

El Malcriado

THE VOICE OF THE FARM WORKER

10¢



in English

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DELANO, CALIFORNIA

MAY 15, 1970



**"THERE IS NO GREATER
CALLING THAN TO SERVE
YOUR BROTHERS..."**

WALTER P. REUTHER...1907—1970

EDITORIAL

Reuther dies...

UFWOC Loses a Friend

The news of the death of UAW head Walter Reuther in an airplane crash, as well as the deaths of his lovely wife May, and four associates, was received with shock and grief in Delano. Cesar Chavez and his fellow farm workers vividly remember the continuous support that Walter and his organization have given to the cause of the farm workers. "At a time when our morale and financial resources were lowest," Chavez stated, "our brother Walter came to Delano to support us. He marched with us when we were being harassed by the police. He even faced arrest for our cause. His financial contributions lifted a heavy weight from our shoulders. Most of all, he understood what we were going through. He had nothing personal to gain from helping us, yet he gave completely of himself. His efforts gave life to our movement. America will miss this man of great vision. Farm workers have truly lost a great champion!"

Walter Reuther was born in Wheeling, West Virginia on September 1, 1907. His father was a labor leader. Reuther once said: "I was raised in the kind of trade union atmosphere that said to me when I was a boy that in a free and interdependent society, labor can make progress only to the extent that

it helps to provide leadership in solving the problems of all the people."

Reuther stuck to this ideal during his entire lifetime. He never felt comfortable as long as he realized that even in his own country, millions of people were denied civil rights, equal opportunity, and were subject to economic exploitation. It was this that led him to the South to help Martin Luther King; it was this that drew him to Delano and the cause of the farm workers; and it was this that replenished his fiery spirit as he prepared for the 1970 negotiations with the auto industry.

Reuther's heart went out to the suffering masses in every corner of the globe. He was a man who thirsted for justice and freedom -- who wanted to see the good things of the earth shared by all, including the least of his brethren.

But to us in Delano, Walter was a friend. He came and helped us when we needed help so desperately. He encouraged our leadership. With him we felt more powerful, and more capable of continuing our struggle. We will miss him and his lovely wife, May. But his spirit will stay with us. God grant him rest!



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The state of California has long been the scene of racial prejudice. Farm workers have borne the brunt of the most severe racist attacks. The Chinese, the Hindus, the Japanese, the Filipinos, the Mexicans, the Blacks -- and lately, Puerto Ricans and Arabs -- all of these groups have come to California to work in the fields, and all have been mercilessly exploited and abused. The following statements are not voices from the past. They are the words and testimonies of farm workers now living and working in Delano. If more Californians hear about the plight of these workers and the racial hate they have encountered, perhaps things will be better in the future.

tually owed money to the boss.

"I migrated, following the crops. It was Delano that was one of the most racist and discriminating towns. In 1934 I remember seeing a Delano police push a Filipino brother just because he was standing on the sidewalk, and when he protested they beat him very hard and took him to jail. The first time I went to the Delano theatre, when I sat down the attendant came and asked me to move to the other section where the Mexicans and Orientals were supposed to sit. I got up and walked out and never came back.

"But the thing I remember most here in Delano was when I was crew boss and one very hot day one of my men collapsed in the field. I took him to the

RACISM:

Through Our Eyes

"I kept hearing the United States advertized as the 'land of plenty' by the Chamber of Commerce and the steamship companies. This, and the promises of a job made me decide to come over to the mainland. It was 1928 and when I tried to take out papers for my fiancée and myself I felt the first sting of American racism, something I was to encounter many more times here in the U.S. I was told that she could not come over with me, that only able-bodied young men were accepted. So I came over alone, hoping to later bring her over or to return to the Philippines after I had made some money working here.

"I came to Seattle, Washington, hoping to find work in a store as a clerk. I had studied English in school back home and hoped to go to night school here while I worked during the day. When I went looking for employment I soon found out that no Orientals were hired in any of the stores. I was forced to work in the fields.

