

Pancho Clos is Coming to Town - Sunday ¡Ya Viene Pancho Clos!

With the now familiar shout of "Ah-joo-Ah", Santa's first cousin Pancho Clos will arrive in Lubbock this Sunday via Helicopter at Rodger's Park.

The Pancho Clos project, now over 25 years old, is promoted and sponsored by the American G.I. Forum gives thousands of bags of goodies to children but more than anything brings smiles and laughter to both young and old who traditionally visit Pancho and tell him what they want for Christmas.

The Pancho Clos concept was originally conceived by Agustin Medina, Jesse Reyes and Bidal Aguero as they worked to put together La Voz Newspaper and heard Cuco Sanchez' song about a black bearded Santa whose sleigh was pulled by burritos names like Pancho, Pepito, Lupito and more.

The original story was written by Jesse Reyes and told about how Pancho Clos was Santa's "primo hermano" since he was the son of Santa's brother who had been kicked out of the original Santa's house by Mrs. Claus because he didn't want to work. Santa's brother ultimately found his way to the South Pole where he set up his own toy shop to help the original Santa. On his

way to the South Pole Santa's brother married Puri Clos in Mexico. Their son was named Pancho who after he grew up

Aztlan (the Southwestern United States).

Since the conception of the project the Pancho Clos program has grown to many parts of Texas including San Antonio where it is also sponsored by the G.I. Forum and provides gifts for needy families. The Pancho Clos project was taken to San Antonio from Lubbock by Air Force Sargeant Raul Sanchez who became involved with the Lubbock G.I. Forum while stationed at Reese Air Force Base.

Sanchez was once invited to portray and bring the happiness of Pancho Clos to Air Force children based in Hawaii. Other projects have spread throughout Texas and Pancho Clos now is seen in Houston, Austin, Dallas and other cities throughout the United States.

The Lubbock American G.I. Forum raises money throughout the year for the project and receives generous donations from Lubbock Power and Light and United Super Markets.

All children are invited to visit Pancho Clos starting at 1 p.m. on Sunday the 17th of December at Rodger's Community Center.

took up the cause of providing gifts for all those South of the border and then after the Chicano movement started crossed the border to deliver gifts to all the kids of



Marisol Otomí Aguero le platica a Pancho Clos que quiere un vestido nuevo para sus bailes folklóricos en una recien funcion en el Centro Civico de Lubbock. Tiene que estar este largo"



Pancho Clos, el primo carnal de Santa, llega este domingo a la una de la tarde en el Parque Rodger ubicado en la Calle Gary y Amherst. El trae dulces para todos los niños quienes pueden también decir sus deseos para la próxima Navidad. El proyecto Pancho Clos es organizado por el American G.I. Forum de Lubbock y patrocinado por Lubbock Power and Light y United Supermarkets.

"El Respeto Al Derecho Ajeno Es La Paz"
Lic Benito Juarez
ESTABLECIDO 1977
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EL EDITOR
MEXICO'S OLDEST MEXICAN DIALECT NEWSPAPER

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Lubbock, Texas

Zedillo Cumple Un Año Como Mandatario

Cuidad de México - Al cumplir un año al frente del Poder Ejecutivo, Ernesto Zedillo Ponce de León habrá desarrollado 45 giras al interior de la República y nueve de corte internacional.

Hará dado tres mensajes a la nación, concedido 680 audiencias, realizado 751 acuerdos, participado en 316 reuniones de trabajo y encabezado 501 actos oficiales.

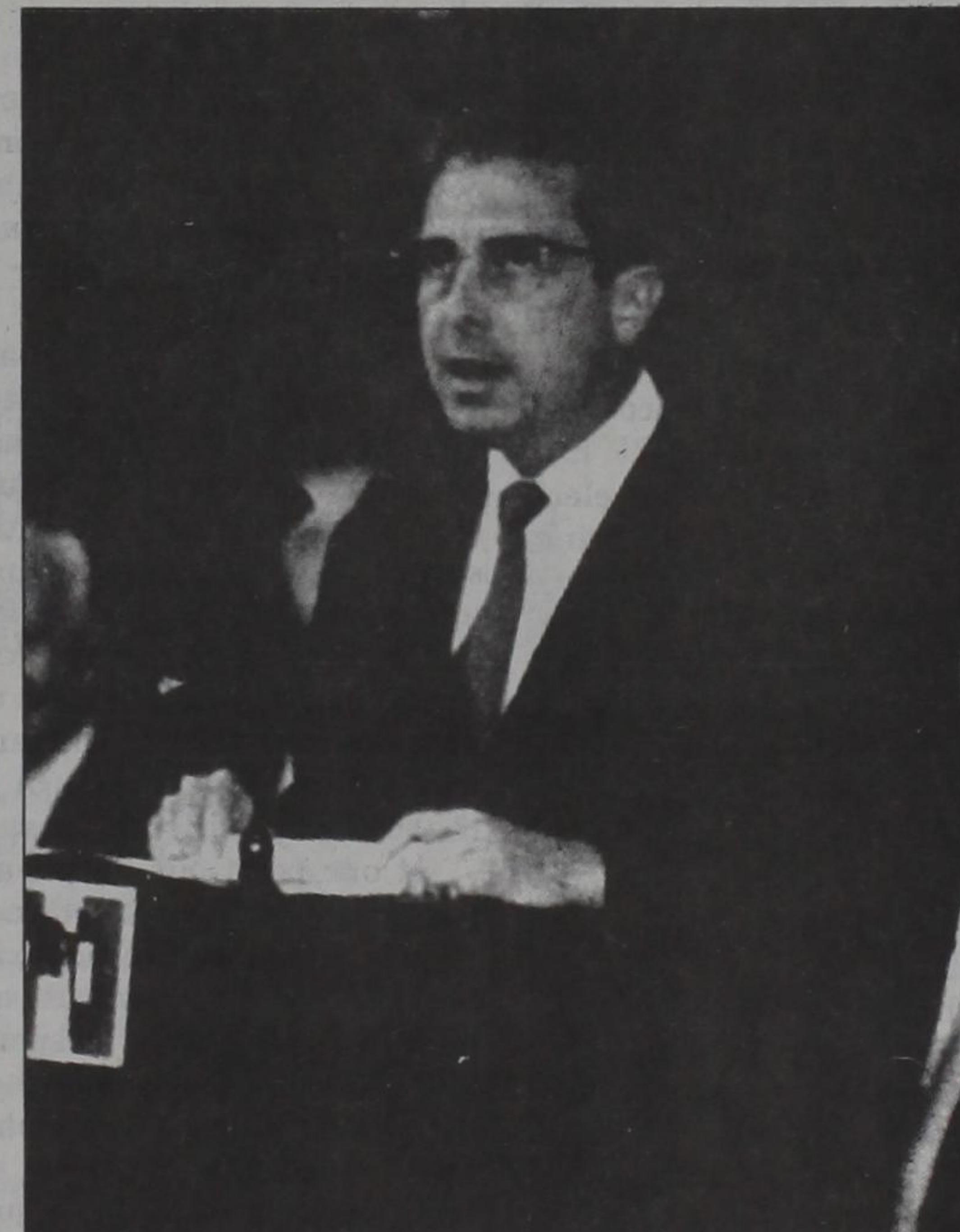
En lo que sería el resumen numérico de las actividades del Presidente de la República en sus 365 primeros días del mandato, se puede decir que ha recorrido por diversos tipos de transporte (avión, helicóptero, ferrocarril, embarcaciones diversas, automóviles, autobuses y vehículos descubiertos) 158 mil kilómetros en los que ha empleado 410 horas. Todo esto en un tiempo corrido de 17 días y 25 minutos.

