



DE LOS LLANOS

(THE VOICE OF THE PLAINS)

"A BILINGUAL WEEKLY"



SPECIAL ISSUE EDICION ESPECIAL

LA VOZ DE LOS LLANOS 1007 A AVE G LUBBOCK, TEXAS 79401 (THE VOICE OF THE PLAINS - A BILINGUAL WEEKLY) Southwest Collection Texas Tech. College P.O. Box 4990 Lubbock, Texas 79409

Vol. II No. 6

Viernes 6 de Febrero de 1970

Lubbock, Texas

PAULINA JACOBO runs for COMMISSIONER



H. D. (Heavy Duty) WHITE

WHITE RUNS FOR COMMISSIONER

H.D. (Heavy Duty) White is one of the five candidates running for County Commissioner of Precinct 4. The 4 Democratic candidates are incumbent Alton Brazzell, Paulina Jacobo, White, and Robert Porter. The Republican candidate is D.R. Banning.

White who is a water wells drilling contractor has lived in Lubbock for 25 years with his wife and 3 children.

A precinct Chairman, of box 4 for 16 yrs. White promises to be a fulltime employee, and "to give consideration for the Spanish people in the county".

About incumbent Alton Brazzell, White, said, "We have asked the County Commissioner to give us his opinion in juvenile courts for the last 4 years. We are still waiting for his opinion."

MONUMENT TO CHE

Santiago, Chile. A monument to the controversial Guerrilla leader, Che Guevara, will be erected in a street of Santiago.

The inauguration is arranged and the Argentine-Cuban guerrilla will be posing in violent attitude clutching a machinegun, arms upraised. It is not known whether the Government approves.

The monument was cast by Chilean sculptor Praxiteles Vazquez.

and his creation were winners in a contest sponsored by San Miguel and its mayor, Specialist Tito Palestro.

The figure was done in a period of six months.

MISS PAULINA JACOBO ANNOUNCED HER CANDIDACY FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER, OF PRECINCT 4, LUBBOCK COUNTY, IN THE DEMOCRATIC PRIMARIES.

MISS JACOBO, STATE PRESIDENT OF CITIZENS FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE IS A GRADUATE STUDENT AT TEXAS TECH. SHE STUDIED UNDER A FULLBRIGHT SCHOLARSHIP IN EUROPE, PURSUING GRADUATE STUDIES AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MADRID. SHE RESIDES AT 2917 2nd STREET.

"THE JOB OF COUNTY COMMISSIONER CALLS FOR FULL TIME ATTENTION, AND I INTEND TO BE ON THE JOB EVERY DAY."

"OUR CITY AND COUNTY MUST PROCEED IMMEDIATELY TO CONSTRUCT A JUVENILE DETENTION HOME. IT IS A RIDICULOUS WASTE OF MONEY TO SPEND THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS TO "STUDY" PREVIOUS STUDIES. SINCE 1952, WHEN THE FIRST STUDY

RECOMMENDED SUCH A HOME FOR LUBBOCK, WE HAVE NEEDED ACTION, NOT TALK OR "STUDIES." NO MORE CHILDREN'S LIVES MAY BE SACRIFICED WHILE "STUDIES" ARE CONDUCTED AT GREAT EXPENSE IN TIME AND MONEY!" MISS JACOBO WAS REFERRING TO THE RECENT DEATH OF A 13 YEAR OLD BOY IN THE LUBBOCK COUNTY JAIL.

STORE LOOSES YOUNG

Wednesday, the Posey Community Store created by Mrs. Annie Mae Jones, Roberta Bascus, Jim Powell and George Magee lost their most faithful and consistent contributor of people— Johnny Young who passed away.

Young, of 1114 Nutmeg spent 8 hours a day managing the store at 1514 E. Broadway. Young volunteered all of this time in spite of the fact that he was partially disabled and could not walk.

The store is a community project where people may take anything to be sold. They receive their money when the articles are sold. Anyone wishing to contribute articles for sale may bring them by the Broadway location.

La Voz joins all the people in the recognition of Mr. Johnny Young who volunteered his latter life to being of service to people.



Roberta Bascus, Johnny Young and Mrs. Annie Mae Jones at the store.

Monumento al "Che" en Santiago

SANTIAGO, Chile. 15 (AFP). Un monumento a la discutida figura del guerrillero Ernesto "Che" Guevara se levantará en una avenida de Santiago.

Todo está dispuesto para la inauguración del monumento, que representa al guerrillero argentino-cubano en actitud violenta con los brazos en alto presionando con sus manos una metralla, pero se ignora si se cuenta con el beneplácito del gobierno.

El monumento, de dos metros 30 centímetros, fue

fundido por el escultor chileno Praxiteles Vazquez, tras ganar un concurso organizado por la municipalidad de San Miguel, en Santiago, cuyo alcalde Tito Palestro, es socialista de partido.

El artista demoró seis meses en terminar la impresionante figura del mártir guerrillero.

KALEIDOSCOPIO

La Srta. Paulina Jacobo da las mas sinceras gracias a La Malinche y su amable personal por La Fiesta Mexicana.

El Sr. Alfredo Acuña y su Esposa, procedentes de Tucson, Arizona, visitando a la Sra. Varela (Tia Chema) de paso tambien visita a la Sra. María G. de Leon.

Carlos y Willie muy amables con su clientela. Son puro corazón - Éxito con el

La Voz y su personal sorprenden a su gerente James Swann, con una pequeña fiesta para celebrar su cumpleaños. - El pastel estaba precioso!

POLITICAL CHIT-CHAT

Rumors, rumors. But very interesting rumors. The Blacks and Browns and even the Anglos seem to be getting together. People are talking about a Chicano ticket, a Black ticket and even a Liberal ticket.

There seems to be a coalition of color a kaleidoscope of peoples shades is paleting. names are coming up. Miss Jacobo has been the brash one, but others are moving too. But all together it seems. Brothers are consulting brothers. A thing of beauty is a joy forever.