"It was during the depression and I was paid 10 ¢ an hour then. Many of us were living in large labor camps owned by the grower

and at the end of the week, by the time we finished paying for the food and housing and what we bought at the company store, many ac-

Delano hospital but they wouldn't take care of him because I didn't have \$100 cash with me. I told the nurse to take care of him

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4/ EL MALCRIADO

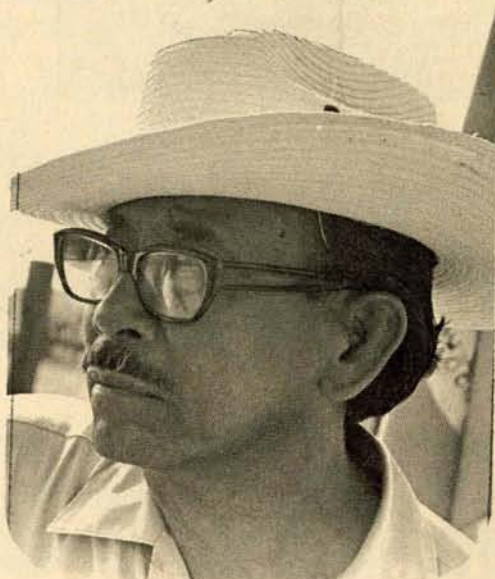
and I would go get the money. I went to the Westside, to a Filipino who had a store and borrowed the money. I hurried back to the hospital and found the Filipino brother sitting in the same place in the waiting room where I had left. He was dead.'

--Nick Yap

"Before the war we, the Filipinos, could not marry white women here in California, and we couldn't bring our women over with us. This is why today so many Filipinos are old with no family and no home.

"I, myself, fell in love with a white woman here and we decided to get married. When we went to get the marriage license

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Through Our Eyes

we were told that we could not get married. Some of my friends told me that in New Mexico they married Caucasians and non-Caucasians, so I took my bride to

Lordsburg and we were married.

"But when we got back to California I can still remember the anger and humiliation I felt when I would be walking with my

wife and some of the Anglos would say things to us like 'Hey, monkey', and, 'What are you doing with that white woman, you dirty Flip!'

"In those days we could not even buy a house or own land, and we couldn't become citizens. Here in the 'land of the free' we, the Filipinos, could not be free."

--Julian Balido



**"...VIOLATIONS
OF
CONSTITUTIONAL
RIGHTS...
WERE
COMMON
SITUATIONS."**

"Open racism and discrimination was very bad in the '30s and '40s. Discrimination in employment and housing and violations of Constitutional rights, like not being allowed in certain hotels or to buy homes or being cheated in hours and pay by the growers, and being harassed and beaten by the police and vigilantes, were common situations.

"But the worst and most disturbing thing of all is that discrimination and racism are still active. I received many calls in the middle of the night ordering me to stop the strike or something would happen to me or my family.

--Larry Itliong



**"...THEY
DIDN'T
LET
MEXICANS
RIDE
AT ALL."**

"One time a grower kept a \$70 check that belonged to me. When I asked him for it, he told me to get out of here. I needed the money and went to the police to get help. Instead of being helped I was arrested for slander or something like that, and the judge sent me to jail for six months.

"My youth is filled with memories of being run out of restaurants and hotels. Words such as 'get out, we don't want any dirty greasers around here' still echo in my mind.

"In Texas, they hate Mexican people more than they do colored. On the buses the Whites used to ride in the front and the Blacks in the back. I was thrown off a bus when I was 15 years old. They didn't let Mexicans ride at all."

--Roy Valdez

"When you work in the fields, prejudice and discrimination are always there with you. The ranchers feel they must show their authority, they are very rude and

try to humiliate the workers.

"I grew up in the fields. In Fresno, some workers still live in tents, with no toilets and kerosene stoves to cook on, the same as when I was a child.

"One of the strongest mem-

ories I have is when we were training vines. There was a new worker from Mexico working close to where we were. Being new, he did not know how to tie properly, but the foreman had not bothered to show him the right way. We were about halfway down the row when the grower came. He saw that the man was doing it wrong but instead of showing him how to do it, he became very mad. He turned bright red and rushed at the man. He hit the man on the side of the head, knocking him down. I'll never forget that.

"When we got the Schenley contract I went to work there. I noticed a big difference there: instead of being separated like the growers have always tried to keep us, the different groups work together. The people try to help

Through Our Eyes

one another. Before there was a lot of separation, but now because of the work and the philosophy of the Union, we realize that we are all brothers under the skin."

--Lily Alvarez



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RACISM IN AGRICULTURE

By Phillip Veracruz

The objective of the Delano Grape Strike was primarily economic. The meager request was but ten little red pennies. When you look at a penny you see the words "Liberty", "In God We Trust", and the Latin words connoting unity and diversity. You also see the engraving of the Great Emancipator. These few pennies were just a morsel on the rich growers' table, but the system has nurtured his greedy ambitions to unbelievable proportions....

Farm workers' children love pennies. As they grow up they begin to realize it takes more than pennies to live, to get an adequate education and survive.

In their confusion they fight among one another for the morsels that fall from the master's table. They mistake one another for the enemy. But recently, they have seen a way out of this chaos. They have begun to think together and re-evaluate their direction for coordinated action. Their spirit demands freedom, social justice, economic progress and independent political judgment and action.