Salvo Baja California, curiosamente el Estado en el que vivió y se formó, el Primer Mandatario ha visitado todas las entidades federativas y algunas de ellas en varias ocasiones.

Sus giras al extranjero incluyen su participación en cinco cumbres de jefes de Estado y/o de Gobierno como la Cumbre de las Américas en Miami del 9 al 11 de diciembre de 1994, la de la Asociación de Estados del Caribe el 16 de agosto en Trinidad y Tobago, la IX Reunión Cumbre del Grupo de Río el 3 de septiembre en Ecuador, al V Cumbre Iberoamericana en Argentina el 18 de octubre y la II Reunión de Líderes del Consejo Económico para Asia y el Pacífico en Osaka, Japón, 19 de noviembre.

Las giras internacionales se complementan con visitas a la ciudad de Dallas, Texas el 5 de abril, visita de Estado a Guatemala el 8 de junio, visita de Estado a Estados Unidos el 9, 10 y 11 de octubre y visita a Nueva York para asistir al L Aniversario de las Naciones Unidas el 21 de octubre.

En la información estadística que lleva la Presidencia de la República de las actividades del Primer Mandatario, se da cuenta de desayunos



con el ex-Presidente Luis Echeverría Alvarez el 6 de abril y el día siguiente, el 7 de abril, otro con el también ex-Presidente Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado.

Esto es en síntesis la activi-

dad despelgada por el Presidente Ernesto Zedillo a lo largo de sus primeros 12 meses de gobierno, con lo que cumple una sexta parte del mandato constitucional que recibió en las elecciones de agosto de 1994.

Validity of Minority Districts Debated

A Supreme Court seemingly intent on minimizing race as a factor for drawing election districts soon will decide two important congressional reapportionment disputes, in Texas and North Carolina, reports Associated Press.

If the four congressional districts at issue are declared unconstitutional, others where minority voters have had recent success in electing candidates of their choice will be endangered also. At issue: Was race the predominant factor in creating each of these districts? And if so, was there some overwhelmingly important reason?

The Supreme Court sent shock waves through the civil rights community in 1993 when it used a lawsuit over North Carolina's 12th Congressional District to rule that districts designed to benefit racial minorities smack of "political apartheid" and just might violate white voters' rights.

The court dropped another bombshell last year when it ruled that election districts that give minority voters more political power must be presumed unlawful if race was the "predominant" factor in creating them.

That ruling struck down Georgia's 11th Congressional District now held by Cynthia McKinney, a black Democrat. A three-judge federal court in Georgia is working on a new congressional district map for the state.

After hearing arguments Tuesday, the high court's nine justices will take an initial, secret vote Friday. But they are not expected to announce their decisions in the two cases until late spring or early summer.

News Briefs

Despite National Recovery, Poor Need More Services

The outlook for the poor is bleak and getting worse, despite two years of economic recovery and reduced unemployment that have brightened the economic situation of some Americans, Catholic Charities USA said Tuesday.

The agencies of Catholic Charities, the nation's largest private human service network, served more than 11.1 million people in 1994, according to the Rev. Fred Kammer, president of the network.

"In a year of economic recovery, we expected a decrease in the total number of people needing emergency and social services," Kammer said. Instead, the number increased by 5 percent - or half a million people - over 1993.

Kammer said Catholic Charities' 1994 survey of its agencies "tells us that not only poor people, but millions of parents who work hard every day are unable to keep their heads above water."

The survey showed that emergency services for food, temporary shelter and clothing increased 6 percent in one year to 7.2 million people; one in four who came for emergency help were children; half the people who were helped received welfare and half did not; and the number of families at risk of becoming homeless or placing a child in foster care almost doubled in 1994, Kammer said.

Kammer said this was his Christmas list for America's families:

- Recognize that every person has a right to the basic necessities of life and the means to obtain them, starting with a decent-paying job.
- Increase the minimum wage.
- Protect the Earned Income Tax Credit.
- Ensure that when they receive block grants, states refrain from cutting their current investments in children and families.
- Do not make America's poorest families pay for a balanced budget.

Campaign Cash Woes May Keep Issue Off CA Ballot

The drive to outlaw affirmative action in California may never make it onto the ballot, despite an LA Times poll showing 65% support it, reports USA Today.

Facing a Feb. 21 deadline, the drive has fewer than one-third of the signatures needed to qualify it for the November ballot. And efforts to sign up more registered voters are hampered by lack of money.

"The problem is that it's so popular, people think it's already on the ballot," says Republican political consultant Alan Hoffenblum.

So far, supporters have gathered 200,000 signatures. They need at least 500,000 more, along with an \$750,000 to hire a company to collect signatures and create TV ads.

The drive has wobbled since Calif. Gov. Pete Wilson quit his bid for the GOP presidential nomination. Wilson made the issue a cornerstone of his campaign, touching off a national debate on the merits of affirmative action.

But no other state followed California's lead. President Clinton, however, seeing Republican attention to the issue, ordered a review of federal affirmative action programs.

Campaign Against Cuts in Health & Welfare Begins

A coalition seeking to preserve federal medical and welfare programs opened a campaign Monday to get President Clinton to veto any bill that threatens to end social services,

"Míjo" - Uno En Un Millon

By Víctor Landa

Cuando yo estaba creciendo, mis padres me llamaban "mijo", una contracción de las palabras españolas "mi hijo".

Como todos los padres, los míos aprendieron los puntos sutiles de la inflexión, y yo aprendí a interpretarlos. Hay una diferencia entre el modo de que uno dice "mijo" si la intención es cariñosa, de reprimenda o de pregunta.

Y como una herencia, igual que aprendemos la diferencia entre el "tu" familiar y el "usted" formal, este conocimiento de la inflexión se transmite adelante. Yo lo uso ahora con mis propios hijos.

"Mijo" es una de las cosas que me definen. Es lo que soy: El "mijo" de alguien, que tiene una "mija" y un "mijo" propios.

Por contraste, todos los días de elecciones mi esposa y yo tenemos por costumbre el llevar a nuestros hijos con nosotros al colegio electoral. Esto llegará a ser, según lo espero, un ritual que se transmitirá también. Pero a diferencia de la intimidad de la inflexión familiar, el acto de votar no nos define. La política es una función, no la esencia de

quiénes somos. Es nuestro aporte a un debate nacional, y está formado por nuestra percepción de nosotros mismos.

