

El Malcriado

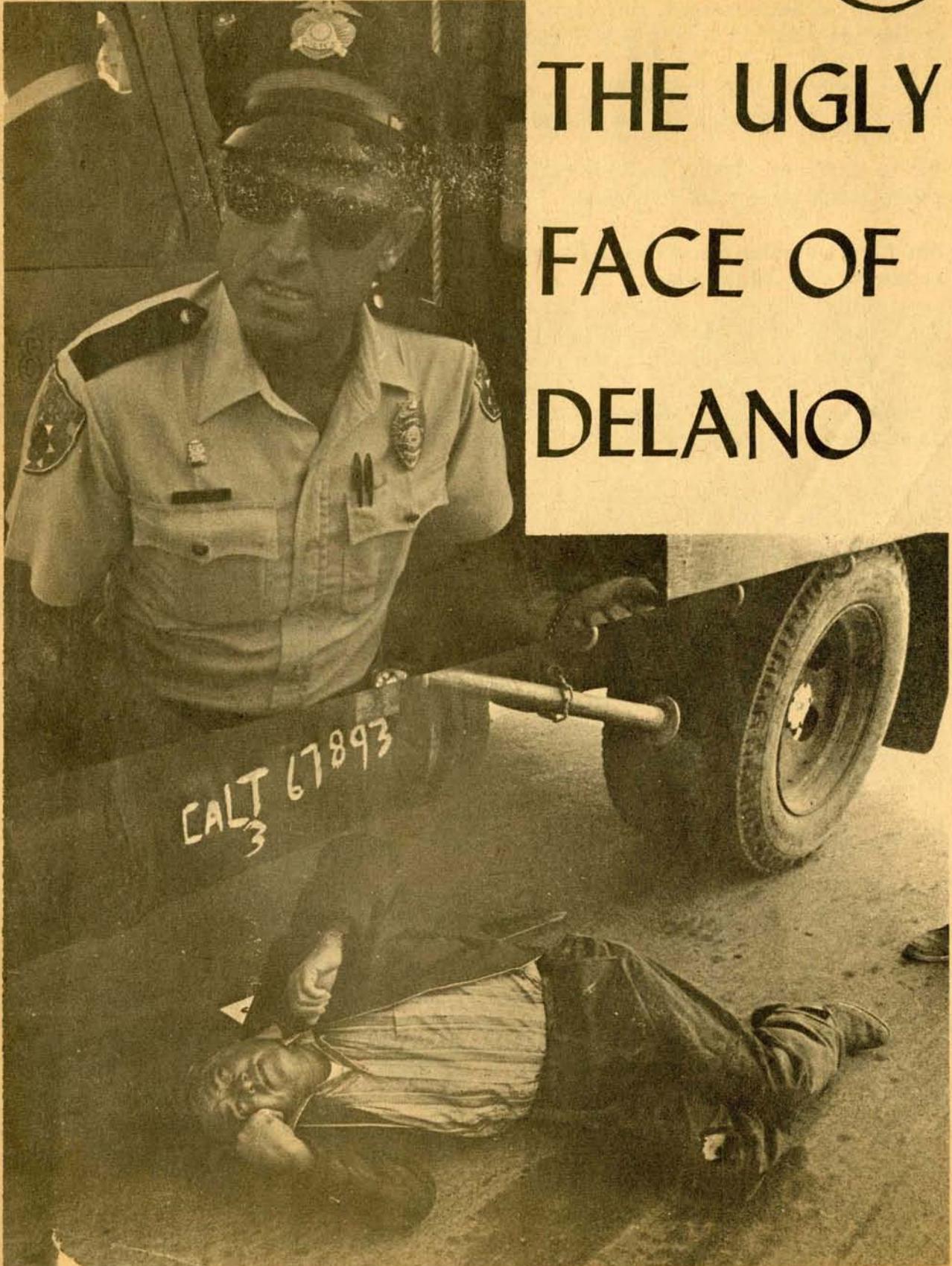
IN ENGLISH

NO. 47

10¢

"The Voice of the Farm Worker"

THE UGLY FACE OF DELANO



HOW MUCH CAN A MAN GIVE?

On a stormy winter day four years ago, Manuel Rivera and his family arrived in Delano. This was before the word "huelga" had become a part of the English language. This was when, if you were cheated, robbed, or insulted, the most you could do was to go to work somewhere else and have it happen again.

Rivera could not look into the future. He could not know that he would nearly be required to give his life for the cause he believed in.

But he could see a black, hopeless future for his children and for other people's children, unless things were made to change.

And Rivera became one of Cesar Chavez's first members at a time when Cesar Chavez had nothing to offer but an idea.

We have seen where the idea has taken all of us, like a great wave, into the future. And we shall see more before it is over.

Now we see where fate has taken Manuel Rivera. At this writing, he is still alive—by some miracle—after being crushed beneath a 9000 lb. truck.

If it were an accident we would ask only for your prayers and for your help for Rivera and his family.

But we know that it was not an accident. We know that it was a deliberate, criminal assault committed in the presence of dozens of helpless strikers, in front of the eyes of two policemen, who did nothing either before or after the criminal tragedy occurred.

The driver of the truck was hired by the ranchers against whom we struggle. And in another sense the police are hired by these same growers and the law is at their command.

So our fight is not only against a few power-hungry ruthless ranchers. It is against the whole system that they control.

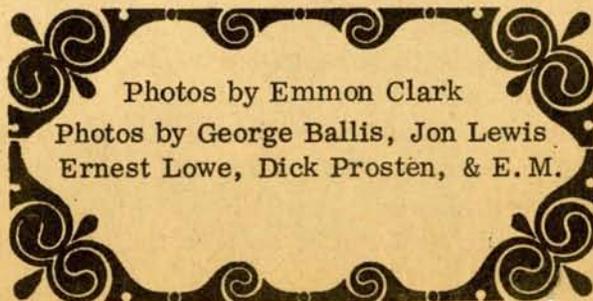
Thus we ask you for your prayers and your help for Manuel and his family.

And we say that just as Manuel Rivera could not be killed beneath the wheels of a 9,000 lb. truck, neither can our struggle for justice be silenced by any power that is brought against us.

So we ask for your prayers and aid for the cause for which Manuel Rivera has nearly died.

El Malcriado is entered as second class matter on January 14, 1966, at the Post Office at Delano, California, under the act of March 5, 1879. It is published bi-weekly at 130 Albany, Delano, California. Subscription price is \$2 a year. This is issue # 47 dated 10/21/1966

"El Malcriado", the Voice of the Farm Worker, is an independent publication, and is not the "official newspaper" of any person or group. The editors are solely responsible for all statements and views expressed here.



THE UGLY FACE OF DELANO

You are a journalist, a reporter, and because of that you know the value of a friendly face, the value of a smile, the value of a good start to the day. You had gotten up early this morning, optimistic, wishing to create something, to write something agreeable. Maybe because the smile of a young girl lifted your spirits, a child's curious glance gave you a pleasant feeling, because the dawn was beautiful, whatever the reason, you are in a good mood. So you thought you were going to have a good day. But suddenly there is a total change. Suddenly there is the Ugly Face of the Police of

Delano. And the day loses its poetry and becomes gloomy and depressing.