We are the children of yesterday, cursed by poverty and oppression. Our inspiration comes from the lives and example of great men such as Lincoln, Gandhi, the Kennedys, King, and many others. Dim hope flares up with the unprecedented encouragement and involvement of millions of sympathizers and generous supporters who sacrificed to make life more pleasant, decent and enjoyable for others. It is just a natural response that we band ourselves together in a Farm Workers Union for mutual benefits and protection.

The local grape growers here in Delano are like the greedy dog with a big bone in his mouth. While crossing a stream he sees his shadow and tries to grab the other dog's. He drops his own bone in the process. This is what is happening in the grape strike. Growers are losing their market. Their grapes are rotting in cold storages and many of them no longer have credit with the banks.

Meanwhile, the poor workers sweat and suffer to produce the boss's wealth but are denied even a minimal wage for subsistence. They get sick from harmful pesticides and frequently become victims of malnutrition, which is a fancy word for slow starvation.

And so we fight on because even though we are the much despised and hated minorities, the blacks, the browns; we are at the same time indispensable as the labor force in the multi-billion dollar industry which is now called Agribusiness. We are tolerated for convenience if we observe the ugly rules of color lines. We are permitted to cross them to work or spend our money, but not to live. We must not be allowed to dilute the super-race.

The railroad tracks in Delano are the color line. In the eastside the whites live and enjoy their sense of superiority. Though among them one is poor and ignorant, he hates Mexicans because they compete for jobs and are paid less. Besides in the cowboy movies he learned that a wild Mexican can throw a knife at his back. He believes that it would be much better and safer if there were no Mexicans at all.

Anglos in the eastside of Delano don't like blacks either. After all, black ancestors were brought here in chains to work in the cotton fields of the south, while theirs came from civilized Europe where the King of France had his head chopped off, where Napoleon butchered thousands of people and where Hitler gassed six million Jews. Perhaps many of them believe that Lincoln made a mistake of freeing the slaves because the kind act gave them hopes. They feel that blacks are "too militant and cannot be trusted in dark alleys." They resent the long-haired radicals who have the guts to say that the American Dream is a nightmare.

In their ranches, the growers maintain segregation. Anglos,



The high paid leadership of the California Rural Legal Assistance did not realize who farm workers were until pickets massed outside their offices in several counties during the second week of May. CRLA attorneys recently tried to form company unions by negotiating directly with growers. These affluent San Francisco-based attorneys now know that farm workers don't want sweetheart contracts negotiated by white-collar workers.

ROY SMEDS has become the first small farmer in the San Joaquin Valley to sign a contract with the Union. It is also a first in that it includes crops other than grapes. The contract calls for \$1.90 an hour plus 10¢ an hour toward health and welfare benefits. Mr. Smeds is especially happy that an agreement with the Union will allow him to keep his old farm hands. He feels that by signing the contract and strengthening the Union, it may some day protect him when he may have to do farm work himself for wages should he lose his farm.



A student walk-out at Delano High School was sparked on Cinco de Mayo, and spread to Fremont and Cecil elementary schools. The students are charging "racist discrimination of minority families."

Shown above is Gregorio Aguirre, head of the Delano Brown Berets, picketing along with several hundred students, parents, and other concerned Chicanos for quality and relevant education.

PETE CAN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES!
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SO MANY MORE ARE NEEDED!

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WALTER P. REUTHER... 1907-1970



We must also answer the reactionaries on Wall Street. We have to tell both the communists and the reactionaries -- you are wrong. People can have bread and freedom.

Neither peace nor freedom can be made secure in a world of nuclear giants and moral pygmies.



...HIS WORDS

The real measurement of the greatness of a civilization is its ability to demonstrate the sense of social and moral responsibility needed to translate material values into human values, technological progress into human progress, human happiness, and human dignity.



You can get people marching and sacrificing and fighting for the negative ends of war, and yet we haven't found the way to mobilize that spiritual power for the positive ends of peace.

There is a revolution going on in the world. The Communists did not start it-- it is a revolution of the have-nots to get something for themselves. What we have to do is answer the Communist propaganda not with slogans; we must expose the hypocrisy of propaganda which offers the hungry people the promise of economic security with a price tag.