Un editorial reciente en la revista "Hispanic Business" lamenta la falta de una "voz hispana que suene con repercusión nacional". La idea es que no hay ninguna "caja de resonancia" hispana influyente cuando los dirigentes de cualquiera de los partidos, liberales o conservadores, "desarrollan los cursos de acción que afectarán a la comunidad hispana".

Cuando el Presidente Bill Clinton o el Presidente de la Cámara de Representantes, Newt Gingrich, diseñan sus cursos de acción en los grandes salones de la Capital de la Nación, ¿quién está allí para hablar por los intereses de las familias hispanas? El Representante por San Antonio, Tony Bonilla, y el Secretario de Viviendas y Desarrollo Urbano, Henry Cisneros, pueden ser dirigentes hispanos influyentes, pero no son dirigentes influyentes de los hispanos. Hay diferencia. Y también hay una pregunta.

¿Se necesita una cosa tal? ¿Hay necesidad de dirigentes de los hispanos?

Hay definitivamente intereses mantenidos en común por personas que comparten una herencia cultural. En la esfera de la política, éstos adoptan la forma de votos.

Tristemente, no obstante, en el clima actual de neurosis política, tales intereses, tales preocupaciones fundamentalmente "estadounidenses", se catalogan como "tarjetas étnicas" para ser usadas en los argumentos políticos.

Ahora se ha convertido en algo malo el ser étnico en la política ideal de nuestro país homogeneizado. Ahora se espera que dejemos nuestros "guiones étnicos" fuera del debate, por virtud de una visión miope de necesidad nacional.

Empero, la política nace de los intereses, y los intereses son un resultado de quiénes somos.

Yo soy el "mijo" de alguien, y tengo un "mijo" propio. Aunque yo pueda no estar definido por el acto de votar, me adentro en la casilla electoral.

¿Hay necesidad de un dirigente para los hispanos? ¿Hay necesidad de la voz de los intereses comunes que repercuten en los salones del poder?

Se realizan gestiones para inscribir a un millón de nuevos electores hispanos antes de las elecciones presidenciales de 1996 - un millón de voces nuevas que puedan hacer repercutir sus intereses. Un millón de "mijos" y "mijas" nuevos, cuyas ideas políticas serán una función de quiénes sean ellos. Un millón de voces nuevas en un debate que tratará de definirlas como liberales o conservadoras, étnicas o no. Un millón de voces "estadounidenses" que repercutan -- llevadas por su conciencia y su comprensión de la naturaleza común de su cultura.

La ironía es que, mientras que a los dirigentes hispanos se les tiene como ejemplos de lo que se necesita para el adelanto de la comunidad hispana, cualquier paso que den en esa dirección será interpretado como que "están jugando con la carta étnica".

La esperanza equilibradora es que nuestros "mijos" y "mijas" crecerán sabiendo quiénes son.

(Víctor Landa es director de noticias de la estación de Telemundo KVDA-TV en San Antonio.)

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"Míjo" - One In A Million

By Víctor Landa

When I was growing up, my parents called me "mijo," a contraction of the Spanish words for "my son."

Like all parents, mine learned the fine points of inflection, and I learned to interpret them. There is a difference in the way one says "mijo" if the intention is endearment, reprimand or question.

And like an heirloom, like we learn the difference between the familiar "tu" and the formal "usted," this knowledge of inflection is passed on. I now use it with my own children.

"Mijo" is one of the things that defines me. It's who I am: someone's "mijo" who has a "mija" and a "mijo" of his own.

By contrast, every election day my wife and I make it a point to take our children with us to the voting booth. It will become, I hope, a ritual that will also be passed on. But unlike the intimacy of familial inflection, the act of voting does not define us. Politics is a function, not the essence, of who we are. It is our contribution to a national debate, and it is formed by our perception of ourselves.

A recent editorial in Hispanic Business magazine laments the lack of a "Hispanic voice that rings with a national resonance." The idea is that there is no influential Hispanic "sounding board" when leaders of either party, liberal or conservative, "develop the policies that will affect the Hispanic community."

When President Bill Clinton of House Speaker Newt Gingrich design their politics in the great halls within the beltway, who is there to speak for the concerns of Hispanic families?

San Antonio Congressman Henry Bonilla and Housing and Urban Development Secretary Henry Cisneros may be influential Hispanic leaders, but they are not influential leaders of Hispanics. There is a difference. And there is also a question.

Is such a thing needed? Is there a need for leaders of Hispanics? There are definitely concerns held in common by people who share a culture heritage. In the sphere of politics, these take on the form of votes.

Sadly, though, in today's climate of political neurosis, such concerns, such fundamentally "American" concerns, are labeled as "ethnic cards" to be used in political arguments. It has now become

a bad thing to be ethnic in the ideal politics of our so-called homogenized country. It is now expected that we leave our "hyphenations" out of the debate because of a myopic vision of a national need.

Yet, politics is borne out of concerns, and concerns are a result of who we are.

I am someone's "mijo" and I have a "mijo" of my own. While I may not be defined by the act of voting, I do take myself into the voting booth.

Is there a need for a leader of Hispanics? Is there a need for the voice of common concerns

to resonate in the halls of power?

There are efforts under way to register one million new Hispanic voters before the 1996 presidential election -- one million new voices that can resonate their concerns. One million new "mijos" and "mijas" whose politics will be a function of who they are. One million new voices in a debate that will try to define them as liberal or not. One million resonating individual "American" voices led by their conscience and their understanding of the

communal nature of their culture.

The irony is that while Hispanic leaders are held as examples of what is needed for the advancement of the Hispanic community, any step they take in that direction will be interpreted as "playing the ethnic card."

The balancing hope is that our "mijos" and "mijas" will grow up knowing who they are.

(Victor Landa is news director of the Telemundo station KVDA-TV in San Antonio.)

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México - A Friend in Need and Worthy of Investment

By Ray Rodríguez

Poor Mexico, so far from God and so close to the United States" has long been a plaintive lament heard south of the border.

Today, in spite of what some GOP presidential aspirants are shouting, that cry could be transformed to "Thank God, Mexico has the United States for a friend!" In his annual assessment of Mexico's health this month, President Ernesto Zedillo readily confessed that these are troubled times. The nation needs friendly neighbors like the United States.

If we can pour billions into countries like Israel, Kuwait and Egypt, why not help a neighbor survive its crisis and pursue its destiny? Loans, technical aid and trade are desperately needed.

Equally essential are compassion and understanding.

The misdeeds of 60 years of one-party rule have come home to haunt the leaders of the Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI) and devastate the Mexican people.

Due to its arrogance, the PRI hasn't endeared itself to the people.

As a result, opponents of NAFTA are having a field day. The extent of Mexico's economic disaster exceeds their wildest predictions. During the heyday of former President Carlos Salinas' so-called "economic miracle," who would have imagined how tarnished his image would become?