Is Maurice Richard running?— The bright young Black, and Johnson, Dr. Heenan Johnson. Then Froylan Salinas. Betty Anderson, a cool conservative lady. How about

about Garcia, the miracle of the curio? Mariano Garcia? Mary Lou de la Cerda? Winnie the Pooh? How about Harold Chapman and David Sowell?

But then come the dark forces. Is Mae Turner planning something? And who is Harvey Murdock who filed for City Council? But is it not interesting to have five candidates for County Commissioners of Precinct 4? and what is everyone running for?

MISS JACOBO IS TRULY THE "PEOPLE'S REPRESENTATIVE."

"WE WASTE TAXPAYERS MONEY BY DUPLICATING VAST AMOUNTS OF EQUIPMENT IN EACH OF OUR FOUR PRECINCTS -- EQUIPMENT WHICH COULD BE CENTRALLY WAREHOUSED AND USED IN EACH PRECINCT -- BUT WE HAVE FAILED TO SPEND MONEY OR EVIDENCED COMPASSION WHERE CHILDREN ARE CONCERNED.

A COMMISSIONER WHO IS PAID MORE THAN \$11,000.00 PER YEAR AND GIVEN \$1,500 PER YEAR CAR ALLOWANCE HAS HIRED OUT TO WORK FULL TIME FOR THE PEOPLE -- NOT TO SELL REAL ESTATE.

"I AM DEEPLY APPRECIATIVE OF THE OPPORTUNITY WHICH AMERICA HAS AFFORDED TO ME AND TO MY FAMILY, AND INCE THAT I CAN REPAY SOME OF MY DEBT TO THE PEOPLE OF TEXAS BY SERVING ALL OF THE PEOPLE AS COUNTY COMMISSIONER

MISS JACOBO'S FAMILY EMIGRATED FROM MEXICO WHEN SHE WAS TWO YERAS OF AGE. SHE GREW UP IN TEXAS, COMING TO LUBBOCK IN 1965. SINCE THEN SHE HAS BEEN ACTIVE IN ALL ORGANIZATIONS THAT ARE WORKING FOR A BETTER SOCIETY AND COMMUNITY RELATIONS. THIS YEAR MISS JACOBO HEADED THE TREMENDOUS VOTER REGISTRATION DRIVE IN A LLO F WEST TEXAS WITH CITIZENS FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE. SHE SAYS; "THE COMMUNITIES OF LUBBOCK COUNTY ARE RARELY GIVEN A VOICE IN THEIR GOVERNMENT. WE MUST ALLOW THE PEOPLE TO VOICE THEIR OPINION ONCE MORE AND MAKE THEIR OWN GOVERNMENT."



TACO EATING AFFAIR

The supper at Tia Chema's turned out to be one of the greatest events. Citizens of Social Justice sponsored this Taco-Eating Affair and all kinds of beautiful people were there; the McLarty's (both tribes) Roberto and Frances Perez the Taylors, the Rodriguez, (Jesse) and Luciano & Dora Cavazos of Lamesa as well as Father Pat Hoffman.

Also there were the Beasleys, Benny Bito and his wife, Carlson, Rulfe and Maria Rocha, Mark Smith, (he was passing a Mexican hat around) Tia Chema, the Settlers, Dale and Betsy Pontius, Helsen Baggett, husband Hill and Ruth Lewis.

Amidst the booming voice of Elias Maso and the piano of Elvira Estrada, were scattered Mary Lou de la Cerda, her brother Richard, Socorro Hernandez, Carmen & Paulina Jacobo, me, Susan Preston and her parents, the Kelleys, Mr. Samuel Guzman and Maria de Leon.

Also present and having fun were Don and Margaret Weeks, the Needles, Julie & Dr. Bernie Rosenblatt, the Bonningtons, Campbell the photographer (going wild), the Sandlins, the Colemans, John Duncan, Paulo and Mariana Gonzales.

If I have forgotten anyone it is due to the tequila.

PRICE RUNS

Dr. Noble H. Price of Lamesa has announced his candidacy as State Representative from the 73rd Texas Legislative District.

He has filed as a candidate in the May Democratic primary election for Lynn, Dawson, Andrews, Martig, Gaines and Yoakum Counties.

A native of West Texas, Dr. Price has served the area as a physician and surgeon in Lamesa for over 35 years. Appointed to the State Board of Health in 1966, Dr. Price has been instrumental

LAMESA CITIZENS

The newly organized Lamesa Chapter of the Ciudadanos Pro Justicia Social had its first meeting Friday Jan. 9 at St. Margaret's Mary Center.

The purpose of this meeting was to elect officers and to acquire new members.

President, Luciano Cavazos Jr. called the meeting to order and gave a short summary of the purpose and aim of the Ciudadanos.

The newly elected officers are: Treasurer, Mrs. Hortencia Rodriguez. Vice President, Luis Chapa Reporter, Sarah Gonzales, Guest speaker for the meeting was Mr. Frank Gomez from Corpus Christi.

Mr. Gomez is with the Housing and Urban Development Program and explain the propiations of 1 million dollars for St. gram which is directed by the Plains Hospital in Lubbock, as come families acquire well as funds for new re good living quarters in Brownfield and facilities. The new Lamesa Chapel, Plainview & Tahoka. Dr. and Mrs. Pri-ter acquired 29 members at the meeting. Sarah Gonzalez

TAHOKA SCHOOLS

TAHOKA--THE SCHOOL BOARD OF THE TAHOKA INDEPENDENT SCHOOL SYSTEM IS UNDER ATTACK FROM THE MEXICAN-AMERICAN COMMUNITY THERE. COMPLAINTS RANGE FROM THE LACK OF CHICANO TEACHERS AND TEACHER AIDS THROUGH PUNISHMENT FOR NOT BUYING OR BEING ABLE TO BUY CERTAIN EQUIPMENT FOR PHYSICAL EDUCATION, AND FORCING OF

see TAHOKA p. 3

EDITORIAL

Nephtali De León



EL FRACASO DE LA ESCUELA

Una maestra Anglo-Sajona llamó al canal 5 durante un programa llamado "Gente y Problemas de Lubbock". Quería saber como inducir a los estudiantes Mexicanos para que se quedaran en la escuela? Quería saber como inducir a los padres Mexicanos a que mantuvieran a sus hijos en las escuelas?