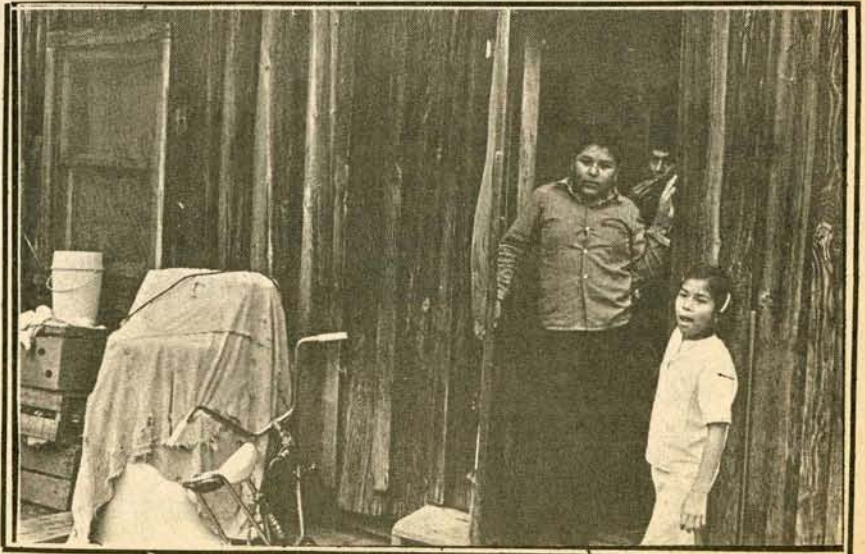
At dedication ceremonies of the Roy Reuther Memorial Building: left to right, May Reuther, wife of Walter; a nephew of Walter Reuther; Jenny Padilla; Walter Reuther; Elizabeth Chavez; Cesar Chavez; Alicia Huerta.

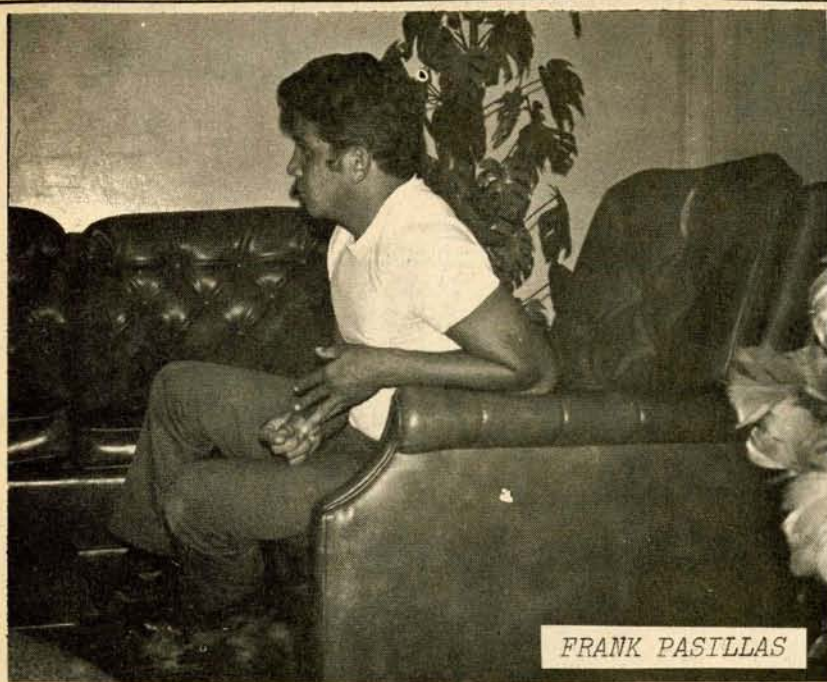
Filipinos, Mexicans, Puerto Ricans, Japanese, Arabs, etc., have their own respective groups with their bunk houses and kitchens. Each group is completely a stranger to the other even if both worked for the company for years. The sinister idea is to keep workers divided. When one group forms a union and strikes for recognition and strikes for recognition and collective bargaining, the others scab on their fellow-workers. So, exploitation goes on for big profits and prosperity in the agricultural industry and it is never shared by the workers.

People who are segregated by race, nationality or language from others have no mutual understanding nor trust. Isolation fosters suspicions, fear and racial hatred. Thus discussion, agreement and unity among workers is impossible to achieve for the ultimate goal of unionization. On the other hand, the growers become richer, more powerful and ruthless under the shield and influence of the farm bureau federations.

In the farm workers union, all races meet and join together to achieve an ideal--mutual understanding, sincere cooperation and true cooperative cooperation and true brotherhood. The farm workers movement in Delano is the closest approximation of the ideal that I have seen in many years. My hope is that our unity and brotherhood will be permanent.