The same is true regarding the internecine situation facing the PRI itself. Members of the Partido de Acción Nacional (PAN), the opposition party, are watching their most dire expectations come true. The nation's future was mortgaged for the benefit and enrichment of the ruling party and its pampered underlings, they remind the nation's vot-

ers daily. Maintaining itself in power has become the PRI's first priority. But its sins of omission and commission now form a noose around its neck.

Given that scenario, political analysts in Mexico are predicting that the PRI has won its last presidential election. In a column following Ernesto Zedillo's election, I stated it could well be the PRI's last hurrah. But if he succeeds in moving Mexico toward social, economic and political democracy, he will achieve an immeasurable service to the nation, maybe even justifying the PRI's dominance for six decades.

If that is indeed the end result, the turmoil may ultimately be worth the price. I know of no instance wherein any nation's way of life was so drastically altered without undergoing pain, discord and in some cases bloodshed.

Can it be that Mexico's economic woes, the collapse of the peso; its social ills, the Chiapas rebellion; its political turmoil, and the renting of the PRI foretell of a better day to come? At this point it is nearly impossible for the beleaguered

Mexican people not to lose hope. Given the nation's seemingly insurmountable challenges, the growing sense of resentment and despair is understandable.

However, those who are ready to render the last rites or read Mexico's eulogy may be a bit premature. The situation it's in reminds me of the social, political and economic upheaval that once engulfed our own country. There were those who lamented the fact we had separated from England and felt we should return to the fold and ask forgiveness.

At one point our nation appeared to be in its death throes. Trade was virtually nonexistent and nations would not lend us money. In desperation, John Adams approached the Dutch bankers for a loan.

They asked him what he offered as collateral to assure they would be repaid. Having nothing else to fall back on, Adams stated, "I give you my word." He got the loan, and the United States of America weathered the crisis.

The Dutch bankers suffered much criticism for making a loan to a country that seemed on the verge of collapse. Today there is loud opposition to the Clinton administration's continuing commitment of support to Mexico.

As our neighbor struggles to find its economic, political and social equilibrium, keep in mind that the Dutch bankers' bottom-line interest centuries ago was trade and profit, not altruism. So are the interests of U.S. and other world bankers today as they help finance Mexico's painful recovery.

Raymond Rodriguez, a retired university professor who lives in Long Beach, Calif., is co-author of "Decade of Betrayal -- Mexican Repatriation in the 1930s," University of New Mexico Press, 1995.

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Sittin' Here Thinkin'

The San Francisco Pre-Christmas Blues

By Ira Cutler

The lights were up, the skating rink in San Francisco's Union Square Park was open and the pre-Christmas season was just beginning. Christmas is a high intensity time that carries enormous expectations and it is awfully hard to be as merry on Christmas Day as you hope to be. But from early December right on until Christmas Eve you can feel Christmasy without all the pressure and this, the pre-Christmas, is my favorite time of year.

I particularly like big cities at pre-Christmas -- the crowds, the music, the busyness that for awhile takes on a more benevolent and peaceful air. For years I have made it a practice to do a Rockefeller Center-skating rink-Christmas tree visit on a cold and often snowy mid-December night, and it always jump-starts the holidays for me. And I was glad to spend a pre-Christmas night in San Francisco. That city has had a special meaning for me ever since I was 19 and dropped out of college and took my broken heart hitch-hiking across America. San Francisco is a unique place in America, a wonderful city for just walking around, and it holds memories for me that mark a number of different periods in my life.

I walked around the park and around the downtown, taking it all in. The tourists, the upscale folks going to dinner, the prostitutes and the homeless all moving to a choreography more intricate than any dance. I remember when high quality street entertainers were on every corner in downtown San Francisco but over time the corners became places for homeless people to beg for coins and to sell their newsletter. And on this night I found that remarkably the two had merged -- in the park across from the Westin St. Francis there was an extraordinary three man blues band made up of homeless people and their music attracted crowds and changed the night.

There are low ledges along both sides of the path into the park and the blues band -- a drummer who also did vocals and two guitar players -- sat on the ledge on one side of the path while their audience sat across from them on the opposite ledge. In between people walked up the path, often danced through as the music caught them, and sometimes they dropped coins or bills in the box that was carried around after every few songs. "Help support the band", their manager or friend called out as he carried the box around.

When the band was quiet, and when the box was being passed, the crowd would break up and some who were standing and listening would drift away. Most of these short term listeners were tourists, white people in nice clothes, almost always in couples. On the ledge, though, the permanent crowd was different. The 25 or so people who sat there were mostly black, mostly homeless or at least very poor, mostly men, and they stayed for the whole show -- for hours, I suppose.

When the music stopped, and the box was being passed, in the sudden quiet I could hear a young man across the street shaking coins in a cup and asking for money. Everybody with a cup has a different rap and this young man's was to chant "Only In America" and to shake the cup -- ching, ching. It had a rhythm to it -- "Only In America", ching, ching.

The band was remarkably good. The microphone was cheap but you could hear the singer's deep blues wail and it was obvious -- he was a heavy, gray-haired black man in his 50's -- that he had not just started singing. He had a presence that made you think that the songs, of love and betrayal, of disappointment and tragedy, were not just songs to him, but rather the real expressions of his feelings and of his experience. That is the secret of the blues -- it just does not work unless you can believe that the singer is feeling the very same feelings that the song describes. Blues singing, at its best, is part acting as well as part singing and the great ones dredge up real feelings and it shows. This guy was not great but he was more than average good.

I stayed for quite awhile. I did not leave with the tourists or really stay with the locals, but I stood listening to the music and I saw its impact on others and felt its impact on me. An obviously mentally ill and homeless woman took off about five of her fifteen or so sweaters, threw them on the ground, and proceeded to dance a wild and ungraceful dance that looked something like the frug or maybe the monkey. You could see that she once was someone else, that maybe at one time in another life she was a disco queen or maybe even a prom queen. The music brought her back to that other time. An elderly white woman, I swear she was 75, walked up and down the path in front of the band doing a dance that looked like a hokie-pokie and the crowd laughed at her and with her, since she was laughing as she did it.

A young couple, dressed in black leather and all full of those awful piercings that seem so popular, danced close and hot and seemed either oblivious to being in public or thrilled to show off their lust. A group of four white college girls bridged the gap and sat with the homeless folks on the ledge and shared their cigarettes. A black man about my age, dressed in an overcoat that looked older than both of us, told me that not too many people remembered San Francisco in the 60's anymore but that this was the way it had been.

It was a magical night. On one end of the park the skaters glided gracefully over the ice, all around the park the bright and colored lights were festive, and in this corner of the park people who led hard lives were having a good time. The magic and the moment and the music brought us all to a special place.

