

LAS VOCES DE LOS CAMPESINOS

Francisco Garcia and Pablo and Juanita Saludado
sing corridos about the farm workers and their union.

Corrido singing is sometimes portrayed as a means by which informal historian-songmakers recount local events. This is one purpose served by the corridos sung on this recording by Francisco Garcia, Pablo Saludado, and Juanita Saludado. But documenting memorable happenings is not the sole motivation or reason for composing and singing such narrative songs. Francisco, Pablo, and Juanita engage in these activities because they enjoy singing, playing instruments, and performing at community gatherings. Singing provides a means for them to exhibit their skills as musicians and allows their audiences to respond to their artistry as well as to the events their songs recount and stimulate one to recollect.

Ballad singing is frequently associated with rural peoples considered to be culturally conservative, isolated, and homogeneous.¹ Such a conception is unsuitable for an understanding of the corridos on this recording. Delano and Earlimart, California--where Francisco, Pablo, and Juanita live--do not conform to the stereotypic "ballad community." Both towns depend on highly industrialized, large-scale agricultural operations that are the antithesis of the independent, self-sufficient farms of some rural communities. Thirty years ago, Walter Goldschmidt commented, in a study of three neighboring towns in California's southern San Joaquin Valley: "From industrialized sowing of the soil is reaped an urbanized rural society."² In a similar manner, Carey McWilliams characterized California's mechanized agriculture as "factories in the fields" which share many of the attributes and problems of urban industries that require large labor forces.³

The conflict between growers and farm workers is rooted historically in the growth and mechanization of agriculture in California. This conflict is mentioned in corridos and is a major theme in the selections on this recording. Although the turbulent events recounted in these songs have had a dramatic impact on farm workers collectively, the significance of specific events varies for different individuals. A composer's, singer's, or listener's personal responses to a particular conflict or the actions of a given person are the principal bases for the kinds of songs that are composed and for the ways the songs are sung and interpreted. In addition, familiarity and past experiences with song and singing traditions affect creators, performers, and audiences. Thus, the songs on this recording are expressions of the singers' experiences as singers, musicians, and farm workers; and their appeal to audiences evolves not only from the topics commented upon, but also from the manner in which the songs are performed.

The Singers and the Songs

Francisco Garcia was born in Jerecuaro, Guanajuato, Mexico, in 1931. He recalls hearing corridos on 78 r.p.m. phonograph records in his home. His early musical training consisted primarily of watching other guitarists and listening to records of such popular artists as Pedro Infante. In the early 1950's he immigrated to the United States and worked for labor contractors in Texas, Oregon, Idaho, and California.

In the late 1960's Francisco Garcia settled in the coastal region near Salinas, California. During this time he became aware of the United Farm Workers' organizing activities in the Delano area and learned two "corridos" about this strike from phonograph records: "Huelga en General," sung by Luis Valdez and Agustin Lira (Thunderbird 00002), and "El Corrido de Delano" by Lalo Guerrero (Colonial 597).

¹Americo Paredes. With His Pistol in His Hand (Austin, 1958), p. 241.

²As You Sow (New York, 1947), p. vii.

³Factories in the Field (Santa Barbara, Calif., 1971).

In 1970 Garcia composed his first corrido, "Corrido de Salinas," while participating in the strike among lettuce workers in that area. The following year, while working on the consumer boycott against lettuce in New York City, he composed "El Aguila Negra" and "El Corrido de la Purga de los Rancheros." This latter song he considers distinctive because it was intended to be comical and satirical while also documenting actual events. "El Corrido del Ilegal" was composed not only as a remembrance of Francisco's own experiences as an illegal worker (i.e., laborer working without a *proper* visa), but for other reasons as well. Because of his own experiences, he sympathizes with the plight of illegal workers. As a permanent resident of Delano, however, he feels it is important to inform undocumented workers recruited at the border that unless they are careful, they may be hired as strikebreakers. The final line of this song warns against allowing oneself to be used in such a way: "Que ya no sean tan pendejos" ("Don't be such cowards").

Francisco is recognized as a corridista within the Delano community. He is often called upon to play at union meetings, barbecues in the city park, and for the children at the union's huelga school. Less formal musicmaking sessions are held at his home, where frequently he is accompanied by Filipe Navarro on mandolin. "El Corrido de la Marcha a Modesto," sung by Francisco on this record, was composed by Navarro.

Pablo Saludado recalls hearing his father sing corridos at home and for striking mine workers in Morenci, Arizona, where Pablo was born in 1914. The Saludado family moved to California's San Joaquin Valley in the early 1920's, where Pablo and his father performed together, with Pablo playing guitar accompaniment for his father's violin. Currently, Pablo sings with his daughter, Juanita; and he plays in a mariachi which includes his cousin Lorenzo Saludado on trumpet, Onofre Garray on violin, and Juan Tavena on guitar. It was at one of the mariachi's practice sessions at Pablo's home that Juan Tavena introduced his composition "Huelga y Violencias," which is heard on side two of this record. This song is strikingly similar, in textual and melodic features, to the corrido "Los Hermanos Hernandez," which Mr. Tavena recalls from the 1930's when he lived in Arizona.

