIS

the rest. With one exception: this time labor was winning.

Later, of course, the AFL and the CIO merged to present a united front against management. Today, the great strikes of the past are nearly forgotten. Today, labor men wear suits and ties almost as expensive as those worn by management men.

Today, the law—even with the Taft-Hartley Act—protects labor to a greater extent than anyone could have dreamed of in the early days.

Today... Today...

And yet today: The law protects not everyone. Suits are not sold to all union organizers. The NLRB does not adjudicate all disputes. All men are not yet equal.

Labor has come a long way. It has a long way to go.

It has a long way to go in some fog-shrouded little farm town in a rich California valley. In a dirt street, backwash of some hacienda down in the forgotten part of Texas.

History has not changed for these people. They are the living extension of the textile, steel, mining and lumbering strikes of yesterday. The unions won those battles yesterday. History says they will win new battles tomorrow.

But tomorrow's battles will not be won without pain and sacrifice. This is always the way it has been. So, in next issue's installment, we'll look at some of the great strikes and individual unions of the past. There are many similarities between their struggles and our own.

The Story Behind... (CONTINUED FROM P. 25)

kid lay on the ground, clawing the earth with pain. Brutus Quinn came after him again. He didn't see the knife in the kid's hand until after it was too late.

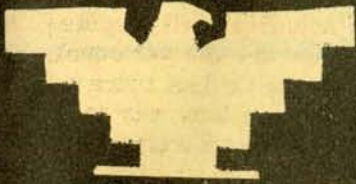
Two months later I was in the Bakersfield Court on some business of the Huelga. By coincidence in the hallway, I saw the kid who had lost the two lambs. He was handcuffed to an assistant D.A. whom I knew. I stopped them.

"What's happening?" I asked, as I saw his eyes flash again. How much time are you going to get?"

His eyes glazed over and he looked at me with an incredibly dull stare. His voice sounded empty as he said, emphasizing each word, "What's the difference?"

The D.A. tugged at him and they went down the hall, their steps echoing.

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PART OF THE PERSONNEL IN CHARGE
OF PREPARING THE LESSONS.

FREE LESSONS OFFERED NOW

Did you know that 30% of your income goes to the Internal Revenue because you are not familiar with the tax laws?

Lesson I.

Usually the companies that a person works for sends them either a W-2 Form or Earnings Reports for the past year. These tell exactly how much that person made for that company during the past year. Many times though, labor contractors do not furnish the W-2 Forms or the Earnings Reports. In that case, the person should have their check stubs so that they can figure out how much they made in the past year. Some people will not receive their W-2 Forms or their Earnings Reports because they have moved and their mail is not forwarded. In that case, too, they should bring their check stubs so we can figure their earnings for the past year.

There are many things which a person pays for during the year, which are considered tax deductible--that is they can be subtracted from the person's earnings and one doesn't have to pay taxes on them. Medical and dental expenses and drugs and medicines are deductible. If you have receipts for such expenses bring them with you when you come to have your tax return prepared.

If you don't have the receipts, try to remember how much you paid for Medical and dental bills and for drugs and medicines during the year.

NOW TEST YOURSELF AND SEE WHAT YOU HAVE LEARNED.
CHOOSE TWO OUT OF EACH GROUP OF THREE SENTENCES.
ONE OF THEM IS INCORRECT.

SOME OF THE DEDUCTIONS
ON YOUR HEALTH EXPEN-
DITURES INCLUDE:
1. Doctor and dentist bills.
2. Only what you have spent
on surgery or other opera-
tions.
3. What you spend on medi-
cines.

TO FILL OUT THE TAX
FORMS YOU NEED:
1. The W-2 Form
2. The stubs from the checks
that your boss payed you.
3. A letter from your boss.
WHY SOME PEOPLE DO NOT
RECEIVE THE W-2 FORMS:
1. Because some contractors
do not send them to their
workers.
2. Because the government
cines.