And then, right in front of me and as I watched, a young homeless man, who had been sitting with his head down and motionless, sprang up and in a sudden motion threw an empty bottle across the path and, just as suddenly, he put his head back down and went back to whatever internal world he lived in. The bottle shattered broken glass all over another homeless man who was sitting there and the guy was enraged and charged, screaming that the son of a bitch did not know who he was messing with, and threatening to kill him. One man screaming threats and kicking down at the other. The bottle thrower was lost somewhere, just sitting with his head down, not even looking up as he was being kicked, screamed at and threatened. And both men as thin as scarecrows and dressed in near rags. Some fight it would have been.

But the fight never happened. Only one of these men was in our current reality and you cannot effectively fight across alternate realities. A tall young man with a Mohawk haircut got in between them and it was soon clear that no one really wanted to fight, that no one was going to get hurt and that this was but an episode in a protracted and complicated war between these two men.

But the crash of the bottle ended the evening for me. The moment was gone and I could see again that these folks, many of them, were in a lot more need than a night of good blues music could address. Some were plainly mentally ill, set free of psychiatric hospitalization and medication by a society that says it values their right to hallucinate, but really lacks the funds and political will to help them. Some were physically ill and many were addicted to some or several substances. They lacked things that we take entirely for granted like hot water, privacy and safety. And, while the blues and dancing moment was beautiful, the shattering bottle moment was more real.

I walked back to my hotel, telling myself once again that I ought to know more about homelessness as a social policy issue, that maybe I ought to do some pro-bono consulting work for the people who help these folks. I passed the skaters on my way back, having a good time gliding across the ice and enjoying the holidays in one of the many ways that those of us with money can.

And I passed the young man with the cup as well, chanting his alternative music. "Only in America", he called out. Ching, ching.

Ira Cutler says he's seeking a semi-legitimate outlet for thoughts and ideas too irreverent, too iconoclastic, or just too nasty for polite, serious, self-important company. He promises us a Monday column most weeks. More recently Ira has become involved in communicating in another way, through speeches which he calls Standin' Here Talkin'.

Call 763-3841 - Today

Un Homeboy En Un Traje de Brooks Brothers

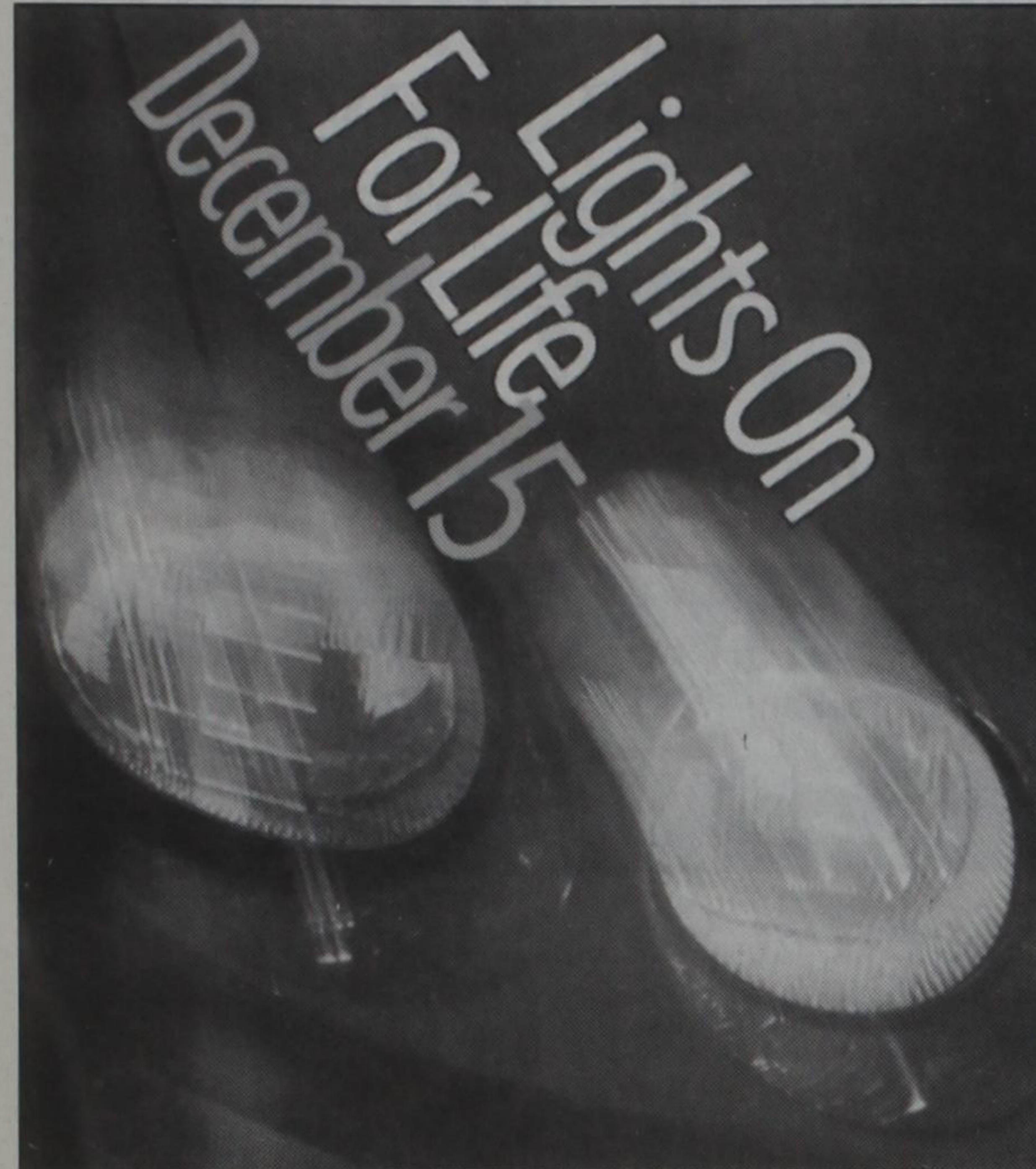
Por John Rosales

El comprar en Brooks Brothers me plantea un dilema. Esas tiendas producen inmediatamente imágenes de navegación, las escuelas preparatorias del noreste y los "clubs" campestres. Bordados en gran parte de las ropas informales hay caballitos de polo, patos voladores o cocodrilos que sonríen.

Las diferencias entre el estilo de vida de Brooks y el mío exceden con mucho a cualesquier semejanzas. Brooks se distingue por un sentido de "blancos solamente".

Siembargo, soy uno de sus clientes.

Mientras camino por sus pasillos, a menudo pongo en tela de juicio mi calidad de méxico-americano. ¿Qué lado del guión me atrae a este lugar? La tienda está llena de



On December 15 let us REFLECT on the many deaths caused by impaired drivers and **REMEMBER** by turning on our headlights.

On this day let us REDEDICATE ourselves to the cause of keeping impaired drivers off our roads.

SPONSORED LOCALLY BY

METHODIST HOSPITAL
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Produced in cooperation with the National 3D Prevention Month Coalition.

COLOR IT! CLIP IT! And check it twice!