Juanita Saludado first learned corridos at home from her father and the musicians with whom he plays. She has participated in singing groups at her church, at school, and as a volunteer worker for the United Farm Workers union. During the strike in Delano in the 1960's she recalls hearing "El Corrido de Cesar Chavez" and "El Esquirol" sung at performances of El Teatro Campesino, a Chicano teatro group begun by Luis Valdez. Both of these songs are sung to melodies which were already familiar to Pablo and Juanita. "Corrido de la Causa," also sung to a widely known tune, "La Carcel de Cananea," was sent to her by a friend who was a striker at the D'Arrigo Ranch in the Imperial Valley. Juanita first heard "Corrido de Cesar Chavez" performed by popular recording artist Lalo Guerrero and later she learned this song from a 45 r.p.m. record.

Francisco Garcia, Pablo Saludado, and Juanita Saludado sing corridos for audiences composed primarily of their neighbors in Delano and Earlimart. While their singing could be regarded as a "local tradition," it should be noted that the influences on the singers are diverse. These include older songs, such as corridos by Mexican traditional and popular composers; newlycomposed songs by farm workers; and music heard on the radio and phonograph records. Within the community, locally-composed songs are learned primarily through informal gatherings of musicians, typewritten and photocopied hojas sueltas (broadsides), and from cassette recordings of their performances. The milieu of their corrido singing is not that of the typical "ballad community" alluded to earlier. Rather, it embraces many musical styles, incorporates works by composers from diverse backgrounds, and utilizes numerous means of dissemination.

Notes on the Production of This Recording

The production of this recording was proposed and coordinated by Michael Heisley, a graduate student in the Folklore and Mythology Program at the University of California, Los Angeles (UCLA). Philip Sonnichsen served as the ethnomusicological consultant and assisted with the recording sessions and the editing of the master tapes. Wes Dooley of Audio Engineering Associates, Pasadena, California, donated his services as recordist for this project and assisted with the mastering of the record. The master tapes were recorded in one-half track stereo at fifteen inches per second (i.p.s.) on a Revox A77 recorder with a Dolby A noise-reduction system. Dan Riesenfeld assisted with the recordings; and Carol Dewey and Susan Einstein served as photographers. The transcriptions and translations of the song lyrics were prepared by Hildebrando Villarreal, Mary MacGregor-Villarreal, and Michael Heisley.

The recordings were made in Delano, California, at the United Farm Workers' union hall with the cooperation and assistance of Ben Maddox, director of the U.F.W.'s Delano Field Office. Recording sessions were held on July 9, 23,30,31, and August 15,1976, during union meetings and as studio sessions when the union hall was not in use. Pablo and Juanita Saludado recorded fiftythree takes, and Francisco Garcia recorded twenty-three. From these, the final selections for the record were made by the singers. The spoken recollections by Francisco Garcia were recorded at his home in Delano by Michael Heisley and Merrill Singer on April 5,1975. Pablo Saludado's recollections of the White River Farms strike were recorded on August 15,1976, at the union hall in Delano. The master tapes were edited in August, 1976, by Ron Streicher of Audio Engineering Associates, Pasadena, California. The record jacket was designed by Jeremy Kay and printed at Disc Printing Company in Burbank, California. The cover photograph of the farm worker march to Sacramento in 1966 was taken by Jon Lewis. The records were pressed by Award Records in Inglewood, California.

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DE COLORES

"De Colores," according to folklorist Americo Paredes, "is a Mexican folksong with ultimate origins in Spain. In 1928 Kurt Schindler collected the song from a group of girls in the province of Soria, who sang it as they worked in the fields" (b. Texas-Mexican Cancionero: Folksongs of the Lower Border, Urbana, 1976, p. 171). In California, this song has been recorded by El Teatro Campesino on a 10 inch-33 1/3 r.p.m. record, "¡Viva La Causa - Songs and Sounds from the Delano Strike!" This recording was made during the United Farm Workers union meeting in Delano on July 30, 1976.. The song leaders and guitarists are from a singing group from Our Lady of Guadalupe Church, Delano, California.

De Colores

De colores, de colores se visten
 los campos en la primavera,
De colores, de colores son los
 pajaritos que vienen de afuera,
De colores, de colores es el arco
 iris que vemos lucir,
Y por eso los grandes amores de
 muchos colores me gustan a m1
Y por eso los grandes amores de
 muchos colores me gustan a mf.

In many colors, in many colors
 are the fields clothed in spring,
Colorful, colorful are the birds
 that come from afar,
Colorful, colorful is
 the rainbow we see shining,
And this is why colorful things
 are my greatest loves.
And this is why colorful things
 are my greatest loves.

Announcer: En este momento les queremos a
presentar a todos de ustedes para cantarle una
cancion de nuestra union. . . a Francisco Garcia.

Announcer: At this time we would like to introduce
Francisco Garcia to you to sing a song about our
union.

EL CORRIDO DE SALINAS

"Cuando yo estaba trabajando en el valle de Salinas ,"
recollections by Francisco Garcia.