Someone came to the office and said that at the picket line, there was some action. You were sent to see what was happening. And soon you are standing at the corner of Glenwood and Third, your blood boiling, feeling the urge to smash a cop, to yell, to cry, to risk being hit by their clubs or guns, to become a martyr and in that way

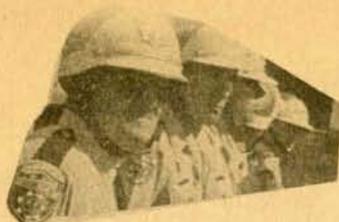


THE TRAGEDY

Manuel Rivera, aged 52 and the father of seven children (his wife is expecting the eighth child soon) was almost killed last Saturday while walking the picket line in Delano. He and over 100 other strikers were picketing the grape packing shed of Irving Goldberg. A truck full of Goldberg's Scab Grapes approached the picket line, driven by Mr. Shey, a shipper for Goldberg, and not even employed as a truck driver. Shey did not slow down as he approached the picket line, but smashed directly into the crowd. One striker was hit in the shoulder, and a young girl barely escaped, but Manuel Rivera was not quick enough, and fell beneath the wheels and was almost crushed to death by the truck. The truck finally stopped and Rivera was rescued, and rushed to the hospital. He suffered multiple fractures of the pelvis and extreme shock. He is only now beginning slow recovery. Police watched the accident but did nothing to prevent the tragedy or arrest Shey.

Picture Above:

Manuel Rivera can be seen on the left, still under the truck, as a Delano cop pushes back horrified strikers.



THE UGLY FACE

to get out of this impotence, to wake up the world, attracting its attention to those things that are happening in Delano.

The scene reminds you of pictures taken in Selma, Alabama, in Mississippi, in Watts, or in some foreign country. Six Police cars line the corners of the street, while their occupants, in blue uniforms with riot helmets, stand with arms crossed and murderous looks in their eyes. They carry guns, of course, in black leather holsters, and night sticks, three-foot clubs hanging from their belts.

You might think those ferocious cops are about to confront a Russian invasion, or to defend the city from a group of wild bandits, or that the enemy they are confronting is made up of desperate criminals, deserving no pity. And in front of such fierce cops, there is the terrible enemy they hate so much. There are two dozen strikers, simple, poor farm workers, who are walking in front of the entrance to the Goldberg packing Company packing sheds; they form a circle and walk, walk, walk, holding in their hands the "huelga" signs. The group is formed by men and women. They seem very unaggressive, unthreatening.

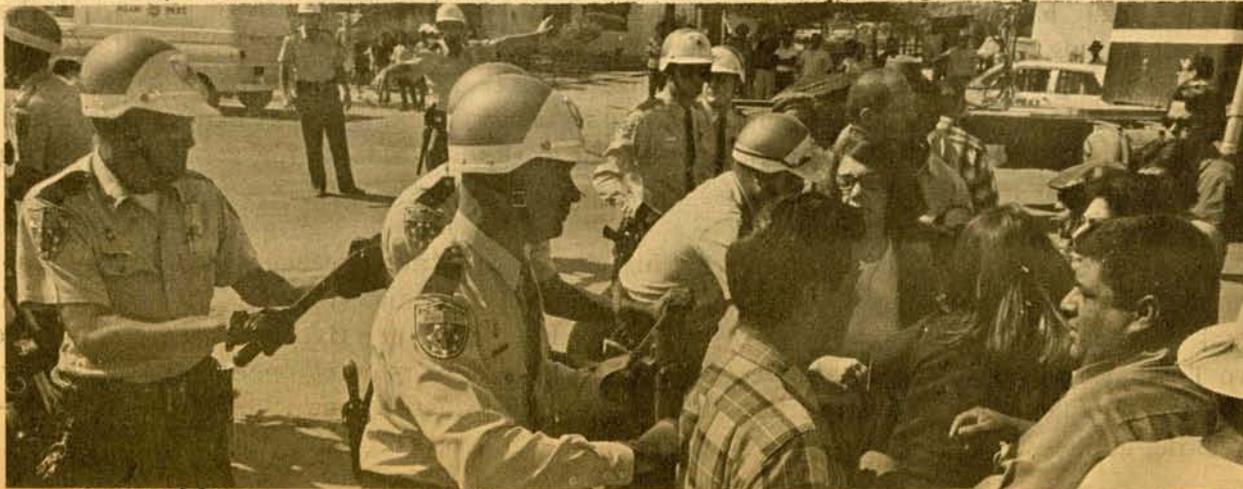
For a few minutes, besides the openly hostile attitude of the cops and the steady walking of the pickets (who are singing, sometimes with happy tunes, sometimes

nostalgic), nothing very important happens. But then the blood starts boiling in the veins of those who are watching the scene. Two big trucks driven by scabs start moving in Goldberg's yards, ready to drive out through the human wall of strikers. And as if the cops and trucks were in secret communication by short-wave radio, a paddy wagon and more cops appear down the street. Motorcycles arrive, and the station wagon of Police Captain Al Espinosa, who comes over to lead the action against the strikers.

Espinosa is a man well known in Delano, as one of the main Judases of the Mexican-American Community, and as a labor contractor, who is both Judge and executioner of the Mexican farm workers. He raises his arm and gives a signal to the sergeant who is leading the platoon of Blue Shirts.

The cops form in two lines, their clubs up at chest level, and march against the strikers. With their cold and cruel looks, eyes straight to the front, like dogs or puppets whose leashes or strings are being pulled by the ranchers. What will happen now? The atmosphere is full of tension. There is determination on the side of the huelguistas, and fury in the eyes of the cops who are advancing.... They charge into their victims, clubs raised. Some of the strikers seem to be ready to fight back and repel the aggression; others wait im-

Delano cops rush in to bust up the grape strikers' picket line. Cesar Chavez, leader of the strikers, is in the center. Strikers remain non-violent, in spite of police terrorism.



OF DELANO

passively for the clash. But finally everyone remains loyal to the pledge given to Cesar Chavez--all are non-violent and no one fights back against the cops. This is non-violence in action, that has had such powerful results before...but has also had some victims. Just a few days before, Manuel Rivera was the victim of a scab who drove a huge truck over his helpless body. It looked like a clear case of intent to injure or kill. Rivera is still alive, by some miracle. But the police of Delano have refused to arrest the criminal. And before Rivera there were other victims, like Manuel Rosas, who is now in jail after being beaten by a DiGiorgio Rent-a-Cop.

The platoon of cops drives a wedge through the strikers, pushing them violently, and opening a breach so that the scab truck of their bosses can go through. The neighbors

come out of their houses, and they watch the scene with horror. Espinosa makes another signal, and the Blue Shirts, still threatening, withdraw, almost disappointed that they had not had the chance to beat up women as they have on other occasions. But Cesar has not told the strikers to completely swallow their indignation. They can still tell the world what they feel. And the voices of many, from all sides, lash out at Espinosa and the cops: "JUDAS", "TRAITOR", "You eat because we pay your salary with our taxes." But the police captain seems to be a man without dignity, without shame. All he does is run, like a criminal who knows he must escape after committing a crime.

And then you go back to your office, still seething with indignation, still mentally and physically in a kind of state of shock, but determined to write your story, to tell what you have seen, to reveal to the whole world the Ugly Face of Delano.

Escalation of the Goldberg Strike

Some of the 26 ladies who quit Goldberg's packing shed and joined the strike.



The firm of Goldberg, Mossesian, and Hourigan can take credit for the Tragedy that befell Manuel Rivera last week. Over 80% of the workers picking grapes for this company formally requested that the bosses recognize the United Farm Workers as their union, and sign a contract. The California Department of Employment certified the field workers' strike on September 28, after Goldberg consistently refused to negotiate with the workers or the union. On October 14, the entire crew of 26 ladies in Goldberg's packing shed walked out. They had been getting a miserable \$1.30 an hour wage. For over two weeks they had been asking Goldberg to recognize the union and begin negotiations. The ladies had elected Mrs. Carlota Fieros and Juanita Gonzales as their representatives. After they went on strike, Mossesian and Hourigan agreed to talk to Mrs. Fierros and Gonzales and Dolores Huerta of the United Farm Workers, but still refused to sign a contract or recognize the union or even allow elections.