La razón porque me dejo atonito está pregunta fue porque estaba cargada de suposiciones falsas y no validas así como de una maravillosa vindicación propia.

La escuela es una fabrica, un negocio. Es el negocio de maestros, directores y superintendentes de educar. Y si fracasan en su negocio, es culpa de los gerentes y trabajadores — no de la materia joven y lista que se les da.

Así que hagamosnos la pregunta justa: Como inducir a las escuelas a que tengan éxito con la educación de los Mexicanos o de cualquier otra gente?

Pero si somos generosos hacia las escuelas y decimos que no han fracasado con el Anglo, seamos también intrepidos y digamos que han fracasado miserablemente con el Mexico-Americano.

Tenemos suficientes casos de eminencias en nuestra cultura para saber que no somos nada inferiores. Mas aun no podemos decir que es la intencion de las escuelas fracasarnos.

Entonces yo digo esto. Las escuelas nos fallan por falta de deseo de tratar de comprendernos; falta de deseo de reconocer el hecho de que somos de otra cultura, otro modo de vida. La escuela no quiere aprender a comunicarse con nosotros no quiere aprender nuestros símbolos, nuestras normas, nuestras filosofías, en fin — nuestra diferencia. Las escuelas nos fallan de pura irresponsabilidad.

Terrible es el crimen perpetrado por estas instituciones. Es el crimen de la distraccion.

Las escuelas producen no-pensadores de la mayoría de sus estudiantes. De algunos Mexico-Americanos hacen el estupro y "perritos falderos" del sistema o destruyen la cervidumbre y orgullo de la mayoría. El hecho de que quedan algunos libres pensadores entre los Mexicanos educados solamente habla de la grandeza y fuerza de nuestra raza.

Y porque deja la escuela el Mexico-Americano? Porque la escuela es una fuerza negativa en su vida. Podría aprender muchas cosas si se quedase en la escuela pero esto solo a un gran costo a su persona; solo como un huésped no aceptado, un forastero en su propia casa...

Podría ser el caso que el Mexicano es muy sensitivo? No cuando todo lo que el es, es criticado. No cuando tiene que someterse a la forma (molde) Anglo-Sajon.

Se le debe de permitir al Mexicano que sea lo que es, que se vea reflejado en los libros, en los programas, maestros, consejeros, conferenciantes, etc.

Por ejemplo, porque no tener todos los textos en Español, todos los maestros Mexicanos, oradores Mexicanos — que digan sus discursos en Español, comida (menudo y cortesías y todo en Español y para Mexicanos? Y al que no le guste esto que se salga de la escuela y si tanto le repulsa que se vaya para Inglaterra o de donde haya venido.

Solo comprendiendonos podremos tratarnos con igualdad — y solo juntandonos con una mente libre y corazón de hermano palpitante, podremos vivir en paz los unos con los otros.

WHY SCHOOLS FAIL

An Anglo teacher called channel 5 during a program called "People & Problems of Lubbock". She wanted to know "how to motivate the Mexican-American students to stay in school? She wanted to find out "how to motivate the M-A parents to keep their children in school?"

The question was remarkable on many levels. But it was shockingly loaded with false, non-valid suppositions & and brilliant self-vindication.

A school is a factory, a business. It is the business of teachers, principals, and superintendents to educate. If they fail at their business, then it is the fault of the managers and working force, not the fault of the ripe young product given them.

Therefore, let us ask the proper question: How can the schools be motivated to achieve success in educating the Mexican American — or anybody, for that matter.

But if we are kind to the schools and say that they have not failed the Anglo, we must also be intrepid and say that they have miserably failed the Mexican-American.

We have enough examples of eminence in our culture that we are in no way inferior. And yet we cannot say that it is the intent of the schools to fail us.

This then I would say. The school fails us out of an unwillingness to try to understand our ways; out of unwillingness to recognize the fact that we are of another culture, another style of life. The school is unwilling to learn how to communicate with us; unwilling to learn about our sets of symbols, our norms, our philosophy, in short — about our difference. The schools fail us out of sheer irresponsibility.

Terrible is the crime perpetrated by these institutions. It is the crime of destruction.

The schools produce non-thinkers of a majority of all its pupils. And as for Mexican-Americans, the schools either rape a few of them into becoming the system's pawns or totally crush the confidence and pride of the majority. The fact that there are some thinkers and free souls among the educated Mexican-Americans speak of the greatness and strength of our people.

And why does the Mexican-American leave school? Because school is a negative force in his life. Yes, he could learn much if he were to stay in school — but only at a great cost to himself; only as an unwelcomed guest — a foreigner in his own home...

But could the case be that he is ultra-sensitive? No, not when everything he is is frowned upon. Not when he must fit the Anglo mold awaiting him. The Anglos too must fit a mold, but one they cannot totally reject, for it is of their own making.

The Mexican-American should be allowed to be whatever he is. He should be allowed to see reflections of himself and his culture in his school texts, school programs, and school life (teachers, counselors, speakers, etc.)

Why not, for instance, have all the texts in Spanish, all the teachers Mexican-American, all the food Mexican-American, and all the courtesies and civil treatment given to Mexican-Americans and their parents. And whoever does not like this setup — should be a dropout. Whoever is still unhappy can go back to England or wherever Anglos came from.

Only by understanding will we treat each other equally — and only by getting together with an open loving mind, and a pulsating brother heart, will we be able to live at peace with each other.

CHRIS HARWELL ELECTION

There will be an election Monday night at the Cafeteria of Chris Harwell Elementary School at 41st & Ave. D.

A Representative of the poor will be elected to serve as area representative to the Community Action Agency which is the O.E. O. program in Lubbock. The purpose of the C. A. B. is to fight and eliminate poverty.

Father Aidan Donlon and Isidro Gutierrez will be in charge of the election. All citizens from that area should be present to elect their own representative.

Lawmakers Honored

More than 150 South Plains residents, all lily white, were present at a "Thank you" dinner at the Lubbock Country Club (wherever that is) last Monday evening.