Sparky wants you to have a happy and safe holiday. So he wrote these tips to help you safely enjoy the Christmas season.

Color Sparky with crayons or markers and clip this page out. Then, check your safety list to make sure your home is ready for the holidays. (Ask for your parent's help!)

SAFETY LIST!

- Check all cords for frayed or bare wires, cracked insulation, loose connections and damaged plugs or light sockets.
- Test lights before stringing.
- Unplug lights before making any repairs or replacing light bulbs.
- Don't overload circuits with too many plugs!
- No lights on metallic trees.
- Keep your tree fresh by trimming the base and keeping plenty of water in the tree stand.
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- Use waterproof lighting equipment outdoors. Hang sockets downward and don't leave a socket empty.



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News Briefs

reports Associated Press.

"We're going to fight as long and as hard as we have to, to preserve our children's well being...and our nation's soul," said Marian Wright Edelman, president of the Children's Defense Fund.

Dennis Rivera, president of the National Health and Human Service Employee's Union, said the coalition is distributing more than a million postcards nationwide for people to sign and mail to the president.

The aim, he said, is to assure the president that the public supports welfare, Medicare and Medicaid and is against congressional efforts to replace such federal programs with block grants to the states.

Former Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Arthur Flemming warned that if the federal social safety net is eliminated "we would be a different country, a different kind of country, than we have been for 60 years."

Called the Emergency Campaign to Protect America's Children, Parents & Families, the coalition said its members include the Child Welfare League of America, Food Research and Action Center NAACP, National Council of La Raza, League of Women Voters, People for the American Way, AFL-CIO, United States Conference of Mayors and Union of American Hebrew Congregations.

Lower Cost of Immigration

A new study on the effect of immigration finds that total per capita government expenditures are much lower for immigrants - documented and undocumented - than for native-born citizens, reports the Los Angeles Times.

The study, to be issued today in Washington by the National Immigration Forum, an immigration advocacy group, and the Cato Institute, a conservative libertarian think tank, reports the average immigrant family received \$1,404 in welfare services in its first five years in the country. Native-born families averaged \$2,279. Other findings:

- The number of undocumented immigrants in the United States - estimated at 3.2 million - is not very different from a decade before.
- New immigrants are more concentrated than native-born citizens in the youthful labor force ages, when people contribute more to the public coffers than they draw out.
- Immigrants on average have a year less education than natives - about the same relationship as has been observed since the 19th century.

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El Editor's LATEST Deportes - Sports LO MAS RECIEN

El Hijo del Santo Sigue Tradicion

Cuidad de Mexico - El nombre de Santo, El Enmascarado de Plata flota en las candilejas de los cuadriláteros, resuena en los rincones de las arenas y se proyecta y perdura en el tiempo.

También penetra en las nuevas generaciones con la misma fuerza de la leyenda, magia y el misterio con que principió hace medio siglo.

El Enmascarado de Plata fue un hombre luchador que arrancó el alarido de las gradas, que levantó la pasión.

La figura elegante de El Santo cautivó en el ring, en las revistas de comics y en el cine a miles de fanáticos.

El misterioso fulgor de plata saltó del cuadrilátero para transformarse en paladín de justicia, azote de brujas, hombres lobo y hombres malvados.

Continuación de la Leyenda

Hoy, sus huellas las sigue su hijo. La leyenda y el misterio perviven ahora con el Hijo del Santo.

"A mí, más que a ningún otro luchador, me ha costado mucho trabajo mantenerme dentro de la lucha profesional. ¿La razón? Llevar el nombre de mi padre.

"Para muchos fui un aprobado por llamar de la misma manera y para otros no soy ni la sombra de lo que él fue. Yo creo que mi verdadera lucha no ha sido con los rivales, sino fuera de los cuadriláteros", comenta El Hijo del Santo.

"Sin embargo, puedo asegurar que he llevado con dignidad el nombre de mi padre y creo que desde hace tiempo me ha ganado al público que ha reconocido mi esfuerzo", explica el.



Campeón nacional y mundial de los pesos ligeros y welter, además de otros títulos que ha obtenido a lo largo de 13 años de gran esfuerzo, el heredero de El Santo no tiene la menor duda al decir:

"El público ha reconocido mi trabajo dentro de los encordados y eso me llena de gran satisfacción".

Ha quitado la máscara a 23.

Actualmente luchador técnico e independiente, tal y como lo fue su padre, El Hijo del Santo ha logrado desenmascarar a 23 de su adversarios y a 22 más los ha dejado sin cabellera.

Acérquese rival del Perro Aguayo, del panameño Kato Kurn Lee y del Negro Casas, con quienes tuvo batallas temerarias, el joven luchador asegura que la base de su éxito ha sido la entrega en cada una de sus presentaciones.

"Mi padre siempre me enseñó que uno siempre tiene que dar su máximo esfuerzo, y sea en la más humilde como

en la mejor de las arenas y de esa manera lo he hecho. Sus palabras las tengo muy presentes", indicó El Hijo del Santo.

Heredero de todo aquél misticismo y carisma que su padre legó durante más de 40 años de intensa carrera profesional en los cuadriláteros, donde no escatimó entrega, esfuerzos y sabiduría deportiva con tal de hacer estallar de júbilo y despertar la pasión de miles y miles de aficionados en cada una de sus actuaciones. El Hijo del Santo sabe de la gran responsabilidad que tiene entre sus manos.

De aproximadamente 1.70 metros de altura y unos 70 kilos de peso, El Hijo del Santo está convencido de que si su progenitor viviera "estaría satisfecho de mi desempeño en los encordados".

Luego, agrega: "Para mí esto es algo que llevo en la sangre, que lo hago con gran entusiasmo, pues quiero seguir destacando en la lucha libre y quiero dejar mi propio huella. Aunque algo es seguro: nunca seré como El Santo".

Una de las grandes ilusiones de El Hijo del Santo y por las cuales trabaja fuertemente en sus entrenamientos (de 2 a 4 horas diarias), además de cuidar otros aspectos como el físico y alimenticio, es convertirse en el mejor luchador de México.

Ser el Mejor y Sostenerse, Su Objetivo

"Pero no solamente aspiro a eso, sino a sostenerme por muchos años en esta carrera. Esa es mi principal objetivo dentro de mi profesión", añade.

De alguna manera el joven luchador se ha convertido en uno de los favoritos de la afición.

Eso es evidente en cada lugar donde se presenta (tal y como su padre lo hiciera durante décadas), a pesar de que al principio de su trayectoria fue rechazado, sobre todo porque para la mayoría del público usar de algún modo el nombre de El Santo era como decir una blasfemia, era usurpar algo sagrado del pueblo.