In desperation, Goldberg had been driving his grapes (whatever he can get picked by his small scab crews) as far as Exeter and Fresno for packing and storage. Two of his own truck drivers refused to drive through the picket line (and were fired because of it.) And two Teamsters-truck drivers also refused to bust through, proving once again that many rank and file Teamster members are disgusted with Teamster boss Einer Mohn's strike-breaking games with the growers.

Strike News

DELANO: Negotiations for a contract between the workers and DiGiorgio bosses will continue this week and next week. After that, an impartial arbitrator will step in and settle all disagreements that still exist between the union and the bosses. The next issue of EL MALCRIADO will bring you more details on the agreements, but the actual contract will not be signed before mid-November.

SAN FRANCISCO: A group of workers from DiGiorgio's Lamont ranch petitioned Governor Brown to hold elections at their ranch, so that they could elect a union of their own choice to represent them. Most of them want the United Farm Workers led by Cesar Chavez. But Governor Brown told the workers he couldn't do anything for them. "Go see your DiGiorgio bosses", he said. So they did just that. They went up to San Francisco where DiGiorgio has his big offices, and they walked right in, sat down, and said that they wanted to talk to DiGiorgio. TV cameras took their pictures, newspaper reporters were there. But Boss DiGiorgio refused to talk to them and promise them a union contract or an election.

Over 250 people from San Francisco began picketing in support of elections at Arvin. Giorgio then arrested four labor leaders from the bay area and three of his own workers from Lamont, because of the picketing.

EXETER: Goldberg and Sons, one of the worst bosses in Delano against whom the farm workers are striking, thought he could get away from the strike by going to Exeter. Since his packing shed in Delano was closed down because of the strike and picketing, he began taking his grapes to Douglas Cold Storage in Exeter. But the grape strikers set up a picket line around that shed too. So Mr. Thornton of Douglas Cold Storage announced that he will not handle any more of Goldberg's scab grapes. **DELANO:** Since Goldberg could not break the strike by the United Farm Workers Union, he went to a Bakersfield judge and asked the judge to outlaw picketing. The Judge, a friend of the Company, gave Goldberg one of the notorious "restraining orders" and injunctions to outlaw picketing at the cold storage plant. Now only five people are allowed to picket there.

FRESNO: Grape strikers from Delano went up to Fresno last week and picketed the train yards, telling the train men and engineers about the strike and asking them not to handle the scab fruit. For a while, every train in the Central Valley was tied up by the strike. The train men have promised to help the strikers locate scab grapes, trace them to shipping points and markets, and pass on to us any other information that will help the Union when it begins a massive boycott of the scab table grapes.



Picketing Trains in Fresno

CHEATING BOSS MUST PAY

Fresno County Workers Wins \$6000

Fresno, California. Thirty workers, who were victims of an outrageous robbery by the Bukasovich Corporation of Los Banos, won a legal battle before the Labor Commissioners against the boss. And when the law was applied, the workers received over \$6,000 which the company had stolen from them. This fact may serve as an example to all the other farm workers of California who are continuously robbed by the growers. It happened in the following way:

Bukasovich hired the 30 workers for one of his ranches near Los Banos, California, promising to pay them 60¢ a box for picking melons, but he held back 10¢ from each box to be paid as a "bonus" at the end of the season. The farm workers worked from July 13, 1966 to August 24, 1966. On that day they went to the boss, because the season was over. But he was trying to force them to stay working, hoping they would get discouraged and leave, and then he would not have to pay the bonus. (This

is one of the oldest tricks and techniques in farm work.) The boss told them that the season was not yet over, and that he would not give them their bonus until it was finished. But there was so few melons left that the workers couldn't even make 50¢ a day in the fields.

Tired of the lies of the crook patron, the farm workers went to Crescencio Mendoza of the United Farm Workers Association in Fresno. After he knew the details of the case, Mendoza helped them with legal advice and took the case to the Labor Commissioners. Mendoza also got help from the "California Rural Assistance" office in Madera, and they sent Rudy Salva, one of their best lawyers, to take care of the case. Salva won a brilliant triumph, forcing the crooked Patron to pay the workers, and showing the whole world how cheating growers like Bukasovich steal our hard-earned wages. Almost every worker in the group received a bonus close to \$250, and the total amount for the 30 farm workers was almost \$6000.

Now the bosses are alarmed because the "California Rural Assistance" is helping the farm worker so effectively, and exposing the growers who are robbing us. So the growers are attacking the California Rural Assistance and demanding that it be abolished. It would be an unforgivable crime if the government gave in to this pressure from the crooked growers. Sometime in the future, EL MALCRIADO will give you a complete report on the California Rural Assistance organization, and how it can help you, the farm worker, with many of your problems.



GO-CART SPECIAL

Gasoline

2 HP Tecumseh/Motor--Brand new--Sacrifice \$25--El Malcriado, Box 1060, Delano.

LETTERS TO THE WORKERS:

Does Boss Minetti Think His Workers Are This Stupid?

This letter was sent by Perelli-Minetti to all his winery employees:

Dear Mr. XXXXX,

I promised you that I would write from time to time to tell you why I believe you should vote "NO" in the coming October 27th election. This letter is being sent to you to your home, so that you and your family may read and think about it.

Here are some of my thoughts on one of the issues involved in the election--job security. (1)

We have been an outstanding winery for many years. I think you will agree that wages, benefits and relationships have been good.

However, now, along comes an outside organization - the union - and says, if you vote for the union, wages and benefits will increase automatically and everybody's job will be guaranteed. They promise that because they know it is what you want to hear. (2)

Think about those union "promises" for a minute. The union doesn't write your pay check. The union doesn't sell our product. No union in the world can prevent layoff or termination of work at a time when work is short.

There is only one real kind of job security that I know of - the kind we have had over the years. (3) And that is doing the best to produce quality products at competitive prices. (4)

Remember, job security, high wages, good working conditions and benefits are only possible when a company satisfies its customers. Only out of the honest profits a company earns can good wages be paid and the company stay in business to continue paying wages regularly to its people and secure its future. And if a majority of our employees vote for a union (and I don't think they will), (5) the conditions of

working and control of management which a union might negotiate, could possibly create situations which would prevent our getting further business which means our jobs and our future progress together. (6)

As you may or may not know, I am forbidden by law from making any promises during this period before the election. The union is not. Therefore, they can promise anything they want, but they don't have to make good on what they say. They have professionals whose job is to organize a winery and they will move on afterwards. These organizers don't have to look you in the eye after the election. Their pay checks, paid for by union dues, (8) don't stop just because a strike happens.

There are many other points you will want to think about before the election and I will be writing to you about them.

Yours very truly, (9)
F. Perelli-Minetti

EL MALCRIADO SAYS:

1. Or in other words: "Either you vote as I tell you, or you'll be fired!" A clear threat from Minetti.
2. Patron Minetti can be SURE that wages and conditions will be better, because the workers will make him improve things.
3. In other words, "Keep acting like a slave and we'll keep treating you like a slave."
4. "Competitive prices"? That means that he is making his big profits by paying you the lowest wages he can get away with.
5. In other words, "You better not vote for the union".
6. Oh poooooor little boss! He is afraid of HIS future, his Cadilacs, his good food, his trips around the world. But what about the workers' future?
8. Just in case Boss Minetti doesn't know it, the "organizers", who are just simple farm workers like the rest of us, receive only \$5 a week, and their food; and their home can be for them what it has been many times in the past, the back seat of a car.
9. "Yours VERY Truly" That's downright affectionate! If he loves his workers so much, why doesn't he give them a decent contract???

