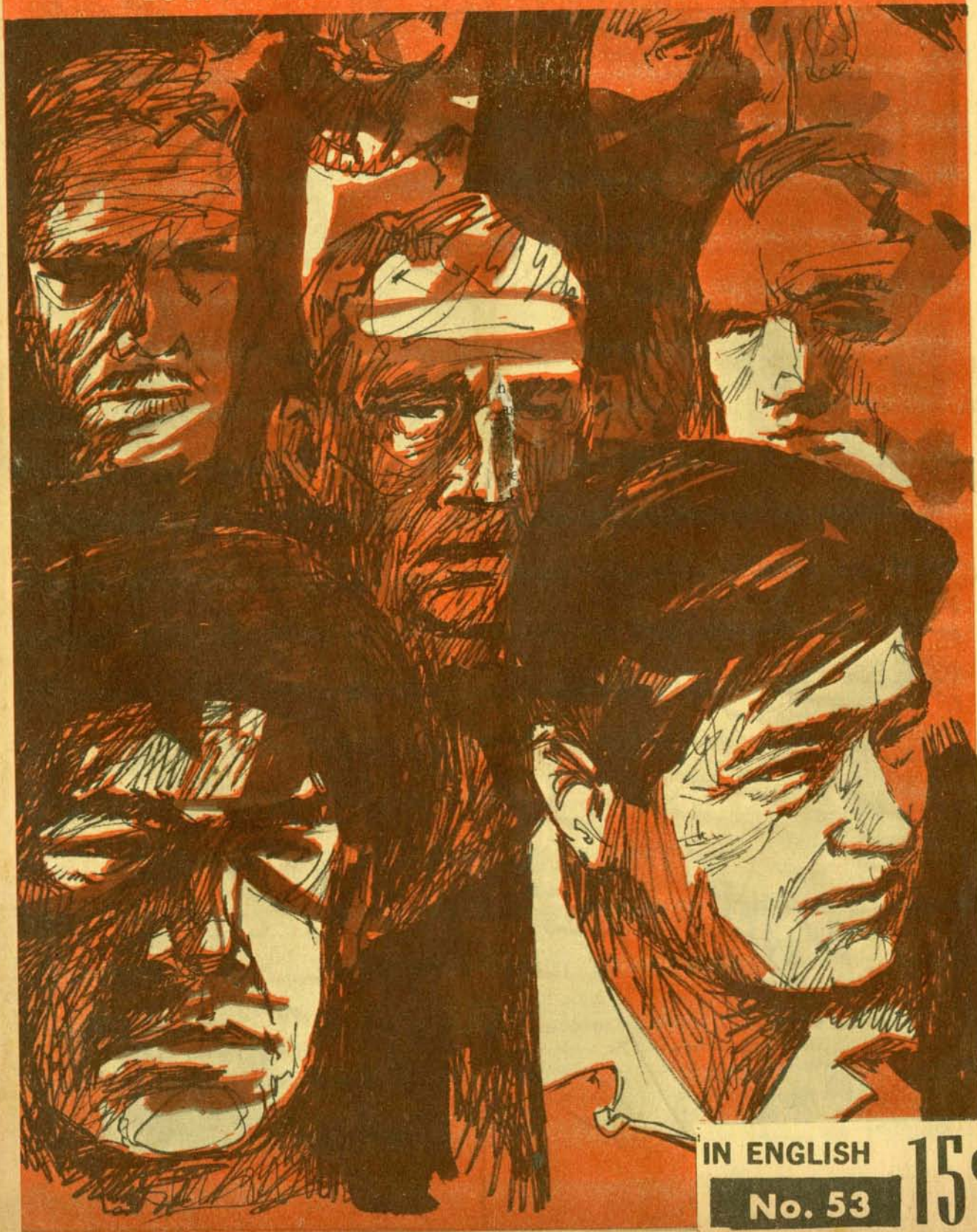


# El Malcriado

"The Voice of the Farm Worker"



1967: THE YEAR OF THE FARM WORKER



IN ENGLISH

No. 53

15¢



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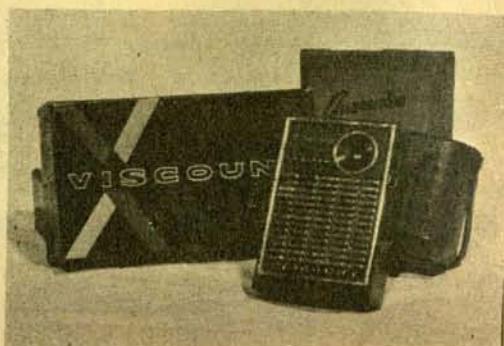
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**EDITORIAL****Year of the Farm Workers****CONTENTS**

**ARSONISTS IN THE  
UFWOC**  
(page 8)

**DIGIORGIO**  
(page 9)

**THE DEATH OF  
TWO FARM  
WORKERS**  
(page 11)

**A SPECIAL KIND  
OF HELL....**  
the texas story  
(page 14)

**PHOTOGRAPHY**  
(pages 16-17)

**PANCHO VILLA**  
(Page 20)

**A STORY BY GENE  
NELSON: the ma-  
gic huelga sign**  
(Page 24)

**"LA DOLCE VITA"**  
(page 26)

**SEND THE COUPON ON  
PAGE 18 FOR YOUR  
SUBSCRIPTION TO:**  
El Malcriado  
PO Box 1060  
Delano, Calif. 93215



First there was the March to Sacramento which shook the state, the Schenley boycott which shook the nation, and the triumphant first victory over the first grower and the model contract with that grower, making the HUELGA known around the world, because it was the first successful strike in the history of agriculture.

Then there was the expansion of the union, with people fanning out from Delano all over the southwest—into the far-off Rio Grande Valley, up to the orchards around Sacramento, and into the apples and strawberries of the far Northwest.

But then came the paralyzing cold and the lonely fog of winter for which the California valleys are infamous... The dense fog separating town from town, man from man. The fog in which, even thirty miles away, it was easy to forget that there was a place like Delano, a cause like the Huelga.

But at the same time, a very unusual thing was going on in Delano. In a disused mortuary on 12th Avenue, the giant DiGiorgio Corporation was being forced—forced by the final exasperation of aroused people everywhere—to work out a contract with the farm workers union of Cesar Chavez. And this was being done without the protection of the laws which protect every other type of worker, but which specifically exclude farm workers. It was, to be truthful, a miracle.

"Compulsory arbitration" was the word for it. It was something that would probably be repeated many, many times. Its message was like the hot summer sun, dispersing the cold fogs of distrust and isolation from the vineyards, the fields, and the orchards. It meant that within a few years, there would be enough to eat for everyone, because the corporations were at last being forced—by public opinion—to provide decent wages and working conditions for the farm workers who have made them so rich.

So 1967 was going to be the year of promise and the year of hope for everyone who works in the fields.

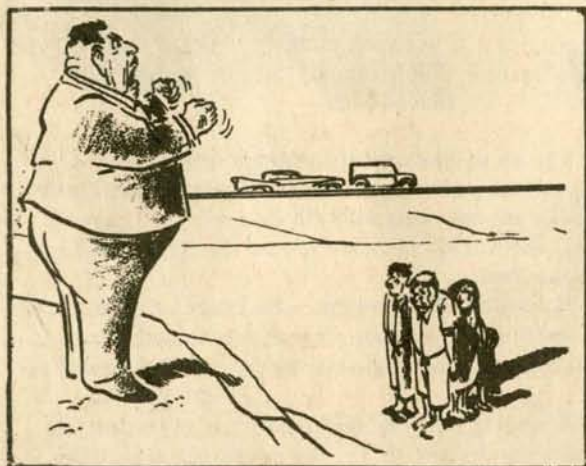
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# Letters From the Readers



## THE ANGER OF A FAT OFFICIAL



EQUAL OPPORTUNITY CENTER  
Funded Under Y. V. C. C. A.

Dear Sir:

It was with a great deal of interest and concern that I read your recent article "Back from a 3000 Mile Tour," December 12, 1966, issue of "El Malcriado."

Your article concerning the travels and actos by the Teatro Campesino, I feel slandered me, and; I must insist on an immediate apology and correction to be written by your newspaper. Your article reads "Their first performances were in the Yakima Valley where they gave their "actos" for 3000 workers in one big rally. This successful event sponsored by Tom Villanueva and Lupe and Luis Gamboa, who are beginning to organize the 20,000 Yakima Valley workers for the Farm Workers Union."...

... I personally did NOT sponsor the performance of the Teatro Campesino, nor am I the brother of Lupe Gamboa (Mexican translation same issue).

I feel I must make myself clear to your  
con't on p. 18

## A CORRECTION For VILLANUEVA

Dear Sir:

This letter is in regard to the copy of El Malcriado No. 51 dated 12/16/66.

I was very surprised when I read the article which states that I am organizing 20,000 farm workers in the Yakima Valley for the Farm Workers Union. I am not against the Farm Workers Union, I believe it is a great thing. I was responsible for the sponsoring of El Teatro Campesino in Sunnyside EOC anniversary. I enjoyed their actos very much. I also enjoy your paper, and I am trying to improve the conditions of the farm workers in our Valley, but this by no means meant that I am organizing for the Farm Workers Union nor that I am forming a Farm Workers Union.

So would you please make a correction on your next issue of El Malcriado and print this letter if it is at all possible.

Sincerely,

Tomas A. Villanueva  
Toppensh, Wash.



- ROTTENNESS

I read about what is happening in Starr County in Texas. As I read the last issue of this newspaper, I was remem-

bering what the Texas ranchers did in Brownsville, my friends and I used to look for work in the packinghouses, canneries and cotton fields. The foremen, who, are the shame of the Mexican people, used to ask prospective workers where they lived. If they lived in Brownsville, they would not get work, but if one person said that he lived on the Mexican side of the border, he would be employed. However, before being hired each worker would have to bring a bottle of liquor to the foreman.

As this shows, in Texas things have been very rotten for many years. It will take a total and complete cleaning to clear this up.

Sincerely,

Jose Cruz Lechuga  
Selma, California

## THE SLAVERY IN MISSISSIPPI

Dear Friends,

We have heard of your success in organizing farm workers in California and wish you continuing success in the future.

We poor Negro people in Hinds Co. and other rural counties of Mississippi are also faced with problems of low wages, bad working conditions, and contemptuous treatment by our farm owners and employees. More and more, tenants, renters, and sharecroppers are being run off the land by the big ranch owners and replaced by day laborers. Today, there are about half the number of small farmers as there were ten years



ago, and our numbers are declining faster every day.

The big farmers know that they can't take advantage of us much longer, since we are beginning to ask for decent treatment under the federal programs we share in, and fair prices and shares for our produce. So they are kicking us off the land and hiring day laborers instead. They can pay \$3 per day for chopping cotton and \$5 a day for driving a tractor.

The land owners are playing the day laborers against the tenants and sharecroppers. If a tenant asks for so much as a receipt, he is told he is being "uppity" and that he'd better watch it or he will be off the con't on p. 18

## THE MAD DOG TYPE

To the Editor:

Sorry the enclosed got all bogged down in Xmas mails and I found it only today.

Sure, no strings attached to the contribution. The extra dollar was picked up on Chico State Campus.

While I, personally, am convinced that our individual civil and economic victories here mean little so long as the whole is threatened with nuclear oblivion by a mad dog type of political economic-military regime, the battle still must be waged, basically from the grass roots level. More power to you and yours.

Sincerely,  
S.A. Hollopeter  
Chico, Calif.

## STRONG ANSWER TO A LETTER-The Last Word



AN INSULT TO  
THE PEOPLE'S  
INTELLIGENCE  
FROM MINETTI

Dear Mr. Perelli-Minetti:

I am writing to you at this time as a private citizen responding to the form letter you sent out just before Christmas.

I have tried to consider that letter as objectively as possible; but it was difficult to do so - not because of any inability on my part to suspend any bias I might have, but because your letter was an insult to anyone who pretends to any intelligence.

Having without any ado accused your reader of being "mised," you proceed to claim that when a work stoppage occurred on your farms, your workers were "averaging" almost twice the hourly wage paid to any "temporary" farm workers in this state or in the nation would voluntarily go on strike? According to your account, the strike must certainly be some personal vendetta against Perelli-Minetti!

I must submit, however, that it is your statistic which, like most statistics, is misleading. I think I am being generous to you in saying this, because if there were no economic motive for your workers to go on strike, then surely there would have to have been provocations of cruelty and other modes of more direct inhuman conduct as a cause for their actions.

There is another point in your letter which does not make sense in and of itself. You say you were "the first grower to sign a complete collective bargaining agreement, covering our agricultural workers with the Western Conference of Teamsters" (your italics). The comma in that sentence is most felicitous, for without it the sentence would mean - what I would not dispute - that you were the first grower to sign a contract with the Teamsters. But are you claiming to be the first grower to sign an agreement with a union? Or only the first grower to sign a "complete" agreement with a union -- whatever "complete" may mean? If you mean you are the first to sign with a union, then you must have signed the contract before Schenley signed with the UFW in July or August, 1966. I'm not certain of the date of the UFW contract, but my point is that you must have signed a contract with the Teamsters before the strike began on your farms.

Yet you also say that the Teamsters "furnished written proof, which  
con't on p. 18



# "...the Distinct Possibility of Fascism"

Dear Mr. Chavez:

Before I start, I'll remind you who I am. I'm that lady who served you and your family last week at Bill Lee's Bamboo Chopsticks here in Bakersfield. If you remember I told you about my husband who does cartooning. Well he has done one for you.

It has taken my husband many years to finally decide that the society that we live in "stinks"--so anytime he sees frustrated people fighting for a

"Piece of the American Dream" he does what little his brain and talent can do to fight against the power structure that surpresses generations of people.

Therefore, I hope you can accept this small token as his dedication to your cause and all the other causes and principles which strive for the equality and decency and justice for all men!