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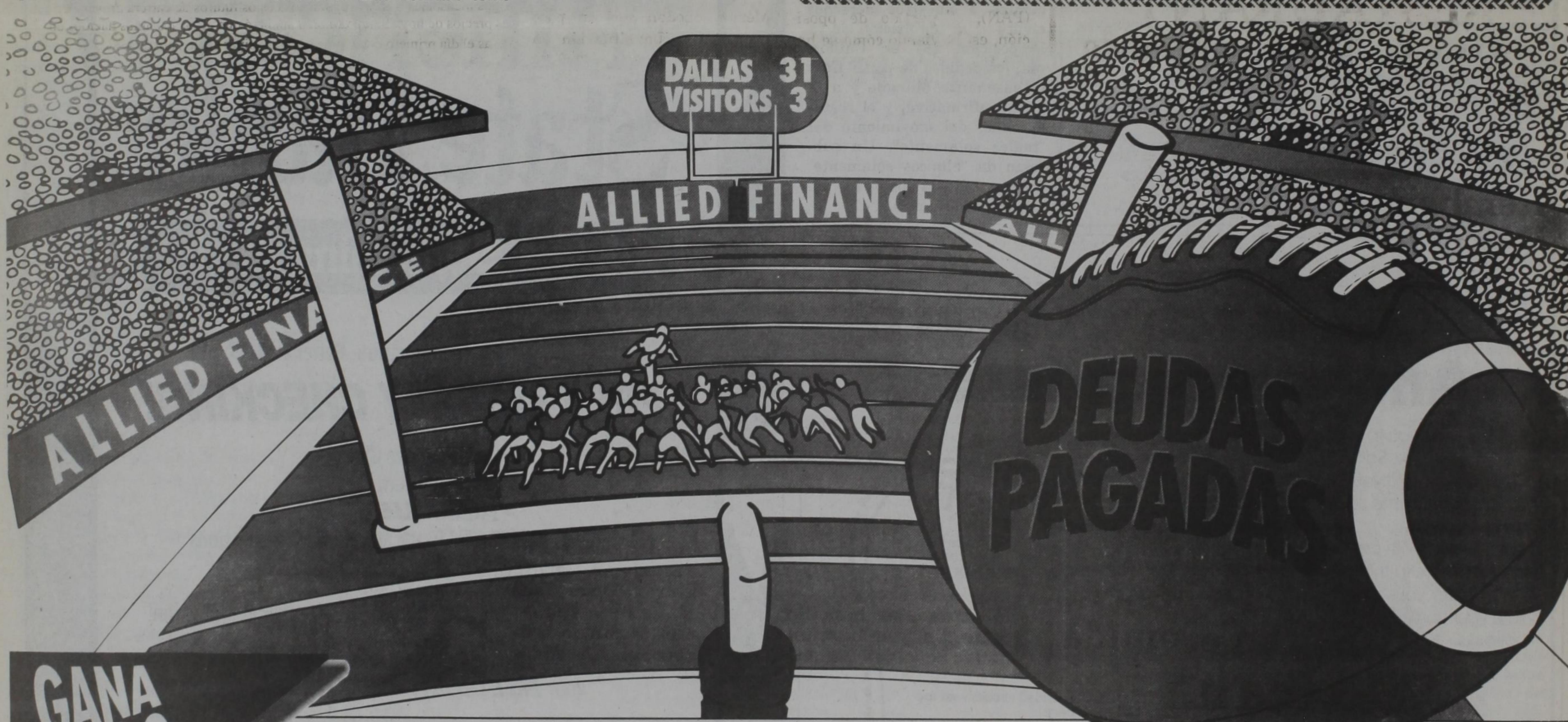


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El Editor, Lubbock, TX, December 14, 1995



Un Rayito De Luz

by Sofia Martinez

Jesús les dijo a sus discípulos esta parábola:

"El Reino de los cielos se parece a un hombre que iba a salir de viaje; llamó a sus trabajadores de confianza y les encargó sus bienes.

A uno le dió cinco millones, a otro le dió dos millones; y al tercero le dió un millón, según su capacidad.

Los dos primeros se pusieron a trabajar y ganaron el doble.

El que recibió un millón hizo un pozo y ... enterró allí el dinero de su patrón. Cuando el patrón regresó, felicitó al primero y al segundo; pero ... al tercero lo regañó, y ordenó,

que ... le quitaran aquel millón y se lo dieran al que tenía diez. Y a ese hombre inútil, lo echaran fuera, a las tinieblas. Allí será el llanto y la desesperación. (Mateo 25, 14-30).

Esos somos nosotros. El que enterró su dinero es el

que no quiere meterse en líos; ése que se tiene a sí mismo como "honrado" y hasta "ejemplar" y "muy vivo" y "muy inteligente" para no arriesgarse ni comprometerse, ni preocuparse.

También es aquella mujer que cumple muy bien con su gente; pero nomás con su gente. Cumple muy bien con Dios, pero nomás con Dios (un extraño Dios solitario, sin otros hijos)...

Y, es la señorita que trabaja en una ventanilla y que podría atender la gente sonriendo siempre, amablemente, dulcemente ... pero no sonríe ...

Y, es el esposo o la esposa que guardan su ternura y sus muestras de cariño para otra ocasión, que tal vez nunca llega ...

También es el que no da una limosna o no hace ningún favor ...

Y, son también aquellos matrimonios que, por egoísmo o por comodidad, se niegan a darle hijos a Dios...

Finalmente, es ... o mejor dicho, somos todos nosotros, lo que podríamos dar algo: tiempo, comprensión, compañía, amor, ayuda, cariño, perdón, pero ... no nos decidimos a compartir. (Lucas 19, 11-26).

Mexico - Un Amigo En Necesidad y Una Inversión Meritoria

Por Ray Rodriguez

"Pobre México, tan lejos de Dios y tan cerca de los Estados Unidos", ha sido durante mucho tiempo un lamento que jumbriso que se oye al sur de la frontera.

Hoy, a pesar de lo que algunos aspirantes presidenciales del Partido Republicano estén gritando, ese grito se puede transformar en: "¡Gracias a Dios, México tiene a los Estados Unidos como amigos!"

En su evaluación anual de la salud de México en este mes, el Presidente Ernesto Zedillo confesó prontamente que éstas son épocas difíciles. La nación necesita vecinos amistosos como los Estados Unidos.

Si podemos derramar miles de millones en países tales como Israel, Kuwait y Egipto, ¿por qué no ayudar a un vecino a sobrevivir a sus crisis y proseguir su destino? Los préstamos, la ayuda técnica y el comercio se necesitan desesperadamente. Igualmente indispensables son la comprensión y la comprensión.

La fechorías de 60 años de gobierno de un sólo partido han regresado a casa para rondar a los dirigentes del Partido Revolucionario Institucional (PRI) y devastar al pueblo mexicano. Debido a su arrogancia, el PRI no se ha hecho querer del pueblo.

Como resultado, los opositores de NAFTA están teniendo un día de campo. La extensión del desastre económico de México sobre pasa a sus pronósticos más descabellados. Durante el apogeo del llamado "milagro económico" del ex-Presidente Carlos Salinas, ¿quién habría imaginado cuán empañada llegaría a estar su imagen?