"Bueno, mi nombre es Francisco Garcia. Y ... voy a cantar un corrido... que este corrido compuse yo mismo para el movimiento de los trabajadores campesinos. Este...cuando estaba, estaba yo trabajando en el valle Salinas, tenian unos sueldos muy, muy bajos. Nosotros entonces estavamos peleando par tener una union, que es ahara la union que, que tenemos y es la que estamos peleando para tener mejores beneficios y todo... Y... Pero antes de, de que llegara la union, o sea los organizadores de la union, al valle de Salinas, habla otra union que se metio, que es la union de los Teamsters... Que hicieronos firmar a fuerzas unos papeles, o sea con ellas, ¿verdad? Querlan que, pas era a fuerzas porque si no, si no firmabanos con ellas, nos corrian del trabajo, nos quitaban los trabajos; y asl nos tralan hasta que decidimos mejor tener la union de ahara de los campesinos. Y, y en ese ano tambien se gano el, se ganaron los contratos en el valle de, de, de San Joaquin en ese mismo tiempo. Y cuando supieron los rancheros que se habla ganado todo el contrato aquf, 0 sea en el valle de San Joaquin, entonces pronto se metieron los Teamsters a, a, a firmar con los rancheros alla y obligar ala gente a que firmara, y si no, les quitaban los trabajos. Entonces rue cuando decidio Cesar Chavez, 0 la, 0 la gente tambien en conjunto... bverdad?.. de ir a organizar alla y hacer una huelga que rue un para general en todo, en todo el valle. Salieron ocho mil personas en huelga ese ano. Y entonces rue un triunfo tambien porque much as companlas firmaron alla, e, e, e valle, valle de Salinas. Y entonces, pas, eh, se me ocurrio componer este corrido, yeste corrido a ver, a ver que tal se aye, bverdad? Vamos a ver como nos queda. El corrido, el corrido se llama "El Corrido de Salinas."

"Well, my name is Francisco Garcia. And...I am going to sing a ballad... this ballad I myself composed for the farmworkers' movement. That is...when I was working in the Salinas Valley, the wages were very, very *low*. We were then struggling to have a union_ which is the union we now have and the one that is now struggling to obtain better benefits and everything... And... But before the union arrived in the Salinas Valley, that is the union organizers, another union came in - the Teamsters... They forced us to sign papers, that is with them_ isn't that right? They wanted, well, they wanted to force us to sign with them; if we didn't_ if we didn't they would run us off the job, they would take our jobs away from us; and that's the way they treated us until we decided it was better to have our own union. And also in that year we (the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee) won the contracts in the San Joaquin Valley, at the same time. And when the growers found out that every contract had been won here, that is in the San Joaquin Valley, then right away the Teamsters came in (to the Salinas Valley) to sign with the growers there and to force the people (the farm workers) to sign, and, if not, their jobs would be taken away. That was when Cesar Chavez decided, or everyone together, right, to organize there and to strike causing a work stoppage throughout the valley. Eight thousand persons went out on strike that year. And that was a victory also because many companies (growers) signed on with the union (the United Farm Workers Organizing Committee) there (in the) Salinas Valley. And then_ well, it occurred to me to write this ballad, and this ballad, let's see how it sounds, okay? Let's see how we like it. The ballad, the name of the ballad is "The Ballad of Salinas."

This corrido by Francisco Garcia was published in El Malcriado, September 15,1970, p. 9.

El Corrido de Salinas

Es en el año setenta,
Ya todo el mundo lo sabe
Que se ha ganado la lucha
Por nuestro gran Cesar Chavez,
El líder que siempre lucha
Por los derechos iguales.

It was in the year of '70,
Already everyone knows
That the struggle was won
By our great Cesar Chavez,
The leader who always fights
For equal rights.

Es en Delano famoso
Donde esta causa empezo.
Eso hace unos cuantos años,
Pero el tiempo se llevo
Que saliera victorioso
El triunfo ya se gano.

It is in famous Delano
Where this cause began.
This was a few years ago,
But the time came
That he should be victorious;
The triumph has already been won.

Al grito de "¡Viva Chavez!"
Todo el pueblo se anima
Al iniciar una marcha
En el valle de Salinas
A luchar por los derechos
De nuestra gente vendida.

To the cry of "Long live Chavez!"
All the people become heartened
Upon initiating a march
In the Salinas Valley
To struggle for the rights
Of our people who were sold out.

Al escuchar la noticia
También los pueblos vecinos
Se unieron los campesinos
Especialmente latinos.
Pero habla de todas razas,
Marchando niñas y niños.

Upon hearing the news
The neighboring towns also
Joined the farm workers,
Especially the latinos.
But there were people of all races,
Boys and girls marching.

Contra la unión de agresivos
Que en el valle de Salinas
Nos venden con los rancheros
Sin consultar al obrero
Para que los campesinos
Se traten como braceros.

Against the union of the aggressors
Who in the Salinas Valley
Sell us out to the growers
Without consulting the worker
So that the farm workers
Will be treated like braceros.

Compañeros lechugueros
Del apio y de la fresa,
Cooperen con nuestra causa
Porque esto nos interesa.
Nos miran como animales
Como manada de bestias.

Fellow lettuce workers,
Celery and strawberry workers,
Cooperate without cause
Because this is in our interest.
They look on us like animals,
Like a herd of beasts.

Tenemos muchos contrarios;
No les está pareciendo
Que luchemos por el pueblo
Que los está enriqueciendo.
Pero nuestros triunfos son buenos
Porque seguimos venciendo.

We have many enemies;
They don't like it
That we struggle for the people
Who are making them rich.
But our triumphs are good
Because we continue to overcome.

Al canto de "¡Venceremos!"
Onde hay banderas al viento
Llegando en los cuatro rumbos
Todos a un mismo tiempo
Salinas quedó asombrado
Con este gran movimiento.