This thank you deal was sponsored by the Board of Directors and the governmental affairs Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, Board of City Development.

The special big wheel gathering (contrary to what others may say) did have many a Mexican and Black present. It is true that neither the Negroes or Mexicans know what went on or what Sen. J. (Doc) Blanchard, Rep. R. B. McAlister, Rep. Delwin Jones and Rep. Elmer Tarbox, had to say. You see, the only Blacks and Browns present were serving all the elite gatherings.

One does wonder why the people have to serve the public servants, or why these men were honored.

Speaker of the house Gus Mutscher gave the principal(?) address at the gathering.

RINCON LITERARIO

WOMAN

My sister dear,
Of the obsidian eyes,
Of the steel gray eyes,
Of the emerald green eyes.

My sister dear, superfluous is the color of your eyes,
the color of your skin.
Only the spirit beauty of your Soul can matter,
Oh sister dear.
In your hands is the future of new generations;
As a mother, as a wife, or as a sweetheart,
As a daughter, or artlessly and simply as a friend...
My sister dear, you are the guide
for our loved ones of tomorrow.
My sister dear, be noble, be sweet, and understanding.
Your sister loves you.

XOCHITL

MUJER

Hermana mia,
La de ojos color de obsidiana.
La de los ojos grises cual acero.
La de los ojos verdes de esmeralda.

Hermana mia, no importa el color de tus ojos.
Ni el color de tu piel.
Lo que importa es la belleza espiritual de tu Ser.
Hermana mia,
En tus manos esta el futuro de las nuevas generaciones,
Como madre, como esposa, como novia,
Como hija, o simple y sencillamente como amiga...
Hermana mia, tu eres la guia...
para nuestros seres queridos del manana.

Hermana mia, se noble, se dulce y comprensiva.
Te ama tu hermana.

XOCHITL



House Speaker Gus Mutscher (second from left) laughs with Lubbock's legislative delegation at a banquet honoring them on January 19 in the Lubbock Country Club. Shown at the function, co-sponsored by the chamber board of directors and the Governmental Affairs Committee of the chamber, are (left to right) Rep. Delwin Jones, Mutscher, Sen. H. J. (Doc) Blanchard, Rep. Elmer Tarbox, and Rep. R. B. McAlister.

Letters To The Editor

Dear Sir,

I am writing you this letter because I have read your paper since its origin. You write about discrimination in this city against Mexican Americans.

Well this is about Methodist Hospital operating rooms. They have a school for surgical technicians but up to now there has never been one Mexican American who has finished this school. You see they are treated in such a way that they either quit or risk being fired. The only way Mexican-Americans can work in the operating room is as clean-up people. Or if they work for some individual doctor.

There was one boy of Mexican descent going to this school but has been fired for something or other. Same old story.

I don't think Mexican-Americans have been given the chance. Your paper might investigate this and write up on it. Maybe things can change. Maybe this boy can be given the chance to finish his course and take a job somewhere where Mexicans are given the chance to work like any other human.

I read you paper every week. I will be looking to hear about this until then I'll sign on as a friend.

Weekly Reader

Dear Weekly Reader,

Thank you for your letter. The points you bring up are well taken. In the near future I do plan to pay Methodist Hospital a Mexican visit.

Mr Charles A. Guy
Editor
Avalanche-Journal

The letter which your newspaper printed last Sunday from Miss Maria Vaca simply cannot go unchallenged. Although Miss Vaca is only 16 years and should be ignored, I feel that she has attacked a large segment of our Mexican-American tax paying society without really knowing her facts or her figures.

She assumes that all of us in the "Brown Ghettos" feel sorry for ourselves because we speak Spanish, and that we are all on welfare, because this is the American way of life. She is very mistaken and her parents are also very ill informed.

Evidently Miss Vaca has been brainwashed (probably by our public school system) and feels that it is disgraceful or even a mortal sin to speak Spanish. Her letter is poorly written in the language she professes to love. I would suggest that she devote more time to her English classes because she is way out in left field. I am really happy that she would prefer to speak English in public because I imagine her Spanish must be worse than her English if that is possible.

I do hope that more of our young people of Mexican-American descent do not share Miss Vaca's viewpoint. If they do, then Spanish, one of the greatest and most beautiful languages of all time, might wither and die. What a loss this would be to our community.

Sincerely Yours
Mrs. Francisco C. (Gloria) Carrillo

Letters To

The Editor

Editor
La Voz de los llanos

Sir,

I do not speak Spanish too well, but I will write a few lines to say that in my opinion, your paper says the truth about the life of a Chicano in Texas.

I am an Anglo, but there is in my heart a great part of Mexico and I like Mexican-American things and causes. Your paper is very necessary.

Viva! La Voz de los llanos!

Arnold A Williams
1405 Bramble Lane
Laurel, Maryland

Editor
La Voz de los llanos

Señor,

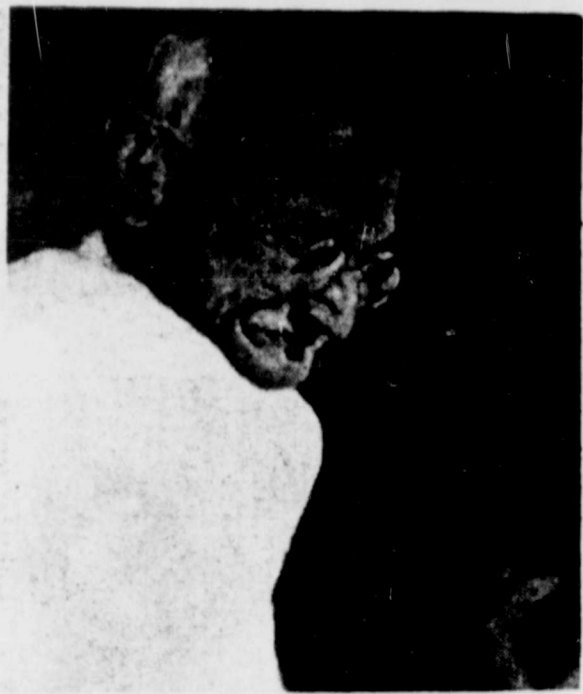
No hablo bien el Español, pero deseo escribir unas palabras para decir que en mi opinión, su periódico dice la verdad sobre la vida del Chicano en Texas hoy en día.