9
NEW BOOK

CARTOONS from the
 delano strike



\$1

THE FAMOUS ADVENTURES OF

* DON SOTACO

* PATRONCITO

* DON COYOTE



**50 PAGES OF
 HILARIOUS
 CARTOONS**

**IT'S
 HERE!**

THE FIRST RECORD ALBUM
 FROM THE DELANO STRIKE

VIVA LA CAUSA!

by the huelguistas and the Teatro Campesino



\$4. 25 By mail

Order today-

Use coupon below

"HUELGA"

...THE FIRST 100 DAYS
 OF THE GREAT

DELANO GRAPE STRIKE



A thrilling account of the biggest farm
 strike since the thirties, now going on.
 This book, 160 pages with many photos,
 is one you'll want to keep. **\$1.50 each**

| | | | |
|-------|---|----------------|----------------------|
| _____ | "Viva la Causa!" record album | @ \$4. 25 | Name _____ |
| _____ | "Huelga" | @ \$1. 50 | Address _____ |
| _____ | "Don Sotaco" cartoons of the Delano strike | @ \$1. 00 | City _____ |
| _____ | "BASTA! La Cuenta de Nuestra Lucha" | @ \$2. 50 | Total enclosed _____ |
| _____ | "BASTA! The Tale of Our Struggle" | | |
| _____ | "El Malcriado" La Voz del Campesino | @ \$2 per year | |
| _____ | "El Malcriado" The Voice of the Farm Worker | | |

Send this coupon to :
FARM WORKER PRESS, INC.
 Box 1060, Delano, Calif.

MELONS IN TEXAS

RIO GRANDE CITY: Several major melon growers are reportedly ready to talk to the striking melon pickers and union leaders in Texas, but none seem to be ready to sign a contract, yet. Meanwhile, the melon strikers are also having problems with the cops and judges there. It is very hard for poor people to get justice when the cops and judges side openly with the growers. One judge in Texas outlawed almost all picketing at the ranches on strike. Last week, over 100 workers picketed Judge M. J. Rodriguez of Starr County, because they felt he was siding with the growers. They picketed the Starr County Court House and had a march down the main street of the town.



Union headquarters in Rio Grande City.



March on the Courthouse.



Jelano

407-11th Avenue
Phone 725-9178

Bakersfield

630 Baker Street
Phone 323-4294

Wasco

1000-F Street
758-5774

LA MEXICANA

BAKERY

Three locations
to serve all
of Kern County



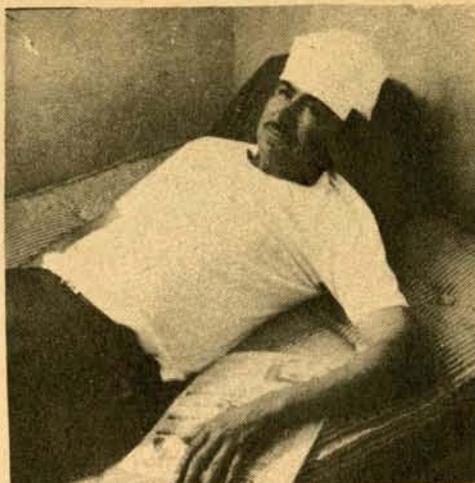
**** Authentic Mexican Breads * French Bread****
*** Donuts of All Kinds * Cakes for Every Occasion**



"Pixley Justice"

A BROKEN HEAD AND EIGHT MONTHS IN JAIL

THE VICTIM
Manuel Rosas



Once again, the Judge in "Pixley Justice Court" has turned his back on Justice. Once again, "Pixley Justice" has come to mean imprisonment for a poor farm worker while the grower criminal continues to walk free. The Pixley Court has sentenced Manuel Rosas, a striker and longtime member of the Union, to 8 months in jail, when in fact Rosas was the victim of a horrible crime.

El Malcriado reported in issues #34 and #35 about the "Battle of Sierra Vista" at DiGiorgio's ranch in Delano, when a manager and gunman Hershel Nunes, hired by DiGiorgio for Violence, attacked a young lady. Manuel Rosas came to help the girl, and Nunes took a club and bashed in the head of Rosas. Rosas needed 13 stitches.

The Tulare cops stood by and watched the violence. After the attack, the cops rushed in and tried to arrest Rosas! But the other strikers grabbed Rosas away (he was dazed and bleeding profusely by this time) and rushed him to the hospital. Observers thought the police would arrest Nunes, DiGiorgio's criminal guard, and drop all charges against Rosas. But while Nunes is still, today, "guarding" DiGiorgio, and has never been brought to trial, the Tulare sheriff went ahead and prosecuted Rosas. Rosas actually pleaded guilty, since he had gone to the hospital after the battle, instead of going to jail. The judge should have looked at the facts, and then put Rosas on probation, released in custody of the Union. But Judge Del Rey closed his eyes to any kind of fairness, and sentenced Rosas to 240 days in jail. "Pixley Justice" once again stands for injustice.



Send this coupon to:

EL MALCRIADO, BOX 1060
DELANO, CALIFORNIA

The best way to be sure you will get your MALCRIADO is by mail, delivered to your home every two weeks. Send your name and address to Box 1060, Delano, Calif, and we will send you the newspaper for a year. The cost is \$2.00 per year.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

TOWN _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

1965 Scandal Exposed

HUGE SWINDLE AT PERELLI-MINETTI

An incredible swindle, committed by Perelli- Minetti and Sons Company against its employees and the Government, was courageously denounced this week to EL MALCRIADO by Mr. Refugio Chavez, a former employee of the Minetti winery. Mr, Chavez had worked for Perelli-Minetti from 1957 to 1965, when he was fired because he refused to continue allowing the bosses to cheat him, as they continue to cheat the other workers.

Refugio Chavez tells how , in 1965, a government inspector discovered that Perelli-Minetti was cheating his workers, stealing the wages due them under the law for overtime work and holidays, etc. (The Fair Labor Standards Law, Section 16). The government ordered the company to pay these back wages to the workers. In May, 1965, Bill Minetti, one of the sons of the boss, called the workers in to a meeting, in which he told them they were going to receive a check from the company, but that they had an obligation to give it back to the company, after signing a receipt certifying that they had in fact received the checks.

The bosses were trying to cheat the workers and the government (and in many cases they succeeded). They wanted it to appear that all the workers had been paid all the back wages due them under the law. The specific case of Sr. Chavez is one of the most eloquent, because he had been employed there for eight (8) years. The

company only gave him \$61.29, or an amount corresponding to one month (the accompanying notice said the check was for overtime, etc., between 10/1/64 and 11/15/64). The total amount of money due was \$75.31, but Minetti deducted \$14.02 for Social Security and taxes for the worker. This detail is very important, as will be seen later, since we will show how Perelli-Minetti may be stealing this money from the government). In short, he received his back pay for only one month, and Perelli-Minetti still owes Mr. Refugio CLOSE TO \$5000, since Chavez had been working there on holidays and overtime steadily for eight years.

During the meeting that was held for the workers, the Company did not tell the workers the amount of money that the government had ordered them to pay. So the workers did not know if their checks were to be for \$5 or \$5000. There were ones like Mr. Chavez, who, knowing their rights, refused to return the money to the company, even if later they were fired because of it. The majority of the workers, afraid of being fired, signed the statements and then returned the checks.