To the cry of "We shall overcome!"
With banners flying,
Arriving from the four directions
All at the same time,
Salinas became astonished
With this great movement.

EL AGUILA NEGRA

"El Aguila Negra" was written by Francisco Garcia in 1971 when he was a volunteer with the United Farm Workers boycott operation in New York City.

El Aguila Negra

Ya llego el aguila negra.

Detenganse gavilanes

'Tamos dentro de sus garras y
nos tienen que soltar.

No se asusten contratistas,
mayordomos y rancheros.

Con pelear la cosa justa
no los vamos a matar.

En el valle de Salinas,

El valle de los esclavos,

Con bastantes amenazas nos
querlan intimidar.

Esa gente sin conciencia
nos provoca ala violencia,

Y nosotros sin violencia les
tuvimos que ganar.

¡Viva el aguila negra! ¡Viva la causa!

¡Que viva nuestra unión!

¡Nuestro lider Cesar Chavez
que triunfe su liderato!

¡Viva nuestro movimiento
en California y Nueva York!

Nuestra causa noble y justa,

todo el mundo la respeta.

For eso nuestros enemigos no
nos pudieron ganar.

Los malditos rompehuelgas de
monstrando mucho el hambre,

Todos esos criminales no nos
pudieron ganar.

¡Vivan todas las mujeres que se

mantiene alertas!

Porque son muy animosas
en la purita verdad.

Y entre ellas nuestra Ilder
que viva Dolores Huerta

Porque siempre a toda fuerza
luchara sin descansar.

¡Viva el aguila negra!

¡Viva la causa!

¡Que viva nuestra unión!

¡Nuestro Ilder Cesar Chavez
que triunfe su liderato!

¡Viva nuestro movimiento
en California y Nueva York!

The black eagle has now arrived!

Stop hawks!

We are in your claws and
you have to free us.

Contractors, foremen, and growers,
do not get frightened.

Fighting for that which is just,
we won't kill you.

In the Salinas Valley,

The valley of the slaves,

With many threats they tried to
intimidate us.

Those people without conscience
provoke us to violence,

But we had to overcome them
peacefully.

Long live the black eagle!

Long live the cause!

Long live our union!

Our leader Cesar Chavez, let
his leadership triumph!

Long live our movement from
California to New York!

Our noble and just cause,

everyone respects it.

That is why our enemies were
unable to defeat us.

The evil strikebreakers showing
a lot of hunger,

All those criminals could not
triumph over us.

Long live all the women who are
always vigilant

Because, in truth, they are
very spirited.

And among them long live

Dolores Huerta, our leader,

Because untiringly she will always
fight with all her strength.

Long live the black eagle!

Long live the cause!

Long live our union.

Our leader Cesar Chavez, let
his leadership triumph!

Long live our movement from
California to New York!

LA PURGA DE LOS RANCHEROS

"La Purga de los Rancheros" was composed by Francisco Garcia in New York City in 1971.

La Purga de los Rancheros

Hoy vamos despacio, hay que contar verdades.
Aunque esas cosas ya muchos las saben,
Dondequiera esta nuestro movimiento,
Dondequiera se encuentra la gente de Chavez.

A los patrones la huelga les cae muy sura,
Pero el biocoteo les hace la purga.
Porque apenas oyen el nombre de Chavez,
Van a los escusados empiezan suda y suda.

Los esquiroles tienen que ir comprendiendo
Que de valle en valle los vamos siguiendo
Con la huelga firme de verano a invierno,
Y los seguiremos hasta que se vayan al merito infierno.

A unos muy machos estas cosas les pasan.
Como son muy gachos traicionan
la raza. Se venden con los rancheros,
Y los despachan para que traicionen a la misma raza.

Quieren asustarnos con ser prisioneros.
Ya tienen comprado al maldito gobierno,
Pero no les vale el maldito dinero;
Ahora lo que vale es la fuerza del pueblo.

Sin temor a nada seguimos la lucha
Porque nuestro lema va a hacer nueva historia.
Que los campesinos triunfemos ahora;
Hasta la victoria siempre cantemos victoria.

Today we are proceeding slowly, we have to relate truths.
Although many already know these things,
Wherever our movement is present,
Wherever one meets the followers of Chavez.

To the bosses the strike is something they detest,
But the boycott is their purgative.
Because as soon as they hear the name of Chavez,
They go to the toilets and start sweating and sweating.

The scabs have to start understanding
That we are following them from valley to valley
With constant strike from summer to winter,
And we will follow them until they go straight to hell.

This happens to some who consider themselves very macho.
Since they are low-down traitors, they betray their own people.
They sellout to the growers, And they (growers) send them off
to betray their own race.

They want to scare us with the threat of going to jail.
They have already bought off the evil government,
But their evil money cannot help them anymore;
Now it is the strength of the people that counts.

Not fearing anything we continue the struggle
Because our motto is going to make new history.
May we, the farmworkers, now triumph;
Let us always sing victory until we are successful.

EL CORRIDO DE LA MARCHA A MODESTO

Filipe Navarro of Delano, California, composed this corrido after participating in the United Farm Workers protest march in front of the Gallo Wineries in Modesto, California, in March, 1975.

El Corrido de la Marcha Modesto

Ano de setenta y cinco presente lo tengo yo;
Una marcha contra Gallo nuestra unió organizo.
Para pelear los contratos que los Teamsters les robo.