THE STORY BEHIND THE



HE WASN'T ALL MEXICAN, AND HE WASN'T ALL AMERICAN, AND HIS SOUL WAS TORN WITH BITTERNESS, AND HE WAS FILLED WITH HATRED. FOR THIS REASON HIS PHILOSOPHY WAS "WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE?" THUS WHEN THE CREW PUSHER LEFT HIM CONTORTED WITH PAIN AFTER BEATING HIM UP--AND SAW THE KNIFE IN HIS HAND--IT WAS TOO LATE

The Worker

He was twenty-one years old and he, together with a friend who went partners with him, kept a few pigs and two lambs in the tumbledown pens out back. He wasn't all American and he wasn't all Mexican but he was an awful lot of both.

"I just got out of jail," he said. "Somebody stole the lambs while I was away." His hair was cut close from the barber at the county jail and he had that trim dark look like an animal who sometimes has to run and sometimes has to hunt.

"What were you in jail for?" I asked him.

He smiled tightly and said, "What's the difference? You gringos are all alike. What's the difference? I was in jail, see? For two months, that's all, and while I was there somebody stole those two lambs." He muttered to himself and then kicked viciously at a nearby section of irrigation pipe sending it flying.

I didn't want to be there. I said, "I'm sorry," and his

eyes flashed. Then seeing that I meant it, he turned and walked away abruptly, embarrassed at our instant of communication. When he was a little way off he called "I'll see you" over his shoulder.

But I didn't see him. I saw his brother in front of their house the next week. They owned an old four-room house where 14 of them lived --mostly small children. The father had lost his fingers in a work accident last year and there wasn't much money. "We're all going pruning next week," the brother told me. "The taxes have to be paid on the house and the Chevy needs a transmission. Munoz is giving us work," he added, making an ugly face.

They went to work at Priola Number Nine, pruning vines for the contractor Paul Munoz. Munoz was one of those coyotes who bring winos and others up from LA in busses, keep them in a labor camp, work them to death and cheat them, and then turn them loose as broke as before.

But sometimes when he needed a small crew he would

hire local teenagers at less than the going rate, and that's how the kid with the lost lambs happened to be there, working with his brothers and several others.

The Crew Boss

I had known Brutus Quinn in Delano High School before but we met again at Marshall's party and the girls we were going with knew each other, so I would see him now and then. He was a little unpleasant to look at: it was the look of an ex-marine gone soft. His father had as much money as most people, since he managed Priolo's biggest Delano ranch. Brutus fought a lot with him, especially when they'd both been drinking--and the old man drank a lot.

Brutus drank a lot too. It was the drinking of boredom and despair, the drinking of a small drab city that is organized for making money, but not for living. He would drive out into the country in his father's GTO with a few friends at night and they

CRIME

A STORY
BY
BILL ESHER



would drag race, or shoot up road signs with their 22's.

One night I met him at the Tic-Toc. He was boozed up and talking loud, disturbing the old men gambling in the back. After a while--too drunk to drive-- he asked me to drive him home, since it was on my way.

On the way home he told me about the two lambs, how he'd gone out to the country with some younger guys, stolen them, and then set up a game.

"We held 'em and soaked 'em with gasoline," he told me, as I drove him through the dark streets, "and lit 'em both up at the same time. It was a race, you know? Well, mine won, but you should have heard the noise they made!"

We stopped at a stop sign, and his whirling brain set itself onto another subject, and I never heard about the two lambs from him again.

The next week he lost his job as security guard at Di-Giorgio and went to work for Paul Munoz on his father's own ranch. Munoz had hired him as a crew pusher for a bunch of Mexican teenagers

and women who were pruning vines.

Some of the kids were fooling around, all in a bunch down at the end of one of the rows. The fog was swirling around the vines and they thought the boss was at the other end of the vineyard. But suddenly he appeared.

It had been an aggravating day for Brutus Quinn. The crew wasn't much good. In fact, the minute he took his eyes off them they would start fooling around. It was Sunday anyway, very cold, and nobody felt like working. He knew that one of the kids, just that day, had called him "El Pendejo", and now they were all doing it, not quite within hearing.

He lit into the group of joking kids, grabbed one of them who hadn't been working worth a damn, and gave him a shove.

"You're through," he said. "You can get out right now."

"But senior," the kid said with mock intensity and a teasing expression, "eet ees five miles to the pueblo and

I no got a carro. Please do not fire me, o senior pendejo!"