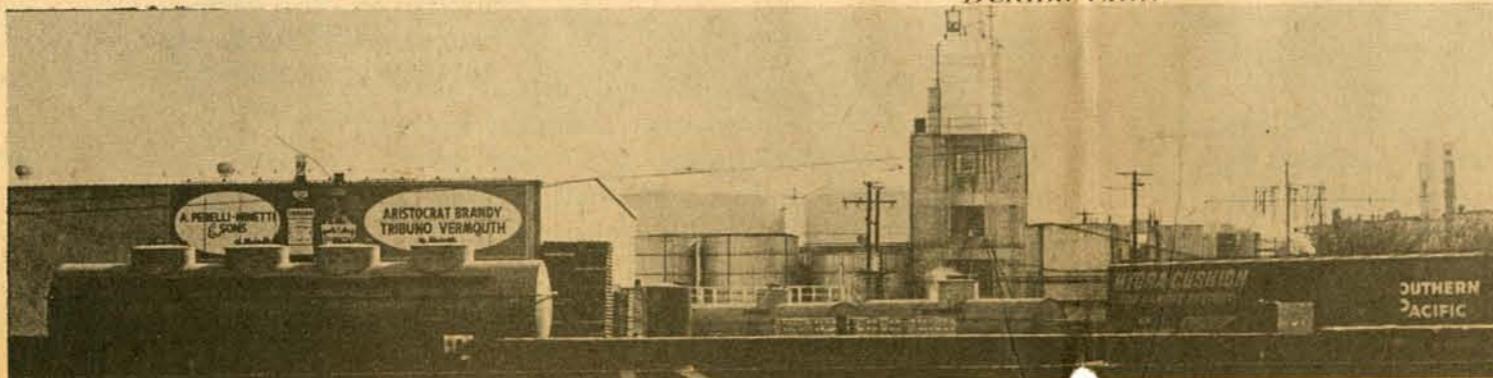
A. Perelli-Minetti & Sons

GROWERS - PRODUCERS
OF

Choice Wines & Brandies

P.O. BOX 818

Delano Calif



In 1966 the strike finally came to Perelli-Minetti. When the union wins, the bosses will have to obey a contract and the law.

A detail that must be known to see the bad faith of the company and its managers, is the fact that during the meeting, Bill Minetti and his foreman, Pedro Gallegos, refused to talk Spanish, though they knew perfectly well that there were many workers there that did not understand English. Someone asked Gallegos to translate what Minetti was saying. Gallegos refused to translate, and the meeting continued in English, but they did take the name of the "agitator" who wanted a translator, so he could be fired later.

Since every check was ready to be given to the workers, with Social Security and taxes already deducted, and such checks were returned to the boss, the result is that the amount of money deducted may never have reached the government, but instead may have gone into the already fat account of Perelli-Minetti. EL MALCRIADO is not certain of this, and does not(yet) accuse the bosses of pocketing these deductions, but we do demand a full government investigation of the whole scandal.

BUT THERE IS STILL MORE:

There are other cases. There is the case of another worker (his name withheld to protect him), who received a letter from the government office in which they notified him that Perelli-Minetti owed him \$326.04 in back wages. But he received from them only \$80. WHAT HAPPENED TO THE REST OF THE MONEY??? The rest must be in the Bank Account of Perelli-Minetti and Sons.

Another worker was due \$900.00. But they were going

(Continuation Page 22)

Letters to the Editor

NO STAMPS?

Sr. El Mal criado,

I want you to do me a favor to put the following in your paper. I am working in a packing shed in Del Rey, a packing shed belonging to Chooligan Bros. And unfortunately the union of the Teamsters got to it here about three years ago. This summer we qualified for vacations but they did not give it to one of my fellow workers. He went to the office of the Big Dogs, the Teamsters. They told him to go get his check stubs. When he gave them the stubs, they said, "Ofcourse, he is qualified to have a vacation." So it results that now my friend waited and waited. And nothing happened. So he went back to the Teamsters Office again and again until finally they said he didn't deserve a vacation. So I want you to do me the favor to publish this, so that everyone inthe state knows what crooked things those dogs do. We all know where they keep their biggest dog for doing crooked things.

Que Viva la Causa! (Even if I don't need a strike now!) Anyway, I support you, because we all belong to the Underdogs, and must all fight for our dignity.

M. A.
Del Rey

Sr. Editor:

On the 6th of October of this year, I suscribed to El Malcriado, and I still haven't received it yet. What's wrong? Dont you have enough money to buy stamps? Since I didn't get my copy, I went to borrow a friend's copy, and he told me that he had the same trouble, and had not received it yet. Why can't you send the paper? If you don't have the money for stamps, tell us, so I can send you the money. BUT SEND MALCRIADO AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!! Your servant for sure,

Adan Ybarra C.
Weslaco, Texas

Friend Ybarra, we're sorry to be slow, and you will receive EL MALCRIADO soon. Mail to Texas takes a long time. And, yes, we do have stamps-- we print our own!

Dear Sirs---

I read the stupid things of that idiot who sent the letter about the march to Sacramento, calling us bugs... He sounds like the Ku Klux Klan. In my opinion he is a big-snouted pig and he thinks he is so superior. He doesn't realize that he is ridiculous. This damn coward is one of those that are sellouts to the bosses, like slaves. I have many more things to tell him, but I don't want to lower myself to his level. But I'll tell him this, when we the workers of Earlimart read his letter, we didn't have a very high opinion of the woman who brought brought him into the world. And with that, we've told him about everything that we think of him.

Sincerely,
B. Huerta, Earlimart



What The People Are Thinking

SCAB QUEEN'S LAWYERS COMPLAIN

Gentlemen:
 Mr. Ralph Ruiz and his wife, Mary Ruiz have asked me to write to you with respect to your publication No. 46, and particularly page 19 thereof.

At page 19 you refer to "Mary Ruiz and her husband, contractors, who were kicked out of Schenley and DiGiorgio."

The foregoing quoted part of your publication is incorrect in that, first of all, Mr. Ruiz is not a contractor. Only Mary Ruiz is a labor contractor. And second, by the word "kicked" you imply that they were discharged from Schen-



Scab Queen

ley and DiGiorgio for unsatisfactory work, which is not the case.

If you wish to confirm the foregoing, you can contact R. L. Meyer of DiGiorgio Fruit Corporation, who will inform you that Mary Ruiz and her crews have performed in a satisfactory manner this year and will be rehired whenever the need arises.

If you contact Mr. E. L. Redger of Schenley Industries, you will learn that Mary Ruiz did satisfactory work for Schenley this year, and her services were terminated only because the pruning operations were completed.

You are hereby requested to promptly print a satisfactory correction and retraction concerning the aforementioned errors as soon as possible.

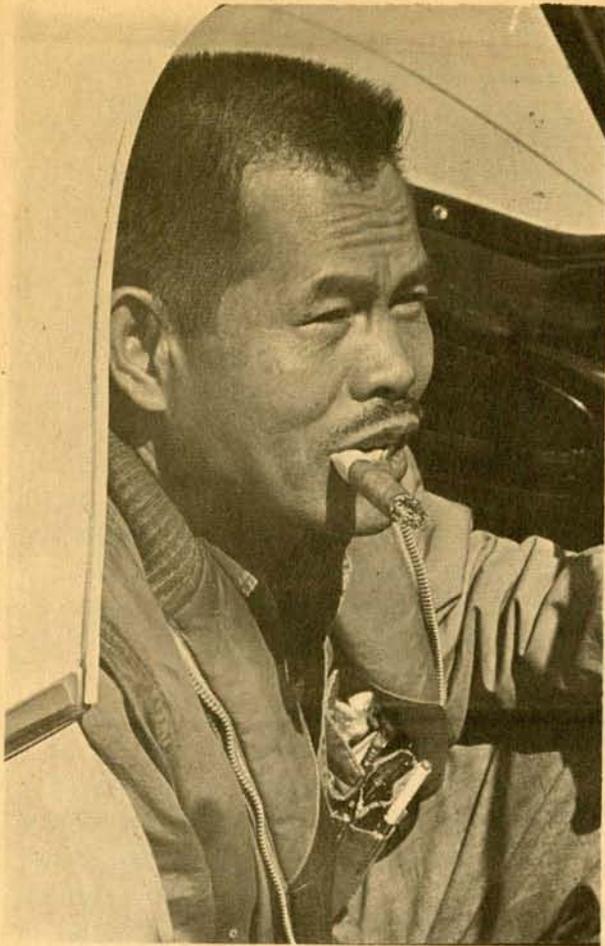
Thank you for your cooperation.