Salieron de San Francisco campesinos y estudiantes.
Tambien salieron de Fresno, Salinas y Sacramento
Gritando "¡Viva la Causa!" todos con grande contento.

De Lamont Pablo Espinosa frente a su batallón
Tambien marcha hasta Modesto con valor y decision,
Protestando contra Gallo que traiciona a nuestra unió

El Gallo estaba asustado, gritando con desvar:Lo,
Cacara que anda sin rumbo buscado el gallinero
Para poderse escapar de aquel inmenso gentío.

El día primero de marzo que la marcha termino
Frente ala vinata Gallo, el gent:Lo ahl paso
Protestando contra Gallo que traciona a nuestra unió.

El Gallo estaba asustado mirando alll tanta gente
Cuando llega Cesar Chavez de nuestra unió presidente
Gritando "¡Viva la Causa!" dandole animo ala gente.

The year of seventy-five, I remember it;
Our union organized a march against Gallo
In order to fight for the contracts the Teamsters stole from
them.

Farm workers and students left from San Francisco.
They also departed from Fresno, Salinas, and Sacramento
Shouting "Long live the cause!" all with great joy.

From Lamont Pablo Espinosa at the head of his battalion
Also marched to Modesto with courage and decisiveness,
Protesting against Gallo who is betraying our union.

The rooster was afraid, crying with delirium,
Crowing, walking aimlessly, looking for the chicken *coop*
In order to escape that immense multitude.

On the first of March when the march ended
The multitudes passed in front of the Gallo winery,
Protesting Gallo who was betraying our union.

The rooster was afraid, seeing so many *people* there
When Cesar Chavez, our union's president, arrived
Shouting "Long live the cause!" inspiring the people.

EL CORRIDO DE CESAR CHAVEZ

"El Corrido de Cesar Chavez" was recorded by El Teatro Campesino on a 10 inch-33 1/3 r.p.m. record, "¡Viva La Causa--Songs and Sounds from the Delano Strike!" which was distributed by the United Farm Workers, but is now out of print. It recounts the farm workers' pilgrimage from Delano to Sacramento, California, in March, 1966. This corrido is sung to a traditional Mexican tune, "Carabina 30-30."

El Corrido de Cesar Chavez

En un dia siete de marzo,
Jueves Santo en la mañana,
Salio Cesar de Delano
Componiendo una campaña.

One day, the seventh of March,
On the morning of Holy Thursday
Cesar left Delano
Gathering a campaign.

Compañeros campesinos este
Va a ser un ejemplo
Esta marcha la llevamos
Hasta mero Sacramento.

Fellow farm workers,
This is going to be a lesson.
We will take this march
Right to Sacramento.

Cuando llegamos a Fresno
Toda la gente gritaba
"¡Y que viva Cesar Chavez
y la gente que llevaba!"

When we arrived in Fresno
All the people were shouting
"Long live Cesar Chavez
And the people who accompanied him! "

Nos despedimos de Fresno;
Nos despedimos con fe
Para llegar muy contentos
Hasta el pueblo de Merced.

We left Fresno;
We left with faith,
In order to arrive very content
At the town of Merced.

Ya vamos llegando a Stockton,
Ya mero la luz se fue;
Pero mi gente gritaba,
"¡Sigam con bastante fe!"

Now we are arriving at Stockton,
Now daylight was almost gone;
But my people were shouting,
"Onward with plenty of faith!"

Cuando llegamos a Stockton
Los mariachis nos cantaban.
¡Y que viva Cesar Chavez
Y la Virgen Clue llevaba!

When we arrived in Stockton
The mariachis played for us.
Long live Cesar Chavez
And the image of the Virgin he carried!

Contratistas esquiroles,
Esta va a ser una historia;
Ustedes van al infierno,
Y nosotros a la gloria.

Scab contractors,
This is going to be a story;
You are going to hell,
And we are bound for glory.

Ese señor Cesar Chavez,
El es un hombre cabal;
Quería verse cara a cara
Con el gobernador Brown.

This gentleman Cesar Chavez,
He is a very whole man;
He wished to see himself
Face to face with Governor Brown.

Oiga, señor Cesar Chavez,
Su nombre que se pronuncia,
En su pecho usted merece
La Virgen de Guadalupe.

Listen, Cesar Chavez,
Your name that is pronounced,
On you chest you merit
The Virgin of Guadalupe.

Huelga y Violencias

"Huelga y Violencias" was composed by Juan.D. Tavena of Earlimart, California, about the farm worker strike which began in Delano, California, on September 8, 1965. The text and tune are similar to "Corrido de los Hermanos Hernandez," which Mr. Tavena recalls hearing in Arizona in the 1930's. This song has recently been reissued on a 33 1/3 r.p.m. album, "Texas-Mexican Border Music--Corridos Part II" (Folklyric 9005), from the 78 r.p.m. recording made by Los Madrugadores on Decca 10018 in 1934. Another 78 r.p.m. recording of this song was made by the Cuarteto Mexico on Vocalion 8559.

Huelga y Violencias

Un dia ocho de septiembre
Del ano sesenta y cinco
Comenzo a segun se entiende
Una huelga contra los ricos.

Todos los trabajadores
De SUB trabajos salieron
Pidiendo sueldos mejores
Y en huelga se levantaron.