He is not a farm worker, and he is not employed--so he carries no claim to being a part of this strike except in spirit-- as he carries on in this fight along with the poverty problem--contributing what little he can with pen and ink.

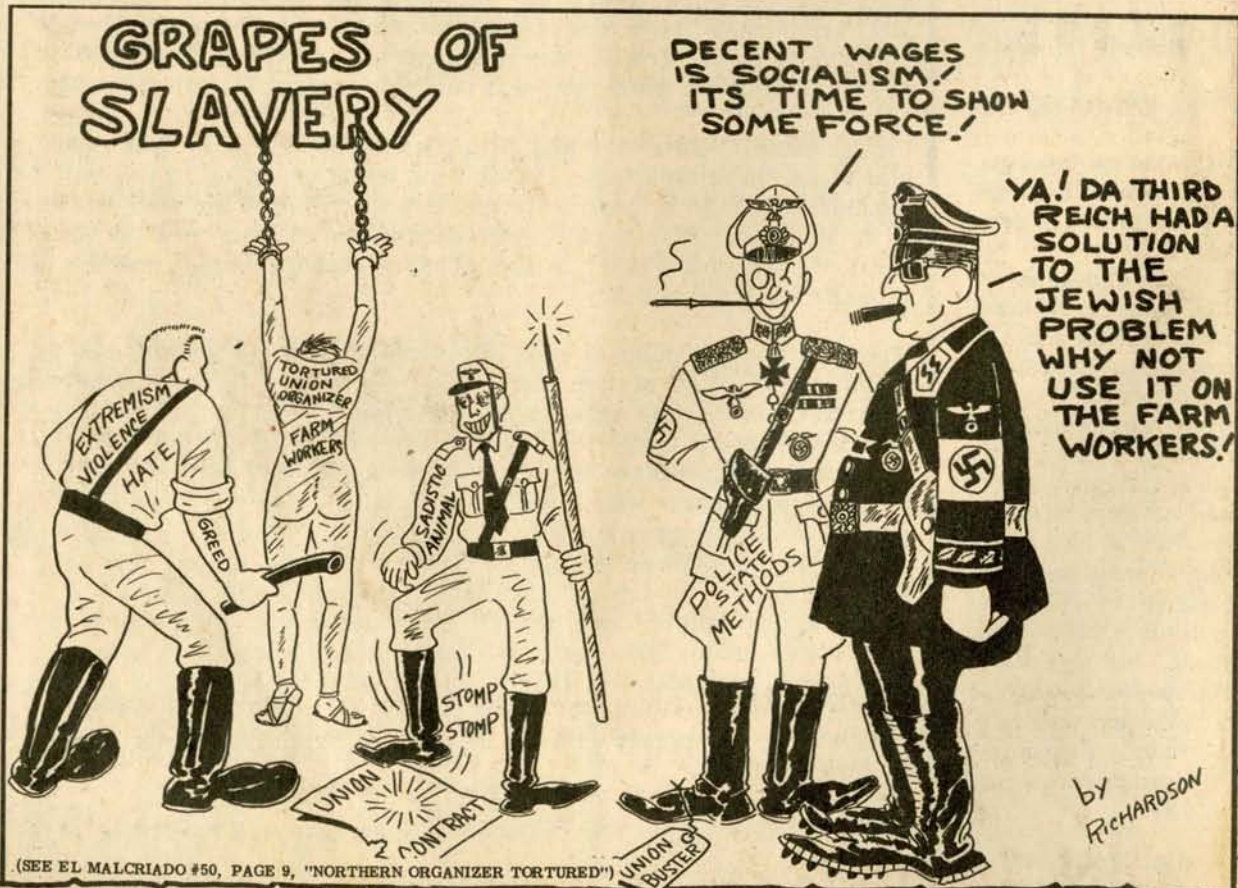
He truly feels that the far right carries the distinct possibility of fascism. He therefore chooses the left whole-heartedly. He would hope that he could do more of these cartoons for you.

He thinks he can contribute his small part to your wonderful campaign. Please let him know. He did the drawing according to the size of the one in El Malcriado. It can also be touched up in red, such as the title, the backgrounds on the arm bands, etc.

Regardless of your decision the best of luck in the hard struggle ahead. We are just two more supporters who wish you

Viva La Huelga!! across the nation  
Mr and Mrs. Clarence F. Richardson  
Bakersfield, California

(SEE EL MALCRIADO #50, PAGE 9, "NORTHERN ORGANIZER TORTURED")



(SEE EL MALCRIADO #50, PAGE 9, "NORTHERN ORGANIZER TORTURED")

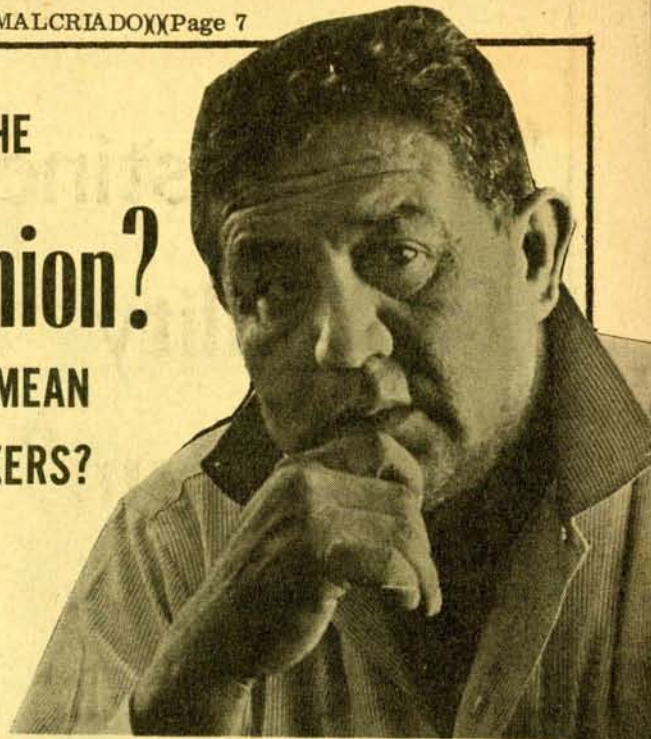




# WHAT IS THE CREDIT Union?

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN TO FARM WORKERS?

### A MESSAGE FROM ITS PRESIDENT



DEAR FRIENDS,

The Farm Workers Credit Union (The People's Strong Box) is entirely different from any other credit institution. In the Credit Union, for example, there is the businessman making money for himself and keeping the profits. This is an institution in which the farm workers run their own corporation, keeping the profits for themselves. The Farm Workers Credit Union is OWNED BY THE FARM WORKERS THEMSELVES.

So much benefits result from this for the farm workers that, for example, if you borrow \$300, you pay only 1% interest, or in this case \$19.80 for the year. No bank or finance company has lower rates, no lending institution anywhere in the world can match this deal of the **LOWEST RATES OF INTEREST ANYWHERE.**

Likewise, the profits of the credit union are divided up among the members, or are used in whatever way the members decide. The members have a right to vote once a year at the annual meeting.

The people who manage the business of the Credit Union are elected by the members. Some of the officers that are elected are the President, the Treasurer, and the members of the Credit Committee (these are the persons responsible for approving the loans). These are elected at the annual meeting which this year is on January 29, 1967, at 8:00 a. m., at the American Legion Hall in Delano.

All members of the Farm Workers Union are invited to join this Credit Union, helping us to create the **ECONOMIC POWER OF THE FARM WORKERS**, since it is an institution **OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, AND FOR THE PEOPLE.**

Save \$5 in the Credit Union, and become one of those who is an owner with the right to vote and build your own savings and loan institution. The dues are only 25¢, paid one time only.

COME TO SEE US OR WRITE US.

Julio Hernandez, President

**ATTENTION ALL PRESENT MEMBERS:** Help us by coming to the annual meeting and taking part in the decisions which will affect the future of the Credit Union. The meeting will be held at the American Legion Hall, at 8th and Kensington in Delano at 8:00 a. m., Sunday, January 29. Lunch will be served and there will be entertainment.

**JOIN TODAY! Help Us  
Build a STRONG Credit Union**

COME TO 105 ASTI, DELANO, CALIFORNIA  
WRITE TO P. O. BOX 894, DELANO, 93215  
CALL DELANO 725-0161



# FARM WORKERS' STRUGGLE

## A Firebug in the UFWOC Offices

Five fires were set during a three hour period at various offices of the Delano Farm Workers Union (AFL-CIO) on Thursday night January 12 beginning at midnight.

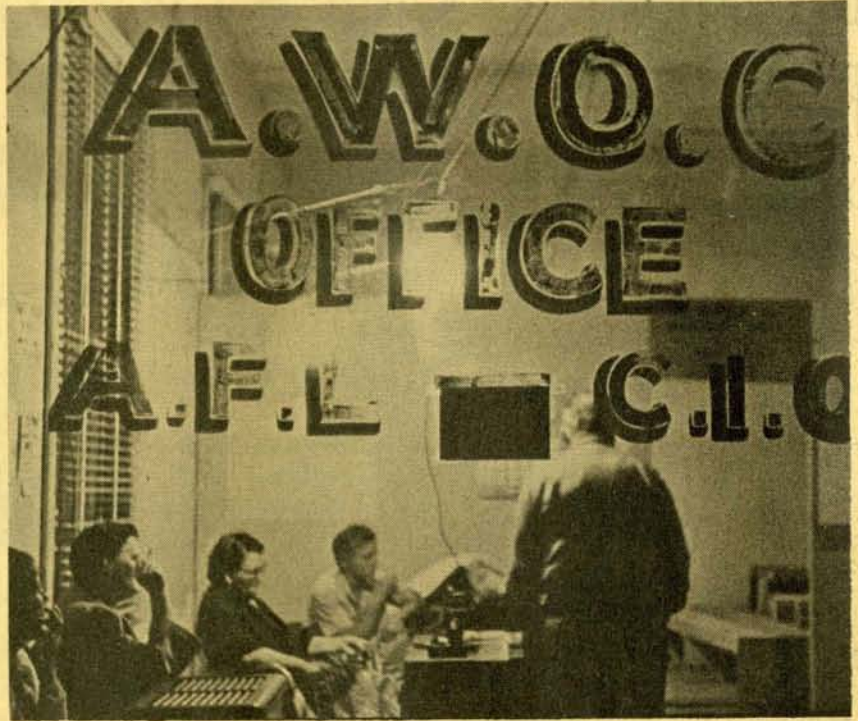
**THE BOYCOTT FIRE:** A final check was made on the headquarters at 102 Albany Avenue, on the edge of Delano, at 11:30 p. m. When striker Luis Rubio checked it again just after midnight, he found flames leaping up the walls of the Boycott headquarters in the front of 102 Albany. He ran to the "Pink House" behind, and called the fire department, who responded quickly but were unable to save correspondence and one of the research files which was burned up.

**THE COMMUNICATIONS FIRE:** While strikers and firemen were putting out the fire in the headquarters, a fire was being set in the organizers communication center in the back of the "Pink House," at 52 - 1st Avenue. The fire, discovered by neighbor Rafael Reyes, burned the telephone and short wave and the curtains. It was also put out before major damage occurred.

**THE PRINTING ROOM FIRE:** A small fire at the back of 102 Albany was quickly extinguished, but not before it had destroyed a stack of union sign-up cards.

**THE CAR FIRE:** A fire was set at 2 a. m. in a Volkswagen bus which belonged to the union. The car was parked in the shadows next door to the Farm Worker Service Center at 105 Asti St. By this time many of the spectators had gone home but there were many police in the area.

**THE SECOND COMMUNICATIONS FIRE:** Just before



"...IF THEY CAN'T RUN US OUT, THEY'LL BURN US OUT."

3 a. m. a burning El Malcriado was dropped in the window of the Organizers Office, onto a couch. It was discovered before doing any damage.

## Valuable Work of the Teatro Campesino



The Teatro Campesino has expanded its activities and now the strikers and their families have a cultural and recreational center. As the strike becomes more and more important to the lives of more and more people, it becomes valuable to have these things available.

Movies every Monday night have included famous pictures such as VIVA ZAPATA, HUELGA!, and THE HUSTLER. There have been pup-

pet shows for the children, singing and acting lessons are given and the CHILDREN'S THEATER has been organized. Classes in painting for the children have begun, all of this, of course, in addition to the performances of the Teatro Campesino itself, headed by Luis Valdez.

People interested in helping this work should get in touch with Luis Valdez at this address, Box 130, Delano, California, phone: 725-1919.

THE NEXT MOVIE:  
"The Hustler"

with PAUL NEWMAN  
-and-

JACKIE GLEASON  
Admission: 20c

NOTICE: to all Bay Area residents: HELP DELANO STRIKE USE CO-OP'S NUMBER 47947





# DiGiorgio Goes Down Fighting

On Tuesday, January 17, Cesar Chavez and Dolores Huerta sat down with the representatives of DiGiorgio, to decide the basic issues of the contract such as wages. The meeting, called compulsory arbitration, had two labor relations experts as "judges". Held in the old funeral home on 12th Av. in Delano, this was the first meeting of its kind in history.



DIGIORGIO'S MAN AT THE HEARING, DONALD CONNER

L. to R. : Ronald Haughton and Sam Kagel, the "referees", Richard Liebes, lawyer for the union, Dolores Huerta, vice president of UFWOC, Leonard Lesser, a UFWOC aide, Cesar Chavez (behind the stenographer), Joe Serda, DiGiorgio worker, Larry Itliong, UFWOC.