Yours very truly,
 Lewis A. Moe
 Attorney at Law

EL MALCRIADO SAYS:
 Poor Scab-Queen, losing your jobs when the union won!!!! The union kicked you out of Schenley and DiGiorgio, because you and your whole breed of contractors are parasites. You will never be rehired by any ranch that has a good contract with the Farm Workers Association. And your high-paid lawyers cannot get your jobs back, no matter how hard they try.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|---|----|----|----|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|----|----|---|----|----|---|---|--|---|
| 1 | A | 2 | M | 3 | B | 4 | A | 5 | S | 6 | S | 7 | A | 8 | D | 9 | O | R | | |
| 10 | G | A | R | 11 | Y | | | | | 12 | U | D | I | S | U | E | | | | |
| 13 | R | N | | 14 | A | I | L | E | S | 15 | L | M | | | | | | | | |
| 16 | I | U | D | 17 | L | O | L | A | 18 | P | O | O | R | | | 20 | | | | |
| 21 | B | E | T | A | B | E | L | O | 22 | O | R | O | | | | | | | | |
| 23 | U | L | S | 24 | I | S | N | O | T | | | 27 | B | T | | | | | | |
| | S | 28 | A | 29 | R | T | I | C | H | O | 30 | K | E | S | 31 | | | | | |
| 32 | I | C | E | | | | | | | | | 33 | E | A | T | | | | | |
| | N | L | 34 | V | | | | | | | | | N | N | R | | | | | |
| 35 | E | U | A | | | | | | | | | | 36 | N | S | I | | | | |
| 37 | S | 38 | A | D | | | | | | | | M | E | E | K | | | | | |
| 40 | S | T | O | C | K | T | O | N | 41 | D | I | E | | | | | | | | |
| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | Y |

SOLUTION TO
LAST WEEK'S
PUZZLE



A Man of

border and the sugar-beet fields of Montana to the desert valleys near Mexico.

Larry still remembers his first strike as if it were yesterday. He was 16 and supporting himself (his family remained in the Philippines). He and about 1000 other Filipinos were picking lettuce for a big grower in Monroe, Washington State. Larry had already suffered a serious injury to one of his hands, but even one-handed, he could pick as fast as some of the best of them. The field workers were getting 80¢ a DAY in those days. The grower also had a big packing shed, with about 300 Anglo women and it was these women who started the strike. "They asked for 15¢ an hour", Larry recalls, "and when the boss refused, they went on strike. They asked us to join them, and we decided to ask for a raise, too." The strike went on for several weeks, and finally the grower gave in and raised the packing wage to 15¢ an hour. But the field workers were left at 80¢ a day.

Larry Itliong was only 15 when he left his family and his home town, San Nicolas, in the Philippine Islands. It was 1929 and young Larry set out across the ocean for booming, prosperous America, to get an education and to make his fortune. Larry Itliong never got rich. And as for his education, he recalls, "I only went to school for three months in this country. I was in Seattle. I soon ran out of money and I couldn't even buy lunch. So I had to go to work in the fields." But Larry has something that money can't buy, that you can't obtain by reading books. Larry has the loyalty, respect, gratitude, and admiration of thousands of Filipino and Mexican-American farm workers whom he has been helping over the past 30 years.

Larry Itliong is the Assistant Director of the the United Farm Workers Association, and is Cesar Chavez's partner in the drive to win decent wages and justice for California's and the nation's farm workers. Larry has tasted the bitter injustices of farm work for almost four decades, has worked in almost every crop grown on the Pacific coast, and has worked from the cold Canadian

"After that", Larry recalls, "I hit the road. I used to ride the trains all over the place, a regular tramp. I'd go wherever there was work. We had a route, and in the off-seasons we would hit the docks." Larry got work with the fishing fleets, out of San Pedro, Seattle, and even Alaska, when there was no work in the fields. And this first really successful organizing was related to this, when he helped organize the salmon and sardine cannery workers in the San Pedro-Wilmington area. The Filipino Community there, over 500 workers, elected him their leader. He was already a highly-skilled and very able organizer by then, and only 23 years old.

By this time Larry realized the value of unity, of working together, and he became more determined than ever to help the Filipino workers and all farm workers to form a strong union that could bring them justice. During the next 20 years he

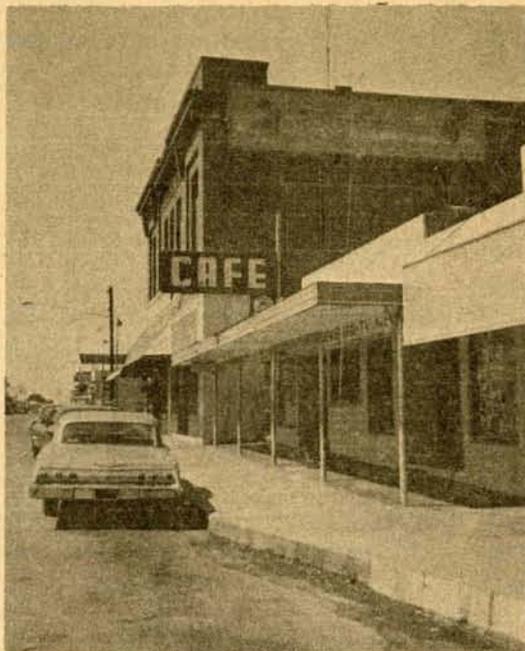
Dedication

worked for several unions, including the AFL-CIO and the Longshoremen, and also did a lot on his own, apreading his ideas about how workers could benefit if they helped each other and worked togethr. In the mid-1950's, while living in Stockton, he met Dolores Huerta, and they soon became close friends. They had a common goal, and realized that they were both trying to do the same thing to help the worker Dolores Huerta is now one of the Union's Vice-presidents.

In May of 1960, Larry began working full-time trying to build a union for farm workers, and Delano soon became the center of the best organized and most dedicated Filipino farm workers in the state. In August of 1965, the Filipinos decided that they had had enough of the bad wages and cheating growers. They voted to demand a wage of \$1.40 an hour and a written contract, the protection of their union, the A.W.O.C. When the growers refused, the workers went on strike, on September 9, 1965, with Larry Itliong as their leader. The Mexican-American farm workers under Cesar Chavez voted to join the strike a week later. Larry hasn't had much peace since then. He has worked closely and tirelessly with Cesar Chavez to plan the strategy of the strike. And much of the credit for the Schenley and DiGiorgio victories goes to the Filipino farm workers under Larry's leadership.

There is still a long road ahead, but Larry Itliong is not afraid of the challenge. He turned his back on the security of an easy life at home, when he left the Philipines 37 years ago. And with leaders like Larry and Cesar, and with the tenacity, bravery, and determination like that shown by the workers of Delano, all races working together, we will soon bring justice to every field and ranch in California and throughtout the nation.

What is the Name of This Town?



In the last issue, there were many correct answers to the Game of the Towns, which was SANTA PAULA. The winners were Maxine Neal and Lazara A. Gomez, both of Santa Paula.

Eleven Cellars

SCAB *California* **BURGUNDY**

ALCOHOL 12% BY VOLUME

BWC-52

SELECTED BY CALIFORNIA WINE ASSOCIATION from the culture of its famous wineries SAN FRANCISCO CALIF.

The Tale of The Raza by Luis Valdez



THE REVOLT IN DELANO is more than a labor struggle. Mexican grape pickers did not march 300 miles to Sacramento, carrying the standard of the *Virgen de Guadalupe*, merely to dramatize economic grievances. Beyond unionization, beyond politics, there is the desire of a New World race to reconcile the conflicts of its 500-year-old history. *La Raza* is trying to find its place in the sun it once worshipped as a Supreme Being.

La Raza, the race, is the Mexican people. Sentimental and cynical, fierce and docile, faithful and treacherous, individualistic and herd-following, in love with life and obsessed with death, the personality of the *raza* encompasses all the complexity of our history. The conquest of Mexico was no conquest at all. It shattered our ancient Indian universe, but more of it was left above ground than beans and tortillas. Below the foundations of our Spanish culture, we still sense the ruins of an entirely different civilization.