Por ahl nos dijo un ranchero
"De hambre los voy a matar;
No tienen mucho dinero
Muy pronto se van a dar."

Pero se han equivocado,
Todo les salio al reves;
Comida les ha sobrado
Y dinero cada meso

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Aguilita ve volando
Avisale al mundo entero
Que algo serio esta pasando.

A todos los Filipinos
De los campos los echaron;
Afuera hacia a los caminos
La ropa se las tiraron.

Con unos pistoleros
Les quitaron las cabinas
Porque fueron los primeros
Que abandonaron las vinas.

Con maquinas de polvear
Ya los andaban ahogando;
Con azufre querlan ahogar
A la gente organizando.

Fue uno de los rancheros,
Provocativo y valiente,
De tantos. fue el primero
Que ataca cobardemente.

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Virgencita ten piedad
De los que piden justicia;
Merecen tu caridad.

Cuarenta y cuatro arrestaron
Sin cometer violación;
Nomás porque le gritaron
"La Huelga" a un patron.

Entre ellos iban señoras
Y también nueve ministros.
Pasaron sus largas horas
Encerrados sin delito.

Con armas peligrosas
En el rancho Sierra Vista
Golpearon a Manuel Rosas
Al mero gallon huelgista.

Lo llevan al hospital
Muy mal herido y sangrando.
La suerte le fue fatal,
Lo fueron encarcelando.

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Cuanta pena y sufrimento,
Nomás por la mucha gente
Que hay sin entendimiento.

Peor caso le sucedio
Al señor Manuel Rivera.
Cuando un troque lo aplasto
Le quiebro pierna y cadera.

El jefe de policias,
Que también es mexicano,
Muy conforme se retira
Porque así lo había planeado.

A pesar de tanta infamia
La huelga va caminando.
Ya por todo California
El Aguila anda volando.

Aconseja el director
Que no provoquen violencia,
"Se que nos sobra el valor
Pero hay que tener paciencia."

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Ya con esta me despido.
En la huelga de Delano
Esto es lo que ha sucedido.

HUELGA Y VIOLENCIAS

One day, the eighth of September,
In the year of sixty-five,
There began, or so it is said,
A strike against the rich.

All the workers
Walked off their jobs
Asking for better wages
And went out on strike.

Around there a grower said,
"With hunger I am going to kill you;
You do not have much money,
Very soon you are going to give up."

But they were mistaken,
Everything turned out differently;
They had more than enough food
And money every month.

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Flyaway little eagle;
Tell the entire world
That something serious is happening.

All the Philipinos
Were thrown out of their camps;
Out on the highways their clothes
Were thrown out after them. .

With armed goons
They were made to leave their cabins,
Because they were the first ones
That left the vineyards.

With dusting machines
They tried to choke them;
With sulphur they wanted to choke
The people who were organizing.

It was one of the growers,
Provoking and a bully,
Of all of them he was the first
To attack cowardly.

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
Dear Virgin take pity
On those who ask for justice;
They deserve your charity.

Forty-four were arrested
Without committing a crime;
Their only offense was to yell
"Strike!" to a boss.

Among them were women
And also nine ministers.
They spent long hours
Imprisoned without having committed a crime.

With dangerous arms
In the ranch of Sierra Vista
They beat up Manuel Rosas,
A true leader of the strikers.

They take him, badly wounded
And bleeding, to the hospital.
He had bad luck,
They put him in jail.

Ay, ay, ay, ay,
So much pain and suffering,
Only because there are so many people
Who do not understand.

Something worse happened
To Mr. Manuel Rivera.
When he was hit by a truck
He broke his leg and hip.

The chief of police,
Who also is Mexican,
Very conveniently left
Because he had planned the scene it that way.

In spite of such infamy
The strike marches on.
And now throughout California
The eagle is flying.

The director advises
Not to provoke violence,
"I know that we have more than enough courage,
But we must be patient."

Ay, ay, ay, ay
With this I take my leave.
This is what happened
In the strike in Delano.

EL CORRIDO DE SCHENLEY

"Nos llevaron a la carcel a Bakersfield,"
recollections by Pablo Saludado.

"Bueno, primeramente, yo soy Pablo Saludado y resido en Earlimart, California. Yo soy un trabajador campesino que he trabajado toda mi vida en la agricultura, y compusimos una cancioncita una vez por cuestion de que yo trabajaba con la compania de Schenley. Pero resulta de que vino una compania petrolera que se llama Buttes Gas and Oil Company y compro este rancho en donde teniamos un contrato nosotros alli por la union de campesinos. Y cuando est a compania compre este rancho de seis mil acres, ella misma dijo que lo que ella querla era desbaratar nuestra union. De modo es que cuando se cumplio el contrato que tuvieron que renovar lo ella dijo que, que, pos iba, iba a desbaratar nuestra union. Y pos no pudieron negociar el contrato, no, no se pudo arreglar y entramos en huelga en 1972. Anduvimos como quince dias haciendo huelga y no hubo ningun problema, pero como a los quince dias vinieron los quebrahuelgas guiados por los policias. Iban, iban los policias, venian enfrente y los, los contratistas hicieron a un lado a los huelguistas y se metieron a trabajar. Entonces, andabamos nosotros haciendo demonstracion alrededor de las vinas cuando el 25 de septiembre empezaron a ir. Los policias y nomas porque andabamos con nuestras banderitas (nos) subieron a los carros y nos llevaron a la carcel a Bakersfield. Pos, pasando el tiempo, para pasar el tiempo, un poco alli en la carcel nos juntamos entre todas, unos...pusimos uno, dos, tres palabras, otros un verso y compusimos el corrido que le nombramos "Corrido de Schenley." Y en este tiempo ya era el White River Farms, pero pusimos "El Corrido de Schenley" porque antes alli era donde trabajabamos."