Soy un Anglo, pero en mi corazón hay una gran parte de Mexico y a mí me gustan las cosas y las causas Mexicanas. Su periódico es una cosa muy necesaria.

¡Viva La Voz de los llanos!

Arnold A. Williams
1405 Bramble Lane
Laurel, Maryland

Gandhi, Inspirador de paz e Ideas



PEACE

His teachings of non-violence, his thoughts on peace and freedom have made Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi an inspiration to the world, which so desires understanding and love among nations.

Gandhi inspired artists, poets, sculptors who have covered walls and show floors with his mystic figures. Politicians have begun to study his teachings and his way of life. Rabindranath Tagore, India's greatest poet-artist dedicated his most beautiful creations to this little man.

India, which for a long time was a remote and obscure land for the West, awoke the world during the 40's through the lone labors of one single man. His entire life was one of political & spiritual activities.

Never has there been a man in our times, a man who has achieved so much in such strange realms as this one politician whom people titled Saint. It has been said of Gandhi that "he had the power of a dictator and the spirit of a Democrat".

Enthusiastically he fought for liberty throughout his life — both spiritual and physical liberty. How often he proved that he was willing to suffer and die for freedom of his country and its oppressor, rather than incite anger or violence in the people.

Although Gandhi always shunned recognition and publicity and fled from greatness, he came to mean so much to his people that they gave him the name that we know him by "MAHATMA" which means vast soul, title given only to the saints. And it is said that such was his spiritual power that he converted the mediocre men that surrounded him into martyrs and heroes.

His death, one Sunday, on the 25th of January, 1948, occurred when a fanatic Hindu, who believed Gandhi had taken the side of the Moslems, mortally wounded him with 3 shots. Gandhi cried "Rama" (God) and died a few minutes later.

But for India's millions and those with understanding, the Mahatma has not died. For his teachings and his examples still beat in the hearts of men.



"Camino de Luz" grabado de Kanu Denasari.

Sus enseñanzas de la no violencia, sus ideas sobre la libertad y la paz, han hecho de Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi un inspirador para el mundo entero, que esta anhelando en estos dias la comprensión y el amor entre las naciones.

Gandhi, fué en su vida y sigue siendo ahora después de su muerte inspirador tambien de artistas, que han plasmado su mística figura en pinturas y esculturas, no solamente su esquelética figura sino el interior bellísimo y el reflejo de su doctrina fuerte pero pacifista. Los poetas, especialmente su pais tanto Tagore le dedican sus más hermosas frases y poemas y los políticos del mundo han tomado como inspiración sus enseñanzas, y sus ejemplos.

La India, hasta este siglo era para nosotros los accidentales un país remoto y en la lejanía de su distancia, despertaba muy poco interés. Fue en 1940, en la labor de un solo hombre, llamó poderosamente la atención del mundo entero. Ese hombre era Gandhi, que toda su vida estuvo llena de actividades políticas espirituales.

Gandhi, de quien se dice que tenía el poder de un dictador y el espíritu de un demócrata nació el desde octubre de 1869, por lo tanto, el año pasado que acaba de terminar esta semana, se conmemoró el primer centenario de su nacimiento.

En la India, a través de nuestras observaciones y vivencias, nos dimos cuenta, de la importancia de la figura de Gandhi, porque para aquellas gentes no existió y existe una personalidad más grande que la de este político, que han llegado a llamar santo.



Estatua en la Plaza Tavistock en Londres, de Freddy Brilliant.

Al visitar Agra, Nueva Delhi, Sinaga, y otras ciudades de la India, hace algunos meses, coincidiendo con el año del centenario de Gandhi, vimos la fuerza de los homenajes, las peregrinaciones a los lugares relacionados con la vida del salvador del país y sobre todo el amor y la devoción que en cada corazón indio se le tiene.

Combatió con entusiasmo por la libertad, tanto física como espiritual. Sus discursos eran candentes y provocaban siempre polémicas, estimuló sin incitar a la acción y con gran decisión mantuvo sus huelgas de hambre. No ayunaba para conseguir publicidad ni para atemorizar a sus adversarios, como dijeron algunos de sus enemigos gratuitos. Ayunaba porque esa era la forma más llamativa de atraer la atención de su pueblo sobre la necesidad esencial de obtener una solución, de demostrarles que alguien estaba dispuesto a sufrir y morir por los principios defendidos.

A pesar de que Gandhi trató siempre de aludir la grandeza, llegó a significar tanto en su pueblo que se le llamó, como todo mundo lo conoce ahora "MAHATMA" que significa Alma Grande de su país, título dado solo a los santos. Y se dice que tuvo un gran poder espiritual para convertir a los hombres mediocres que lo rodeaban en héroes y mártires.

Su muerte, undomingo, 25 de enero de 1948, ocurrió cuando se encontraba en una reunión de carácter religioso, un fanático hindu llamado Nathuram Godse, que consideraba que Gandhi, en la lucha que hubo entre las sectas de la India, se había puesto de parte de los musulmanes, disparó su pistola, alcanzando a Gandhi, los tres proyectiles. Herido de muerte Gandhi, gritó "Rama" palabra hindu que significa Dios y murió minutos después.

Para los millones de habitantes de la India, Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, conocido mejor por nosotros como Mahatma Gandhi no ha muerto, porque queda latente su ejemplo, y sus enseñanzas.

COSMIC DANCE JUNK

Its always sad to see Rudy go. He is a tremendous educator on a personal level as well as a great friend. And on the professional level Dr. Rudy Acuña is tops. He is Director of Chicano studies at San Fernando State College and is also affiliated with the Justice Department as an advisor.

Acuña has been here in West Texas several times. He visited (in conferences), with the schoolboards, of Lamesa and Tahoka. In Abilene he was well appreciated by A.E. Wells, superintendent of the Abilene schools. It is hard to say whether Acuña is popular or notorious in West Texas. At any rate Rudy, "may the wind under your wings bear you where the sun sails and the moon walks".