Most of us know we are not European simply by looking in a mirror — the shape of the eyes, the curve of the nose, the color of skin, the texture of hair; these things belong to another time, another people. Together with a million little stubborn mannerisms, beliefs, myths, superstitions, words, thoughts — things not so easily detected — they fill our Spanish life with Indian contradictions. It is not enough to say we suffer an identity crisis, because that crisis has been our way of life for the last five centuries.

That we Mexicans speak of ourselves as a “race” is the biggest contradiction of them all. The *conquistadores*, of course, mated with their Indian women with customary abandon, creating a nation of bewildered half-breeds in countless shapes, colors and sizes. Unlike our fathers and mothers, unlike each other, we *mestizos* solved the problem with poetic license and called ourselves *la raza*. A Mexican’s first loyalty — when one of us is threatened by strangers from the outside — is to that race. Either we recognize our total unity on the basis of *raza*, or the ghosts of a 100,000 feuding Indian tribes, bloods and mores will come back to haunt us.

Just 50 years ago the Revolution of 1910 unleashed such a terrible social upheaval that it took 10 years of insane slaughter to calm the ghosts of the past. The Revolution took Mexico from the hands of New World Spaniards (who in turn were selling it to American and British inter-

ests) and gave it, for the first time and at the price of a million murders, to the Mexicans.

Any Mexican deeply loves his *mestizo patria*, even those who, like myself, were born in the United States. At best, our cultural schizophrenia has led us to action through the all-encompassing poetry of religion, which is a fancy way of saying blind faith. The Virgin of Guadalupe, the supreme poetic expression of our Mexican desire to be one people, has inspired Mexicans more than once to social revolution. At worst, our two-sidedness has led us to inaction. The last divine Aztec emperor Cuauhtemoc was murdered in the jungles of Guatemala, and his descendants were put to work in the fields. We are still there, in dry, plain, American Delano.

It was the triple magnetism of *raza*, *patria*, and the Virgin of Guadalupe which organized the Mexican-American farm worker in Delano — that and Cesar Chavez. Chavez was not a traditional bombastic Mexican revolutionary; nor was he a *gavacho*, a gringo, a white social worker type. Both types had tried to organize the *raza* in America and failed. Here was Cesar, burning with a patient fire, poor like us, dark like us, talking quietly, moving people to talk about their problems, attacking the little problems first, and suggesting, always suggesting — never more than that — solutions that seemed attainable. We didn’t know it until we met him, but he was the leader we had been waiting for.

Although he sometimes reminds one of Benito Juarez, Cesar is our first real *Mexican-American* leader. Used to hybrid forms, the *raza* includes all Mexicans, even hyphenated Mexican-Americans; but divergent histories are slowly making the *raza* in the United States different from the *raza* in Mexico. We who were born here missed out on the chief legacy of the Revolution: the chance to forge a nation true to all the forces that have molded us, to be one people. Now we must seek our own destiny, and Delano is only the beginning of our active search. For the last hundred years our revolutionary progress has not only been frustrated, it has been totally suppressed. This is a society largely hostile to our cultural values. There is no poetry about the United States. No depth, no faith; no allowance for human contrariness. No soul, no mariachi, no chili sauce, no pulque, no mysticism, no *chingaderas*.

Our *campesinos*, the farm-working *raza*, find it difficult to participate in this alien North-American country. The acculturated Mexican-Americans in the cities, *ex-raza*, find it easier. They have solved their Mexican contradictions with a pungent dose of Americanism, and are more concerned with status, money and bad breath than with their ultimate destiny. In a generation or two they will melt into the American pot and be no more. But the farmworking *raza* will not disappear so easily.



THE PILGRIMAGE TO SACRAMENTO was no mere publicity trick. The *raza* has a tradition of migrations, starting from the legend of the founding of Mexico. Nezahualcoyotl, a great Indian leader, advised his primitive *Chichimecas*, forerunners of the Aztecs, to begin a march to the south. In that march, he prophesied, the children would age and the old would die, but their grandchildren would come to a great lake. In that lake they would find an eagle devouring a serpent, and on that spot, they would begin to build a great nation. The nation was Aztec Mexico, and the eagle and the serpent are the symbols of the *patria*. They are emblazoned on the Mexican flag, which the marchers took to Sacramento with pride.

Then there is the other type of migration. When the migrant farm laborer followed the crops, he was only reacting to the way he saw the American *raza*: no unity, no representation, no roots. The pilgrimage was a truly religious act, a rejection of our past in this country and a symbol of our unity and new direction. It is of no lasting significance that Governor Brown was not at the Capitol to greet us. The unity of thousands of *raza* on the Capitol steps was reason enough for our march. Under the name of HUELGA we had created a Mexican-American *patria*, and Cesar Chavez was our first *Presidente*.

Huelga means strike. With the poetic instinct of the *raza*, the Delano grape strikers have made it mean a dozen other things. It is a declaration, a challenge, a greeting, a feeling, a movement. We cried *Huelga!* to the scabs, *Huelga!* to the labor contractors, to the growers, to Governor Brown. With the Schenley and DiGiorgio boycotts, it was *Huelga!* to the whole country. It is the most significant word in our entire Mexican-American history. If the *raza* of Mexico believes in *La Patria*, we believe in *La Huelga*.

The route of the pilgrimage was planned so that the *Huelga* could reach all the farmworkers of the San Joaquin Valley. Dependent as we were on each farmworking town for food and shelter, we knew the *raza* would not turn us down. "*Mi casa es suya*," is the precept of Mexican hospitality: "My house is yours."

The Virgin of Guadalupe was the first hint to farmworkers that the pilgrimage implied social revolution. During the Mexican Revolution, the peasant armies of Emiliano Zapata carried her standard, not only because they sought her divine protection, but because she symbolized the Mexico of the poor and humble. It was a simple Mexican Indian, Juan Diego, who first saw her in a vision at Guadalupe. Beautifully dark and Indian in feature, she was the New World version of the Mother of Christ. Even though some of her worshippers in Mexico still identify her with Tonatzin, an Aztec goddess, she is a

Catholic saint of Indian creation — a Mexican. The people's response was immediate and reverent. They joined the march by the thousands, falling in line behind her standard. To the Catholic hypocrites against the pilgrimage and strike the Virgin said *Huelga!*

The struggle for better wages and better working conditions in Delano is but the first, realistic articulation of our need for unity. To emerge from the mire of our past in the United States, to leave behind the divisive, deadening influence of poverty, we must have bargaining power. We must have unions. To the farmworkers who joined the pilgrimage, this cultural pride was revolutionary. There were old symbols — Zapata lapel buttons — and new symbols standing for new social protest and revolt; the red thunderbird flags of the NFWA, picket signs, arm bands.

There were also political rallies in the smallest towns of the San Joaquin Valley. Sometimes they were the biggest things that had ever happened in town. Every meeting included a reading of El Plan de Delano, a "plan of liberation" for all farmworkers in the language of the picket line: ". . . our path travels through a valley well known to all Mexican farmworkers. We know all of these towns . . . because along this very same road, in this very same valley, the Mexican race has sacrificed itself for the last 100 years . . . This is the beginning of a social movement in fact and not in pronouncements . . . We shall unite . . . We shall strike . . . Our PILGRIMAGE is the MATCH that will light our cause for all farmworkers to see what is happening here, so that they may do as we have done . . . VIVA LA CAUSE! VIVA LA HUELGA!"

The rallies were like religious revivals. At each new town, they were waiting to greet us and offer us their best — mariachis, embraces, words of encouragement for the strike, prayers, rosaries, sweet cakes, fruit and iced tea. Hundreds walked, ran or drove up to the march and donated what little money they could afford. The countless gestures of sympathy and solidarity was like nothing the *raza* had ever seen.