"Well, first, I am Pablo Saludado and I live in Earlimart, California. I am a farm worker and I have worked all my life in agriculture, and once we wrote a little song about an incident that occurred when I worked for the Schenley Company. It turned out that an oil company called Buttes Gas and Oil Company bought this ranch where we, the farm workers' union, had a contract. And when this company bought this six thousand acre ranch, the same company said that it wanted to break up our union. The fact is that when the contract expired and they (the company) had to renew it, they said that they were going to break up our union. And they couldn't settle the contract; they couldn't agree and we went on strike in 1972. We were on strike about fifteen days and there had been no problems. But after fifteen days the strikebreakers, led by policemen, came. The police, the police came and went at will in front (of the strikebreakers), and the contractors moved the strikers aside and they (the strikebreakers) entered to work.

Then we were demonstrating around the vineyards when, on the 25 of September, the police started to come just because we were marching with our flags; and they put us in the cars and took us to jail in Bakersfield. Well, in order to pass the time there in jail, we all got together;- some added one, two, or three words, others a verse, and we wrote the ballad that we call "The Ballad of Schenley." And at that time it was already called White River Farms, but we called it "The Ballad of Schenley" because that was its name when we worked there before.

The tune to "El Corrido de Schenley" is borrowed from "Contrabando del Paso," a popular song from northern Mexico.

El Corrido de Schenley

Senores voy a cantarles
Lo que en Delano ha pasado
Que en los ranchos del White River
Fuimos varios arrestados.

Nos llevaron de Delano
A la carcel del condado
Porque quebramos la orden
Que el juez nos habla dado.

Fue en septiembre 25
Que todos recordaran
Decidimos los huelguistas
A esos files entrar.

Nosotros lo que querlamos
Con esquiroles hablar,
Que no quebraran la huelga
Y fueran a otro lugar.

Pablo Lopez empezo
A meterse con la gente,
Y dijo llegando alli,
"Les encargo que se sienten."

Llegamos a ese lugar
Que Pablo nos indica,
Cada quien con su bandera
Que_nunca la separo.

Al pie de nuestra bandera
Simbolo de nuestra union,
Deciamos, "iViva la Causa
Por todita la nacion_"

Como a las dos de la tarde
Del dia antes mencionado,
En los carros del Cherife,
Nos llevaron esposados.

Las mujeres son valientes
Y grandes de corazon;
Gritaban, "iQue viva Chavez,
El llder de nuestra union!"

Les pedimos .su criterio
Y gracias por su atencion;
Estos versos compusimos
Adentro de la prision.

Gentlemen, I am going to sing to you
About what happened in Delano,
That on the White River Ranches
Several of us were arrested.

They took us from Delano
To the county jail
Because we violated the order
That the judge had given us.

It was on September 25
That everyone will remember
We, the strikers, decided
To enter these fields.

What we wanted was
To talk to the scabs,
To ask them not to break the strike
And to go to another place.

Pablo Lopez began
To mix with the people,
And upon arriving there he said,
"Let's sit down."

We arrived at that place
That Pablo indicated to us,
Each one with his banner
With which we never parted.

At the foot of our flag,
Symbol of our union,
We said, "Long live the Cause
Throughout the whole nation."

About two in the afternoon
Of the day already mentioned
In the sheriff's cars
They took us away handcuffed.

The women are brave
And of great heart.
They shouted, "Long live Chavez,
The leader of our union!"

We ask your judgment
And thank you for your attention;
We composed these verses
Inside the prison.

EL ESQUIROL

"El Esquirol" was composed by members of El Teatro Campesino and has been recorded by Luis Valdez and Agustin Lira on Thunderbird 00002, a 45 r.p.m. record issued by the United Farm Workers in the late 1960's, but now out of print. The tune for this song is from a popular Mexican tune, "Rosita Alvarez."

El Esquirol

El ano sesenta y cinco
En Delano comenzo
La Huelga por mejor sueldo;
Y el esquirol resistio,
Y el esquirol resistio.

Su mama se lo decia,
"Hijo, no quiebres la Huelga."
"Mama, no tengo la culpa.
Que a mi me manda mi suegra,
Que a mi me manda mi suegra."

Se fue el esquirol temprano
Su patron a saludar.
Luego le beso la mano
Y ahl se puso a bailar,
Ahl se puso a bailar.

La llama el contratista
Y le dijo muy enojado,
"Si me descuido tantito
Tu me comes el mandado,
Tu me comes el mandado."

Se fue el esquirol corriendo
Su patroncito a buscar
"Usted que es como mi papi
Mandeme a otro lugar,
Mandeme a otro lugar."

El esquirol esta en Welfare
Dandole cuenta al estado.
Su patron a todos dice,
"Lo corrl por arrastrado,
Lo corrl por arrastrado."