The group drew back, the girls giggling, the boys curious, afraid and proud of their spokesman. Brutus Quinn felt a curtain of anger drop down over his eyes. He turned toward this intense mocking Mexican who was so effectively putting him on. He felt the anger tighten inside his skull and he felt it snap. He smashed his fist into that mocking brown face. But the kid was too fast and Brutus Quinn bounced off the wires of the vines, off balance and surprised.

But he recovered and gave the kid a tremendous kick, sending him sprawling. The

(Turn to page 22)



"LA DOLCE VITA"

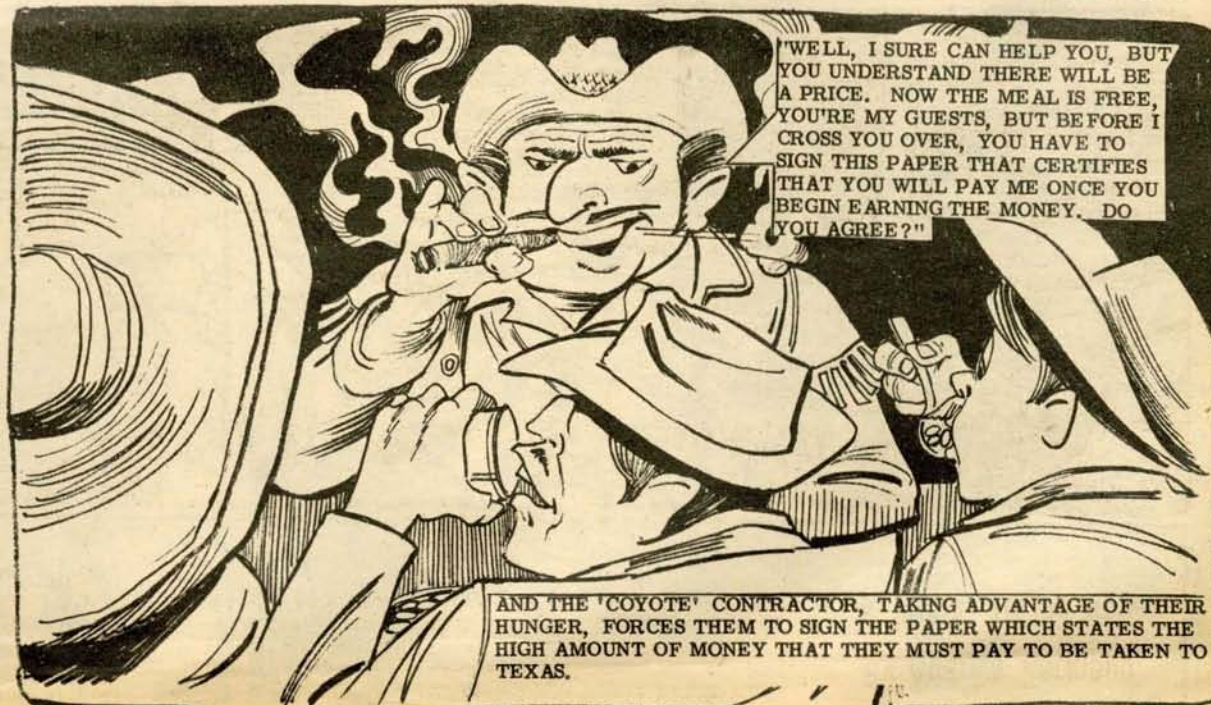
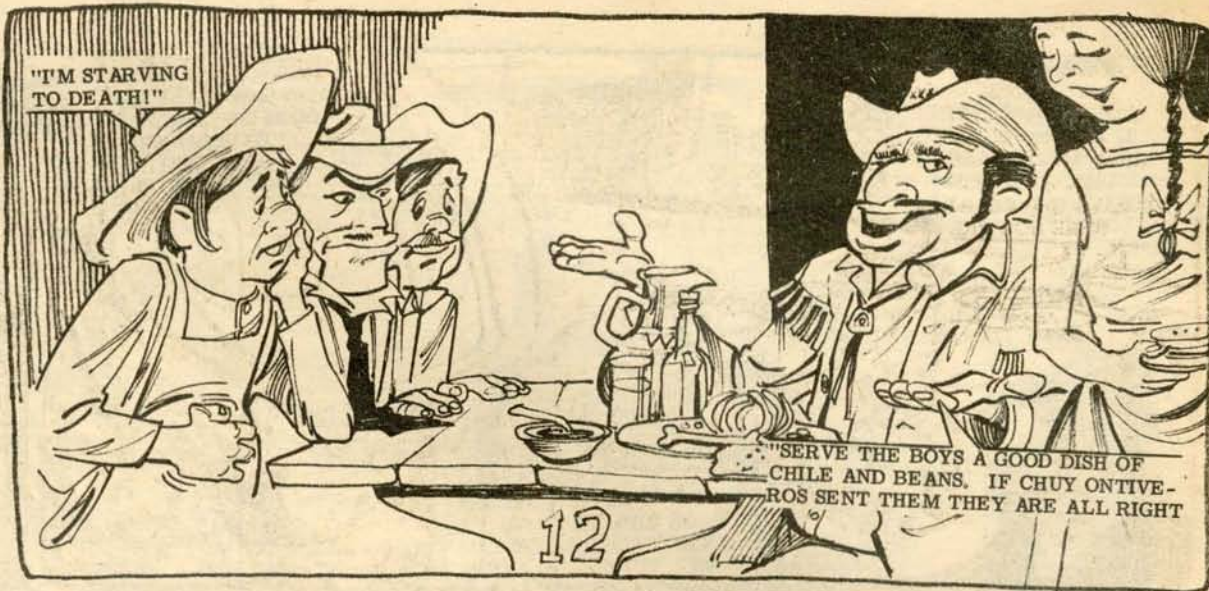
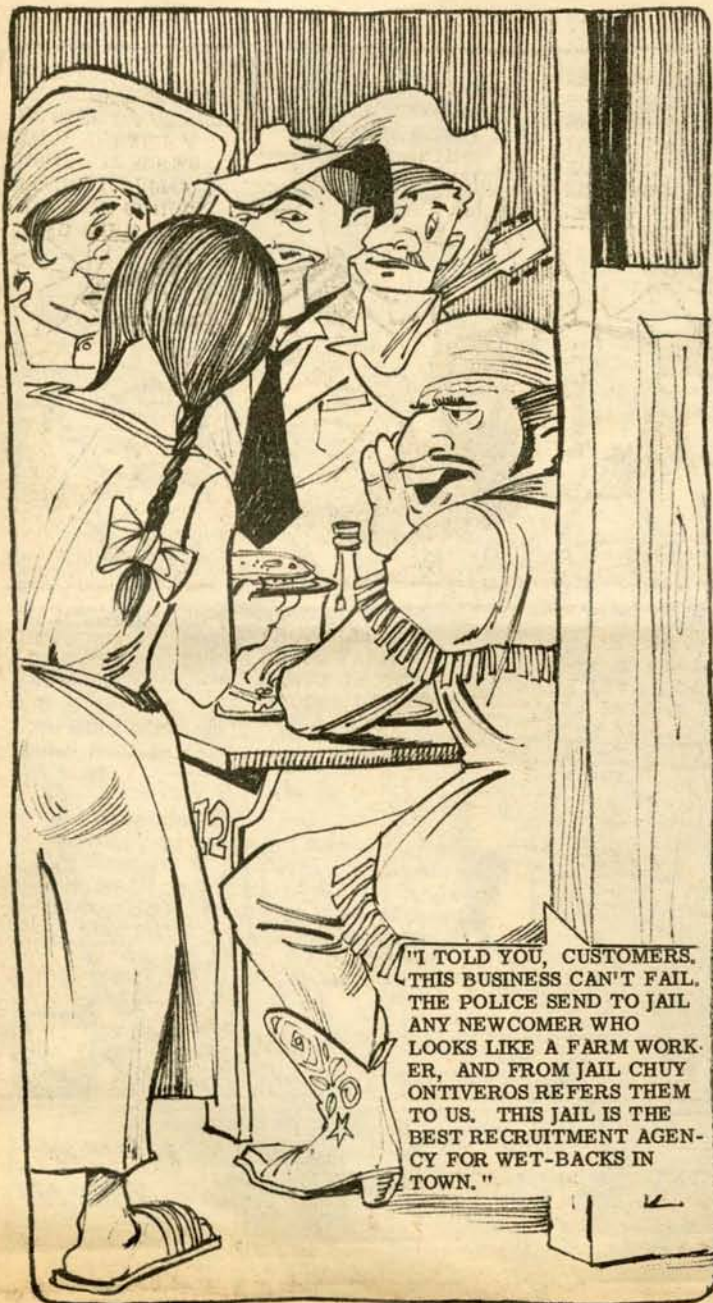
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IN THE NORTH