#### POINTS WON BY THE UNION BEFORE ARBITRATION:

1. The right of seniority. Workers must be advanced or laid off, strictly on the basis of how long they have been working at DiGiorgio under our union's contract. There can be no favoritism.
2. No Discharge. No employee can be fired without 1) a good reason; 2) notification in advance to the Union. Also "working too slow" is not a good reason for firing.
3. Union Security. All persons must be members of the Union, or must pay dues to the Union. DiGiorgio cannot promote any other union, help any other union financially, or try to hurt our union.
4. Strikes. The Union will not strike or boycott during the contract period. In return, the Company must recognize the Union of Cesar Chavez on all DiGiorgio property, not just the ranches where there have been elections.
5. Discrimination. There will be no racial discrimination, ever, at any time by the company or the union.
6. Contractors. There will be no labor contractors.
7. Hours. DiGiorgio cannot cut down on hours worked, to make up for the high wages. There will be two 15 minute rest periods every day for all workers. There will be adequate toilets, and drinking water, and first aid kits.
8. Dues. Union dues will be deducted for the Union from the paychecks. Dues are \$3.50 a month.
9. Union rights. The company must keep accurate pay records, and the Union can look at these at any time that they have reason to. Union representatives may come on DiGiorgio property at any time.

The Union had already achieved many basic things from DiGiorgio. Among these was the right of union recognition on any DiGiorgio property, anywhere, the firing of all labor contractors, and a binding promise that a grievance procedure, similar to Schenley, would be begun.

A grievance procedure works when there is a complaint by a worker against the company. If it cannot be settled by the union with the boss, it is taken to the big boss. If he cannot settle it to the workers satisfaction, then it goes to "arbitration", where a third party settles the matter, in the same way as a referee at a fight.

These and many other points of the contract were settled before the "Compulsory Arbitration" started.

(Turn the page)



Chief witness for DiGiorgio was Donald Conner, their lawyer. Sitting next to him was Dick Myer, Delano ranch foreman. In the middle of the table were the "referees", Ronald Haughton (the same man who ran the August 30 election), and Sam Kagel. On the workers' side were Cesar and Dolores, together with Richard Liebes, who is a leader in the "building service" or janitors union. He was experienced in these matters and made a brilliant presentation of the Union's case.

**THE UNION'S DEMANDS**

The major issue in the Arbitration was over wages. No agreement could be reached on this matter. DiGiorgio wanted to pay \$1.40 an hour to its farm workers. The Union said that this was not nearly enough. The union produced proof to show that \$1.40 is a miserable wage. This matter will be decided by the judges.

Another important issue was the Health and Welfare Plan of the Union. Several doctors presented proof to the judges why the Union's plan was desperately needed by the workers.

The Union was also demanding vacation and holiday pay for all farm workers. DiGiorgio had refused to grant this.

The Union was not only demanding these things, but also sick leave, a "leave of absence" for workers if necessary, funeral leave and extra pay for those required to report to work when there was no work.



The Union also insisted on unemployment insurance to carry people over during the off-season, pensions for older workers, and a life insurance and safety program. The labor camps on DiGiorgio's land must be non-profit, the Union said.

One more important point was made by the Union: If DiGiorgio ever sells its ranch, the people who buy it must respect the work contract. DiGiorgio refused to agree to this, which is another matter to be decided by the referees.

It took three days for the Union to state all the things that it wanted from DiGiorgio as part of the contract to protect the workers. On the afternoon of the second day, some people thought that somehow, DiGiorgio was blind to the problems of the workers, in spite of the proofs being put before it. It was decided--and agreed by all--that there would be a performance by the Teatro

Campesino. The purpose of this performance was to teach DiGiorgio the reason for the Union Contract. The "act" presented, right in the arbitration room, was the FIFTH SEASON, in which Patroncito, represented by Luis Valdez, in finally beaten by his workers on strike after a long struggle, and learns to live with them rather than go broke.

How long would the contract run? The union and DiGiorgio could not agree on this, so this matter would be decided by the judges.

Attending the hearings were about 100 strikers, reporters, photographers, and the DiGiorgio people. No other growers came to the spectacle and two ranchers were overheard in Delano saying that "the compulsory arbitration was the worst thing that happened since Cesar Chavez came to Delano."

**The CAUSE OF...** con't from p. 20

few years ago, when it broke out over the whole country, because there were hundreds and hundreds of examples of injustice like this one.

A few days after arriving at Parral, notice of the rancher's supposed death went out, and then Villa saw his friend Eleuterio appear, very happy at having settled the account with don Aurelio del Valle.

"How did it go, compadre?"

"Well, I did it. The man who was the cause of all my suffering is dead."

Villa smiled good-naturedly.

"But friend, this rancher is still alive, but it

doesn't matter, justice has already been done."

"Yes, friend, now I'm going to unite with you so that together we can have the same luck, until one or the other of dies."

Again Villa smiled; those words were significant. They had come back together again, to have adventures together again, until a bullet actually did cut short the life of one of them.

"Okay, friend."

The two men, made brothers by the injustices that they had suffered, turned their horses toward the direction of the mountains; made brothers by injustice and the wish to keep alive in spite of the butchers at the service of the rich and powerful ranchers.



# RICHGROVE WORKERS DIE

TWO FARM WORKERS DIED IN THIS LABOR CAMP IN RICHGROVE SEVEN MILES FROM DELANO, LAST WEEK. IT WAS REPORTED THAT THEY WERE ASPHYXIATED BY A DEFECTIVE HEATER. THE CAMP IS OWNED BY THE COYOTE PETE VELASCO, AND IS ONE OF THOSE USED TO HOUSE MIGRATORY FARM WORKERS. A STUDY LAST YEAR IN TULARE COUNTY BY A FEDERAL OFFICIAL INDICATED THAT 90% OF THE LABOR CAMPS WERE SUB-STANDARD AND ILLEGAL. TO GET RID OF CONDITIONS LIKE THIS IS ONE OF THE TASKS OF THE FARM WORKERS UNION.



EL MALCRIADO  
"The Voice of the Farm Worker"

PO Box 1060  
Delano, California 93215

FILL OUT THIS CARD AND SEND IT WITH \$2.50 TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS FOR A ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIPTION TO EL MALCRIADO, SENT TO YOUR HOME EVERY TWO WEEKS FOR ONE YEAR.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
city \_\_\_\_\_ zip code \_\_\_\_\_

CHECK ONE                      ENGLISH                      SPANISH



*What is the Name of This Town?*



The name of the town last issue is Bakersfield. The first correct answer was sent in by LeRoy Chatfield of Delano.

*The first answer wins \$5.00*

SEND YOUR ANSWER AND YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO: "GAME OF THE TOWNS" P.O. BOX 1060, DELANO, CAL.

## THE CONSTITUTION... con't from p. 21

has been defending the farm workers; and the other about how farm workers are being treated in Alabama.

The fact should be noted that these amendments have great wisdom, and have foreseen and guaranteed the defense of the rights of all the citizens of this great country.

Besides, this is something of great importance to me, writing about the Constitution and laws of this country, because of my condition as a Mexican citizen, and as an emigrant, and I know the limitations this puts on me.

It happened in different ways: by radio, in the newspapers, that I found out about the suffering, sacrifices, the work and troubles of the people in Delano in their battle against injustice, and the voice of my

soul won over my condition as an immigrant.

Then the hunger, the coldness, the sadness, and the sufferings of the farm workers became mine, and I turned myself into one of you.

Believe me, strikers, when I tell you that you are arousing the conscience of the nation; as far as my strength lets me, up to the limits of what can be done within the law, without offending this great country that has given sanctuary to me and my family, I will help you, even financially, as far as my poverty lets me.

(Pablo Carrizales is one of the 150 that have sent \$10 to El Malcriado for a "Certificate of Support" to help it over its financial difficulties in expanding its circulation throughout the United States. Will you join him? We need you.)





# Señorita ALMA

Señorita Alma, Box 1060, Delano; (does not necessarily reflect the views of this paper)

## SPECIAL PROBLEM

Senorita Alma:

For years I worked in the fields for practically nothing in Arizona and now I have come to California and heard about the union for the first time. My family and I have very little, but I decided that I should join the strike because that is the only way I can better provide for my children when the union gets contracts and raises the wages of the farm workers.

But my wife, who is afraid of losing what little we have if the strike fails, has left me, saying she won't live with a man who has taken such a chance. I can't get it across to her that I and the other strikers are fighting for our families and that it is much more of a chance to ignore the strike and remain in poverty all the rest of our lives. But she won't see it that way and she's taken the kids and herself back to Glendale, Arizona.

I want to continue in the union, but I want my wife of 17 years back too. What should I do?

M. C. R.  
Bakersfield, California

(Best answer to this problem wins a free sub)

Dear Senorita Alma:

My father, he is from Mexico. He thinks he is still in the old country and always wants to listen to Mexican music on the radio. I'm just 16 and I was born and raised in this country, so I like rock and roll. There's just one old radio in our house. My father and I always fight over whether to listen to Mexican music or rock and roll. He almost always gets his way. Sometimes my mother speaks up for me. But when she does that, my father yells at her if he's feeling mean in the first place. I get caught in the middle. I would really like to lay it on my father that he should let me listen to rock and roll because we live in the U.S., not Mexico.

Wondering,  
Delano

Dear Wondering:

You have to realize that your father works hard all day for the union and gets up early in the morning to go on the picket line at Perelli-Minetti. When he comes home, he wants to relax. But you're right--you are living in the U.S., not Mexico. And there is no reason why your mother should be yelled at. This is the way to solve the problem: if you sell 10 subscriptions to EL MALCRIADO, the paper will give you as a free prize a powerful, quality eight-transistor radio. Then, as a token of peace, you can give the radio to your father. Then he'll give you the old radio and you can both listen to the kinds of music you like.

ALMA

## You AND THE STARS

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*



**ARIES** Be careful with your finances. Money's getting scarce now.  
\*\*\*\*\*



**GEMINIS** A dark-haired person is thinking of you, so be at your best.  
\*\*\*\*\*



**LEO** You're going to have to make an important decision. Think hard.  
\*\*\*\*\*



**TAURO** Your luck will begin to change, so make plans along those lines now.



**CANCER** Take better care of your friends--they're watching out for you.  
\*\*\*\*\*



**VIRGO** You worry too much. If you're not careful, you'll be in trouble.  
\*\*\*\*\*



**LIBRA** Don't pay any attention to gossip--you'll just suffer for it.  
\*\*\*\*\*



**ESCORPION** Stop thinking so much about that person who doesn't deserve it.



**SAGITARIO** You'll meet someone who'll be important in your life.  
\*\*\*\*\*



**CAPRICORNIO** An opportunity will come soon for you to take a trip. Accept it.  
\*\*\*\*\*



**ACUARIO** If you always wear something blue, you'll have good luck.  
\*\*\*\*\*



**PISCIS** Your troubles will be defeated if you're decisive and valiant.



**FOR MEMBERS ONLY****FARM WORKER  
SERVICE CENTER**

Any Union member who fills out this coupon completely and accurately and brings it to the Service Center office for Income Tax Service will get 50¢ deducted from the cost of the Income Tax Service. If a particular item does not apply to you, write O on the line next to that question.

**SAVE MONEY--FILL OUT THIS FORM NOW!**

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Social Security # \_\_\_\_\_

Union dues paid? Yes \_\_\_\_\_ No \_\_\_\_\_

Wife's Name \_\_\_\_\_ Social Security # \_\_\_\_\_

Dependents other than your wife and children:

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Relationship \_\_\_\_\_

Income shown on your W-2 form or on all your check stubs for 1966 \$ \_\_\_\_\_

How much disability insurance did you receive? \$ \_\_\_\_\_

How much Workmen's Compensation did you receive? \$ \_\_\_\_\_

How much in Social Security payments did you receive? \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Any other income you received during 1966 \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Amount of car repairs (only the car you use for work) \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Amount spent for work clothes \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Work tools \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Union dues paid during 1966 \$ \_\_\_\_\_

Amount spent on medical or dental expenses \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Name of Doctor or Dentist \_\_\_\_\_

Amount spent on drugs or medicine \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Name of store where bought \_\_\_\_\_

Charitable contributions during 1966 \$ \_\_\_\_\_ To What Charity? \_\_\_\_\_

\$ \_\_\_\_\_ To What Charity? \_\_\_\_\_

Amount of car loan \$ \_\_\_\_\_ How many years is loan for? \_\_\_\_\_

Amount of home mortgage \$ \_\_\_\_\_ How many years is mortgage for? \_\_\_\_\_

Amount of property taxes \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Amount of car license and registration \$ \_\_\_\_\_

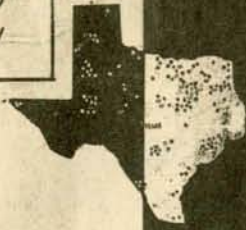
Amount spent on clothes and incidentals \$ \_\_\_\_\_ (do not include food)