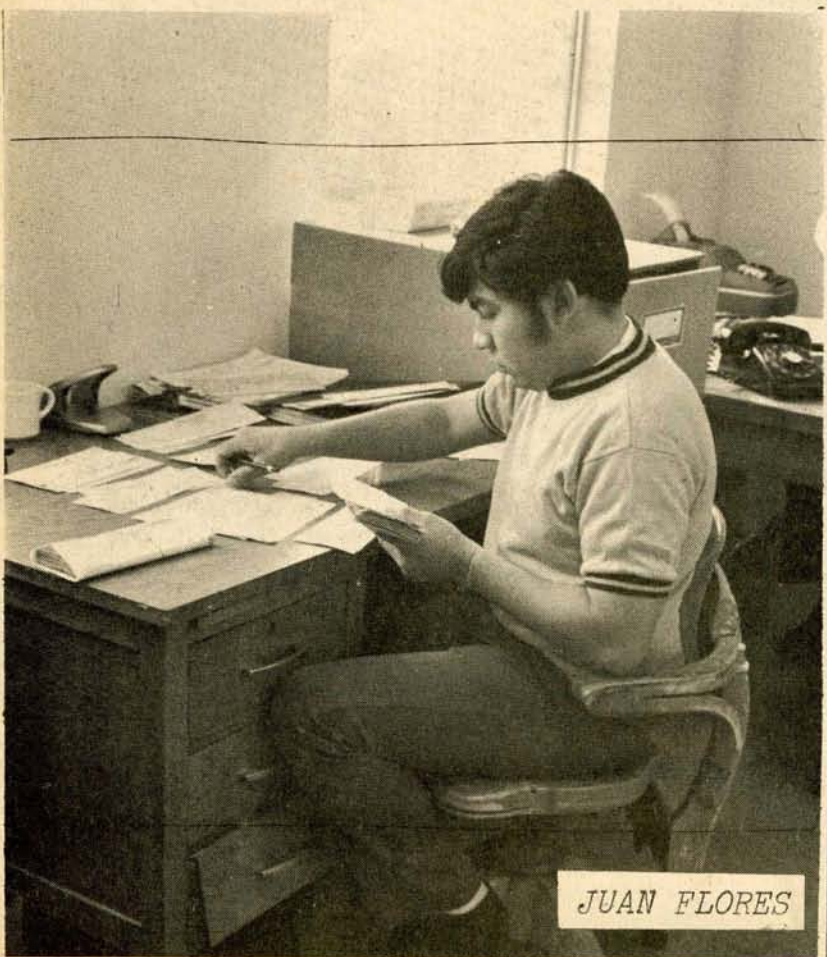
**"ANGLOS,
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FRANK PASILLAS

The most decorated and honored ethnic group during World War II and the Korean War was the Chicano. By percentage, he received more Medals of Honor than anyone. He has traditionally responded to the 'call to arms' rapidly and bravely, without questioning why. Even today, in Viet Nam, the Chicano has the 'best', most impressive combat record in the service.



JUAN FLORES

Two Who

EL MALCRIADO recently interviewed Frank Pasillas, a Viet Nam veteran, who received seven medals for heroism and bravery under fire.

"I DIDN'T KNOW..."

"I was working in the fields when my draft notice came. I had always been classified 1A, I didn't even know what a deferment was. So I had no choice, I packed my bags and went to war.

"I didn't know anything about Viet Nam. I didn't know why we were fighting there and they would never take the time to explain it to me. All they said was... 'The enemy looks like this. Your job is to kill him.'"

"In the service I quickly realized though I have left the fields, with its racism and prejudice, it was only to encounter more in the Army. The NCO's openly discriminated against Chicanos. They even tried to discourage us from speaking Spanish or hanging around together."

TWICE THE DEATH RATE

Within the Chicano community there is a new spirit awakening. Both the young and the old are protesting, not only the war in Viet Nam, but also the discrimination and racism in the United States. They object to the fact that the death rate for Chicanos in Viet Nam is twice that of any other group. Being unable to secure good jobs in the US, they know that their poverty will stop 98% of their children from ever

Young Chicanos Faced the Draft

attending college, therefore preventing them from securing a student deferment, which is regarded as routine by the Anglo middle-class. They protest the discrimination in housing and employment that will be waiting for them if they return from Viet Nam. And now they protest Cambodia, they know it will take more Chicano lives and cause more suffering and hardship for their families.

JUAN, A CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

Characteristic of this new awareness is Juan Flores. A young farmworker and striker who refused induction, Juan explained his beliefs and some of his experiences to EL MALCRIADO in a recent interview.

"It has been the experiences of my life that made me decide not to go into the service. Born and raised a Catholic, I went to Catholic schools and was very active in our religious youth organization. I was also an altar boy for 10 years and believe as Saint John teaches-- you cannot love God and at the same time hate your brother.