THANKS TO HONORIO HAVING TRADED HIS VALUABLE WATCH FOR A FALSE PASSPORT WHICH HE THOUGHT MIGHT COME IN USEFUL IN THE FUTURE, HE AND HIS FRIENDS WERE ABLE TO LEAVE JAIL. DESPERATELY HUNGRY, THEY WALKED TO THE FOOD MARKET IN SEARCH OF THE COYOTE CONTRACTOR THAT WAS RECOMMENDED TO THEN IN JAIL, AS A TRANSPORTER OF WET-BACKS TO THE TEXAS FIELDS.

By Andrew Zermeno
& Daniel de los Reyes





"40 DOLLARS! BUT THAT'S ALMOST 500 PESOS IN MY COUNTRY!"

"IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S FOR SURE NOW."

"...and finally, we agree to pay to Mr. Arnulfo Pinto \$40.00 each from the first pay-check. We authorize him to make all necessary arrangements with the boss regarding our salary and lodging as long as our work lasts."

"DON'T YOU THINK \$40 APIECE IS A LITTLE STEEP? COULDN'T YOU MAKE IT A LITTLE LESS?"

"NOT A CHANCE. LOOK, GUYS, IF YOU WANTED TO GO LEGALLY IT COULD TAKE YOU YEARS TO GET THERE, BUT I DO IT IN A FEW HOURS AND TO TOP IT ALL I GET YOU A JOB."

"NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. EVEN BEANS TASTE GOOD AFTER 12 HOURS WITHOUT FOOD"

"THANK YOU, BOSS, THANK YOU. NOW I WILL BE ABLE TO MAKE MONEY TO SEND TO THE OLD LADY AND THE KIDS."

"GO TO THE MEMORIAL PARK. THERE YOU'LL FIND OTHER FELLOWS THAT I'M TAKING WITH ME. STAY WITH THEM AND ABOUT 8P. M., WHEN IT IS DARK, MY ASSISTANT WILL TAKE YOU TO A PLACE WHERE WE'RE GOING TO CROSS THE RIVER. AND DON'T TAKE ANY LUGGAGE WITH YOU. THE LESS YOU CARRY THE BETTER. OKAY?"

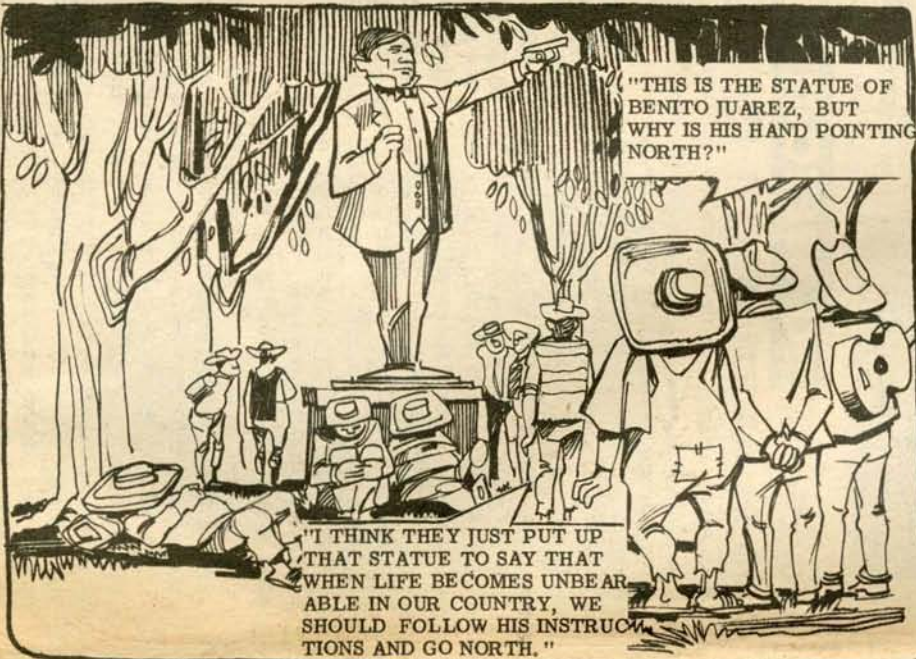
"WE ALREADY HAVE THE 15 MEN THAT WE NEED. THIS WILL GIVE US AT LEAST \$1200. CHUY ONTIVEROS SURE IS DOING A GOOD JOB, SENDING US ALL THOSE WETBACKS."