Amount spent on gasoline during 1966 \$ \_\_\_\_\_

**REGULAR PRICE OF THESE SERVICES**\$2.50 and \$5.00 at 105 Asti, Delano,  
and at 10913 Main Street, Lamont.

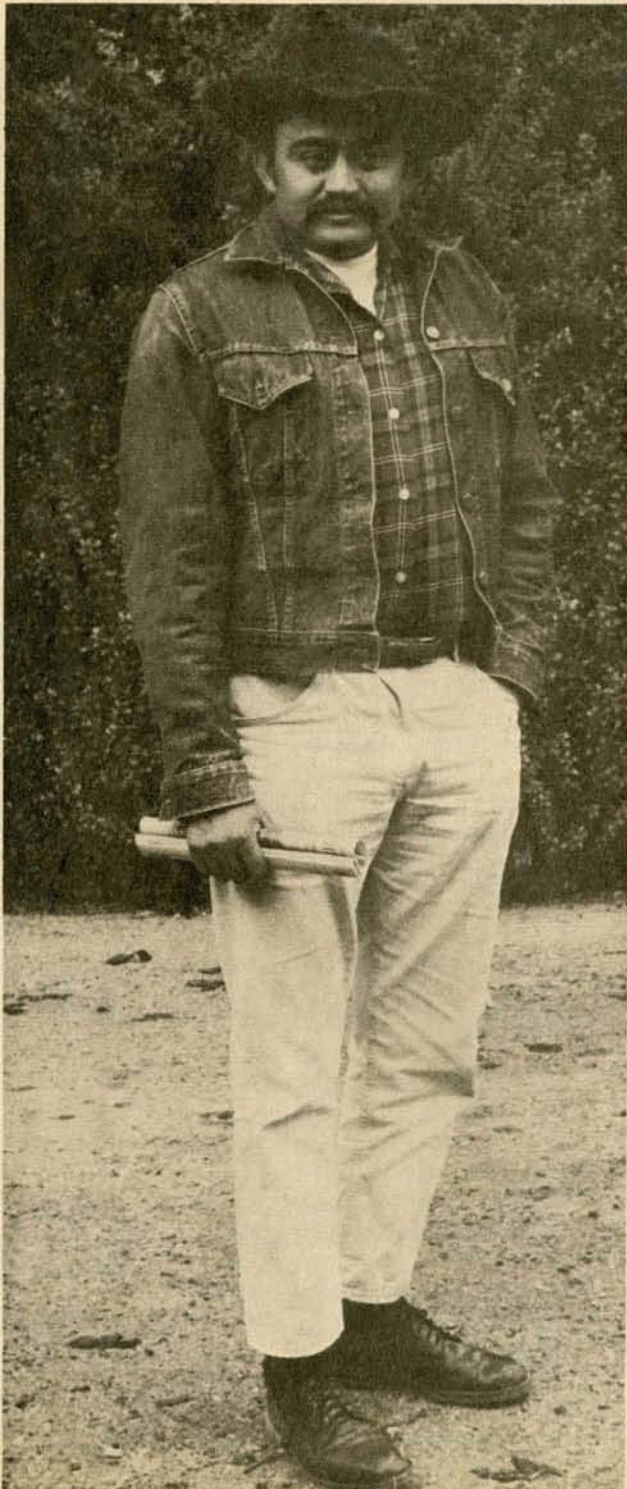


THE  
TEXAS  
STORY



# STARR

— TONY ORENDAIN



Tony Orendain, the "man in the black hat," came to Delano this week. This is the man who has helped turn the Rio Grande Valley of Texas upside down. This is the man who has become the symbol of the Huelga throughout Texas. It is a state which still swims in the murk of 18th century labor relations. Texas is a state where labor organizers are dealt with ruthlessly and quickly, where hundreds of innocent men rot in the jails while ranchers and politicians, spurred on by an insatiable greed, add to their fantastic wealth.

Texas is also a state of mind. We asked Tony about the Texas rangers. Who are they? Are they like the state police?

"No, the Texas Rangers are not like the state police. They are like the Gestapo," he replied. "They are the governor's own personal shock troops."

There is a company of Texas Rangers camped out in Rio Grande City. Their mission: to break the strike.

Franklin Garcia of the meatcutters union, accompanying Tony to Delano from Texas, said: "They got hold of me once, and there's a law that says they can't hold you without charges more than 24 hours. So they rode me around in a car for 23 hours, let me out on a country road, and then picked me up again before I could walk to a town. This went on for four days. You can't tell me anything about the Texas Rangers."

Tony added: "Now that whole company of Texas Rangers is sitting on a hill near Rio Grande City, waiting for that international bridge to burn again. Tony smiled. "The only way I can stay out of jail is to keep moving. They have laws called the O'Daniel Acts. Under the O'Daniel Act, shouting 'huelga' is a serious crime

"A few weeks ago there was a case," Tony continued, "that came before Judge Lopez. The defendant was the striker Librado de la Cruz. The charge was "intimidating the workers" and the bond was \$500. The judge said, 'We're going to have a nice fast trial on this one, boy! Are you guilty or innocent?'

'I want to have a lawyer before I say anything' de la Cruz replied. 'A lawyer?' asked the judge, 'Well, I don't know. I'll have to ask Randall Nye about that.'"

Randall Nye is the supreme dictator of the rotten empire that is Starr County, Texas. Everyone has to ask Randall Nye everything. Nye's empire is the



# COUNTY

IN LESS THAN SIX MONTHS, TONY HAS TURNED SOUTH TEXAS UPSIDE-DOWN. BUT IT IS STILL GOING TO TAKE YEARS OF WORK BEFORE WE SEE THE END OF THE STARVATION WAGES PAID BY STARR COUNTY GROWERS.

kind of place where things like this happen -- as related by Garcia:

"Some years ago," he said, "we were in a strike and there was an incident on the picket line. A scab spit at a picket, right in his face. The picket slug-ged the scab.

"Well, they were both arrested. The scab was given a fine of \$13.50. The picket was given 25 years. This is a documented case. I've never been able to forget it, because things are still the same down there."

We asked how things were going in the current strike. What is it going to take to win? "It's going to take a series of injunctions from a federal judge," he said, "just like the negroes needed in Birmingham."

"The Grand Jury is a joke around there," he added "You go up before the grand jury and they never even ask you any questions. The only one they ask is Randall Nye. This isn't like America," he said. "This is some other country."



RANDALL NYE

## EL CARTEL MAGICO(Continuacion de pp. 25)

Then there was a screeching of tires as the camper approached, swerved too late, and ran directly over the battered sign. Francisco held his hands up over his eyes, turning away from the scene. A tear started to run down one cheek.

"Hey, they're stopping!" someone shouted.

Francisco opened his eyes. Sure enough, the camper was pulling bumpily to the side of the road, a nail from Francisco's Huelga sign lodged firmly in its right rear tire. The pickets swarmed around the camper, talking a mile-a-minute to its half dozen passengers, pushing strike leaflets in their faces. Two other pickets helped the middle-aged driver of the truck change his tire, propagandizing him all the while about the benefits of the union.

The people in the camper seemed to understand. They talked it over among themselves, seeming to realize that what the union was doing was for the ben-

driver said at last. "If you wish to give us some of those Huelga announcements we will help you to hold them up." A cheer went up from the assembled pickets.

"hey, Francisco!" someone shouted. "Your magic Huelga sign worked after all!" Several of the pickets ran over to congratulate Francisco where he was sitting at the edge of the vineyard with his head in his hands.

"Yeah?" Francisco said, raising his head.

"You mean they're with us?"

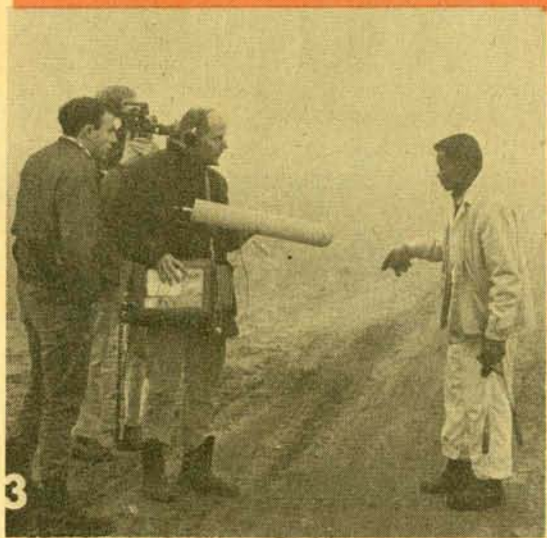
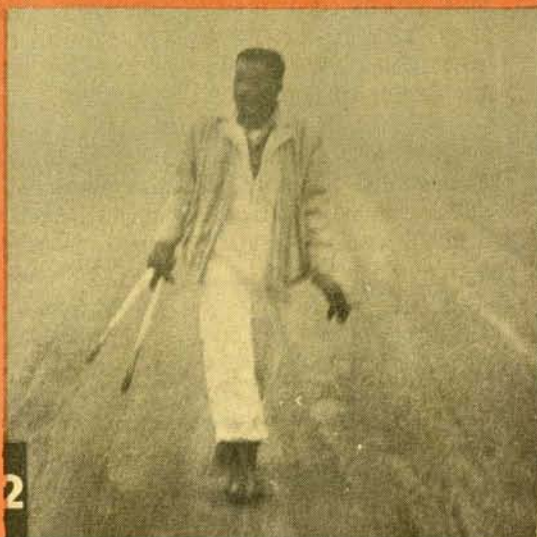
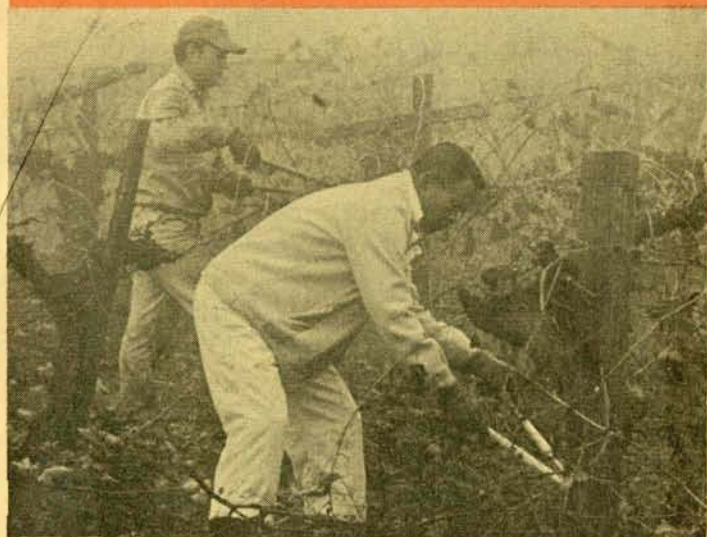
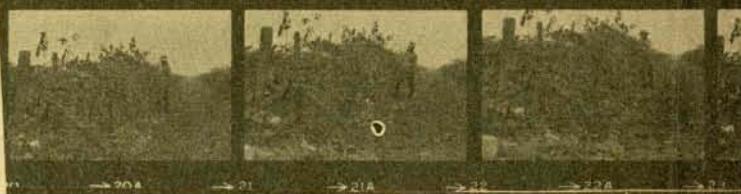
"Till the last grape rots on the vine!" said another. "It was your magic Huelga sign that did it!"

Francisco beamed. "I'll be darned. Say, maybe I'll have to make some more of those signs. Bigger this time." Then as an afterthought, "And with more magic nails in them."

Librando and Chuy stood down the road by the recently converted scabs. "I'll be marinated," Chuy said. "Say, whatayou say we take off early this afternoon and make some Huelga signs?"



# SCABS..!





THE SCABS OF PERELLI-MINETTI, DRIVEN DEEP INTO THE VINEYARD BY THE SHAME OF THEIR BETRAYAL, WERE PROTECTED BY THE "MOTHER HEN", CHIEF SCAB THOMPSON.

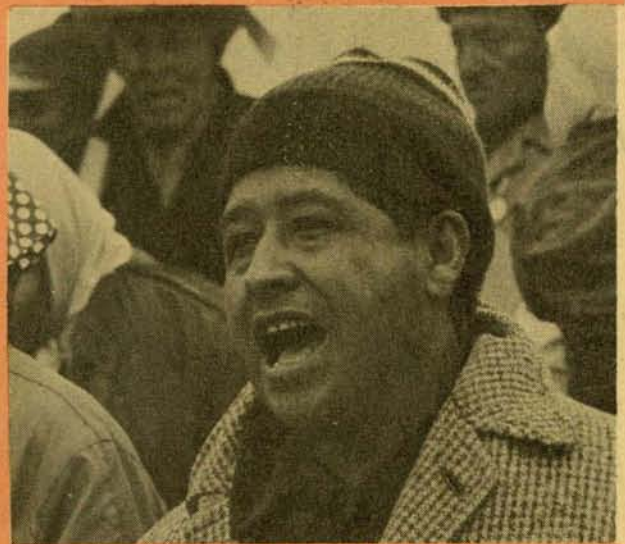
"Thompsie", already well-known in the Filipino Community, had sold out his brothers for a few extra dollars from Minetti. His job: to get the vines pruned, using people Minetti brought in from the outside.

The time was 6:30 a.m. As the pickets drove up to the vineyard at the corner of Pond Road and Browning Road, the scabs visibly faltered in their work. The picket crew, some 200 strong, immediately started yelling:

COME OUT, COME OUT, BROTHERS! COME OUT OF THE FIELD! Dolores Huerta got on the megaphone: YOU ARE BREAKING OUR STRIKE! FOR FOURTEEN MONTHS WE HAVE BEEN STRUGGLING AND NOW YOU ARE BRESKING IT. COME OUT OF THAT FIELD AND JOIN US! IT ISN'T WORTH IT! MINETTI HATES YOU AS MUCH AS HE DOES US!

Then Cesar Chávez calls out. (See picture above) A hundred voices join him. The scabs stop their fervish work. "Thompsie" comes bounding up to the row, grabs pruning shears and clip-clip-clip-clip he starts an example for the scabs. Photo No. 1: "Don't pay any attention to them" he says. "They're crazy people. Just keep working. Keep working, keep working".

Photo No. 2: "I'm going to teach them a lesson". Thompson strides down the farm road toward the pickets. "They can't do this to me. I'm just trying



to earn my living. Crazy people, that's all".

Photo No. 3: At the end of the farm road, near the pickets, Thompson stops at a TV crew. Ashamed, he says: "Listen, I don't know who you are, but I don't want you taking pictures here. There's nothing to take pictures of around here. just go somewhere else and get your damn pictures".

Photo No. 4: Sharon Martin, volunteer boycott worker from Colorado comes up to Thompson. "Do you know what you are doing?" she says. "Do you know what you're doing to your brothers in the strike?" "You go home," he says. "Get out of here here before I..."

Photo No. 5: Here both of them, ignoring the TV crew, confront each other in a basic argument of the huelga:

SHARON: "Don't you know what this argument is all about? Can't you understand that with the union behind you, you could stand on your own two feet as a man? Don't you realize that Minetti is making a fool of you---for his own profit!!"