POVERTY HELPED MAKE THE CHOICE

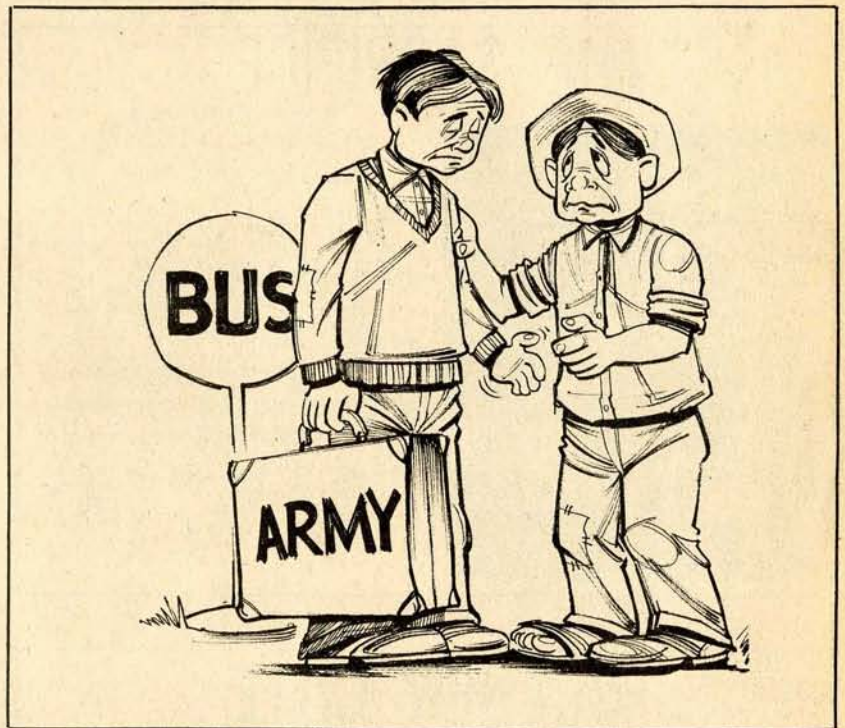
"The most vivid memory from my childhood is the death of my sister. She could have lived if my father could have afforded a doctor or proper medical treatment for her. Though my father was a veteran of World War II and had

been willing to die for this country, the bank refused to give him a loan because we were too poor.

"Perhaps what influenced me the most into become a conscientious objector was my contact with Cesar Chavez and his non-violent philo-

"THEY HAVE NOT FRIGHTENED US"

"I have been highly criticized for my beliefs, but I need only to remember Cesar's words for reassurance. . . .



sophy. He proved to me that it is only through non-violence that we can achieve our rights, and I also began to realize that a person can not be non-violent on a part-time basis. My life has been totally committed to non-violence for the last five years. I can not kill another man. It would also have violated everything I believe in for me to go and kill in the name of democracy and freedom knowing that here my people are still in bondage.

"We must not guide our actions by what somebody says. We have always been the victims of malicious verbal attacks, but they have not frightened us and they will not. If we believe in non-violence, we should follow its guidance as we live our lives."



Ode to the Campesino

EPIDERMIS BREAKTHROUGH

This painting is about our struggle to find ourselves. We must break through the layer of white Angloism in order to come to terms with ourselves. It is the white washing of Americanism over one's entire life that we have to break through in order to be ourselves. Our culture, our life has been fogged and faded for too long; we must find ourselves and our culture in order to live with pride and dignity.



The rotted nausea stinks, as I recall my parents sweating and laboring in the fields. Hate rages wildly through me when I read what the average yearly earnings of my people are. Numb bitterness batters empty walls as we fight for what is rightfully ours, knowing that many will not listen.

My art is about our struggle in the utopian world, the land of plenty. I search with an honest heart in order to show what our revolution is, why it is, why it must succeed. It is not fear I wish to instill, but compassion and understanding. Everyone should experience what it is like to labor one's life away, to be segregated and to feel inferior; to wince from the sight of your brothers and sisters tattered and torn. This is what I want to accomplish in my art; I want everyone to know what it is like to be damned to labor, to feel inferior, to be segregated, to live poverty, to feel bitterness, and to wallow in apathy. I want everyone's heart and soul to feel our world.

THE SACRIFICE



This painting is a symbol of thousands of lives that were and are being sacrificed in labor. It is my cry, our cry that we no longer want to stoop and labor our lives away. We no longer want our children hungry and torn laboring at our sides. We don't want to be the sacrifice of the worst side of capitalism.