"THAT CAR AND THAT WOMAN, THAT'S FOR ME, AND IF ONE MAKES MONEY IN THE U.S. I WILL GET THOSE THINGS SOME DAY."

"JESUS! SO THIS IS WHAT THEY CALL THE CADILLAC. IT MUST HAVE COST A FORTUNE!"

"SOMETHING MUST BE WRONG. WHY WOULD HE BE CHARGING US SO MUCH?"



"THIS IS THE STATUE OF BENITO JUAREZ, BUT WHY IS HIS HAND POINTING NORTH?"

"I THINK THEY JUST PUT UP THAT STATUE TO SAY THAT WHEN LIFE BECOMES UNBEARABLE IN OUR COUNTRY, WE SHOULD FOLLOW HIS INSTRUCTIONS AND GO NORTH."

"WELL, LET'S SEE WHAT FORTUNE AWAITS US ON THE OTHER SIDE"

"LOOK! THE CONTRACTOR JUST ARRIVED!"



AND SO, LIKE FUGITIVES IN THE NIGHT, OUR FRIENDS GET READY TO LEAVE THEIR HOMELAND, TO CROSS THE BORDER ILLEGALLY, IN SEARCH OF WORK.

(Continued from Pg. 3)

ded the city council meeting and voiced their complaint. The Council took the matter under consideration and started an investigation.

On Wed., Feb. 1, the city manager Luis Shepard asked that a special meeting of the Council be held on Friday to hear the King case.

On Friday, Feb. 3, the Council met, took evidence, and then adjourned until Monday.

But the Rev. R. B. Moore, Delano's Uncle Tom, interceded on Saturday, Feb. 4, when, according to the Delano Record he "contacts Police Chief Ailes to warn that the Bakersfield NAACP may become involved and urges the problem be settled before Monday night.

Mayor Joe Hochschild called a special meeting Saturday night between himself, the City Manager, the Police Chief and Mr. King.

On Monday, Feb. 6, Mayor Hochschild reports that in the Sat. meeting "the matter was resolved satisfactorily, so there will be no further public hearings by the City Council." The Mayor continued, "Procedural changes in the office of the

police department have already been made..."

Councilman Frank Herrera called for stronger action by placing three proposals before the council. One calling for a re-examination of the November reorganization of the Delano police department. Second, the cancellation of then Lt. Gilbert's promotion to Captain. And third, an investigation of the incident to be conducted by a special board.

On Tues., Feb. 7, Police Chief Ailes is reported to have said that "no changes in police procedure have been made and no specific changes have been proposed.

Only two of the proposal were submitted as motions and only the motion callin for the re-examination of the police department structure passed. The second motion calling for an investigation failed, with only Herrera voting for it.

On Wed., Feb. 16, Chief Ailes told this reporter in a telephone interview that "there have been no changes made. I have received no directives to change any training or any procedures. It's been talked about informally, but we have no definite plans.

However, according to the Mayor, who was

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14)

OPPORTUNITY TO BECOME REPORTER OF

EL MALCRIADO needs reporters that will send in informative and graphic material from California and the rest of the U.S. We would prefer those persons who are involved with the farm workers and their cause. If you ARE a farm worker better still, but this is not a prerequisite. We want these collaborations to be in accordance with the editorial policy of EL MALCRIADO -- a magazine to help farm workers, with no interest in monetary profit, rather a strong commitment to a just cause that is not only the cause of the farm workers, but also of all the rest of the Mexican-American people. Write to us at EL MALCRIADO, P.O. Box 1060, Delano, California, 93215.

Tell the truth... (CONTINUED FROM P. 18)

have supplied most of my information. I have not, to give an example, mentioned the fact that you and most of the other large farming concerns in this state have profitted from irrigation projects paid for by all of the taxpayers of this state.