THOMPSON: "You are standing on private property. Do you know I can put you in jail? I'm not so stupid, girl. This strike has not yet won this ranch. Take your 'Viva Huelga' and your dirty red flag and go to some other place. The people who work for me here are happy. Leave them alone! Leave me alone!

Photo No. 6: "When the union wins at Minetti," she says, "you will be the first to take advantage of it. Go back into your vineyard. You do not have enough guts to be a huelguista!" Later Sharon told El Malcriado, "I felt sorry for him, out there, that day. His people hate him, he is all alone, he has nothing but Minetti's money. It must be a very cold world for him."



## STRUGGLE SPREADS...

con't from p. 22

insurance for employees and dependents, transportation allowance, sanitation, health and safety standards, payment from grower to worker directly rather than through a crew leader as paymaster, mandatory Social Security deductions, workmen's compensation, housing or housing allowance, access to property by non-employees, grievance procedure and arbitration, as well as other fringe benefits normally found in other union contracts.

## AN INSULT...

con't from p. 4

we audited, of membership by a majority of our agricultural employees." Of course, a majority can be 51%; but what you would have me believe is that your agricultural workers went on strike after this contract was signed!

In other words, Mr. Perelli-Minetti, according to your account a strike began on September 9, 1966 which had no economic motive behind it and which was conducted by members of a union with which you had just signed a contract some months before - a union which opposed the strike. Is this what you call an accurate account? Really, Mr. Perelli-Minetti! Even in the age of credibility gaps, your account is a whopper!

Might I respectfully suggest that instead of correcting any more misled souls, you could do two things. First, you could make your contract with the Teamsters public, along with information as to the exact date when it was signed. And second, if what you say about this contract is true, you should have no objection to having an election, conducted by the American Arbitration Association, in which all the workers at your establishments are allowed to vote for representation by the union of their choice. Such an election would do more to restore public confidence in Perelli-Minetti than all the letters you can ever send out in the interest of "correcting" the "misled" public.

May I conclude by expressing the hope that any money for such form letters may in the future go towards the arbitration I have suggested and towards the amelioration of the conditions of your "overpaid" temporary workers. It is my sincere wish that we may hear better tidings from you next Christmas.

Yours true-ly,

Robert M. Philmus  
La Jolla, California

## THE SLAVERY...

con't from p. 5

land. If a day laborer asks for more money, he is told to get out, because there are plenty of landless sharecroppers looking for his job. We realize, then, that both the small farmer and farm laborers must stand together or else

we will soon have nothing.

The Dept. of Agriculture isn't interested in helping the poor farmer here, and it is difficult getting a federal official to listen to our problems. The federal employees of Mississippi are just the same kind of white Southerner who runs the farms.

Organizing is in progress in the Delray Beach-Boynton Beach farming area, as well as Dade County and the Gulf Coast. But in none of these areas are the workers concentrated as it is here and in Pahokee, where thousands live within the space of a few blocks. This is Florida's "migrant capital."

These migrants have little to show for their back-breaking labor. In an area that produces \$116 million in crops, the average income in Belle Glade is one of the lowest in the country -- \$2000 a year.

## ANGER OF...

paper, I neither oppose nor do I support your cause or organization, however; I consider any suggestion by any news article or media to the contrary a deliberate slanderous point. Again I must insist on an immediate apology and that a correction be issued by your newspaper.

Sincerely,

Luis Gamboa  
Sunnyside, Wash.

EL MALCRIADO SAYS:  
to Mr. Luis Gamboa,  
if you "must insist" on an apology, we will say that we truly are sorry, not for slandering you, but for giving you credit for supporting the cause of the farm workers and for honoring you by saying that you are organizing for the Farm Workers Union. This was indeed an error. Obviously a high paid government official like yourself is not going to fool around with organizing poor farm workers. No money in that!

We desperately need the support of your organization here. Rural Negro farmers and farm workers are worse off today than ten years ago because we are not organized, and unable to get backing from any powerful national organization, either federal or union.

Would it be possible

for the United Farm Workers to send down a representative to show us how we can begin organizing? Also, could you send us some information to help us get going?

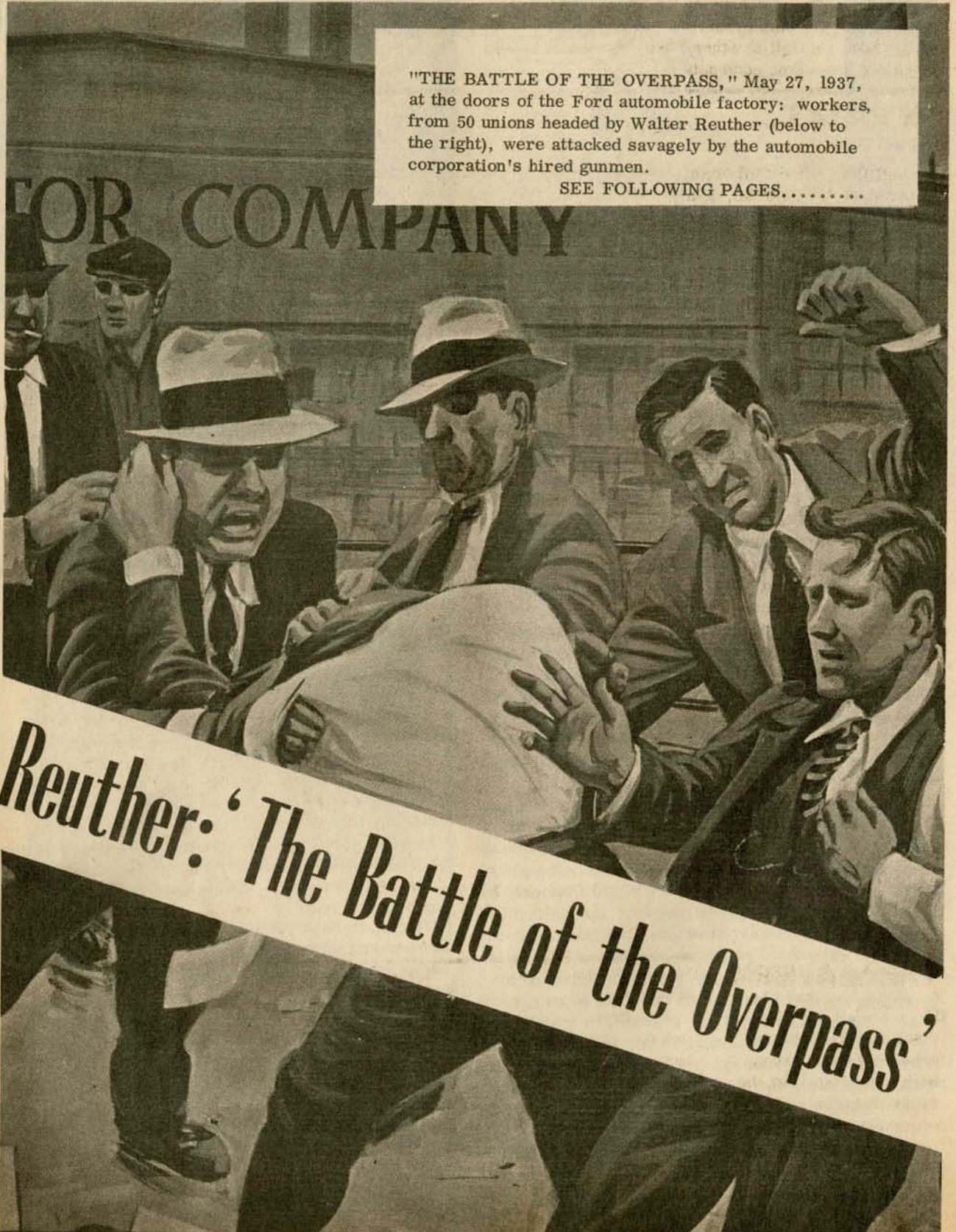
Sincerely yours,  
Geer Morton  
Hinds County  
Farmers Assn.



# SUPPLEMENT

"THE BATTLE OF THE OVERPASS," May 27, 1937, at the doors of the Ford automobile factory: workers, from 50 unions headed by Walter Reuther (below to the right), were attacked savagely by the automobile corporation's hired gunmen.

SEE FOLLOWING PAGES.....



*Reuther: 'The Battle of the Overpass'*



## THE CAUSE OF THE POOR



## A FRIEND OF VILLA

Francisco Villa went from mountain to mountain. With him was his friend Eleuterio Soto. They were always hotly pursued. There were fearful clashes with sword and pistol, followed by narrow escapes.

From the town of Inde, Durango, Villa and his friend went toward the Bear's Head Mountains and came out the next night at the Wheel Ranch where Eleuterio had his home.

It was then, we are told, that during Eleuterio's absence, the ranch-master Aurelio del Valle brought charges against him, stating that he had stolen a great many mules.

Del Valle, in Villa's own words, was "a bad man, clever, a cruel boss without conscience, and his brothers don Julio and don Jose are even worse than don Aurelio."

Eleuterio wanted to frankly face up to the charges, since he knew he was innocent, so he gave himself up to justice. But justice was then represented by the police chief of Inde and a judge who could be bought. A large sum of money changed hands and Eleuterio was seized and ordered to be shot.

Eleuterio Soto was saved because the ferocious ranch-master and the police chief softened, due to the fact that this friend of Villa was so well liked in the whole area, and because he had done many good things for all the people in the region.

Nevertheless, he was not set free, but instead forced to go into the army. And one day he was seen being kicked along the road toward the barracks, driven by blows to the fort where he was to be kept before being sent to MEXICO.

Villa himself tells us what he thought then: "How the hate in me grew toward these men who with so much wickedness beat the poor people down!"

During the time that Eleuterio was a soldier, Villa

took great care of his family so that they lacked nothing. Weeks after, he managed to send to the fort the sum of 2000 pesos, in an effort to gain his freedom, which was finally done after months of effort.

When Villa and Soto finally came face to face, his friend said to Villa: "I'm going to the 'Wheel', friend. What don Aureliano has done to me has to be re-ven-ge-d. He is a man of great wealth, but he is going to pay for this. I need only a few days to settle this account, my friend."

Villa, who had already felt in his own flesh the abuses of the ranchers, who could not forget that his own sister Martina had been disgraced by a ranchero, who could not escape the fact that thanks to the ranchers he had become a bandit, -- he waited for a moment, thinking, and then answered:

"I know your reasons, friend. Make yourself into the hands of justice!"

Eleuterio Soto left. Villa waited in Parral to see what would happen.

After a few days the story started to go around: someone had wounded don Aurelio del Valle, and in a special train a doctor was going to Chihuahua to operate on him.

Later, on this same train, the rancher was brought to Parral, the rancher who fulfilled the prophecy of Villa: "He cannot recover because the three wounds which he received at the hands of my friend were mortal wounds."

Thus it happened exactly as he had said, and it showed the reason why men like Francisco Villa armed themselves and turned into bandits, because they had been the victims of injustice. It was this class of men that were thrown into the Revolution a

con't on p. 10



DELANO, 1966



Scenes like this: of Delano police threatening strikers during the fight against Goldberg and Sons, would not occur if we were more familiar with our rights as set forth in the Constitution of the United States.

# The Constitution

## AND THE FARM WORKER

THE LIFE OF THE 200 MILLION AMERICANS, WHETHER RICH OR POOR, WHITE OR BLACK, EDUCATED OR UNSCHOOLED, IS REGULATED BY THE CONSTITUTION, A DOCUMENT WHICH SHOULD BE READ BY EVERYONE, ESPECIALLY FARM WORKERS. ACTUALLY, WITHOUT THE PROTECTION OF THE CONSTITUTION, THERE WOULD BE NO UNION, THUS ONE CAN SEE THE IMPORTANCE OF KNOWING ABOUT IT. IT IS THE CONSTITUTION WHICH PROTECTS OUR FREEDOMS, WHICH SHOWS US OUR OBLIGATIONS AND OUR RIGHTS. AND IF THESE ARE VIOLATED AT TIMES BY THE RANCHERS, THE POLICE, OR OTHER "AUTHORITIES", IT HAPPENS SIMPLY BECAUSE MOST OF THE TIME WE DO NOT KNOW WHAT OUR RIGHTS ARE, OR HOW TO DEFEND THEM.

BY PABLO CARRIZALES

I will start these thoughts by quoting a book that I have read, a part of the CONSTITUTION.

"A special convention was held in 1787, in Philadelphia, to discuss and approve the Constitution of the United States. It consisted of an introduction, seven sections, and (later) 22 amendments.

The object of the Constitution is shown in the introduction, which says, We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic peace, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty for ourselves and our children. . . "

The first ten additions to the Constitution are called the Bill of Rights. They are, for example, freedom of speech, press, religion, and assembly.

In the last 160 years, eleven more amendments have been added to the Constitution. One of them, amendment 15, states that the right to vote will not be denied by the United States or by any state in the union, for reasons of race or color.

If I am paying special attention to certain amendments (No. 1 and No. 15), it is because these include the freedoms to write and to vote. These freedoms are very important in relation to the two articles I read in *The Voice of the Farm Worker*--one where a suit had been filed against El Malcriado because it

con't on p. 11



# The Farm Workers' Struggle Spreads to Florida

THE CRY IS A STRONG,  
LOUD "VIVA LA CAUSA"

BELLE GLADE, Fla. It hasn't reached the ears of the vacationing New York types at Miami Beach yet, but the cry in Florida today is a strong, loud "Viva la Causa!"

The fields near here -- where 70 per cent of the

vegetable crop is owned by fewer than a dozen families -- have been hit by a wave of strikes. Starting with 1500 workers on the picket lines, the number grew to more than 2000 in only one day as the feudal era in the fields of Florida neared its end.