Lo mismo es cierto con respecto a la situación destructiva a que se enfrenta el propio PRI. Los miembros del Partido de Acción Nacional (PAN), el partido de oposición, están viendo cómo se hacen realidad sus expectativas más calamitosas. El futuro de la nación fué hipotecado para

el beneficio y el enriquecimiento del partido gobernante y sus subalternos engreídos, recuerdan ellos a los electores de la nación diariamente.

El mantenerse a sí mismo en el poder se ha convertido en la prioridad más importante del PRI. Pero sus pecados de omisión y comisión forman ahora un lazo corredizo alrededor de su cuello.

Dado ese escenario, los analizadores políticos de México están pronosticando que el PRI ha ganado sus últimas elecciones presidenciales. En una columna a continuación de la elección de Ernesto Zedillo, dije que bien podría ser el último vitor del PRI. Pero si él tiene éxito para mover a México hacia la democracia social, económica y política, logrará un servicio incommensurable para la nación, puede que hasta justificando el dominio del PRI durante seis decenios.

Si ése es en verdad el resultado final, los disturbios pueden haber valido la pena en última instancia.

No conozco ningún caso en el modo de vida de alguna nación haya sido alterado tan drásticamente sin atravesar por el dolor, la discordia y en algunos casos el derramamiento de sangre.

¿Puede ser que las dificultades económicas de México, el derrumbe del peso, sus males sociales, la insurrección de Chiapas, su barraonda política y el rompimiento del PRI presagien un día mejor por venir? En este punto, es casi imposible para el asediado pueblo mexicano el no perder la esperanza. Dados los retos aparentemente insuperables de la nación, la sensación de resentimiento cada vez mayor y la desesperación son comprensibles.

No obstante, los que están listos a celebrar los últimos ritos o leer el panegírico de México pueden ser un poco prematuros. La situación en que se encuentra me recuerda la revuelta que una vez envolvió a nuestro propio país.

Hubo quienes se lamentaron de que nos hubiéramos separado de Inglaterra y creyeron que deberíamos regresar al redil y pedir perdón.

En un momento dado, nuestra nación pareció estar en los estertores de la muerte. El comercio era virtualmente inexistente y las naciones no querían prestarnos dinero.

En su desesperación, John Adams se acercó a los banqueros holandeses en procura de un préstamo. Ellos le preguntaron qué ofrecía él como garantía de que se les reembolsaría. No teniendo nada más en que apoyarse, Adams dijo: "Les doy mi palabra". El obtuvo el préstamo, y los Estados Unidos de Norteamérica capearon la crisis.

Los banqueros holandeses experimentaron muchas críticas por hacer un préstamo a un país que parecía estar al

borde del derrumbe. Actualmente hay una oposición vociferante al compromiso continuo del gobierno de Clinton para apoyar a México.

A medida que nuestro vecino lucha para encontrar su equilibrio económico, político y social, tengamos en cuenta que el interés último de los banqueros holandeses de hace siglos era el comercio y la ganancia, no el altruismo. Esos son los intereses de los Estados Unidos y otros banqueros mundiales hoy, a medida que ayudan a financiar la recuperación dolorosa de México.



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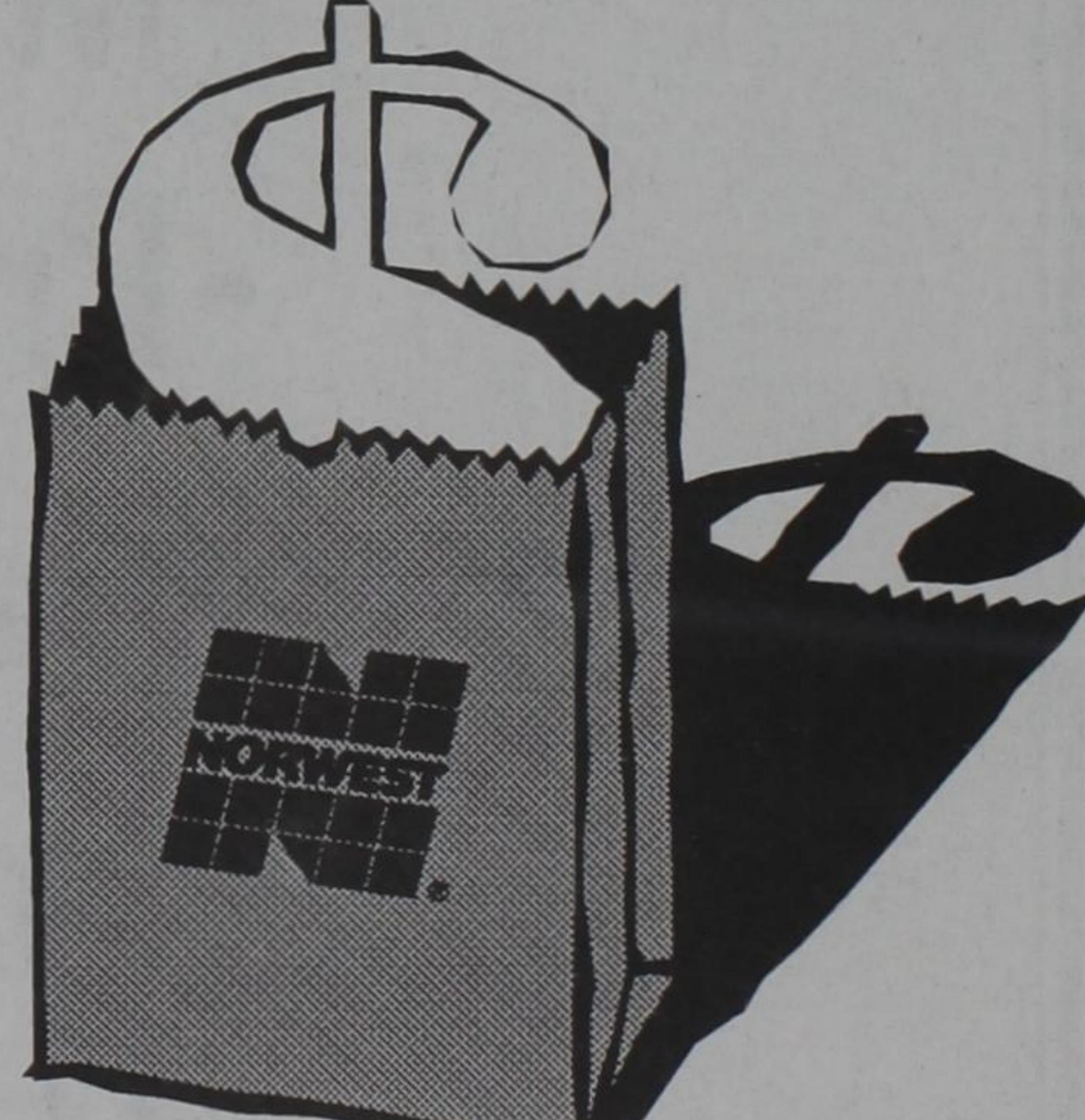
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