As to Paulina Jacobo — whoever that is! we could have no better candidate than this charming and brilliant lady. Not only will she be the most intelligent County Commissioner, she will also be the most beautiful one. Anyone who is tetralingual, understands machinery and reads Unamuno, has got to be something special.

I must thank Russell Hardin, our Tax assessor and Mr. Thompson for their ready assistance in our voter registrations efforts. These two gentlemen often went out of their way to help us register voters. Mil Gracias Caballeros!

Ran into Lalo Ochoa, a courteous and likeable fellow. When he told me his profession, I was properly amused. He asked me to come and visit him sometime. I said I would.

Met with the CYO (Catholic Youth Organization) in Lamesa a couple of days ago. They taught me much about communication, and just plain good "rap". They are a bright bunch of beautiful people.

Last week was in Amarillo where, through the efforts of Mr. Matias Reveles, president of Adelante, met many good persons of the barrio as well as some hopeful candidates. At Father Rodriguez church I spoke to the people and met Jack Hazlewood who is running for the Senate seat formerly occupied by Brady Hazlewood. Jack struck me as a good man and possibly a good future Senator. Met Max Sherman who is running for the same seat along with Walter Knapp.

I also met and spoke with Commissioner Houston De Ford and his wife. De Ford is one of the best elements in Amarillo and the people truly appreciate him. Another good cat was Bryan Poff who is running for Representative against incumbent Hudson Mayer.

All of these gentlemen spoke briefly, and were shot questions from the floor. Much later met with Mary Joe Spradling and her husband AHJK! So many beautiful people — Gillespie, Wilson, Parker, the list being endless. But I was most impressed with Father Rodriguez' speech when he spoke about the teachings and life of Mahatma Gandhi!

In Tahoka, Montemayor, Father Dillon, and the other local leaders are still upset with the schoolboard. Evil is there and they want to have it disappear. The whole bit about segregation, no Mexican teachers, failure of the school system to educate and make the children feel wanted, etc.etc. persists. At a meeting held last week between chosen community people and the school board, nothing was accomplished. I was kicked out of this meeting by Huffaker (the board's lawyer) and schoolboard president because according to Huffaker — "certain things would be admitted that the public should not know..."

There was another public meeting which I could not attend — but according to the people of Tahoka, the community was not allowed to present their grievances only a predetermined list of things could be talked about. Nothing else.

Jesse Flores, from Slaton reports that there was almost a 100% registration of Chicanos. Mr. Lorenzo Seden also did a terrific job of registering people in East Lubbock.

Jack Ellis is resigning as president, of the Community Action Board. Ellis has been a good president. Now we will have to come up with something superb to top Ellis. T.J. Patterson, Director of the O.E.O. project (CAB) is still chugging along.

About VISTA, we're told no Vista for Lubbock. Why? Because our great Governor has a certain dislike for VISTA.

We desperately need VISTA and I truly believe that if enough people petitioned the Governor for VISTA he could not refuse the needs of his people. It would also help if the Commissioners Court make a statement saying that they have no jurisdiction over the matter. I have no idea what their statement means, unless it means that they (the Commissioners and the Judge) want to stay clear of Smith's jurisdiction.

Those who would make peaceful revolution impossible make violent revolution inevitable. John F. Kennedy

TAHOKA

STUDENTS TO WORK FOR THEIR "FREE" LUNCHES, OR OF HANDICAPPED STUDENTS TO WASH GYM CLOTHES FOR THEIR P.E. GRADE, ALL THE WAY TO WHAT IS CONSIDERED IMPROPER TREATMENT OF SPECIFIC INDIVIDUALS.

The main complaint, however, is a nebulous and hard-to-pinpoint practice the schools there have of creating a negative self-image in the minds of the Mexican-American students. They are caused to feel that they as individuals and their race and heritage is inferior. They are given a test before entering school to determine if or not they are retarded, as are the anglos, but the test is administered in English. As could be expected, many chicano children end up in "low first grade" and end up spending two full years in the first grade. The slow readers, (most of them, of course—since reading is in English—are chicano) in the fourth grade read from books clearly marked for the third grade.

Without Mexican-American teachers, there is little with which the chicano children can identify, besides a resignation to spending the rest of their lives in poverty. No Mexican history or culture is taught or even hinted. Teachers do not go into the barrio to meet parents, according to spokesmen from the community. They do, however, often go to meet the parents of the anglos. Perhaps it's because the streets are paved there. Perhaps it's because the chicano children all do very well in school.

The community wonders what would get into the head of a sixteen-year-old boy who is still in the seventh grade to make him want to drop out of school. We wonder, too.

Suit is being filed in local court by MALD against the school board, but hopes are that settlement can be obtained outside the courtroom.

COMMENT ON TAHOKA

Craig Campbell

In Tahoka, after months and months of meetings to discuss what would be discussed at the next meeting, between lawyers and school board, lawyers and community, superintendent and lawyers, and lawyers and the school board, finally the people pressed hard enough to get a meeting between (would you believe?) the community and the school board. Fortunately for the board, the lawyers dominated the meeting, and about 99% of the dominating was done by the board's lawyer. The Superintendent presided over the regular session of the school board, and the main topic was an agenda of complaints submitted by the MALD lawyers. While what appeared to be about 300 members of the community listened patiently, the complaints were defended, one by one, by various school officials and by the superintendent himself. This was an open meeting, said the board, as all the meetings are. But it was open only to listeners. No one was allowed to speak out or to ask questions, with few exceptions. Only about ten of the 300 people there were allowed to ask questions. The superintendent did finally have to let Father Dillon speak, but specified that he could only speak on one certain topic.

The superintendent exercised, in his words, "the prerogative of the chair" over and over in stating that no questions could be asked about what had been "discussed" by the school representatives until the end of the meeting. Two and a half hours later, the community was given ten minutes to write the questions down and submit them to the lawyers. The lawyers then asked which questions they wanted to.