Organizing the workers -- mostly in celery -- were the Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO, along with the American Friends Service Committee, NAACP, Florida Council on Human Relations, Florida Committee on Farm Labor, Catholic Diocese of Miami, Community Action Fund, and the Florida Christian Migrant Ministry.

The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee is a member of the Industrial Union Department and it was understood that UFWOC may charter Florida locals.

Strikers are demanding \$1.60 an hour. This was the stand of the initial group of strikers -- 30 celery cutters who walked off the Sam Crissman farm after he refused their demands. They were getting \$1.15 an hour for the muscle-breaking, tedious work.

Money, however, is not the only issue. It may not even be the biggest one at the moment.

There is the factor of human misery -- at a price -- here in the rich heartland of agricultural Florida. One chilling example:

Father Martin Walsh of the Miami Diocese, active in the strike, refers to conditions in the Belle Glade Negro section as "the worst kind of ghetto." Families of five or more are huddled in one and two room apartments (if you can call them that) in which there sometimes is running water, but no bath or even toilet facilities. And not all the "apartments" have running water.

For these shanties of shame, the farm worker tenants pay \$8 to \$12 a week, giving the owner of a 16-unit "apartment house" a gross return of up to \$16,000 a year.

The filth in these places is so unbelievable that a Miami Herald reporter wondered in print "if the state authorities ever made an inspection of the Belle Glade sums."

The organizations working with the farm workers are banded together in the Coordinating Committee for Farm Workers. CCFW has produced a resolution calling for a union contract which would include:

Increased hourly wages, improved incentive rates, guaranteed minimum daily wage when work is available, show-up pay for when a worker reports for work and work isn't available, hospitalization and medical





# THIS UNION CAUSE

by bob dudnick

Vigilant in the early morning fog, the pickets surrounding the Perelli-Minetti money machine near Delano know only that this monster of Mannon must be defeated. What the pickets may not know, as they freeze in a Central Valley dawn, is that they are writing a bold new chapter in the thick book of American labor history.

It is a history awash in the blood of the common man, stabbed countless times by the millionaire's golden dagger. It is a history of eternal solidarity despite some of the most bestial anti-union tactics that ever oozed from any employer's mansion. It is the history of America on the move for social justice.

There have been many chapters written before ours, and many will be written in the years to come after the farm workers of the West have won their battle for a decent life for themselves and their children.

To know what our future can hold, we must know what our past has provided. As the sun comes up over the grey hulk of the Perelli-Minetti plant, we must know that it is the same sun that has warmed millions of men and women on the picket lines of history.

With this issue, EL MALCRIADO begins a short history of the early labor movement. It is the tale of courage in the union hall and cant in the board room.

It happened:

--in Douglas, Arizona, a sweltering border town, where striking copper miners were sent into the desert in sealed boxcars while their wives and children wept behind the guns of the bosses and scabs.

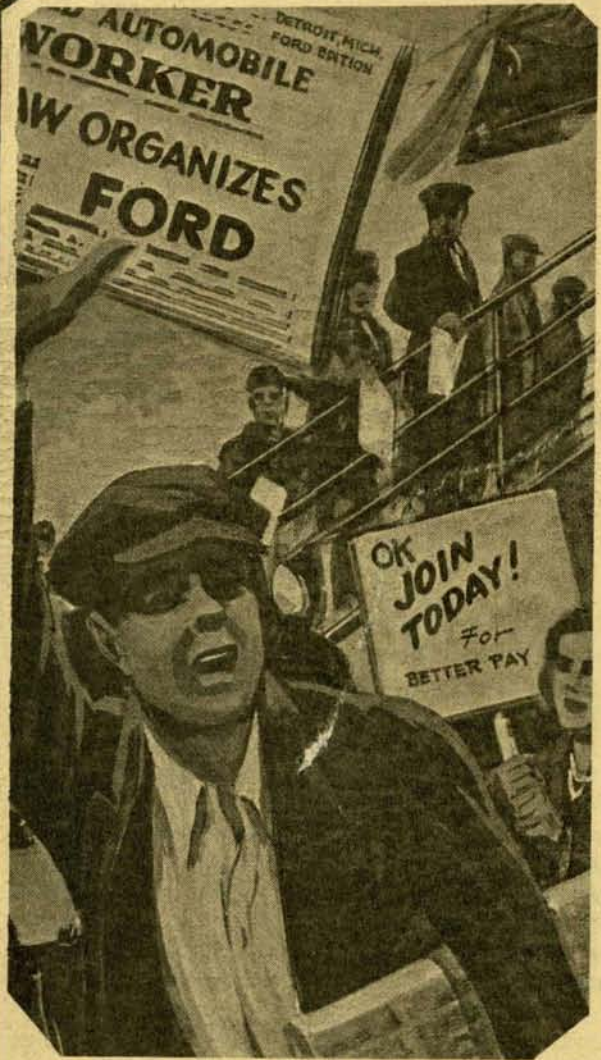
--in Salt Lake City, where a poet-organizer named Joe Hill died before a rich man's firing squad, saying, "Don't mourn--organize."

--in Harlan County, Kentucky, where company goon squads kicked down the doors of miners' shanties looking for strikers and where the working men sang:

"I don't want your millions, mister,  
I don't want your diamond rings;  
All I want's the right to live, mister,  
Give me back my job again."

--in Detroit, where auto workers sat down one day in the Chevrolet Gear & Axle plant and didn't get up again until they had a union.

American labor started in the 1800's with the Knights of Labor, which was mostly a fraternal group. Even today, some of the oldest and most respected unions in the nation--such as the Machinists-- still call



June 21, 1941--Auto workers win their strike against Ford. Newspapers spread the word throughout the world.

their locals "lodges", although they have long since abandoned clubrooms for contracts.

The Knights, however, could not stand against the combined financial power--and physical muscle--of the employers. They had to bow to two new forces, the American Federation of Labor and the Industrial Workers of the World. To these were added the independent railroad unions, including two led by Eugene Debs.

The IWW, or Wobblies, were a militant, syndicalist organization centered around the Woodworkers Union and the Western Federation of Miners. The AFL, led by Samuel Gompers, realized that political action, as well as ideology was necessary to better the wages, hours, and working conditions of the laboring men and women in the U. S. and Canada. The battle between these two groups was hard and long. Next week, we'll see how it turned out.



# THE MAGIC HUELGA SIGN

by Eugene Nelson

"I'm going to make a Huelga sign," said Francisco. He and some other boys were standing around in the little yard behind the union's tumbledown office.

"Big deal," said Chuy. "Pancho Villa's going to make a Huelga sign." He turned to Librado. "let's go picket," he said.

"We've got plenty of Huelga signs," Librado said, carefully imprinting an obscene word with his toe in the loose dirt. "Are you going to come picket with us or not?" He nodded toward the group of people already gathered in the early morning sunlight beside the vineyard just down the road.

"You go on," said Francisco, carefully laying out on the hood of a junked car his sign-making materials.

"Nuts," said Chuy. He and Librado walked off down the road toward the other pickets.



When Chuy and Librado came back by in the late afternoon Francisco was diligently working at the sign, painting the letters in with great care in bright red paint on a large well-sanded piece of plywood. The two newcomers, who were in their early teens, stood with their arms about each other's necks looking down at the neat letters:

H U E L G A

"Jesus Christ! Pancho Villa hasn't finished that sign yet??" exclaimed Chuy.

"My name isn't Pancho Villa, it's Francisco," the younger boy said.

"Yeah," Librado said. "He was named after St. Francis the Sissy." He and Chuy laughed, Librado slapping Chuy's shoulders.

"St. Francis of Assisi," Francisco corrected.

"A sissy by any other name is still a sissy," said Chuy.

"I know why Pancho Villa is dilly-dallying around making this lousy sign," Librado said with an air of discovery. "'Cause he's afraid to go picket."

"I am not," said Francisco, putting the final touches on the 'L.'

"Well forget about that mucking sign then and come picket with us tomorrow."

"Yeah," said Chuy. "We got eight scabs out today while you were mucking around with that sign. Give me a light, Librado." They went off down the street, smoking and giggling.

Francisco looked after them for a minute with disgust, then went back to work on the sign, squinting in the gathering dusk.



Next morning he started work on the sign again as soon as there was light enough to see by. Chuy and Librado came by about seven, late as usual, on their way to join the other pickets. Actually no one under 16 was supposed to be on the picket line, but since they lived just down the street, no one seemed to object. And as Chuy defiantly maintained the 2 or 3 times the picket captain had tried to run them off, if kids as young as seven and eight could work as scabs, why couldn't 13-year-olds be pickets?

Francisco grimaced as they walked up, and bent his head more studiously to his work, ignoring them.

"Mother of God!" exclaimed Librado. "Haven't you finished that picket sign yet?"

Francisco said nothing, continuing with his painting.

"You're right," said Chuy. "It's an excuse to keep from picketing. We made a solemn pact, the three of us, to go picketing every day until every last lousy scab was gone from this Valley, and now he's gone and broken the vow."

"Seriously," said Chuy, "why is this Huelga sign taking so mucking long to make?" He lit a cigarette and stood with one hand on his hip, smoking and looking down skeptically at the sign.

Francisco frowned. "This isn't just any ordinary picket sign," he blurted out at last. "It's a--- it's a magic Huelga sign."

Chuy and Librado looked astounded. Then they broke out in uproarious laughter, slapping one another's backs and stumbling around all over the yard.

"A magic Huelga sign! Bull!" said Chuy when they had finally overcome their laughter.

"Balls!" said Librado.

"Yeah, balls!" said Chuy.

"He's not only a chicken and a yellow-bellied coward que no tiene cojones who's afraid to go picket," Librado said, "--now he's flipped his mucking lid."

"A magic Huelga sign!" Chuy muttered with subdued laughter as he and Librado turned to walk off down the road toward the vineyard, where a good thirty pickets were already gathered in the first rays of sunshine, waving and yelling at the scabs back in the field.

In the late afternoon when they returned, half a dozen children and adults were gathered around Francisco as he put the finishing touches on the splendid sign. Chuy and Librado joined them, looking down at the sign. Francisco proudly lettered in the last letter of the last word, then jauntily signed his name in the lower right-hand corner of the sign.

After a minute Chuy burst out laughing, throwing his head back wildly. The people gathered about stared first at him and then at the sign.

"I don't get it," said Librado, throwing the stub of a cigarette to the ground, "what's so funny?"

"Don't you see?" he coughed between choking bursts of laughter. "Untied Farm Workers Organizing Committee. Untied! Hee-hee-hee!" The others gathered about joined him in hilarious laughter.

Francisco's face reddened, and he stood trembling in embarrassment.

"It's united," Chuy said to Francisco when he

and finally stopped laughing. "Didn't that gringa teacher of yours teach you nothing?"

Francisco reddened with rage. "That's the way it's supposed to be," he said between clenched teeth. "If you don't believe me ask one of the big shots in the union."

"Untied!" Chuy laughed, turning to walk off.

"Magic Huelga sign!" Librado snickered, following after his friend.

"Your Huelga sign is a humbug," said Imelda, a rather precocious little girl of ten, and the others laughed and walked off too, and Francisco was left alone with his sign in the impending twilight.

Next morning Francisco was walking down the road toward the vineyard they were picketing with a very determined look on his face when Chuy and Librado joined him. He had nailed the Huelga sign to a long stick and held it aloft with great effort as he struggled along.

"Chihuahua!" said Chuy as they came up beside Francisco. "He's actually going to use it to picket!"

"Probably one look at that magic Huelga sign and the scabs will dry up and blow away!" snickered Librado.

Francisco said nothing, struggling with the huge sign with a mixture of pride and consternation.

After a three minute walk they joined the other pickets at the vineyard. The others turned momentarily to look at Francisco's sign with looks of wonder, awe and amusement on their faces, then went back to yelling at the dozen or so scabs whose faces could be seen occasionally bobbing up over the vines fifty yards back in the vineyard.

A few of the pickets carried signs too, but smaller and less neatly lettered than Francisco's. They said, "Huelga," "Strike," "Justice," "Better Wages," "Cooperacion" and "Think." Francisco stood at the end of the line, with great effort holding his large sign above the level of the others, facing the scabs. Chuy and Librado stood beside him, yelling gentle obscenities at the scabs whenever the picket captain was out of earshot. "Pendejo, cabron, idiots, slaves, whoresons, turdface!" they would yell. But there was no response from the scabs.

Occasionally a car or pickup loaded with scabs going to other vineyards would pass, and the pickets would turn and yell at them, thrusting their signs toward the passing strikebreakers. Presently a caravan of two vehicles, a car followed by a camper, came along. The pickets could see that the car was driven by a hardened family of scabs with whom they had had some bitter arguments, and as it neared the driver veered in threatenly toward the group at the side of the road.

"Pendejo!" Chuy shouted, giving the finger to the driver as the front wheel of the car barely missed his toes.

Then they heard a crash and clatter of splintering wood, and turned to see where Francisco's new Huelga sign had been hit by the side of the car and gone hurtling to the pavement. Francisco stood with shock and dismay on his face, rubbing a battered hand and staring down at the ruined sign, a mass of splintered wood and exposed nails.