In conclusion, sir, let me say that I am interested in hearing honest facts, not advice (whether you be as old as my grandfather is a purely academic question, both my grandfathers having died some time back). You want it to appear that you are an honest man, and I will not deny that. Why don't you assume that that your workers are also honest men, most of them hard-working and trying to earn a decent wage in a world where it is more difficult to make something our of nothing than it ever was? They don't want dignity; dignity is something they were born with, not something you or anyone else could bestow on them. But they want to be treated with dignity; they don't want to be managed and manipulated by backdoor contracts and statistics.

I cannot wait until 1987 to send you this letter; that would be three years after 1984, and it's too close to 1984 already.

Truthfully yours,

Robert M. Philmus



The Ominous....

(CONTINUED FROM P. 7)

and at the top of the pyramid of misery and greed is Connally. In between are hundreds of moron deputy sheriffs, company guards, hired thugs, and corrupt judges. Added to this year upon year are the hopelessness and disillusionment of the poor. It is into this fantastic mess of man against man that El Malcriadi is traveling next week, to bring you the true story of the dismal present and the possible future of the Valley of the Rio Grande.

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This picture was taken February 11, 1967 as Chavez spoke to over 15,000 students gathered at the steps of the Capitol in Sacramento. This is the first photo of Cesar Chavez by any photographer that has been made available to the public.

The photographer, Emmon Clarke, is the staff photographer of EL MALCRIADO, and has been published in several magazines and newspapers in the United States and Mexico.

The photo prints are available from:

PHOTO, Box 1060, Delano, California 93215

THE STRUGGLE AGAINST IGNORANCE

(CONTINUED FROM P. 9)

and at the request of the organizers of the march, everyone sat down so that those behind, some as far as several blocks, would be able to see what was happening. That was when Governor Reagan got into the act and asked to be heard by the crowd.

WE ARE THE PEOPLE

Unfortunately the Governor had not gone there to listen to the students, but, it seems, to give them a sermon and to reprimand them. He raised his voice and said with a certain scornful tone: "I interrupted my schedule to come over and listen to you, but you should understand that as the Governor I represent the people of California and I will do what has to be done!"

And saying "I will do what has to be done," he meant that he intends to cut the budget of the colleges and the University, and to raise tuition, stopping the poor people from getting an education. He was speaking of taking 82 million dollars out of the 278 million per year that the University needs. He meant to cut the number of teachers and to affect the quality of the educational equipment, and to throw thousands of students out of the classrooms. In short, he was talking of making out of public education only a privilege for those with large fortunes, and closing the door of education to the poor.

This simply meant "to keep them in their places," in a sea of ignorance, those who are fighting in California to stop the exploitation of man by man.

And he didn't have to go too far for an answer.

From the throat of a lone student came a yell that was repeated by many others until it became a veritable storm: "We are the people!" And they repeated this phrase, which resounded from the tall buildings that surround the Capitol, a yell that must have been

heard by the 200,000 residents of Sacramento, following Governor Reagan as he abandoned the microphone and disappeared in a hurry.

Speakers followed one after another, with words that made history, words that showed the way, reaching the minds of the 20,000 students there who listened with rapt attention.

Phrases like: "The shadows of ignorance surround us"; "This is a destructive administration"; "We are the people, and you'd better listen, Governor"; "It's necessary to put in order the chaos caused by Ronald Reagan"; "Form the Third Force: farm workers, students, Negroes, and the poor whites"; "We are going from house to house, if necessary, and get the support of those who don't yet understand the damage he has been doing to our state."

THE PROMISE

This was the beginning of the end of these bad politicians, those blinded by their power and wealth and whose ignorance keeps them from seeing that students throughout the world are dynamite. It was clear to see that this was the beginning of the formation of the "Third Force," and that the idea of forming a strong alliance among the minority groups, victims of the evil politicians, and germinated here.

A student stood up and yelled, "We want to hear Cesar Chavez!" Another repeated the demand, and this was supported unanimously, until the dynamic leader of the farm workers came to the microphone. At the end of a short, brilliant speech, he committed the farm workers to fight side by side to victory with the students with this phrase: "This fight is our fight, and, as we say on the farms, 'We ain't givin' in 'till we win.'"

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