Maybe I have old-fashioned ideas about how a democracy should work. Maybe I am mistaken in thinking that an open meeting should be an open meeting. But I believe that at this meeting the people should have been allowed to speak out, to ask questions, to refute what was being said at the moment. The School Board is elected by the people, and as such should listen to what they have to say. I had the impression that the community, it's three hundred representatives there that night, was being led down a briar path by the administration. Everyone was helpless and had to choke down the nausea whenever one of the administration tried to say something to the effect of "I think Meskins are just as good as us Whites." or "Some of my best friends are Spanish." or "I don't think there are really such bad conditions."

True, the superintendent did admit that the chicano students don't have as much opportunity as the anglos. But he said over and over that the board was trying very hard to remedy the situation and was taking steps forward. Frankly, I saw very little from what they said. And from talking to members of the community after the meeting, they saw very little, too.

May I take this opportunity to congratulate Mr. Huffaker, the board's lawyer, on being an exceedingly smart man.

A Pocho from Bachimba

from IDEAL

The Tragedy of Thousands of Mexican-Americans

I am a pocho from Bachimba, a rather small Mexican village in the state of Chihuahua, where my father fought with the Army of Pancho Villa. He was, in fact, the only private in Villa's army. Pocho is ordinarily a derogatory term in Mexico to define it succinctly, a Pocho is a Mexican slob who has pretensions of being a gringo. **CENSOR** ED, but I use it in a very special sense. To me that word has come to mean "uprooted Mexican" and that's what I have been all my life. Though my entire upbringing and education took place in the United States, I have never felt completely American and when I am in Mexico, I sometimes

and the Navaho woman who crossed their paths. Still these manitos, as they were snidely labeled by the surmatos, stubbornly refused to be identified with Mexico, and would actually fight anyone who called them Mexican. So intense was this inter-group rivalry that the bitterest "race riots" I have ever witnessed--and engaged in--were between the lookalike, talk-alike surmatos and manitos who lived close to Denver's Curtis Park. In retrospect the harsh conflicts between us were all the more silly and self-defeating when one recalls that we were all lumped together as "spiks" and "greasers" by the Anglo-Saxon community.

ba"), the two most famous songs of the Mexican revolution. Some twenty years later (during my stint at Harvard Law School), while strolling along the Charles River, I would find myself softly singing "Se llevaron el cañon para Bachimba, para Bachimba, para Bachimba" over and over again. That's all I could remember of that pignat rebel song. Though I had been born there, I had always regarded "Bachimba" as a fictitious, made up, Lewis Carroll kind of work. So that eight years ago, when I came to a crossroad south of Chihuahua and saw an old road marker: "Bachimba 18Km." Then it really exists--I shouted inwardly--Bachimba is a real town! Swinging onto the narrow, poorly paved road, I quinned the

motor and sped toward the town I had been imagining about since infancy. It turned out to be a quiet, dusty village with a bleak worn-down plaza that was surrounded by a nondescript buildings of uncertain vintage. My personal Mexican-ness eventually produced serious problems for me. Upon entering grade school I learned English rapidly and rather well, always ranking either first or second in my class; yet the hard core of me remained stubbornly Mexican. This chauvinism may have been a reaction to the constant racial prejudice we encountered on all sides. The neighborhood cops were always running us off the streets and calling us "dirty greasers," and most of our teachers frankly regard-

ed us as totally inferior. I still remember the galling disdain of my sixth-grade teacher, whose constant mimicking of our heavily accented speech drove me to a desperate study of Webster's Dictionary in the hope of acquiring a vocabulary larger than hers. Sadly enough, I succeeded only too well, and for the next few years I spoke the most ridiculous high-flown rhetoric in the Denver public schools. One of my favorite words was "indubitably," and it must have driven everyone mad. I finally got rid of my accent by constantly reciting "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers" with little round pebbles in my mouth. Somewhere I had read about Demosthenes.

The Hard Life of a Mexican-American in America

feel like a displaced gringo with a curiously Mexican name -- Enrique Preciliano Lopez y Martinez de Sepulveda de Sapien (...de Quien-sabe quien). One might conclude that I'm either a schizo-cultural Mexican or a cultured schizo American.

Predictably enough, we surmatos began huddling together in a subneighborhood within the larger ghetto, and it was there that I became painfully aware that my father had been the only private in Pancho Villa's army. Most of my friends were the sons of captains, colonels, majors, and even generals though a few fathers were admittedly mere sergeants and corporals. My father alone had been a lowly private in that famous Division del Norte. Naturally, I developed a most painful complex, which led me to all sorts of compensatory fibs.

Pocho de Bachimba

Soy un pocho de Bachimba, un pequeño rancho en el estado de Chihuahua, donde mi padre peleó con las tropas de Pancho Villa. Mi padre fue en realidad el unico soldado raso en el ejercito de Villa. Pocho es general

to que su región de la Nueva España, (después anexada a los Estados Unidos) nunca había sido parte de México. Pero lo que alegaban mis vociferante y erróneamente, era que no descendían de ningún indio.

de aparecer como el unico soldado raso en el ejercito de Francisco Villa. Ni duda cabe de que todo aquello era resultado de que el tema de Pancho Villa era un constante tó pico diario en las conversaciones que se llevaban en mi casa. Toda mi nifez parece influenciada por la sombra de Villa. Durante la cena casi todas las noches podíamos escuchar una y otra vez todo lo relacionado con sus grandes batallas, su estrategia, y sus actos en ayuda de los pobres. Todavía me acuerdo cuando mis padres vieron la película "Viva Villa" con Wallace Beery. "Bazura hecha por gringos estúpidos!", exclamaron. Principalmente se sintieron ofendidos del Pancho Villa que aparecía en la película, todo, sudoroso, sucio y barbón. "Pancho Villa era un hombre limpio, y ordenado, no importa que tan mujeriego era. Este Villa que pinta en la película, es un sucio marrano", dijeron mis padres.

La Dura Vida de un Mexico Americano en Estados Unidos

mente una palabra derogatoria en México. Un pocho es un mexicano tonto con pretensiones de ser un gringo sanabachiche, pero yo utilizo la palabra en un sentido muy especial.