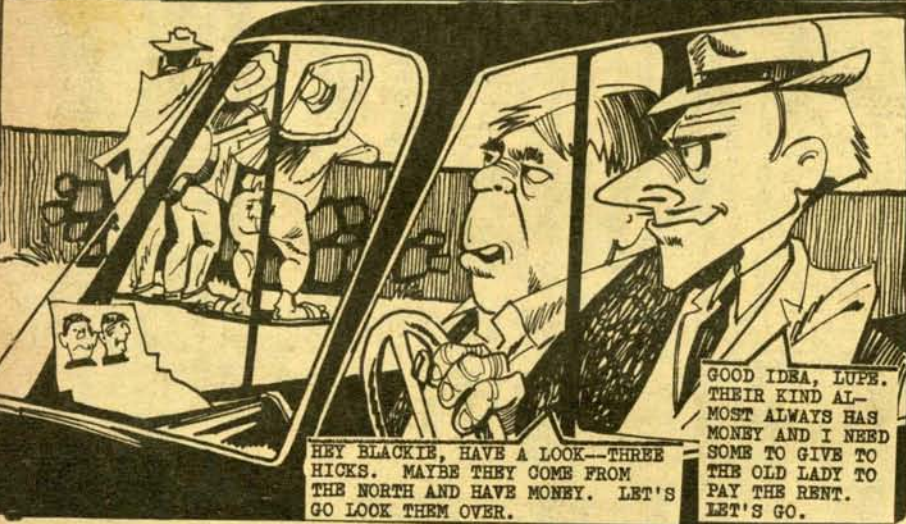


# "LA DOLCE VITA" IN THE NORTH

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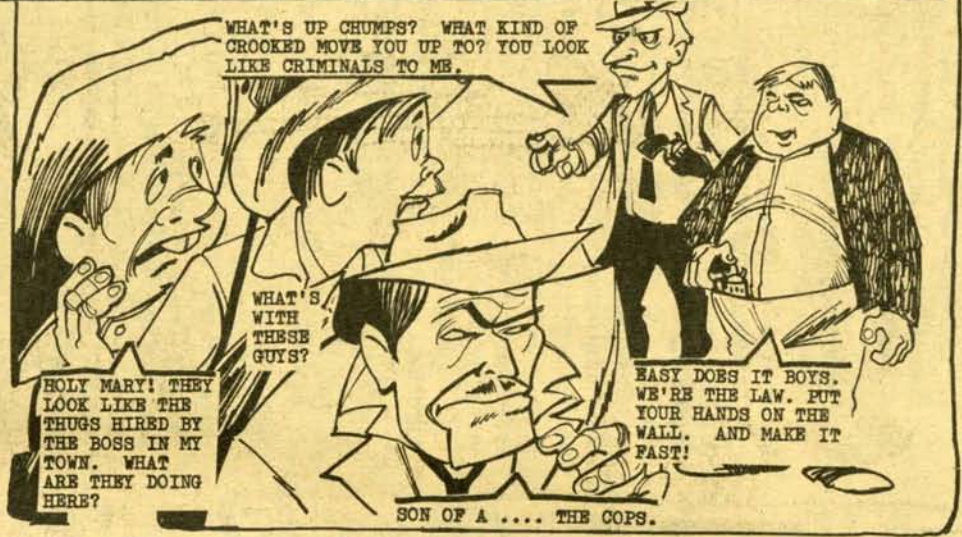
Andrés Zermeno-Daniel de los Reyes

LAST WEEK WE LEFT OUR FRIENDS LOOKING OVER THE WALL TOWARD THE UNITED STATES, WITH THE IDEA OF CROSSING TO EL PASO IN ORDER TO GET A JOB WITH A LABOR CONTRACTOR AND GO TO WORK IN CALIFORNIA. BUT THEN...



HEY BLACKIE, HAVE A LOOK--THREE HICKS. MAYBE THEY COME FROM THE NORTH AND HAVE MONEY. LET'S GO LOOK THEM OVER.

GOOD IDEA, LUPE. THEIR KIND ALMOST ALWAYS HAS MONEY AND I NEED SOME TO GIVE TO THE OLD LADY TO PAY THE RENT. LET'S GO.



WHAT'S UP CHUMPS? WHAT KIND OF CROOKED MOVE YOU UP TO? YOU LOOK LIKE CRIMINALS TO ME.

HOLY MARY! THEY LOOK LIKE THE THUGS HIRED BY THE BOSS IN MY TOWN. WHAT ARE THEY DOING HERE?

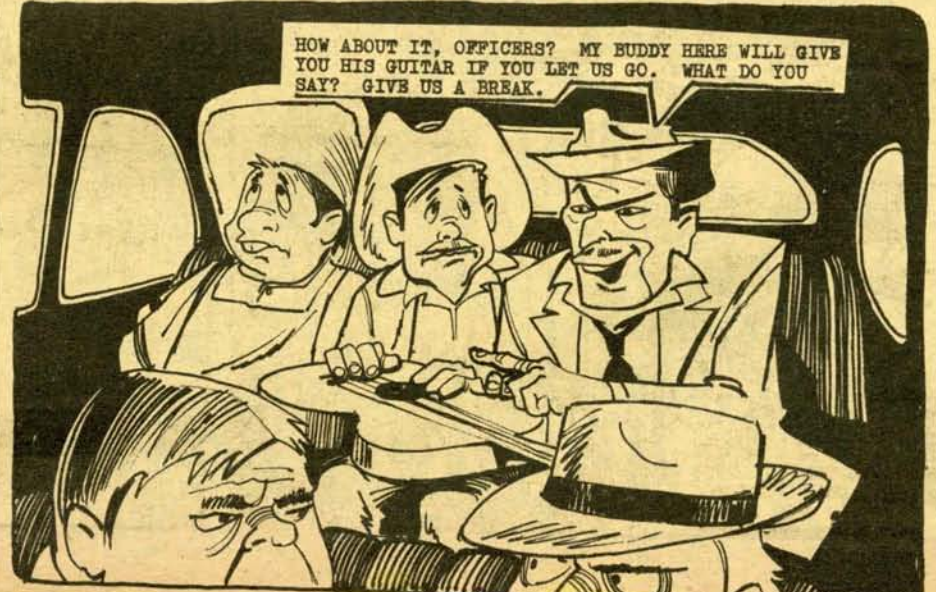
WHAT'S WITH THESE GUYS?

EASY DOES IT BOYS. WE'RE THE LAW. PUT YOUR HANDS ON THE WALL. AND MAKE IT FAST!

SON OF A .... THE COPS.

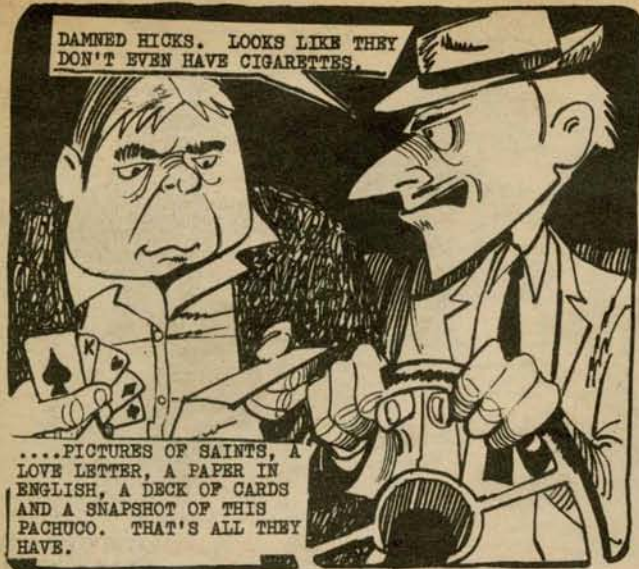


WHAT'S GOING ON OFFICER? WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING. WE RESPECT THE LAW.



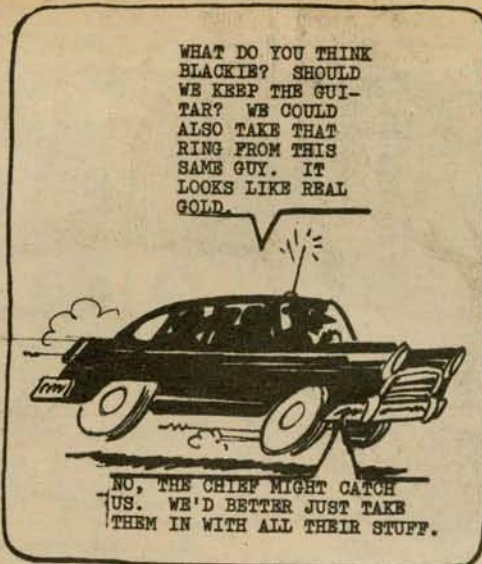
HOW ABOUT IT, OFFICERS? MY BUDDY HERE WILL GIVE YOU HIS GUITAR IF YOU LET US GO. WHAT DO YOU SAY? GIVE US A BREAK.





DAMNED HICKS. LOOKS LIKE THEY DON'T EVEN HAVE CIGARETTES.

...PICTURES OF SAINTS, A LOVE LETTER, A PAPER IN ENGLISH, A DECK OF CARDS AND A SNAPSHOT OF THIS PACHUCO. THAT'S ALL THEY HAVE.



WHAT DO YOU THINK BLACKIE? SHOULD WE KEEP THE GUITAR? WE COULD ALSO TAKE THAT RING FROM THIS SAME GUY. IT LOOKS LIKE REAL GOLD.

NO, THE CHIEF MIGHT CATCH US. WE'D BETTER JUST TAKE THEM IN WITH ALL THEIR STUFF.

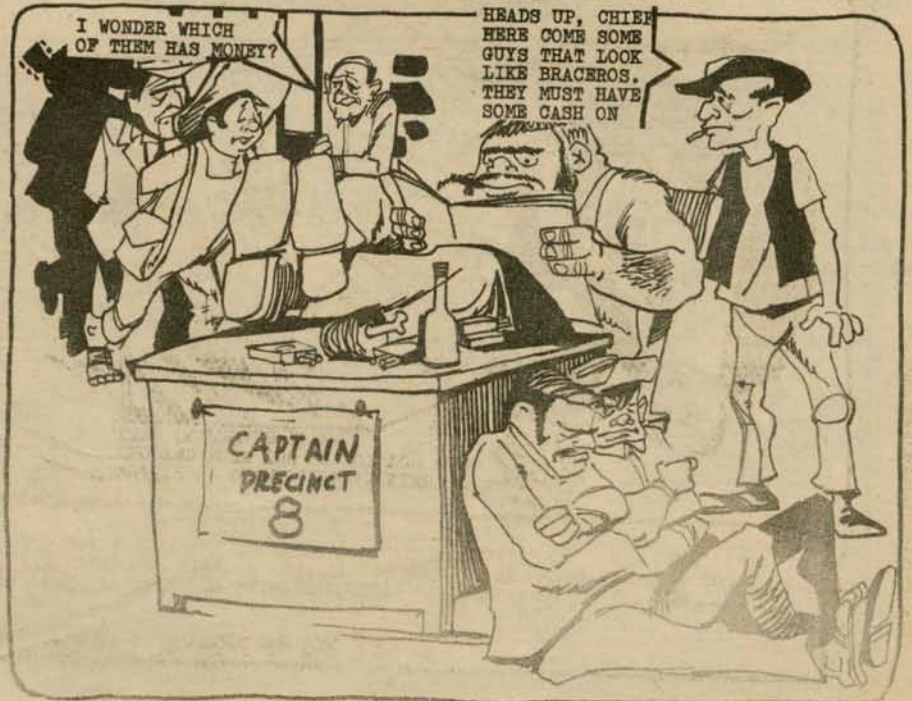


HERE'S SOME MORE FOR YOU. THEY LOOK LIKE PRETTY BAD ONES TO ME.

PUT DOWN THAT THEY TRIED TO BRIBE THE LAW, INSULTED AN OFFICER, RESISTED ARREST, SEEMED UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF DOPE, ETC.



JAILER, OPEN UP! HEADQUARTERS FISHED UP 3 MORE TO SPEND THE WEEKEND AS GUESTS OF THE MAYOR.



I WONDER WHICH OF THEM HAS MONEY?

HEADS UP, CHIEF HERE COME SOME GUYS THAT LOOK LIKE BRACEROS. THEY MUST HAVE SOME CASH ON

CAPTAIN PRECINCT 8





HEY, YOU GUYS. THE CHIEF WANTS TO TALK TO YOU. GET MOVING!

MAN, LUCKY THING I HID ROSITA'S RING IN MY SHOE.

WE'D BETTER FIGURE OUT SOME WAY OF CONTROLLING THESE GORILLAS. HOW SHOULD WE GO ABOUT IT?



WHAT DID THEY BRING YOU IN FOR? WHO DID YOU KILL? IF YOU HAVE SOME DOUGH, WE'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK. IF YOU DON'T, YOU'RE GOING TO WISH YOU HAD!

WE DIDN'T KILL ANYONE CHIEF. WE'RE FROM MEXICO CITY AND WE'RE TRYING TO GET TO THE OTHER SIDE. THE COFS JUST PICKED US UP FOR SUSPICION.

COOL IT, MAN. THESE GUYS ARE TRYING TO CROSS THE BORDER. MAYBE WE CAN SELL 'EM SOME PASSPORTS.

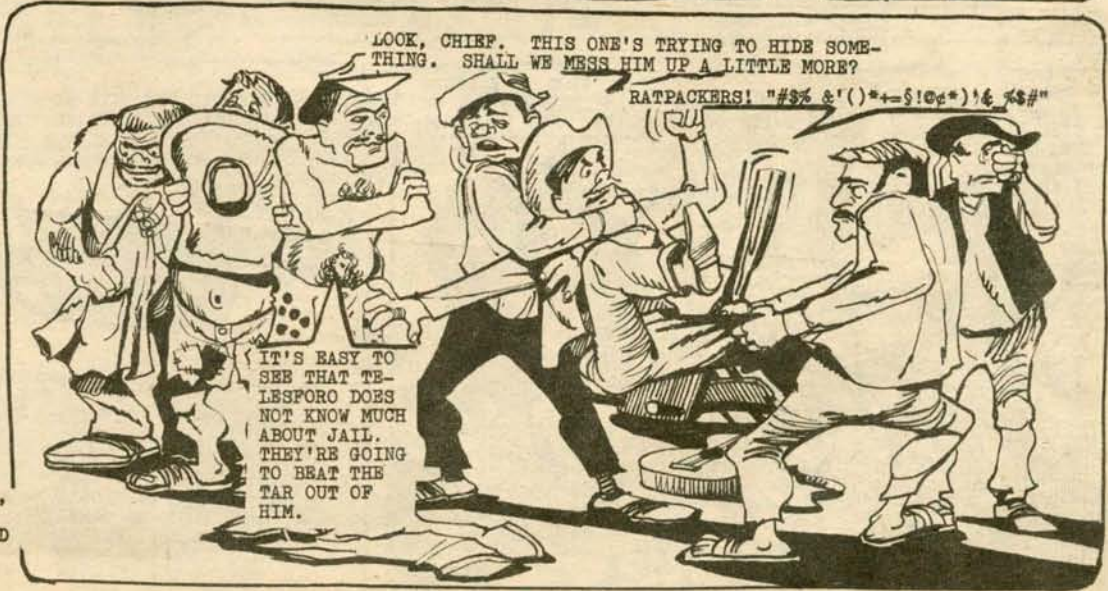
WHY DID YOU WAKE ME UP? I WAS JUST ABOUT TO MAKE LOVE TO MARIA VICTORIA!