Why is there such a contrast in America's living standards? Every human being in this world should have the opportunity to a decent living. Yet over half the people of the world go to bed hungry. Why? We need not look far, America, for in your own back yard there are many who toil day and night merely in order to exist. My desire is only that people open their hearts and be a little receptive to our struggle. Most of all, I want our people, "La Raza", to be proud of the revolution that is going on. This is a revolution that will bring a decent way of life for everyone. I believe that in every human being there lies the wealth of heaven if we only look and see.

Daniel T. Lopez

GOLDEN GATE

In this painting I tried to capture the spirit of our people, who live their life in shambles. I feel and see their spirit embedded in the earthen-soiled wood. It is our forefathers' spirit, our spirit crying from rotted boards, from ragged clothing and from our endless years of poverty.



Farm Worker Becomes Bishop

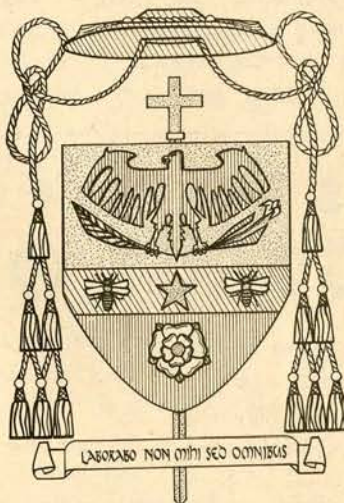


On May 5, 1970, Father Patrick Fernandez Flores, a former farm worker from Ganado, Texas, became the first Mexican-American bishop in the United States. His episcopal ordination took place before eight thousand cheering people at the convention center arena in San Antonio, Texas. Just after Archbishop Luigi Raimondi of Rome, Italy, pronounced the words of ordination, cries of Viva La Raza could be heard from the crowd. The new auxiliary bishop of San Antonio, Texas, wore a vestment with the Mexican eagle and La Virgen de Guadalupe emblazoned upon it.

Many church dignitaries were present at the altar. But most significant, perhaps, was the presence of Cesar Chavez, who read the first scripture reading from the Mass. Later, during his first Mass at Mission San Jose, Flores said that men have spoken about justice for years, but have not practiced it. "In Texas," he stated, "the Church should not only preach justice but should work with all concerned to bring it about. Much needs to be done in solving problems of equal employment, educational opportunities, fair wages, adequate housing, welfare, and other areas of need."

EL MALCRIADO SAYS: Congratulations, Bishop Flores! And may we have more priest and bishops who come from the people in order to minister to the needs of the people. Viva la causal

Mexican Eagle Flies On Coat Of Arms



The coat of arms Bishop Flores has chosen symbolizes his Mexican ancestry (the Aztec eagle) with the palm of peace and the lily of St. Joseph the Worker. The bees are a symbol of hard work, the star is the symbol of the state of Texas, and the flower is the translation of the bishop's name, Flores. The Latin words are the bishop's motto: I will not work for myself, but for others.

SAN ANTONIO EXPRESS

Wednesday, May 6, 1970

Chavez Calls Flores Event 'A Miracle'

Cesar Chavez, leader of the California grape boycott, said Tuesday he was "overjoyed" at the appointment of Bishop Patrick Flores as auxiliary of the San Antonio Archdiocese and the first Mexican-American bishop of the Roman Catholic Church.

In a brief interview before the consecration ceremonies for Bishop Flores, Chavez, who participated in the rite, termed the event and his personal involvement "a miracle" and "recognition of the Mexican-American Catholic."

He said it also meant "the church through representation of its own people must engage in more concrete social action programs."

Questioned about the participation of Jose Angel Gutierrez, of the Mexican-American Youth Organization, in a later Mass held in San Jose Mission, Chavez said he had been unaware that Gutierrez would be involved.

"This is beautiful!" he declared. "All of the brothers will be together."

FARM WORKERS RALLY IN D.C.

Thousands of farm workers and supporters concluded a successful 30-mile, three-day march from Columbia, Maryland, to Washington, D.C. on May 3.

The march featured a banner of Our Lady of Guadalupe and the flags of California, Mexico, and the Philippines. Marchers carried signs reading: "Boycott Scab Grapes", "Give Migrants a Chance" and "Scab Grapes Are Pig Food".

A rally was held outside the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D.C. The USDA, according to Cesar Chavez, "has directly subsidized growers who, in turn, use the money to fight unionism in agriculture." Chavez was among several speakers representing labor, churches, and political groups.

Andy Imutan, UFWOC Vice-President, reminded listeners that the Department of Defense has increased purchases of scab grapes



400% in the last two years; furthermore, it has done nothing to encourage collective bargaining in agriculture, and openly flaunts health and safety measures on behalf of farm workers.

Other speakers at the occa-

sion were Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma, Representative Ogden Reid of New York, former Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, the Reverend Ralph Abernathy of the SCLC, and Senator Walter Mondale, a long time friend of the UFWOC.