De nada servía el que cualquier observador objetivo, pudiera con tan solo mirarle la cara, tener una idea de los resultados de la fraternización entre los conquistadores españoles y las mujeres comanches y navahos, cuando aquellos cruzaron por la tierra de los indios.

De cualquier manera, aquellos los "manitos", según luego los bautizaron los surmatos, tericamente se rehusaban a identificarse con México, y hasta eran capaces de pelearse con cualquiera de los llamados mexicanos. Tan intensa era esta rivalidad, que en los "disturbios raciales" que he visto en mi vida, (o en los que he participado), nunca jamás vi unos en la que hubiera tanto odio, aunque ambos, los surmatos y los manitos, se parecían unos a los otros.

In any event, the schizoid began a long time ago when my father and many of Pancho Villa's troops fled across the border to escape the oncoming federales who eventually defeated Villa. My mother and I, traveling across the hot desert plains in a buckboard wagon, joined my father in El Paso, Texas, a few days after his hurried departure. With More and More Villistas swarming into El Paso every day, it was quickly apparent that jobs would be exceedingly scarce and insecure; so my parents packed our few belongings and we took the first available bus to Denver. My father had hoped to Chicago because the name sounded so Mexican, but my mother's meager savings were hardly enough to buy tickets for Colorado.

There we moved into a ghetto of Spanish-speaking residents who chose to call themselves Spanish-Americans and resented the sudden migration of their brethren from Mexico, whom they sneeringly called "surmatos" (slang for "southerners"). These so-called Spanish-Americans claimed direct descent from the original conquistadores of Spain. They also insisted that they had never been Mexicans, since their region of New Spain (later annexed to the United States) was never a part of Mexico. But what they claimed most vociferously and erroneously was an absence of Indian ancestry. It made no difference that any objective observer could see by merely looking at them the results of considerable fraternization between the conquering Spaniards and the Comanche

Por todo aquello, los surmatos nos comenzamos a amontonar en un solo sub-barrio del mismo Chetito, donde por ciertos dolores me di cuenta, que mi padre había sido el unico soldado raso en el ejercito de Pancho Villa. La mayoría de mis amigos eran hijos de hombres que habían sido capitanes, coroneles, mayores y aun hasta generales, pero casi ninguno, cabo o sargento. Mi padre, según el eso, había sido el unico soldado raso en aquella famosa Division del Norte.

Naturalmente que a mi se me desarrollo un doloroso complejo, lo que me llevo a inventar toda clase de historias. En una de esas historias yo hacìa aparecer a mi padre como un miembro de los Dorados, los que formaban la guardia privada de Pancho Villa. (màs tarde supe que el primo de mi padre, Mar tin Lopez, sí había sido un genuino "verdadero Dorado"). Por lo de más todas mis historias eran rapidamente desmentidas por mi padre, quien parecia sentirse orgulloso

Y como para ahondar más el sentido de mi villismo mis padres también me enseñaron "La Adelita" y "Se llevaron el Cañon para Bachimba", las dos más famosas canciones de la revolución. Veinte años más tarde (durante mis estudios en la universidad de leyes de Harvard) muchas veces me encontré de repente cantando: "Se llevaron el cañon para Bachimba, para Bachimba, una y otra vez. Era todo lo que podía recordar de esa canción de los rebel des."



If you would leave me my stars would not rave, my days would not silver shine, my sun! would turn ice and black.

pué haber sido una reaccion al constante racismo que por todos lados me rodeaba. Los policías del barrio seguían nos corriendo de las calles y nos llamaban "sucios graciosos", y la mayoría de nuestras maestras francamente nos clasificaban como totalmente inferiores a los demás. Todavía recuerdo el desdén con que me trataba mi maestra del sexto grado, remediando mi hablar, por el acento en mi inglés. Su actitud me llevo a estudiar concienzudamente el diccionario Webster, con la esperanza de adquirir mejor vocabulario que ella, y tanto aprendí, que durante los "suscitados" años no hablé sino un lenguaje refinado y ridículo, que debe de haber vuelto locos a los que me escuchaban. Finalmente me deshice del acento extranjero, recitando trabalenguas y echándole piedritas redondas en la boca; algo que lei en alguna parte que hacia Demostenes.

Telón Final
I know no sign of excellency other than kindness.
No conozco otro signo de excelstitud que la bondad.
BEETHOVEN

NOTICE: Coverage of the G.I. Forum convention in Lamesa will be postponed again!

Opening for Business Feb 9
FAMILY PORTRAITS-- 11 x 14 group shot plus 8 x 10's of the children
Craig Campbell
2611 2nd Pl. 763-1266 \$22.00

H. D. WHITE

H. D. (Heavy Duty) WHITE

H. D. (Heavy Duty) WHITE

candidato para County Commissioner

PRECINCT 4 Subject to Democratic Primaries LUBBOCK COUNTY

LA VOZ DE LOS LLANOS 1007A Ave. G
PO3-1256, PO3-3729, PO3-1266, PO3-5941

Nephtalí De León.....EDITOR
James R. Swann.....MANAGER
Craig I. Campbell.....ADVERTISING
.....PHOTOGRAPHY
A. T. Medina.....CIRCULATION
Barbara Bloomer.....COMPOSITION
Maria Teodora De León.....CONTRIBUTOR
Stanley Carlson.....CONTRIBUTOR
Charles Chandler.....CONTRIBUTOR
Ginger Blpomer.....ZIP CODE SEPARATOR
Winnie the Pooh...TRANSLATOR, POET & BARD

La Voz is an independently owned newspaper published weekly on Fridays in Lubbock, Texas. LaVoz is an information media for the Spanish-speaking people on the South Plains. News is told as it is seen. Amen.

LA VOZ DE LOS LLANOS
1007 A Ave. G
PO3-1256 or PO3-3729 LUBBOCK, TEXAS
Entregado a tu buzón cada semana

\$3.50 al año
Complete y entrega el cupón

Nombre _____
Calle _____
Ciudad _____ Estado _____ Zip _____

Send us \$3.50 for your yearly subscription

LA DISCRIMINACION EN AQUELLOS DIAS

Roberta Bascus and Annie Mae Jones at the Posey Community Store. Anything goes!