In the year of sixty-five
In Delano there began
The strike for better pay;
And the scab resisted,
And the scab resisted.

His mama would tell him,
"Son, don! t break the strike."
"Mama, I am not to blame.
MY mother-in-law orders me around,
MY mother-in-law orders me around."

The scab went out early
To greet his boss.
Later he kissed his hand
And there he began to dance,
There he began to dance.

The contractor called him
And angrily said to him,
"If I relax even a little while,
You'll eat what you should take care of,
You'll eat what you should take care of."

The scab left running
To search for his boss,
"You who are like my father
Send me to another place,
Send me to another place."

The scab is on welfare
Giving account to the state.
His boss tells everyone,
"I fired him because he was a rascal,
I fired him because he was a rascal."

CORRIDO DE LA CAUSA

"Corrido de la Causa" was composed by Francisco Nunez-Gomez, a farm worker in Calexico, California, and is sung to the tune of "La Carcel de Cananea. "

Corrido de la Causa

Senores voy a cantarles
Lo que nos ha sucedido.
Nos mandaron a la carcel
Esa compania de D'Arrigo
Por reclamar un derecho
Por el bien de nuestros hijos.

La fecha tengo presente
La recordaran ustedes;
Fue el mero dia seis de enero,
El dia de los Santos Reyes;
Veinte patrullas llegaron
Repartiendo unos papeles.

Como estaban en ingles
Se los tiramos al suelo;
Hablan de leyes inj ustas
Que nos ha impuesto el rancharo.
Hermanos, "¡Viva la Causa,
Mi familia esta primero!"

Mi bandera roja y negra
Va flotando hacia adelante
Liberando a nuestros hijos.
Campesino, tu lo sabes,
Sigue al pequeno gigante,
Nuestro lider, Cesar Chavez.

Alza el vuelo, aguila negra,
No te vayas a quedar;
Avisale al mundo entero
Que nos van a sentenciar
A ochenta y un campesinos
En este valle Imperial.

Despida no les doy
Porque no la traigo aqui.
Si no estoy haciendo huelga
Al boicot me voy a ir.
Por defender a mi raza
Yo tambien me se morir.

Gentlemen, I am going to sing to you
About what happened to us.
We were sent to jail
By this D'Arrigo Company
For demanding rights
For the good of our children.

The date I now remember
You will remember;
It was exactly on the sixth of January,
on Epiphany.
Twenty patrolmen arrived
Distributing papers.

Since they were in English
We threw them on the ground;
They spoke of unjust laws
That the grower had imposed on us.
Brothers, "Long live the Cause,
My family comes first!"

My red and black flag Goes forward
Liberating our children.
Farm worker, you know it,
Follow the little giant,
Our leader, Cesar Chavez.

Flyaway, black eagle,
Don't hold back;
Tell the whole world
That they are going to sentence us,
Eighty-one farm workers
In this Imperial Valley.

I will not bid you a farewell
Because I don't have one.
If I am not out striking
I am going to go on the boycott.
In order to defend my race
I, too, know how to die.

CORRIDO DE CESAR CHAVEZ

"Corrido de Cesar Chavez" was composed by recording artist Lalo Guerrero after reading a newspaper account of Cesar Chavez' twenty-five-day fast in 1968. He has recorded this song on a 45 r.p.m. record, Colonial 597.

Juanita Saludado: "El Corrido de Cesar Chavez," compuesto por Lalo Guerrero, dando vuelo a los sentimientos de que tenemos por nuestro lider.

Juanita Saludado: "The Ballad of Cesar Chavez," composed by Lalo Guerrero, expressing how we feel about our leader.

Corrido de Cesar Chavez

Detente mi corazon,
En el pecho no me cabe
El regocijo y orgullo
Al cantarle a Cesar Chavez.

Stop, my heart,
In my breast there is no room
For the joy and pride
Of singing of Cesar Chavez.

Inspiracion de mi gente,
Protector del campesino
El es un gran mexicano
Ese serla su destino.

Inspiration of my people,
Protector of the farm worker,
He is a great Mexican;
This would be his destiny.

De muy humildes principios
Organizaste ala gente;
Y a los hacendados ricos
Te paraste frente a frente.

From very humble beginnings
You organized your people;
And against the rich ranchers
You stood face to face.

Injustamente te acusan
Que intentaste usar violencia
Ayunaste veinticinco dias
Pa' probar tu inocencia.

Unjustly they accuse you
Of intending to use violence.
You fasted for twenty-five days
In order to prove your innocence.

En el estandard que lleva
Mi Virgen de Guadalupe,
Que viniste ante el alabar,
De bendiciones te tupe.

On the standard that carries
My Virgin of Guadalupe,
In whose presence you came to worship,
I esteemed you with my praise.

A los venticinco dias
El ayuno termino
En el parque de Delano
Una misa celebros.

After twenty-five days
The fast ended;
In the park in Delano
A mass was celebrated.

Junto con ocho mil almas
Bobby Kennedy asistio;
Admiracion y carino
Nuestra gente le brindo.

Together with eight thousand souls
Bobby Kennedy attended;
Admiration and affection
Our people offered him a toast.

Vuela de aquil de me seno,
Paloma, vete a Delano;
Y por si acaso no sabes
Alli vive Cesar Chavez.

Fly from my breast,
Dove, go to Delano;
And if perhaps you don't know,
There lives Cesar Chavez.