THE NFWA IS A RADICAL union because it started, and continues to grow, as a community organization. Its store, cafeteria, clinic, garage, newspaper and weekly meeting have established a sense of community the Delano farmworker will not relinquish. After years of isolation in the *barrios* of Great Valley slum towns like Delano, after years of living in labor camps and ranches at the mercy and caprice of growers and contractors, the Mexican-American farmworker is developing his own ideas about living in the United States.

For millions of farmworkers, from the Mexicans and Philipinos of the West to the Afro-Americans of the South, the United States has come to a social, political and cultural impasse. Listen to these people, and you will hear the first murmurings of revolution.



PLEASE HELP US BOYCOTT ALL PERELLI-MINETTI PRODUCTS



Clip and mail to:
ANTONIO PERELLI-MINETTI
Pond Road and HWY 99
McFARLAND, CALIF. 93250

Clip and mail to:
UNITED FARM WORKERS, AFL-CIO
P. O. Box 130
DELANO, CALIF. 91215

SIRS: WE ARE PARTICIPATING IN A CONSUMER BOYCOTT OF ALL YOUR PRODUCTS UNTIL YOU ENTER INTO COLLECTIVE BARGAINING WITH THE CHOSEN REPRESENTATIVES OF YOUR STRIKING FARM WORKERS. DON'T HURT YOUR SELVES BY DELAY. NEGOTIATE A LEGITIMATE CONTRACT WITH THE UNITED FARM WORKERS.

Signed: _____

Address: _____

ORGANIZATION: _____

Friends, We have notified Perelli-Minetti of our participation in the boycott. We wish you further success in building a union to protect farm workers.

(Enclosed, a check for \$ _____)
(Please send _____ leaflets or boycott cards.)

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY & ZIP: _____

Organization: _____

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|---|----|---|---|----|--|----|----|----|----|----|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| | | 13 | | 14 | | | 15 | | | | |
| | 16 | | |  | | 17 | | | | | |
| | 18 | | | | | 19 | | | | | 20 |
| | 21 | | | | 23 | | 25 | 26 | | | |
| 27 | 28 | | | 30 | | 31 | | | | | |
| 32 | | 33 | | | | | | | | | |
| |  | | | | | | | 34 | | | |
| | | | | | | | | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 |
| | | | | | | | | 39 | | | |
| 40 | | | | | |  GOLDBERG'S LABEL | | 41 | | | |

MALCRIA DOGRAM

across

- "Bad situation"(abbreviation)
- Delano rancher whose wife eats turkey
- A variation of pig latin.
- Violation of a moral principle.
- A greeting.
- Delicate work in the rose crop.
- Robert(abbreviation)
- A turn in Spanish.
- George Meany's better half.
- They said she'd walk down it one day.
- "Farm labor conditions are still the same as in the eighteenth _____."
- They said it would take this long to organize the campesinos.
- The Delano shrine car is a _____.
- All the compass directions.
- Pertaining to the back of an animal.
- The place where the action is.
- Buddhist sacred word.
- Buddhist teacher.
- A single time
- Delano scab queen.
- Town near Ventura.
- First name of grower whose label is pictured above("Rennie Boy")

down

- New book from Farm Worker Press.
- South of Carmel: Big _____.
- Variety of grape.
- Delano rancher and packer.
- 1963 song title, "Big _____"
- Exclamation of surprise or pain.
- "_____ la causa."
- "International Grape Unpackers Institute(Abbreviation)
- First name of Fresno campesino leader
- Stay at home on this night.
- Many times.
- "Union" of parents.
- Game called "football" in Europe.
- To take out.
- Expression of disgust.
- This is what DiGiorgio will have to say, sooner or later.
- Mother
- "Heroes of the _____" pictured above.
- What do you put grapes in?
- What do labor contractors do?
- Union of judges and undertakers(abbr.)
- Instructors in American Revolution(ab.
- The 5 numbers at the end of an address

THE HOT LINE



LINDSAY: Last spring, workers in five citrus packing sheds in Tulare County voted to have a union protect them. This week the workers finally gave their bosses a list of demands for a contract to cover them in the coming season. They are demanding a written contract, wage raises, and many fringe benefits. Hopefully, the organizing drive will be increased this winter and spring, so that by the end of the season, every shed worker in Tulare and Fresno Counties will be covered by a contract.

VISALIA: Last October, Bruno Dispoto complained that Cesar Chavez and two priests had flown over his vineyards and talked to his workers through a loudspeaker. Dispoto told the Tulare cops to arrest Cesar, and they did. Cesar said that he had broken no law, and lawyers said that if there was such a law, forbidding a person to fly over a field and talk to the workers, such a law would be unconstitutional. Last week, Judge John Locke of Visalia gave his opinion that the "loudspeaker law" was "unconstitutional, hence, invalid". But he said that he did not have the power to dismiss the case, so it will probably go to the Supreme Court.



SCANDAL

(Continued from page 13)

to give him only \$90 (and he returned even that, because he didn't want to be fired).

And it seems that Perelli-Minetti may have even broken the Post Office Laws. Because the letters that were sent to the workers by the government, notifying them of the amount of money that the company should pay, these letters may have been intercepted by the bosses at Perelli-Minetti and destroyed. It is a fact that the letters to the workers were addressed in care of the company, and almost no workers ever got these letters. The cases of the few workers who did receive these letters was an exception, and the bosses quickly took these letters away from the workers who had gotten hold of them.

Among those who had gotten fired, because they refused to return the money which was rightfully theirs, and in a way refused to be accomplices in this gigantic swindle and fraud of the government and workers, are the following: Procoro Martinez, Federico Lopez, Erasmo Ortiz, Antonio Coronado, Jose Guadalupe Gonzales, and his wife, Esther Gonzales. All are easy to get in touch with, and all will tell you how Minetti tried to cheat them.



LENDED AND BOTTLED BY CALIFORNIA WINE ASSOCIATION
 DELANO, CALIFORNIA 80 PROOF

All of this, even if it is a fantastic Swindle and Fraud on a colossal scale, all of this is just a small part of the things that happen every day in the Perelli-Minetti Corporation. Will the tax agents, Social Security and Post Office Officials, and the National Labor Relations Board be interested in this case????

"BEST PHOTO BOOK SINCE "THE FAMILY OF MAN""

-- EL MALCRIADO

BASTA!

AVAILABLE NOW! BUY COPIES FOR
YOUR FRIENDS.....

To: Farm Worker Press, Box 1060, Delano, Calif

SEND ME _____ COPIES OF "BASTA!: The Tale of
Our Struggle" Deluxe Edition \$2.50 each.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Total enclosed.....\$ _____



BASTA!

Photos of
the battle for dignity in the
fields of California. By George
Ballis with text in Spanish and
English from the Plan of Delano

NOW: The First Record Album from the Strike



LONG PLAY-
-33 RPM
\$4.25 BY MAIL
INCL. TAX

SEND TODAY--MANDELO AHORITA
FARM WORKER PRESS, BOX 1060, DELANO, CALIF.

1. NINOS CAMPESINOS-Valdez-1:30
2. HUELGA EN GENERAL-Valdez-3:33
3. AY PERO SI, PERO NO-Cantu-2:24
4. CORRIDO DE CESAR CHAVEZ-Cantu-2:30
5. LA PEREGRINACION-Lira-1:55
6. ADELITA-2:05
7. YO NO LE TENGO MIEDO-Lira-1:30
8. DE COLORES-1:45
9. LLEGANDO A LOS FILES-Lira-1:30
10. SER COMO EL AIRE LIBRE-Lira-2:00

SIDE TWO

1. Sounds of the Strikers
(Sones de la Peregrinacion)
2. El Plan de Delano

Farm Worker Press
Box 1060
Delano, California,

Kappa Adair
489 W. 6th St.
Claremont, Calif 91711