Behind UFWOC's March On Washington: GROWERS GORGE ON SUBSIDIES

In 1969 four growers received more than one million dollars each in farm program payments. They were J.G. Boswell Co. of Kings County (\$4,370,657), Giffen Inc. of Fresno County (\$3,333,385), South Lake Farms (\$1,788,052), and Salyer Land Co. (\$1,637,961), both of Kings County. S.A. Camp of Kern County, a grape grower who bought DiGorgio's land near Arvin (and now refuses to negotiate with UFWOC) received \$929,000.

California is second only to Texas in welfare payments to rich, non-union growers. The other two leading states are Mississippi and Arizona.

California has eight "million dollar counties", that is, counties in which more than one million dollars was paid out to growers who received 15 thousand dollars or more each. In the entire state, nearly 1400 growers received \$15,000 or more each, for a total of \$76 million from taxpayers.

Many non-union and anti-union grape growers are among those who receive huge subsidy payments. J.G. Boswell is one of the large non-union grape growers whose total take was almost four and a half million dollars. The Kern Land Co., now a

subsidiary of Tenneco, received \$914,768 from the U.S. Treasury. Other non-union grape growers are W.B. Camp & Sons (\$267,559), Giumarra Vineyard Corporation (\$227,539), Pandol & Sons (\$57,132), and John Kovacevich (\$34,423).

Pandol believes in individual initiative so much that he heads Californians for Right to Work Laws, a union busting organization. But he does not mind that taxpayers subsidize him with almost \$60,000 each year.

How much longer will the taxpayer be forced to subsidize corporations which exploit the poor and the dispossessed? How much longer will they be forced to maintain unhealthy, unsanitary conditions under which farm workers work in the absence of collective bargaining machinery and contracts? Why should the taxpayers then pick up the tab for welfare payments to these underpaid farm workers when the growers ought to be paying a decent year round wage as well as unemployment insurance to these workers? When will there be justice in our land? When?

Letters to the Editor

EL MALCRIADO

PO Box 130 Delano, California.

Superintendent,
Delano Hospital
Delano, California

Dear Sir:

I was considerably surprised and disturbed to read the letter of Mr. Eenedino Aguilar published in the newspaper El Malcriado in April, 1970. This letter describes the delivery of his child without the attendance of a doctor or a nurse. He also notes that the nurses were amused with his problem of not being able to make himself understood.

We are often led to believe that the United States leads the world in health care, as in many other areas, but such events tend to lower the prestige of your country. I am not familiar with your local situation, but if this event took place as described then I am sure that steps will be taken to remedy it.

Yours sincerely,
F.W. Hanley, M.D.
Vancouver, B.C.
CANADA

Mr. William Smeds
Smeds Ranch
6469 S. Holbrook Ave.
Reedley, Ca

Dear Mr. Smeds:

It was a pleasure to read that a Fresno County grower was the first (table grape) rancher to sign with UFWOC. Congratulations on your courage. I wish you every success in this endeavor. I, and many of my friends, will look forward this harvest to our first grape purchase, Smeds Union label, in several years.

Very truly yours,
James V. Henry
Fresno, Ca

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

I have been working on the boycott here in Portland since the summer of 1968 and recently left school to work full time. Last Tuesday, May 5, I had a personal appearance before my draft board to determine if I should be given C.O. classification. Just before we left the house the mail came and in it was the latest issue of "El Malcriado." I noticed that the main story was on "The discipline of non-violence." In reading it I felt it stated well my own feelings about non-violence that I had based my claim on. I have been basing my claim on my involvement with the union and its non-violent approach to social change. I based it also on the influences of Martin Luther King and Cesar.

While I and my two witnesses sat in the office of Selective Service waiting to be heard I remembered the article and said I wished

I had brought a copy to show my board. Someone must have been watching over me because one witness, Mrs. Halverson, had her copy with her. I went in and met with my board, telling them about the article and asked that it be put in my permanent draft record. The meeting lasted only 17 minutes, and I came out feeling that the chairman and one of the board members were very hostile to my position.

The mail came again this morning. In it was my C.O. classification (1 O.--alternate civilian service). It was like a light from heaven getting the paper the very morning of my meeting. I'm really happy and hope soon to start my service helping La Causa, hopefully on the boycott.

VIVA LA HUELGA!
VIVA LA CAUSA!
Terry Caldwell,
Portland, Oregon



EL MALCRIADO wishes to correct an error that appeared in paragraph four, page sixteen, of last issue (vol. III, no. 24). The Union is not able to provide at this time medical insurance coverage for Union boycott workers.