ALL RIGHT, STRIP THESE GUYS. SEE IF THEY GOT ANYTHING THAT'S WORTH SOMETHING.

LEAVE ME THE PACHUCCO. I'LL SHAKE HIM DOWN.

AT YOUR ORDERS, CHIEF. THE STRIPPING SQUAD IS ON ITS WAY!



LOOK, CHIEF. THIS ONE'S TRYING TO HIDE SOMETHING. SHALL WE MESS HIM UP A LITTLE MORE?

RATPACKERS! "#\$% &'()\*+,-5!@#)\*& \*\$#"

IT'S EASY TO SEE THAT TELLESFORO DOES NOT KNOW MUCH ABOUT JAIL. THEY'RE GOING TO BEAT THE TAR OUT OF HIM.

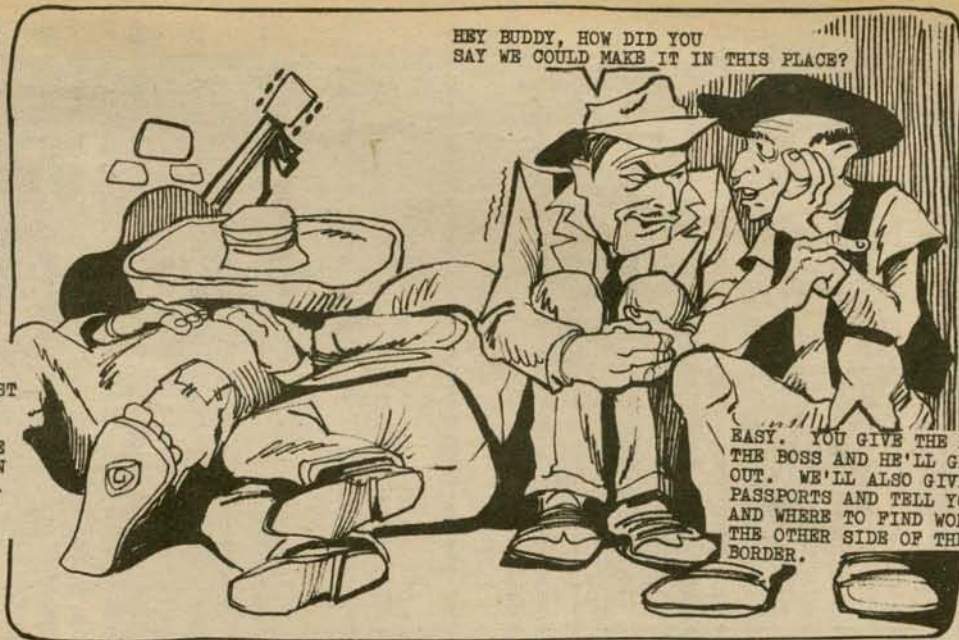




I'VE GOT TO FIND OUT A WAY TO CONTROL THIS GORILLA

DON'T LET IT GET YOU DOWN, TELE. IT'S ALL OVER, NO?

THIS RING MUST BE WORTH AT LEAST \$100, BUT IF I TAKE IT THE WARDEN MIGHT NAB ME. HOW CAN I DO THIS RIGHT?



HEY BUDDY, HOW DID YOU SAY WE COULD MAKE IT IN THIS PLACE?

EASY. YOU GIVE THE RING TO THE BOSS AND HE'LL GET YOU OUT. WE'LL ALSO GIVE YOU PASSPORTS AND TELL YOU HOW AND WHERE TO FIND WORK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BORDER.



PASSPORTS HERE? OH YEAH? TAKE MAKE EM HERE? DON'T THE COPS BUG YOU? CHRRIST!

SEGURO, CUATITO. NOT EVEN THE BORDER PATROL CAN TELL 'EM FROM THE REAL THING. YOU WILL SEE, JUST FOLLOW ME. COME WITH ME AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE COPS. THEY GET THEIR CUT, TOO.



LOOKS LIKE WE'VE PICKED UP ANOTHER CUSTOMER...

A PASSPORT FACTORY IN THE JUAREZ JAIL? OUR FRIENDS WILL FIND OUT IN THE NEXT EPISODE.



## El Cartel Magico (VIENE DE LA PAGINA 25)

una mezcla desparramada de astillas y clavos.

Luego hubo un rechinar de llantas, mientras que el vehiculo se acercaba de nuevo, e iba a pasar sobre las astillas que quedaban del cartel. Francisco se puso las manos sobre los ojos, rehusandose a contemplar la escena. Una lagrima comenzo a resbalar sobre una de sus mejillas.

"Hey, se van a parar!", grito alguien.

Francisco abrio los ojos. Y como no! La camioneta comenzaba a pararse a la orilla del camino, obligada por un clavo del cartel de Francisco, que se le habia enterrado en una llanta trasera. Los huelguistas se amontonaron en torno a la camioneta, hablando a milla por minuto, la su media docena de ocupantes, poniendoles volantes frente a sus caras.

Otros dos 'piquetes' ayudaron de inmediato al chofer, un hombre de mediana edad, a cambiar la llanta pochada, mientras que hacina propaganda sobre los beneficios de pertenecer a la union.

Las personas de la camioneta perecieron comprender. Pronto comenzaron a hablar entre ellos mismos pareciendo darse cuenta de que lo que la union estaba haciendo era para el beneficio de todos. "Muy bien, estamos con ustedes", dijo finalmente el chofer de la camioneta. "Si nos quieren dar algunos de esos letreros de la heulga, nosotros les ayudaremos a mostrarlos". Un fuerte hurra salio de las bocas de los huelguistas.

"Hey, Francisco!", grito alguien. "Tu cartel magico siempre dio resultado despues de todo!" Varios de los 'piquetes' corrieron a felicitar a Francisco,

## LA CAUSA DEL... (VIENE DE LA 20)

nada por la injusticia de que eran victimas. Fue esa clase de hombres, de los que echo mano la revolucion unos anos despues, al propagarse por todo el pais.

Casos como este frlorecieron con extrana prodigalidad.

A los cuatro dias de llegar de Parral la noticia de la supuesta muerte del hacendado, Villa vio aparecer a su compadre Eleuterio, muy feliz por haberle cobrado aquella cuenta a don Aurelio del Valle.

"Que paso, compadre?"

"Pos que ya estuvo, compadre, ahora si. Ya mate a ese hombre que fue la causa de todos mis padecimientos".

Villa sonrio bonachonamente.

"Pos, compadre, ese hacendado todavia vive, pero no le hace, ya usted hizo uso de su justicia".

"Si, compadre, ahora vengo a unirme a usted, para que juntos corramos la misma suerte, hasta que alguno de los dos muera".

Otra vez sonrio Villa; aquellas palabras eran significativas ahora necesariamente volverian a correr aventuras juntos, hasta que si, de verdad, una bala corta la vida de alguno de los dos.

"Esta bien, compadre"

Los dos hombres hermanados por las injusticias de que habian sido victimas, volvieron a tomar el rumbo de la sierra, montados en sus caballos; hermanados por la injusticia y por el deseo de poder conservar la vida frente a las Acordadas, siempre al servicio de los ricos y poderosos hacendados.

hasta donde el chiquillo estaba sentado a la orilla del vinedo con la cabeza entre las manos.

"Si?", contesto Francisco levantando la mano.

"Quiere decir que estan con nosotros?"

"Hasta que la ultima uva se pudra en las parras!", dijo otro de ellos. "Fue tu cartel magico el que lo logro!"

Francisco se puso radiante. "Hijole", dijo, "tal vez deba de fabricar unos cuantos mas de esos carteles. Esta vez un poco mas grandes". Y luego como pensandolo mejor, agrego: "Y con mas clavos magicos en ellos".

Librado y Chuy estaban para entonces parados camino abajo, con los esquirols recién convertidos. "¡Hijole!" exclamo Chuy, "Que te parece si nos tomamos esta tarde libre, y fabricamos unos cuantos carteles?"

--+FIN+--

## LA LUCHAS... (VIENE DE LA 23)

tes de ferrocarrileros, dos de ellas encabezadas por Eugene Debs.

Los IWW, o mejor conocidos como los "Wobblies", eran una organizacion sindical entre los trabajadores madereros y mineros. La AFL, por su parte, entonces encabezada por Samuel Gompers, se dio cuenta de la necesidad de crear la accion politica e ideologica necesaria para el movimiento laboral, para obtener mejores salarios, jornadas de menos horas, y mejores condiciones de trabajo en general para los trabajadores de Los Estados Unidos y Canada.

Hubo entonces una lucha larga y vehemente entre estos dos grupos de trabajadores organizados.

La semana siguiente trataremos sobre lo que entonces ocurrio.

## LA CONSTITUCION...

(VIENE DE LA 21)

das enmiendas de la Constitucion, son sabias y previeron con muchos anos de anticipacion, la defensa de los derechos de todos los ciudadanos de este gran pais.

Por otra parte el haber comenzado esta primera colaboracion para EL MALCRIADO transcribiendo de un libro algo sobre la Constitucion o las leyes de este pais, ha sido por mi condicion de emigrante y a las limitaciones que dicha condicion impone

Ocurrio que por diferentes medios: el radio, los periodicos, etc., me entere de los sacrificios y los trabajos que estan pasando los huelguistas de Deleno, en su lucha contra la injusticia, y entonces senti el llamado de la sangre, y la voz de la sangre mexicana se impuso a mi condicion de emigrante

Entonces, las hambres, los frios, las tristezas y el sufrimiento de los campesinos, los hice míos, y me convertí en uno de ellos.

Creame pues, huelguistas, lo que les digo: estan haciendo conciencia nacional, pero es esencial que estudiemos la Constitucion, que nos amparemos bajo ella y que hagamos respetar por los medios legales los derechos que nos concede a todos, sin distincion de clase, color, credo o ideologia.



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Desafortunadamente para los lectores de habla hispana, algunas publicaciones como Huelga! el libro mas leído en Los Estados Unidos, no ha estado a su alcance, debido a que solamente se habia publicado en idioma inglés.

Del mismo modo la Farm Workers Press Inc. tiene un amplio plan de publicaciones para 1967, de libros y folletos, que aparte de sus amenidad, son de lectura obligada para los campesinos, tanto para que esten debidamente informados, como para que adquieran mas conocimientos, ahora que la Asociación de Campesinos ha crecido tanto y que necesita lideres por todo el país.

Tomando en cuenta todos esos factores que hemos descrito, la Farm Workers Press Inc., (La Editorial del Campesino) ha decidido formar el CLUB DE LECTORES de habla hispana, para cuyos socios se publicaran ediciones especiales en español, para serles vendidos tambien los libros a un precio especial.

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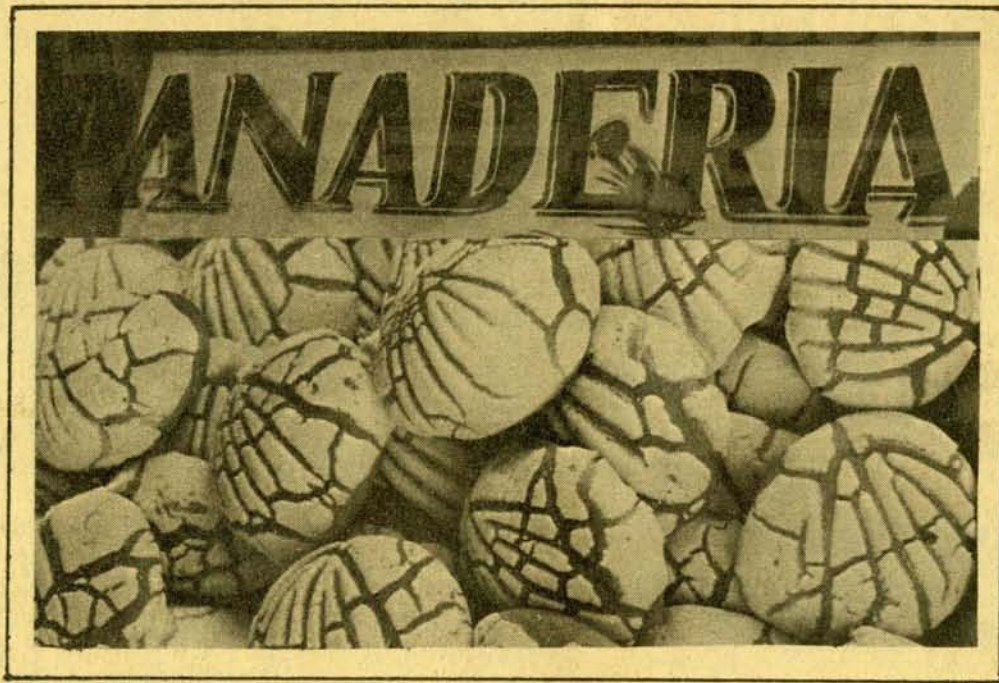
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